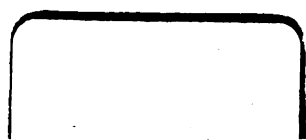

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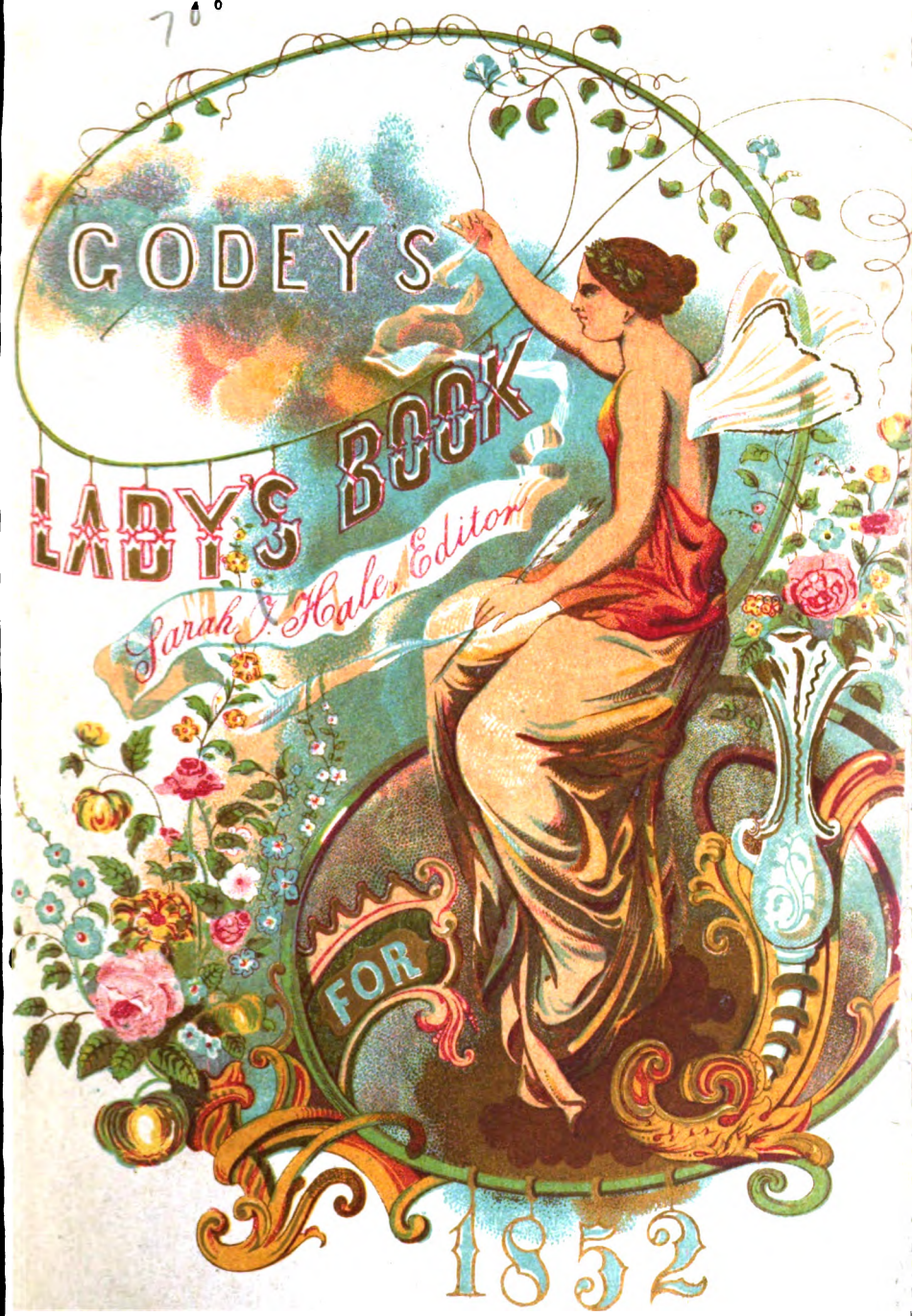
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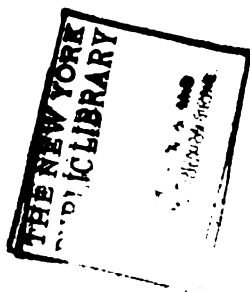
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FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1852.

SEE DESCRIPTION.

BY

A LADY OF GEORGIA.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

[illegible]

Handwritten musical score for a string quartet, featuring four staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Key markings and annotations include:

- Sya.* (Soprano)
- loco.* (Loco)
- ff* (Fortissimo)
- pp* (Pianissimo)

The score is written in a system with four staves, showing complex musical notation including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The notation is handwritten and appears to be a draft or a personal manuscript.

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GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1852.

SONNETS ON THE PARABLES.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD

(See Plates.)

I.—THE TEN VIRGINS.

THE Bridegroom cometh! Hark, the midnight voice—
Go forth, ye faithful, meet Him and rejoice!
Vainly the thoughtless their neglect may sigh,
Who, when awakened by the warning sound,
In sad dismay, all unprepared are found.
Grant us, good Lord, that unction from on high,
By which, our lamps being filled with deeds of light,
We may so justly walk, that all who see
May glory give, O Father, unto Thee,
And we be found accepted in Thy sight!
Let us not hear the words, "I know you not!"—
But be our portion with the wise and blest
To enter, with Thy Church, the heavenly rest,
Nor, with the foolish, find the portal shut.

II.—THE SOWER.

BEHOLD, the Sower goeth forth to sow:
Some seed are cast upon the beaten way,
Whence they are stolen by the birds of prey;
Some upon stony places sudden grow,
But fade as sudden, for the lack of earth;
And some are strangled, even from their birth,
By thorns and briars. Others in good ground
Flourish and thrive, and in good fruit abound.
From wayside hearers Satan thus doth steal
The unheeded word. Thus others but awhile
Burn with a warm, but quickly fading zeal;
The thorns, earth's cares and riches, some beguile,
To lose the treasure, which the honest hold,
And bring with patience forth fruits many fold.

III.—THE TWO MITES.

AMID the crowd of ostentatious men,
Proud of their gifts, and seeking vain applause,
Intent upon their own, not Heaven's cause.
A widow, poor and sad, drew near. And when
Her offering in the treasury she had thrown,
Two scanty mites, her living and her all.
Then did the Saviour on His followers call
To mark her gift. That widow, sad and lone,
Had, He declared, a richer offering made,
And more acceptable, than all beside:
Thus is humility preferred o'er pride,
And mild sincerity o'er vain parade.
Men but perceive the tinsel outward part,
While God discerns the treasure of the heart.

IV.—THE VINEYARD.

WHY stand ye waiting, idle, all the day?
Enter the vineyard, and whate'er is right
The Master will His laborers requite,
Nor strictly search their poor deserts to weigh.
His grace the measure is, His love the meed,
Else sad our fate, and helpless were our need.
At His decisions shall we dare repine?
His right to give His own shall we deny,
Or look upon His good with evil eye?
Oh, let us rather thank the grace divine,
That, whether in the morn we heed His call,
Or at the ninth, or at the eleventh hour,
We own our duty and adore His power,
He will alike be gracious unto all!

OUR HOPES.

BY HETTIE HAREBELL.

LIKE clouds upon the midday sky,
Which float in snowy wreaths away,
And as they slowly mount on high,
In airy forms their light display,
Then, quickly fading one by one,
Dissolve, and while we gaze are gone:

So rise our brilliant, buoyant hopes
From fancy's ever-busy cell,
And to their beauteous, fairy shapes,
Bind our fond hearts as with a spell,
Till, like the clouds, their beauties fade,
Leaving no joy their brightness made.

THE HAPPY FAMILY

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(See Plates.)

WE were talking of the Reformation, and how sadly a spirit of skepticism had of late crept into German, as well as French, philosophy.

"But there is one thing," said a gentleman of the party, who had himself been educated at one of their famous universities; "do not be afraid of the Germans; their domestic life is their safeguard. So long as we see such devoted fathers and wives, such dutiful children, such peaceful family circles, there is no fear for that nation!"

And it is true, if we may believe travelers and writers. As a nation, they are distinguished for their household affinities; while the French have no word even to answer to our *home*. To go back to the very period we were speaking of. Look at the life of Luther, "the most German man of our history," as Henry Heine has called him. What attachment to his wife and children is evinced in those *naïve* and pleasant letters which have been preserved to us! Always thinking of them in absence, always wishing to be with them again; writing to "Johnny Luther" of the beautiful garden,

Sabre "good little boys wore golden coats," and shot with "little silver cross-bows;" and the affectionate messages to "Lippus and Jost," who were to be admitted with Johnny to the children's Paradise, if they learned and prayed diligently! Then, too, the very superscriptions to his wife, breathing a playful affection, very unlike the "Dear Sarahs and Janes" of modern husbands:—

"To my gracious Lady Katherine Luther, my sweetheart!"

"To the rich lady at Zulsdorf, Lady *Katherine Lutherin*; bodily resident at Wittenberg, and mentally wandering at Zulsdorf—my beloved, to her own hands!"

And yet again, "My dear Housewife, *Katherine Lutherin*, doctress, self-martyress. My Gracious Lady, for her own hands and feet!"

And now the peasant sits under the shadow of his own vine, or the scholar rests from his mental toil, in the warm, pleasant evenings, to watch the sunset streaming through the purple vineyards, with his wife nursing the "wee todlin' thing," and watching the play of the elder children, with a heart as full of love for them, and as thankful to the God who has thus bestowed on him "the best gift of his Providence," as was the Reformer's, when he yearned once more to see his "friendly, dear Kate Luther," and to have Johnny and Jost climb upon his knee, begging for further particulars about the lovely garden, where children could help themselves

to "cherries, plums—and what plums!"—at discretion! "There is no fear for Germany." Surely not, while the purer pleasures of life are preferred, and good principles descend from the fathers to the children "unto the third and fourth generation."

Domestic happiness, so to speak, is a plant that thrives only by careful and tender cultivation. The seed of example is easily sown, for children are minute and close observers. If the wife has her proper dignity and respect, the mother may be almost sure of it, as her children come to be intelligent companions. And yet how does it happen that so few "happy families" are seen? and that, when such a one is found, it becomes not only a beautiful picture, but a rare example to us? In our own country, and our own generation, we have not *time* to be happy at home. The man of business remembers it as the resting-place of the past night, where he sat in a dressing-gown, with his feet upon the fender, and made mental calculations of the week's loss and gain. He looks forward to it, for it is quieter than his counting-house, and he can take his papers home this evening, and rectify the mistake in his cash account that has just annoyed him so much.

If the children are clamorous, they must be sent off to bed; he has no time for stories of the lovely garden. Gold and silver have other uses in his eyes than for the manufacture of "coats and cross-bows." What! sit an hour after dinner to watch the merriest game of romps that ever made the nursery ring with childish laughter! No, no! there is some one waiting at the store, or the northern mail is in; or, at the least, he will smoke his cigar in the counting-house, while he chats of the rise and fall of stocks with a neighbor. And the mother, thus left to be careful and anxious about many things—it would be a waste of the busy daylight to listen to the thousand and one questions which children ask, when their eager minds first begin to unfold in the light of reason, and "why?" becomes the preface of every inquiry.

But there is something before all this; something that closed the avenues of mind and heart between the husband and wife, before childish prattle and the patter of little feet sounded through the house. There was plenty of time in their first days of courtship. No lack of leisure to humor the whims of the pretty girl, who is now the faded wife. She could spend hours and days in practicing his favorite songs, or arranging the dresses he liked best to see, or reading the volumes he loved to discuss. To be



THE HAPPY FAMILY,

Engraved expressly for Godey's Lady's Book

sure, there is far more now to occupy the time and attention of both; but the will, as well as the way, seems wanting.

There is a saying, that "the wife ceases to be the divinity." In many cases, it is too true; and there are two prominent "wherefores" in the case. Ill-considered and ill-assorted unions are said to be the natural result of the present phase of society among us. The glamour of romance and fancy melts away into the sharp outlines of a commonplace reality.

"The idol is broken, the earth star fled."

But there is another evil too common in domestic life—the decline of those mutual delicate attentions that are the charm of all wooing between those whose tastes really assimilate, and whose characters might be moulded into one harmonious whole by the daily attraction of home life. It is the greater evil, that its approaches are so natural, so gradual, and so unsuspected. It is a lingering torpor of affection, not a sudden, distinctive blow; and indifference is its sure result, quite as destructive to domestic peace as any grievous fault that might mar the character of either party, and bring open warfare for this unnatural calm. Sometimes the wife expects too much. She is not content with the natural transition from the lover's unceasing study of her

good will and pleasure, to the more quiet attentions of the husband. She is not contented with the change from "my own darling" to the habitual "my dear." She is inclined to grieve over it, to meet her husband reproachfully, and her tears too often fall "like vinegar upon nitre." Hear, then, what an old German writer says, since we allow that his nation is most happy in its social relations; one from whom we have before quoted, but whose charmingly good-tempered advice cannot be read too often:—

"Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful, you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Good education is an immense advantage, and will greatly assist you, and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings."

We should like to see the husband that could resist such household influences.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

THERE is an epithet of frequent occurrence in the writings of Chesterfield which suggests the nature of his philosophy of life; it is the word *shining*, which he applies to oratory, character, and manners with an obvious relish. We have the greatest faith in the significance of language—especially in regard to the habitual use of certain adjectives as illustrative of individual opinions, temperament, and disposition. Brief sentences thickly interspersed with the first personal singular is a style indicative of egotism; dainty verbal quibbles of effeminacy, and a copious, prolonged, and emphatic combination of words, seem equally native to a full and earnest mind. It may be a fanciful idea, but this our experience frequently confirms—that the constant use of the word designating a quality is an instinctive sign of its predominance in character. Chesterfield's ideal of excellence was essentially superficial, for his praise of solid acquirement and genuine principles is always coupled with the assertion of their entire inutility if unaccompanied by grace, external polish, and an agreeable manifestation. He omits all consideration of their intrinsic worth and absolute dignity; their value to the individual, according to him, is wholly proportioned to his skill in using them in a social form. It is seeming, not being, he extols; rhetoric, in his view, far transcends reflect-

ive power; manners have more to do with human welfare than sentiment, and fact achieves more satisfactory conquests than truth; it is not depth, elevation, or extent, the permanent qualities—but those of a temporary kind, that belong to the surface of life, upon which he relies. Accordingly, to shine in oratory, conversation, and behavior, is to realize the highest points both of nature and study; the casual scintillation of reflected light is more attractive to him, because more dazzling to the eyes of the world, than that which is evolved from primal and indestructible sources. The eulogy of his biographer has, therefore, a literal justice when he says that Chesterfield was one of the most shining characters of the age. Thus we might be content that it should pass in a mere gallery of traditional portraits. But the theory upon which it was based, the system according to which it was formed, have been elaborately unfolded by Chesterfield himself with epistolary art; and, although he never designed publicly to advocate them, yet the fact that his letters have been not only for many years a manual of deportment, his name a synonym for attractive elegance, and his writings, within a short time, revised and edited by an English historian,*

* Lord Mahon.

is sufficient reason for applying to him, and the school he proverbially represents, the test of that impartial scrutiny, challenged by whatever practically acts upon society, and exercises more or less prescriptive influence. Character may be divided into two great classes—the one based upon details, and the other upon general principle; and all history, as well as private experience, shows that elevated harmony and permanent influence belong only to the latter. And this is true of the various forms as well as the essential nature of character. The philosopher differs from the *petit-maitre*, and the poet from the *dilettante*, by virtue of the same law—the view of the one being comprehensive, and the other minute. In art, also, we recognize true efficiency only where general effects are aptly seized and justly embodied—the artist of mere detail ranks only as a mechanic in form and color. But the most striking truth involved in these distinctions is that the greater includes the less; the man of reliable general principles in literature, art, or life, is, in point of fact, master of all essential details; he combines them at a glance, or, rather, they insensibly arrange themselves at his will; he can afford to let them take care of themselves. The great sculptors and painters busied themselves only about the design and finish of their works, for intermediate details were wrought by their pupils; and if the overseer, whether of domestic or public affairs, establish order and integrity as the principles of his establishment, he need not give his time or thoughts to the minutiae of finance. If we apply this principle to social life, the sphere which Chesterfield regarded as the most important, a similar result is obvious. No one, even in that artificial world called society, ever achieved a satisfactory triumph by exclusive mastery of details. All that is involved in the term manners, is demonstrative, symbolic—the sign or exponent of what lies behind, and is taken for granted; and only when this outward manifestation springs from an inward source—only when it is a natural product, and not a graft—does it sustain any real significance. Hence the absurdity of the experiment of Chesterfield to inculcate a graceful address by maxims, and secure a winsome behavior by formal and minute directions, as if to learn how to enter a room, bow well, speak agreeably to a lady, dispose of unoccupied hands, and go inoffensively through the other external details of social intercourse, were to insure the realization of a gentleman. That character—as it was understood in chivalry by the old English dramatists, and according to the intelligent sentiment of mankind everywhere—is as much the product of nature as any other species of human development; art modifies only its technical details; its spirit comes from blood more than breeding; and its formula, attached by prescription to the body without analogous inspiration of the soul, is as awkward and inefficient as would be proficiency in military tactics to a coward, or vast philological acquisitions to an idiot. Yet Chesterfield, with the obstinacy that belongs to the artificial race of men,

persisted in his faith in detail, would not recognize the law from which all genuine social power is elaborated, and apparently lived and died in the belief that the art of pleasing was the great interest of life, and an absolute means of success and personal happiness. All his views, habits, and career were impregnated with this artificial creed; phrenologically speaking, he was an incarnation of approbateness; his zest of life came through this his predominant organ, and, judging from consciousness, he believed it to be the only one in others which could be universally appealed to. Unblinded by self-love, he had but to reflect upon his own experience to realize the fallacy of his doctrine. Everywhere and always he consulted explicitly the oracle of public opinion, and conformed to it with a fanaticism unworthy his intelligence. He confesses to the very son whom he strove with such zeal to make the “glass of fashion,” that in college he was an absolute pedant, and thought great classical knowledge the test of all excellence; that, emancipated from the atmosphere of learning and thrown among young men of fashion, he led a life of slavery by conforming to habits which were alien not only to his constitution and tastes, but even to his desires; and that, in mature years, the requisitions of the *beau monde* held him in equal vassalage; while his old age, we are told, “was cheerless and desolate.” There are men who regard the artificial as a necessary evil in social life, while they repudiate it altogether elsewhere; but, in the case of Chesterfield, it was deliberately advocated as a general principle; it influenced not only his theory of manners, but his literary taste, political opinions, and entire philosophy. Thus he laid aside the Anglo-Saxon direct and robust temper, and gave in so completely to French manners and superficiality, that, in Paris, he was considered one of themselves, and prides himself upon the distinction. In literature, the only branch which he thoroughly appreciated was oratory, and that chiefly for the rhetorical artifice to which it gives scope. Not as a noble inspiration founded on loyalty to instructive sentiment, or aimed at the cause of humanity, but as an elegant accomplishment whereby to exercise influence and gain applause, did Chesterfield cultivate oratory. It seems perfectly natural that he should excel in its studied graces, and equally so that such a cold virtuoso as Horace Walpole should have preferred him to Pitt. It is, too, not less characteristic of such a man that he should choose diplomacy as a profession. Believing, as he did, only in elegance and cunning, in politic self-control, veiled with agreeableness, the “smooth barbarity of courts” was admirably fitted at once to employ his ingenuity and gratify his refined selfishness. Thus devoid of earnestness on the one hand, and wedded to artificial graces on the other, we cannot wonder that, in his view, Dante, the most intensely picturesque of poets, could not think clearly; and that Petrarch, the beautiful expositor of sentiment, would appear only a love-sick rhymist; nor can we reasonably feel

surprise that he quoted Rochefoucault and Cardinal de Retz with emphatic respect, while he could be only facetious in his allusions to Milton and Tasso. Among the books he most cordially recommends his son are a treatise on the Art of Pleasing, and the "Spectacle du Nature"—the very titles of which reveal his dominant ideas—for the end of being, in his opinion, was to please, at whatever sacrifice of honesty, comfort, or truth; and nature to him was but a spectacle, as life itself was a melodrama. He distrusted the motives of Fenelon, and thought Bolingbroke admirable. Even in more highly-prized classical attainments, which we should imagine were endeared by personal taste, the same reference to external motive appears. He admires the study of Greek chiefly because it is a less common acquisition than Latin; and the translation of striking passages of eloquence as a means of forming style and storing the mind with desirable quotations. Indeed, in his view, the process of culture, instead of an end, was a means—not to perfect or enrich the individual character, but to obtain the requisites of social advancement. In accordance with his faith in the details of outward conduct, and obtuseness to the influence of the great natural laws of character in their social agency, Chesterfield advocated power over others as the lever by which to move away the impediments to personal success; not that legitimate power decreed by original superiority, and as certain in the end to regulate society as gravitation the planets—but a studious, politic, and artificial empire won by dissimulation and attractiveness. In urging this favorite theory upon his son, he seems to have been unconscious of the painful discipline involved in the process, the long and weary masquerade, and the incessant danger of losing, in a moment, the influence gained by months of sycophancy; neither does he take into view the wholly unsatisfactory and unreliable nature of the relations thus established; and fails to see the inevitable result of the short-sighted policy of detail—in the temporary sway thus acquired; the permanent is sacrificed to the immediate, and, by addressing the most insatiable and capricious of human propensities, his system entails not an hour, but a life of social fawning. He recommends the study of character in order to discover the ruling passion, and then a skillful use of his key-note in order to play upon the whole for private benefit; forgetting that, as in the case of the indignant prince, a suspicion of such base friendship will lead to scorn and rejection—"Do you think I am easier to be played upon than a pipe?" To this watchful observation he would have united a power to conceal our own emotions in order to give no advantage to our companion, and a facility in appealing to self-love as the best means of throwing him off his guard. The temper, the opinions, the tastes, and even the most gentle and noble sentiments, are to be kept in uniform abeyance; self-possession and adroit flattery are the two great requisites, in his view, for success in life; distrust of others the guarantee of personal

safety; and the art of pleasing the science of the world. History, philosophy, and the prevailing instincts of enlightened humanity teach another lesson. These maxims, so often quoted as sagacious, are, in fact, extremely shallow; instead of seeing more deeply into human nature, Chesterfield only saw its superficial action. If there were no sphere for character but promiscuously-filled elegant drawing-rooms, no more stable law operating on society than fashion, and no method of acting on human affairs but that of diplomacy, such advice would have a higher degree of significance. It applies to but few of the actual exigencies of life, and has reference only to partial interests; all men should be social adventurers, and all women aim exclusively at social distinction, to give any general utility to precepts like these. They are essentially temporary and occasional even when true, and utterly false when elevated into principles of action. Hence we deny Dr. Johnson's assertion that, setting the immorality of Chesterfield's letters aside, they form the best manual for gentlemen; the character repudiates the term; its elements are no more to be "set in a notebook" than the spirit of honor or the inspiration of art. The views of Chesterfield, practically carried out, would make a pedantic courtier or a courteous pedant; they trench too much upon the absolute qualities of manhood to leave substance enough in character upon which to rear enduring graces; they omit frankness and moral courage—two of the most attractive and commanding of human attributes—and substitute an elegant chicanery incompatible with self-respect, upon which the highest grace of manner rests; their logic is that of intrigue, not of reason; their charms are those of the dancing-master, not of the knight. Their relation to a true philosophy of life is no more intimate than the *conceits* of the Italians to the highest poetry, or the scenery of a theatre to that of nature, for to cultivate grace of manners is not to supersede, but only to give expression to, nature in a certain way; it is not imitation from without, but development from within.

"For God's sake," writes Chesterfield, "sacrifice to the graces; keep out of all scrapes and quarrels; know all ceremonies; maintain a seeming frankness, but a real reserve; have address enough to refuse without offending; some people are to be reasoned, some flattered, some intimidated, and some teased into a thing." By his own statement, this course secured him only a life of refined servitude and a desolate old age, for the official dignity he enjoyed was pettishly abandoned from disappointment as to its incidental benefits. It is not, however, in a moral, but in a philosophical view, as a question of enlightened self-interest, that we demur to the authenticity of his doctrine. Its real defect is narrowness, the exaggeration of certain principles of action, an inharmonious view of the relation between character and behavior, an undue importance attached to secondary interests—in a word, an artificial system in absolute contradiction to prevalent

natural laws; and it is chiefly worthy of refutation, because, instead of being advanced as a judicious formula in specific instances, or details of conduct to be acquired once and habitually exercised afterwards, it is presented as a great leading principle, and a regular system altogether expedient and universally applicable, which can be true of no theory either in literature, art, or life, which is based on mere dexterity and address, for Jesuitism can no more permanently advance the interests of society than it can those of religion, science, or any real branch of human welfare.

Chesterfield's editor dwells upon his classical learning and his benevolent policy while Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, where his rule is declared to have been second only in its benign influence to that of Lord Ormond; but neither of these graces seems to have originated in disinterested impulse. His acquisitions were chiefly valued as a means of display, and sources of an efficient culture; and he advocated schools and villages to civilize the Highlands after the Rebellion, instead of more cruel measures, because, on the whole, clemency was the most politic course to pursue. It was this barrenness of soul, this absence of manly enthusiasm—and fanatical reliance on the technical facilities of society—that deprived both the career and the precepts of Chesterfield of all claim to cordial recognition. A friend may have spoken of him with literal truth when he declared that he possessed "a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute" in masterly style what he attempted; but the beauty and desirableness of these endowments are much lessened when we perceive that the exquisite machinery was set in motion by motives so entirely selfish, and its action regulated by views destitute of intellectual scope and generous sympathies; when we hear the man thus gifted declare that "a never-failing desire to please" is the great incentive of his mind, and that the finest mental and moral qualities cannot win his love to one awkward or deformed.

Chesterfield, like all votaries of detail, repeats himself continually; he announces, with oracular emphasis in almost every letter, proverbs of worldly wisdom and economical shrewdness with an entire confidence in their sufficiency worthy of old Polonius, of which character he is but a refined prototype. The essence of these precepts is only a timid foresight utterly alien to a noble spirit. What, for instance, can be more servile than the maxims—never to give the tone to conversation, but adopt it from the company, and that no business can be transacted without dissimulation? Conformity and adaptation were his avowed means of success—the alpha and omega of his creed; both useful and sometimes necessary alternatives in social intercourse, but always inferior and secondary—never primal and enduring. When allowed to supersede the loftier and more genuine instincts, they not only fail of their end, but are absolutely incompatible with the character of a gentleman. Not by such a course did

Sidney, Raleigh, Mackintosh, Robert Burns, or any one of nature's nobility, impress and win their fellow-creatures, but rather by ingenuous self-assertion, mellowed and harmonized by kindly and sympathetic feelings, that gave a grace "beyond the reach of art" to their conversation and manners.

But Chesterfield's disloyalty to nature and devotion to artifice are more signally betrayed in his views of the two great sources of actual refinement in social life—music and women. The first may be considered as the natural language of the soul, the cultivation of which is one of the most available means of acquiring that harmonious development and sense of the beautiful which round her angles and elicit the gentle influences of human intercourse. Chesterfield peremptorily forbade his son to cultivate music, at the same time that he strove to preach boorishness out of him by rules of breeding—a process which might have been vastly facilitated by the study of any one of the fine arts for which he had the least tendency. But even in gallantry—not to profane love by thus designating his idea of the relation of the sexes—even in that which owes its zest and utility to gratified sympathies, he leans on the broken reed of prescription and expediency, counseling his son to choose a fair companion, not as a being to inspire, through natural affinity, his sentiments and conduct, but as an approved model and guide in fashionable life. How little did this shrewd man of the world know of the benefit, even to the manners, of an intelligent youth, derivable from even one reality in his social relations! Indeed, from the affectionate disposition that appears to have belonged to Philip Stanhope—his good sense and general acquirements—the only chance for him to have realized his father's hopes in point of expression, bearing, costume, address, and all the externals of character, would seem to have been a genuine attachment. He was so organized as to be unable to attach that importance to the graces his father adored, which would lead him to court their favors; for this he needed the stimulus of a powerful motive, and such an one would have been naturally supplied by a real devotion to a fine woman; or the effect of such a feeling would have gradually softened and elevated his tone and air so that he would have become as insinuating as his elegant parent desired, and that, too, from instinct and not by rule. The great evil of teaching the details of behavior is that, even when acquired in all their perfection, there is a want of unity in the result; they are exercised without the crowning grace of all manner, from the rhetorician's gesture to the courtier's salutations—unconsciousness. There is no happy fusion between manhood and manner; the one hangs objectively on the other like two parts of an ill-adjusted machine.

Nature is apt to vindicate herself upon the ultra-conventional by entailing disappointment upon their dearest hopes. Her laws are as inexorable as they are benign. Chesterfield seems to have been more in earnest in the education of his son than in any

other object in life; but true parental affection had little to do with this assiduity; he constantly reminds him that he has no weak attachment to his person, that his pecuniary supplies depend upon the respect paid to the instruction he receives, and that the estimation he will hereafter enjoy from his father will depend upon the degree in which he realizes the expectations formed of him. In all this we see only a modification of self-love, but no true parental feeling. The object of all this solicitude well repaid the care lavished upon his mental cultivation, but he never became either elegant or fascinating; his good qualities were solid, not shining, and his advancement was owing to his father's personal influence. The latter's will is characteristic; he provides that, if his son ever engages in the vulgar amusement of horse-racing, he shall forfeit five thousand pounds to the Dean of Westminster, who is satirized in the compliment—for Chesterfield thought himself overcharged by him in a pecuniary transaction, and wished to leave this evidence of his reliance upon his grasping disposition.

During his life, a high position and good sense enabled Chesterfield to reap advantages from polished and sagacious urbanity, which naturally led to an exaggerated estimate of its value under less auspicious circumstances. Having studied with marked success at Cambridge, through the influence of a relative he was appointed gentleman of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and afterwards elected to Parliament by the borough of St. Germain in Cornwall. His first speech established a reputation for oratory, and is described as quite as remarkable for able reasoning as for elegant diction. He seems to have retained the good opinion thus acquired while in the House of Lords; to his father's seat in which assembly he duly succeeded. His judicious management, while ambassador to Holland in 1728, saved Hanover from a war, and, for this service, he was made knight of the Garter. Subsequently he filled, with apparent success, the offices of lord steward of the household in George the Second's reign, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Secretary of State. Upon resigning the seals, he retired from public life, and deafness soon confined him to books and a small circle of acquaintance. The prestige of official rank, and the allurements of an elegant address having passed away with his life, we must turn from the orator and statesman to the author for authentic evidence of his character. His fate in this regard is somewhat curious. The elaborate speeches and sketches of character which he gave to the public have, in a great measure, lost their significance. The style of writing has so much advanced since his time that we recognize in him no such claims to literary excellence as his contemporaries awarded. His name is now almost exclusively associated with his letters to his natural son—letters written in the most entire parental confidence, and with the vain hope of converting, by specific instructions, an awkward and apparently

honest-hearted and sensible fellow into an accomplished, winsome, and shrewd man of the world. It has been said, in excuse for the absolute stress laid upon external qualities in these letters, that the youth to whom they were addressed was lamentably deficient in these respects; but there can be no doubt that they form the most genuine expression of Chesterfield's mind—the more so that they were never intended for the public eye. By a not uncommon fortune in literary ventures, these estrays and waifs of private correspondence alone keep alive the name and perpetuate the views of Chesterfield.

It would be unjust not to ascribe the worldly spirit and absence of natural enthusiasm in those epistles, in a degree, to the period that gave them birth. It was an age when intrigue prospered, and wit, rather than sentiment, was in vogue. There was a league between letters and politics, based wholly on party interests. It was the age of Swift, Pope, and Bolingbroke. The queen governed George the Second, Lady Yarmouth the queen, and Chesterfield, for a time, Lady Yarmouth. Agreeable conversation, an insinuating manner, and subtlety of observation, were then very efficient weapons. High finish, point, verbal felicity, the costume rather than the soul of literature, won the day. Neither the frankness and undisguised overflow of thought and feeling that mark the Shakspearian era, nor the earnest utterance and return to truth ushered in by the first French Revolution, existed; but, on the contrary, that neutral ground between the two periods, whereon there was the requisite space, leisure, and absence of lofty purpose, to give full scope to the courtier, the wit, and the intriguer. It was, comparatively speaking, a timid, time-serving, partisan, and showy epoch. The spirit of the times is caught up and transmitted in Horace Walpole's letters, and quite as significantly embodied, in a less versatile manner, in those of Chesterfield.

Instead, therefore, of regarding courteous manners as a mere necessary appendage to a man—a convenient and appropriate facility, like current coin, or the laws of the land—Chesterfield attempts to elevate them into the highest and most comprehensive practical significance. He would have manner overlay individuality, and goes so far as to declare that a soldier is a brute, a scholar a pedant, and a philosopher a cynic without good breeding. If, for the latter term, feeling were substituted, those and similar broad inferences would be far more correct. Some of the greatest brutes, cynics, and pedants we encounter in the world are perfectly well-bred; they refuse an act of humanity with a graceful bow, smile good-naturedly while exposing the ignorance of a sensitive companion, and engross, with an affable and even respectful air, all the privileges at hand. It is common to see a Frenchman salute, in the most polite manner, those who enter a public conveyance, pass round his snuff-box, and entertain the company with agreeable remarks;

but, if it suits his pleasure, he will, at the same time, gormandize a reeking *pâté*, put on his night-cap and snore, or refuse to yield his seat to an invalid, with a complacent egotism that would astonish an American backwoodsman, who, without a particle of Monsieur's external courtesy, obeys the laws of chivalric kindness from instinct and habit. "The understanding is the *voiture* of life," says Chesterfield, and, apparently, he infers that it is to be put at random on any track, and to move at any speed which the will of the elegant majority dictate—an axiom wholly at variance with that independence which some one has nobly declared to be the positive sign of a gentleman. Absence of mind in company, so often the indication of superiority, he considered only as evidence of weakness; and so enervated was his taste that he preferred the cold proprieties of the artificial French stage to the violated unities of robust English tragedy. It is characteristic of such a man to believe in chance more than truth; and his unconquerable love of play accords with the blind philosophy that controlled his life. His conceit of knowledge of human nature was based upon the most inadequate and one-sided observation; he associated chiefly with women of fashion and men of state, and, therefore, saw the calculating and vain, not the impulsive and unconscious play of character. For the game of conventional life, therefore, are the best of his maxims adapted. In that latent sphere of truth and nature, familiar to more ingenuous and genial spirits, where candor, intelligent sympathy, and spontaneous taste luxuriate, they are as irrelevant as they are unnatural.

DUSK.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

THE dusk sweeps down from eastern hills
That skirt our valley-land;
The wind, like a shivering beggar, steals
Where wintry forests stand,
Or plucks from the beech her fluttering robes,
With a bandit's ruthless hand.

The kitten purrs by the kitchen hearth,
Where red flames leap about,
And above the sound of blazing wood
Is the noise of fowls without;
They're sheltering in our back-porch roof
From racoon's midnight rout.

I sit me in quiet; the light is gone,
The work falls from my knee,
While the scratching sound of a pencil goes
O'er the paper merrily;
Yet Anne has sought in a magazine
For pleasanter company.

Old pussy starts up with matronly grace,
Her soft white ears she pricks

At a rumbling sound, that is followed soon
By a time-piece striking six;
Then gravely on, like a human thing,
It moves with even "ticks."

The shadows creep over the ceiled wall,
Where the muslin curtain 's drawn,
As a hymn steals on my quietness,
Like spring-days' freshening dawn;
And still the little Yankee clock
Keeps sturdily ticking on!

The firelight, thrown o'er vacant chairs,
Reveals the wintry gloom
That shrouds the stars, and pleasant grass,
And flowers, in one wide tomb—
The while that summer-gladden dwells
Within our household room!

Than dimness on the eastern hills
I know of a sterner token;
Disease and death enclosed us round,
Yet left our band unbroken;
Our Heavenly Father kept us safe—
For this His praise be spoken!

Praise for the light in every eye,
Through all the changing weather;
Praise for the love that nerves our hearts,
And binds them close together!

'Tis spoken for a sheltered home,
Where we in peace may meet,
And for our lighted winter hearth,
Amid the driving sleet.

We praise Him for our smiling land,
Stern foe of rude disorder,
Who greets the poor of every clime
Within her own green border.

Who, mid her ample forest-robes,
A place and home provides them,
Till states grow up, and call her blest
Above all folk besides them.

Praise for her free and fertile soil—
So generous in the tilling—
It fills each home with summer gifts
Amid this tedious chilling.

Praise for the dew on springing grass,
Where merry insects leap,
The reaper's song, the rushing scythe,
The corn-shocks on the steep.

But most we bless Him for the word
Of love to us that 's given,
To span the dusk of human hearts
With radiant hues of Heaven.

This sunshine on the stormy clouds
Of grief, or care, or crime,
Causes to spring, in shadiest paths,
Great light at evening-time.

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

No. IV.—THE OLD CEDAR CHEST.

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

"MAY I come in, Aunt Tabitha?" said Paul, at the same time rapping with his knuckles against the door of a little back parlor.

"Yes, child, if you want to. Lizzie, open the door."

"How snug and comfortable you look!" he said, as he entered.

"Yes, I had a fire kindled here, 'cause I wanted to look over some things in the old cedar chest."

"How lucky I am! I have had a longing to get a peep into that chest ever since I was allowed to eat my meals without a bib? I have imagined it to contain all sorts of things, but I believe my ideal fell short of the real. If I were the owner of all it contains, I might set up for a virtuoso."

"I hope you 'll al'ays try to be vartuous, whether you are the owner of it or not; but I can tell you that there is nothin' in it of any great vally."

"I suppose that Lizzie and I may look at anything we please?"

"To be sure you may."

Unconditional liberty being granted, the fingers of Paul and Lizzie were at once wandering amid a chaos of dilapidated fans, some of them radiant in pictorial embellishments, others in all the glory of tiffany and spangles; broken plumes, which, having waved and nodded over the brow of their greatgrandmother, afterward did the same piece of service for their spinster aunt; and satin slippers, with heels so high that the fair wearer, in order to maintain a true equilibrium, must have possessed the dexterity of a rope-dancer.

Interspersed with these were well-burnished, worn-out thimbles, nat-pins with bead-like heads, silver and steel shoe buckles, and odd halves of scissors which, as they lay gleaming in the lamp-light, had a savage and ominous appearance, calling up associations widely diverse from the clipping of lawns, laces, and linens, the matching of the ends of silver-flowered ribbons, or the cutting off of a used-up needleful of thread.

But something Paul took to be a letter, which he found lying at the bottom of the chest, excited his curiosity much more than these relics of industry and finery of the days which were gone. It was folded in the form of a square, except that one of the angles was rather acute, into which the superscription was crowded, as if ashamed to be seen. He saw that it was his aunt's name, and, holding it up to his view, he said—

"You told us we might look at everything; may we also look *into* everything?"

"Yes, I s'pose you may," said his aunt, sharply eyeing the letter.

All at once she recognized it.

"If that ain't funny!" said she. "I thought I burnt that 'ere letter at least twenty years ago."

"Who wrote it, aunt?" said Paul.

"La! little Markey Beel, I s'pose. He was a harmless little soul as ever breathed the breath of life, but had a softish place in his head."

"He was one of your old beaux, was he not, aunt?" asked Lizzie.

"Get out with your nonsense, child. What do you expect that the sparks, or the beaux as you call 'em, ever wanted to write to me about?"

"The same as they would to other handsome girls," said Paul. "I have often wondered why so handsome a woman as you are should have remained in single blessedness."

"I can easily satisfy your curiosity on that score. Those that would have me I wouldn't have, and those that I would have, wouldn't have me."

"The reasons you give are certainly conclusive; but I am afraid that you were rather too particular."

"I don't think I was a bit too much so. The first suitor I ever had was little Markey Beel, that writ that 'ere letter you are holdin' in your hand. I was only fifteen years old, and all the gals—I amongs the rest—thought he was dreadful handsome; and so he was arter a sartain fashion. His face was as delicate as a woman's—clear red and white, for you see he was larnin' the tailor's trade, and so worked under kiver. There 's no knowin' but that I should 'ave had him if he had stayed where he was; but the man he was sarvin' his time with went off down below, and Markey had to go with him. I wouldn't engage myself to him; but, arter a while, I consented to correspond, though I told him that I shouldn't write him anything but friendly letters. It was full three weeks before I received a letter from him, arter he went away, which I begun to think was kind o' strange, seein' he was so airnest about writin'! Now brother John—that's your father, you know, Paul—was al'ays tormentin' me about Markey, and, as I sat readin' the letter, John stole up behind my chair, on tiptoe, and peeped over my shoulder. The first warnin' I had of his bein' there was his burstin' right out a laughin'. I knew in a minute what he was laughin' at, for, though I didn't pretend to any great larnin' myself, I could spell a leetle better than Markey could, for he never would study when he went to school."

"Do let Lizzie and I read it, aunt," said Paul.

"I don't know as 'twould be raly right; but here—Markey has gone off to the Ohio country, and the last I heern tell of him he was called a good citizen, and was gettin' along nicely. He married Sally Place—a purty, harmless little soul as ever lived. It isn't likely that she would ever set a river afire, if she should undertake it; but that put her on an equal footin' with Markey."

"As this speech of Aunt Tabitha was considered an indirect consent to Paul's request, he opened the letter, where, occupying one side of a half sheet of foolscap, was displayed the following, of which it may be premised the chirography was quite equal to the orthography:—

ASTEAMED FRIND,

I dont no but whought yule think strange I havent rit to you afore, but Ive hen sick with the slough fever, and it made my hed feel so week I larsent rite for fear twould make it feel weeker. Ive thot on you over and over agin, and tried to hink to myself whought you were doin. Sumtimes it seemed to me that you wor rite afore my face and eyes spinnin linnin close by the back winder, and then I thort to myself, if I had wings like an eagle, Ide fly in less than no time, and peerch rite down on the winder sill close by you. Then agin, set at night, when I set kinder sollum-like, miditten, I seam to see you plain as day milkin the cows in the barn yard, and then I long to peerch myself ite on to the west eend of the ridge pole of the barn where I could look down on you. I hope and pray, my asteamed frind, that twill never be your ortin to have a slough fever, for nobody nose whought an ugly thing it is if they never experienced it. Rite soon, and let me no if you are enoyin the great blessing of health, also if Sally Place cose yet if she is cummin down here to larn a milliners trade. I will now close with two lines of poetry rit by a poet.

Idle walk three times round the market place,
To get wun look of your sweet face.

I remain your lovin frind and

Yours to sarve,

MARK BEEL."

"Did you answer Mark's letter?" inquired Lizzie, when she and Paul had finished reading it.

"Yes, I writ him a line or two, jest to answer his question about Sally Place. If it hadn't been for my word's sake, I wouldn't done even that, for rother John teased and tormented me so about that terrible 'slough fever,' that I wished Markey had been in Guinea afore I'd ever agreed to correspond with him."

"Father was right in teasing you, I suspect," said Paul; "for, as diseases are sometimes hereditary in family, I should have considered it a sad affair to have had half a dozen cousins liable at any moment to be seized with such a terrible disease as the

'slough fever,' especially if attended with such symptoms as a longing to sit on ridge-poles."

"Well, one thing is hereditary, sartain, and that is nonsense, for you are exactly as nonsensical as your father was when he was of your age."

"I shouldn't wish to take after a better man; but come, aunt, let us hear who was your next beau," and, as he spoke, he took up what appeared to be the ivory head of a cane.

"If that ain't curious!" said Aunt Tabitha.

"What is curious?"

"Why, that you should light upon that cane-head, jest as you asked who was my next beau. I had no more idee that it was in the land of the livin' than I had that Markey's letter was."

"Whose cane did it belong to?" said Lizzie.

"Why, old Beau Benner's, as folks call him. You and Paul have seen him many a time. He was a mighty spruce-lookin' chap when he was young, al'ays walked with a cane, and wore his hair powdered and tied in a queue. And you'd sildom see him without a red waistcoat and white-topped boots. Well, you see he took kind of a fancy to me, and invited me to go with him to the general trainin'. There were as many as eight or ten couples of young folks goin' from our place—brother John and his intended, Jim Pringle and his gal, Peter Barton and his sister Dolly, and a good many besides. The trainin' was to be about a dozen miles off, so it gave a chance for a good ride. Well, you see that private houses were open to entertain people on sich a great occasion; and, as the trainin' was to begin purty airly in the mornin', we all concluded it would be best to go the night afore, for fear we shouldn't be in season to see the sham fight. Moses Benner kind o' took the lead in sich things, in them days, and he contrived it so that we all met in one place, and, when we started, there was a nice long string of horses and shays, I can tell you. Moeses and I went in the first shay, brother John and his intended in the next, and the rest follered on arter in reg'lar order. We arrived at head quarters in grand good season, and we gals had a nice large room all to ourselves, where we could fix our ruffles and ribbons as much as we were a mind to.

"You see I was al'ays a mighty airly riser, and so were John's intended, and Dolly and Esther Barton, who lodged in the same room with me, so that long afore sunrise we were all up and dressed out in style, so that all we should have to do, when 'twas time to go to see the trainin', would be to clap on our bonnets and shawls. We sot ourselves down by the winders, but there wan't a single soul stirrin'. It wan't a great while, however, afore we seed Moeses Benner come out of the hotel, where he and some of the other sparks that calc'lated they were the tip-top, put up. You see it had jest begun to be the fashion for young men to wear tassels to their boots, and Moeses, who al'ays carried everything to extremes which belonged to dress, had a pair to his as large agin as the common size, and with such long cords to 'em that they swung out, every time

he stepped, the matter of three or four inches. Well, there wasn't a soul in sight, so I s'pose he thought he'd practise a few of the airs and graces such as he calc'lated on when the people were round so that they could see him. So he hild up his head so fur that it seemed as if he was lookin' arter somethin' in the sky, flourished his cane, and stepped short and quick so as to make his boot-tasseis fly out. Once in a while he would look down to see if they flew out to his mind, but the major part of the time he kept his eyes turned up to the sky, and, take him all in all, he looked and acted more like a nateral fool than it's ever been my lot to see a body in the whole course of my life.

"As ill luck would have it, there was a nice, honest-lookin' old cow layin' on the side of the road, that hadn't got her nap out, and as Moses was walkin' along, grand as if he thought the ground wasn't good enough for him to step on, he came plump agin the poor old cow, as much to her surprise, I guess, as to his. Moses, of course, went down, while the innocent cause of his disaster made all haste to get up. He follered her example as soon as possible, and with his handkercher wiped off the mud and dirt from his buff-colored pantaloons and the sleeves of his coat as well as he could. The gals laughed *some* I guess, and I wasn't slow to jine 'em, I can tell you. When he called to wait on me to the trainin', Dolly Barton put on a mighty long face, and said to him, jest as grave and sober as if she had been a judge, 'I hope, Mr. Benner,' says she, 'that you were not seriously injured by your fall this mornin'.' The land, how red the critter turned, while he muttered over somethin' to himself, what we couldn't tell exactly, but it sounded as if he said that he wa'n't much hurt."

"'I am glad to hear it,' said Dolly, 'and I hope the poor cow came off as well as you did; but I don't think you did right to disturb her mornin' slumbers.'"

"By this time the curiosity of the young men in company with Moses was purty well roused up, so Dolly, lookin' all the time as demure as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, went on to tell the whole story in sich a funny, queer way, pretendin' all the time to pity Moses dreadfully, so as to set us all to laughin' in spite of ourselves. If Moses hadn't been a fool, he would 'ave jined us, but, instead of that, he looked as 'shamed as a dog. He didn't hold his head dreadful high the rest of the day, I can tell you, which was a lucky circumstance, I thought; for, if he had walked in the same kind o' style as when he was practising his airs and graces airly in the mornin', something worse might have happened than his stumblin' over an old cow. Well, he waited on me round to see the trainin', and home to my father's door, and that was the last of it."

"But how came you by this ivory cane-head?" said Paul.

"Why you see when I arrived home, afore he helped me out of the shay, he leaned his cane up agin the side of the house, and went off and forgot

it. It stood in the entry a long time, but he neve called for it, and so arter your father was married and you 'd got to be old enough to ride stick horses you spied out the cane one day, and ever arter that it sarved you for a horse. You used it purty rough I guess, for you soon got the head off; but how o' airth it come to be in the old cedar chist I neve shall know."

"And were these two the only ones you wouldn't have?" asked Paul.

"La! no indeed. 'Twould be a tedious undertakin to give you a list of 'em all. Among others, there was Jabe Hardick, and when I tell you that he is full as handsome now as he was in his young days you'll have some idee of his looks."

"He is certainly no Adonis now," said Paul.

"He was most dreadful hard favored, but he was well to do in the world, and I tried desp'rate hard to like him, and I begun to think I should succeed when one day brother John said to me, 'Tabitha says he, 'if you marry Jabe, you must sow a good lot of saffron in your garden.' 'Why?' says I, jest innocent as a lamb. 'Cause,' says he, 'you'll have to give him a good dose of saffron-tea as often as once a day, sartain, to keep his ugly looks from strikin' to his stomach.' Well, if you'll believe me, I never could see poor Jabe arterward, but that the saffron-tea popped right into my head, so that I could hardly laughin' right out in his face. Well, he kept lookin' worse and worse to me, and afore long gin him the mitten. It didn't quite break his heart as he pretended it would, for in six weeks arterward he was married to Darcus Townner. There, I've told you enough about my old sparks for once, don't ask me to say another word."

LIFE.

BY HELEN C. LEWIS.

Oh, 'tis a weary thing to live
When the silver tide of youthful feeling
Grows dim with the touch of sorrow's tone,
And the lonely heart can find no rest
From the dreary storm of life!

When the hopes that once so brightly shone,
But linger in memory, and the flowers,
That once on our pathway bloomed so sweet,
Lie faded and scentless, and all are gone—
Gone to return no more!

Oh, 'tis a blissful thing to die
When the soul is sick of this empty show,
And the spirit is longing to be at rest,
Where care comes never, and all is peace,
In that far-off land of love!

Is it a sin to long for death
When the music of life has lost its charm?
When all that we love to Heaven have gone,
Can it be sinful then to say,
I would I were with them there

THE EMIGRANT FAMILY; OR, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY MARY S. B. SHINDLER (LATE MRS. DANA).

It was just about the hour of noon, on a clear winter's day, when a stanch vessel, which had weathered several severe Atlantic storms, approached, with all sails set, the noble harbor of Charleston, South Carolina. The ship was crowded with passengers, young and old, rich and poor, joyful and sad; a heterogeneous mass of human beings. Upon the quarter-deck stood many a merry group, who, having just thrown aside their motley sea attire, and dressed themselves in clean and wholesome shore equipments, could scarcely restrain the buoyancy of spirits called forth by the occasion. Many, after a longer or shorter sojourn in foreign lands, were now returning home to greet their numerous friends, while others were eagerly anticipating the pleasure of a speedy introduction to novel scenes and new and valuable acquaintances.

The pilot, who was to conduct the vessel over the somewhat dangerous bar at the entrance of the harbor, had jumped aboard from his little craft about an hour before, and was now strutting to and fro with a consequential air, in all the pride of absolute authority, and giving his incessant orders with voice so stentorian that it might almost have been mistaken for the thunder of great Jupiter himself.

But neither with the passengers of the quarter-deck, nor with the consequential, round-bodied little lot, has this veracious history anything to do; and, therefore, turning our backs as civilly as may be upon *le bon ton* of the vessel, we will straightaway introduce ourselves into the steerage, and look about us as well as the darkness will allow. We do not propose to favor our readers with any specimens of "high life below stairs," "romance in humble life," or the like, but intend to deliver "a plain, unvarnished tale," and relate circumstances none the less interesting for being natural and unbelabored.

In the gloomy recesses of the steerage, a scene of the same nature with that which had already been enacted in the cabin was now going forward, only in an aggravated form. There was scrubbing and scolding, there was combing and cursing, there was dressing and dubbing. Obstreperous little ones, who evidently did not understand the character of the times upon which they had fallen, nor comprehend the reasons why they should not still be allowed to enjoy their liberty, and revel in their accustomed filth, gave loud and hearty tokens of their wounded sensibilities, and danced and kicked, and screamed with continually increasing vigor, till manfully for their hitherto-accorded rights, and heroically disputing every inch of ground.

Yet, amid this scene of dire confusion, there were some calm hearts, and composed, though careworn, countenances. There was one family, consisting of seven persons, which a discriminating observer would immediately have singled out from all the rest. Amid the general turmoil, their quiet demeanor, and the look of lofty resignation which sat upon their faces, could not fail to attract, nay, even to rivet, the attention of the bystander. We shall, for the sake of convenience, bestow upon them the fictitious name of Clarke. There were, as I have said, seven persons, the father and mother, one daughter of seventeen, and four boys, of the ages of nine, seven, four, and two years respectively. They were an Irish family, possessing all the lofty enthusiasm of their countrymen, together with more than a common share of quiet, unostentatious fortitude. The mother was one of a thousand; for, though the father was by no means destitute of a strong and lofty tone of character, she it was especially, who, like a ministering angel, comforted them in sorrow, strengthened them in weakness, and aroused them from despondency. Possessing, naturally, a superior mind, she had secured for herself a remarkably solid education, and thus appeared far above the humble station in which she was now moving. She was indisputably the mainstay of the family, their unyielding bulwark. We shall hereafter learn the secret of her strength.

Among the passengers, there was yet another of a somewhat different stamp; but our history includes him likewise. Patrick Mulligan was a free-hearted, open-handed, high-souled young man; a genuine Irishman, unsuspecting and improvident, possessing far more heart than head, far more heartiness than heedfulness. You could not help liking Patrick, as you looked upon his open, ruddy Irish face; and, especially, as you gazed into his round, clear Irish eye—that peculiar eye, so characteristic of the nation—the heart of the spectator, if he had a heart, would unconsciously go forth to greet him. In his own country, he had been a neighbor of the Clarks; and now, both father and mother being dead, he had joined their fortunes, and was cared for by Mrs. Clarke as if he had been her own dear son. She found him wild and wayward, it is true; but what cannot judicious *kindness* accomplish? It was Mrs. Clarke's fervent belief that nothing could stand before it; that no heart, however wickedly disposed, *could* resist its constant influence. Now, this Patrick Mulligan was the undeclared lover of Bridget Clarke.

So now behold the vessel arrived; all her pas-

sengers ashore; all quietness where, so late, confusion reigned supreme. The Clarke family, with young Mulligan, had domesticated themselves in obscure lodgings in that portion of the city called "the Neck." Nor were they without their sufferings. A succession of misfortunes had befallen them, both before and since they left their country: bad crops; long sicknesses, and corresponding doctor's bills; deaths, funeral expenses; and, finally, a shipwreck, with its terrible losses—all these had come upon them, so that now they found themselves in a strange land, destitute of even the necessities of life.

But they lost no time, and wasted no strength in complaining: this would have been madness, nay, suicide; and, so far from helping them out of their troubles, would have been an infinite aggravation to them. If work was anywhere to be had, they were determined to find it; and, when they had found it, faithfully and cheerfully to do it. But where were they to procure employment? To whom were they to apply? It was not the case in Charleston, as in the northern cities, that the poor, in their extremity, could wend their way to intelligence offices, and perchance find employment. So they knew not what steps to take; but, "at any rate," they said among themselves, "we can but try." "The man who *tries*," said Mrs. Clarke, "has already more than half succeeded." Accordingly, one morning, after a poor and scanty breakfast, Mr. Clarke and Patrick sallied forth together in search of work.

Meanwhile, the mother took her seat upon a log by the empty fireplace—for chair or fire had they not—and patiently darned and patched the whole long morning through; occasionally raising her eyes to give a look of encouragement to Bridget and the boys, who were poring over a few tattered books, and trying their best to teach and to be taught. By and by, the allotted tasks being over, the boys threw aside their books, and tried, for their mother's sake, to get up one of their merry plays. Still, the morning wore heavily away. The sensation of hunger is no very pleasant one; and this, considering what they had eaten for the three preceding days, they could not help feeling. Yet Hope whispered to them all, "By and by, our absent ones will return; and who knows what good tidings they may bring?" Twelve o'clock arrived—they could plainly hear the strokes of a neighboring clock—one, two, three o'clock had come, and they had not returned. Mrs. Clarke looked pale and exhausted, but calmly resolute. No human eye could discern the conflict in her soul, the obstinately intruding anxieties, the frightful imaginings, nor the strong resolving, the earnest petitioning. She pressed her pale lips closely together, and strove to smile.

At length, at nightfall, came the wanderers home; but they brought nothing with them; nothing, not even hope; and Mrs. Clarke was obliged, as usual, to console and encourage them all. "Never mind,"

said she, "let us go supperless to bed; we may get something to do to-morrow."

"Always to-morrow! always to-morrow!" said her husband, quite impatiently, as he sat on one end of the log, and buried his face in his hands. "To-morrow will not help us to live to-day."

The children, poor little creatures, controlled their emotions manfully for a time; but, hearing now their father's complaining tones, they all began to cry, though silently, and without any ostentation.

"You had better go to the baker's at the corner, father," said Mrs. Clarke, addressing her husband; "tell him frankly our sufferings, and entreat him, for the love of Heaven, to let us have a loaf to keep the children from starving. Tell him we'll be sure to pay him some time or other; for God has not utterly forsaken us, and we'll come out of our trouble yet."

"Mother, I cannot!" replied the husband. "The dark hour is on me now, and I haven't the heart to speak to a human being."

"Well, I have, father," said Mrs. Clarke, soothingly, and yet decidedly. "I'll go to the baker's myself. Sit you there, honey, and do what you can to keep the children warm. Don't cry, darlings; mother'll come back soon, and, maybe, fetch a loaf of bread with her."

So saying, she departed, wrapping, ere she went, an old, faded blanket-shawl around the two youngest children, as they sat huddled together on the floor. Many prayers went with her; for, as I said before, she was the ministering angel of the family, and always inspired them with strength for the present, and hope for the future. It was Saturday night, and there was a crowd of people in the baker's shop; but she resolutely entered, and took her stand to wait her turn for being served. There was that about her, however, which, at first sight, inspired respect; and so the shopman soon addressed her with—

"Well, madam, what will you have?"

"I would have *bread* for my starving children," replied the woman; "but, sir, I have no money. Let me have some bread," she continued, her voice beginning to falter—"let me have some bread, for the love of Heaven, and I'm sure we'll be able to pay you hereafter. If not, God will reward those who help the needy."

The shopman looked at her sternly, and shook his head; but he quailed before the agonized glance of her searching eyes.

"No," he said, at length; "I work hard to support my own family, and I have nothing to give to beggars."

Mrs. Clarke drew herself up to her full height, and replied, firmly, though without the slightest appearance of resentment—

"I am no beggar, sir. I ask you for bread, with the promise of future payment, if not from me, from Heaven."

She spoke with all the eloquence of unmitigated

agony, and her eye kindled as she raised her thin, pale hand to Heaven. The crowd had unconsciously gathered round her, and were watching the scene with the most intense interest; for there is something in genuine feeling which at once finds its way to the universal human heart.

The baker seemed to waver in his stern resolution, and laid his hand upon a loaf of bread which was upon the shelf; but his evil genius was soon again at work.

"I cannot do it," at length he said. "I've been imposed upon so many times that I have been obliged to make a rule not to give to people whom I do not know. I would not be doing justice to my family, if I gave a loaf of bread to everybody who chose to ask for it."

Mrs. Clarke said nothing for a moment; but, at length, she replied—

"Oh, sir! may you never know what it is to ask for a morsel in God's name, and be refused! But, sir," she continued, "I cannot even now believe that you are in earnest; I cannot think that you will let us starve! For the love of God, sir, do not send me empty away!"

She had conquered! The baker took three large loaves from his shelf and handed them to her, while she, with her eyes now full of tears, could only articulate, "God bless you, sir!"

Heaven helps those who help themselves. As Mrs. Clarke turned to leave the shop, more than one kind hand was stretched forth with its offering. Some offered money, and some offered bread. Having enough for present necessities, however, she declined these offerings with many thanks. "But," added she, "we are strangers, and do not know where to get employment. If you can help us to get work, we will thank and bless you." And then, having given information where they could be found, in case any one had work to give them—such work as could be done by men, women, or children—she bowed kindly to all around her, and quickly sought her home.

Over the short space between the baker's shop and her humble dwelling, she rather flew than walked. Oh, what relief and joy was she carrying to her household! How quickly the children dried their tears, and ran to ease her of her precious burden!

"God is always with you, mother," said her husband. "What is the reason you never fail in that which you set out to do?"

"Because, father," she replied, "I endeavor to be always sure that I am doing what is right; and that assurance gives me courage. I nearly came home to-night, though, without any bread."

"But you put your trust in God, mother," said

the husband, "*and made another trial. Wasn't that the way?*"

"Yes, I have strong faith in God, and *in man, too*," replied the wife. "It is because we do not expect to find goodness in our fellow-men, and do not encourage its development, that we no oftener find it. In more senses than one, I believe that '*he that seeketh findeth*.' If a man seeks for evil in his fellow-men, he is sure to find it; and, on the other hand, if he seeks and expects goodness, that finds he likewise. I would not lose my faith in human nature for the world; it has carried me through many a discouraging encounter. But I never yet have found the heart that had not some soft, tender spot about it, which could be reached by judicious means."

"You never gave *me* up, Mrs. Clarke," chimed in Patrick Malligan, munching, meanwhile, a crust of bread. "You never gave me up, though everybody else did. If it had not been for your unwearied patience, your kindness, *your trust in me* when there seemed little ground for trust, where would I be now? What would I be? Och, Pat, my darlin'! ye owe ivrything to Mrs. Clarke!"

"I begin to think you are right, mother," said Mr. Clarke, "in thinking better of men than I do. I begin to think your philosophy is a sounder one than mine; at all events, it brings forth better fruits. I have some faith in God, but very little, I confess, in men."

"Now, father," said Mrs. Clarke, "I'll tell you how I reason about it. Man was originally made in the image of his Creator, and it becomes us to do all *we* can to restore that lost or hidden likeness. Now, I am constantly on the watch for it; I believe it is there, though so unquestionably dimmed, nay, almost effaced. By continually addressing myself to the principle of goodness, if there is the smallest remnant of it left, I am sure to find it. We are now in a strange land; but, I tell you, we shall find friends, and rise yet out of this gloomy abyss into which we seem to have fallen. I am sure of it. Even this night I have seen indications of it; and, depend upon it, on Monday morning some of those kind persons I saw in the baker's shop will come to offer us employment and the means of living. Ah, my children!" she continued, turning to the little group, who, having satisfied their appetites, were gazing earnestly into their mother's speaking countenance—"ah, my children, the secret of all the success I have ever had in life has been *my faith in God and in my fellow-men*; and just so far as I have lost this compound, though not inharmonious, faith, has my evil star been in the ascendent."

NOTE.—I am happy to be able to state that the above cheering prediction was abundantly verified.

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

A FRAGMENT FROM A TRUE HISTORY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER

ALORSTUS, Count of G***, was the son of a citizen of rank, engaged in ***ish service. The terms of his happy genius were unfolded, at an early age, by a liberal education. While still very young, but with a mind furnished with substantial attainments, he entered into military service with the sovereign of his land. Being a young man of high merit and of still higher expectation, it was only for a short time that he remained unknown to his master. G*** was in the full ardor of youth; the sovereign was also young: G*** was enthusiastic and enterprising; the sovereign, who was likewise so, loved such characters. Endowed with a rich vein of wit, and possessed of a copious fund of knowledge, G*** had the happy faculty of giving animation to his conversation, and of brightening up, by an always equable jovialty, every circle in which he mingled. He enjoyed the rare felicity of being always able to infuse a charm and life into every subject which presented itself to his consideration. The sovereign knew well how to appreciate in another excellent qualities which he possessed in a high degree in his own character. Everything that he undertook, his pastimes even, had an air of greatness. Though obstacles arose to impede his progress, they did not intimidate his spirit; and, though disappointments beset his path, never were they known to overcome his perseverance. The worth of these qualities was heightened by a commanding figure; his full form was a living picture of blooming health and Herculean strength, animated, as it was, by the lively play of an active spirit. In his features, gait, and bearing, there was apparent a natural majesty, which was finely softened by a noble look of intelligence. If the prince had reason to be charmed by the spirit of his young companion, it is no wonder that his susceptibility was captivated irresistibly by such an alluring exterior. Similarity of age, and harmony in their pursuits and characters, in a short time established a relation between them which possessed all the strength of friendship and all the fervor of impassioned love. G*** advanced with the utmost rapidity from one post of honor to another; yet these outward marks of regard seemed to fall far short of expressing the position which he really occupied in the heart of his sovereign. With astonishing rapidity and luxuriant growth, his good fortune continued to advance and mature, while the creator of it was his adorer, his ardent friend. Not yet two-and twenty years of age, he found himself elevated to a height at which those individuals even

who have elsewhere experienced the greatest prosperity usually terminate their career. But his active spirit could not long rest in the dalliance of indolent inanity; he could not long continue to be satisfied with the glittering pageantry of a follower after the shadow of greatness, while he felt that he had sufficient courage and power to gain and enjoy it in its substance. While the sovereign was eagerly following the rounds of pleasure, the young favorite literally buried himself beneath statutes and books, and devoted himself with untiring application to the duties of his station. He finally became so expert and skillful in business, that every transaction, even though not of the highest importance, if it required prudence and care, passed through his hands. From being a companion of his amusements and pleasures, he soon became first counsellor and minister, and finally master, of his sovereign. His power soon became so great that the only access to the prince was through his favor. He conferred all offices and honors; all rewards were received from his hands.

G***'s prosperity came in too early youth; he had advanced to such a height of honor by too rapid strides to enjoy it with moderation. His success gave predominance to his love of honor; from contemplating himself at such an elevation, his ambition became giddy and headstrong. No sooner had he reached the last summit of his wishes than his usual discretion deserted him. He became infatuated, by observing the humble deference which was paid him by the first of the land, by all those even whom birth, consideration, and the gifts of fortune had rendered so very much his superiors. The condescension which even gray heads showed to him, so young a man, intoxicated his pride; while the unlimited power which he had gained soon caused a certain harshness to become apparent in his bearing. This want of mildness had been a characteristic in him always before, and it continued to cling to him, even through all the vicissitudes of his fortune. There was no labor which he would not undertake for the sake of gratifying his friends; no service, which he could render, was too great for them to claim of him. His enemies, however, must fear and tremble at his power. As he far overstepped the ordinary bounds of benevolence on the one hand, so he fell very far short of due moderation in his revenge. He made little use of his influence to enrich himself; he preferred to make many prosperous who, out of gratitude, would be bound to pay homage to himself as the creator of their fortunes. It was caprice, however—not a sense

of justice—which directed him in the choice of the subjects of his favor. By a haughty, imperious bearing he estranged from himself the hearts of those whom he had most obliged; while he, at the same time, had the misfortune to transform his rivals and secret enviers into just so many implacable enemies.

Among those who watched every movement that he made with eyes of jealousy and envy, and already were preparing in secret the instruments with which to effect his overthrow, was a certain Piedmontian count, Joseph Martinengo, one of the sovereign's suit. G***, regarding this individual as a creature wholly inoffensive and entirely devoted to his interest, had advanced him by his own influence to this station, which he allowed him to hold at the pleasure of his master. In exchange for this position, which he had occupied previously himself, and of which he now began to grow tired, he with too great willingness accepted an office whose character was higher and more substantial, whose duties were more onerous and engrossing. He was wont to regard this man as a work of his own hand, which he could degrade again to the nothingness from which he had raised it, at any moment when he should deem it proper. He was consequently living in the firm assurance that the count would serve him as well out of gratitude as from fear. This caused him to fall into an error precisely similar to the one which Richelieu committed when he allowed the young *le grand* to be the playfellow of Louis the XIII. But, without being able to correct this error with Richelieu's spirit, he was doomed to contend with a more artful enemy than the one which the French minister had encountered. Instead of appearing elated at his prosperity, and allowing his benefactor to feel that he must now spare him, whether he would or not, Martinengo daily became more cautious and circumspect in his deportment. He strove to maintain the appearance of dependence, and, by pretending to be thus submissive and humble, he was constantly becoming more closely united to the creator of his fortune. At the same time, he did not neglect to use, to their full extent, the opportunities which his position afforded him of being often in the company of the sovereign; indeed, he allowed no occasion of gradually advancing himself in favor, and of making himself necessary and indispensable to him, to pass unimproved. In a short time he was intimately acquainted with the mind of his master: he had spied out every approach to his confidence, and unobserved had insinuated himself into his good graces. The Italian was putting in practice all those arts and subtrefuges which the minister, from a noble pride and natural elevation of soul, had learned to despise. Indeed, in order to the attainment of his end, he did not scorn to make use of the very lowest means. It soon became apparent to him that the man with whom he was dealing nowhere needed a guide and an assistant so much as in the road to vice. He was, at the same time, well aware that nothing more effectually contributes to a bold, unshrinking confi-

dence between individuals, than a mutual knowledge of the secret weaknesses in each other's character. Accordingly, he set himself to work to awaken passions in the prince which, until then, slumbered in his bosom in silence. At such a crisis, he would urge himself upon him, in order that he might become by this means his confidant and abettor. He allured him to such places of debauchery as afforded the fewest witnesses, and where he would be least likely to meet with associates who would become privy to his excesses. By this means he led him imperceptibly to repose secrets in himself, a third of which he took care to reject. He thus succeeded finally in establishing the infamous plan of making his fortune on the moral debasement of the sovereign; and that, too, while the secret was an essential means to its success. He thus gained the heart of the sovereign, before G*** allowed himself even so much as to suspect that he shared his master's confidence with another.

It is a matter well calculated to excite surprise that a change of such momentous importance should have escaped the usually penetrating eye of G***. He was, however, too conscious of his own worth to regard, even so much as in imagination only, such a man as Martinengo as his rival; while the latter was too cautious, too much on his guard, to draw his opponent from his proud security by any want of discretion in himself. The very same error that had caused thousands before him to slip on the smooth surface of a sovereign's favor, also precipitated G*** from his dazzling height—an overweening confidence in himself. The secret alliance between Martinengo and his master caused in him no disquiet. It was with feelings of pleasure that he bestowed on a man just coming into notice a fortune which, at heart, he despised himself, and which had never been the aim of his exertions. The friendship of the sovereign had possessed a charm for him only so long as that alone could advance him in the way to the highest power, and his guide had no sooner enabled him to reach the long-wished-for eminence than he carelessly allowed him to fall behind.

Martinengo was not the man to be satisfied with a position of so subordinate a character. At every advancement which he made in the favor of his master, his aims became bolder and his wishes more extended, until his ambition finally began to aspire after a position of a more substantial and satisfying nature. The artful character of assumed subordination, which he had always until now maintained towards his benefactor, was constantly becoming more burdensome to him in proportion as the increase of his consideration more fully awakened his pride. The bearing of the minister towards him did not become refined in a degree corresponding to the rapid advancement which he was making in the favor of the sovereign; indeed, it often seemed apparent enough that his opponent so regulated his behavior as to humble his rising pride by a salutary reference to his origin. Consequently, this relation,

which was such a restraint upon his actions and so contradictory to his feelings, finally became so irksome to him that he went to work in earnest and devised a plan to end his uneasiness at once by the overthrow of his rival. Under the impenetrable veil of dissimulation, he brooded over this plan until he had brought it to full maturity. Not yet, however, had he the assurance to venture to measure himself with his rival in open conflict. Though the first bloom of the favor which G*** had enjoyed was past, for all this his influence was very formidable. It dated its origin too far back, and had planted its roots too deeply in the affections of the young sovereign, to be so readily eradicated from his bosom. The least circumstance, even the most trivial incident, would be enough to restore it to its original freshness and strength. Such being the case, Martinengo was well aware that the blow which he was to inflict must be an annihilating blow. What G*** had lost perhaps in his sovereign's love he had gained in his reverence: the more the latter withdrew himself from the affairs of government, the less readily could he dispense with the services of the man who took care of his interests, even those connected with the finances of the country, with the most faithful devotion and conscientious exactness. Thus in former days he had been dear to the prince as a friend, but now he was important to him as a minister.

What the particular means were by which the Italian succeeded in his design has remained a secret known to but few: the only persons privy to it were they who experienced the blow, and they by whom it was inflicted. It is supposed by some that he laid before the sovereign the original of a secret and very suspicious correspondence which G*** had maintained unquestionably, as it would appear, with a neighboring court. Whether these documents were genuine or counterfeit is a point on which there is a diversity of opinion. But, as there was a possibility of his having been really engaged in such a correspondence, the courtier reached his end by taking a step of such a fearful nature. G*** appeared in the eyes of his sovereign the most ungrateful of creatures, the blackest of traitors; and his crime was regarded as so free from all doubt, that he believed himself authorized to proceed immediately against him, without further investigation. Everything was discussed and arranged between Martinengo and his master with the deepest secrecy: so quietly was everything conducted, that G***, not even once from a distance, observed the thunderstorm that was gathering over his head. He remained in this fatal security until the awful moment in which, from an object of universal reverence and envy, he was doomed to sink to an object of the deepest pity and of universal compassion.

When the decisive day had come, G*** repaired, as was his wont, to the place of parade. From an ensign-bearer he had risen, during the course of a few years, to the rank of colonel. Even this elevated position was but a modest name for

the dignity of the ministerial office, with which he was in fact invested, and which elevated him above the first in the land. The parade-ground was the place where his pride received universal homage, where in one brief hour he enjoyed a greatness and pre-eminence in comparison with which the remainder of the day seemed a burden. On these occasions, the first in rank approached him with timidity, nay, almost with reverence, and those who were not absolutely certain of his good will, with anxiety and trembling. Whenever the sovereign himself happened to be on the ground, he always found himself beneath his vizier in consideration. The power of the latter was very considerable; it was so dangerous to incur his displeasure that not even the friendship of the former proved availing. This very place, where he had been wont heretofore to be honored as a god, was now chosen as the stage for the awful exhibition of his humiliation.

With a careless air he entered the well-known circle which, as ignorant of what was to happen as himself, opened before him this day, as usual, with every mark of respect, waiting his orders. It was not long before Martinengo appeared, accompanied by several adjutants; he was no longer the pliant courtier, full of low bows and smiles. Impudent, and with the pride of a clown, he resembled a lackey who had just become his own master. He stalked towards him with a proud, haughty step, and, with his head covered, stopped in front of him, demanding his sword in the name of the sovereign. It was handed to him with a look of silent consternation. Seizing it, and resting the end of the bare blade upon the ground, he broke it in two by a single tread, and let the pieces fall at the feet of G***. The signal was no sooner given than the adjutants both fell upon him; one hastened to cut the cross of the order from his bosom, while the other pulled off both epaulets as well as the rest of the uniform, and tore the cord and plume from his hat. During the whole of this frightful performance, which proceeded with incredible rapidity, there was not to be heard, in an assembly of more than five hundred men who stood about in a dense mass, a single utterance, a single respiration. With pale countenances, with swelling hearts, and in a deathlike stupor, the multitude stood in a circle around him; while he, in this awful situation—a strange sight, combining the grotesque and the terrific—endured for a time what no one can experience except at the place of execution. A thousand others, situated as he was, would have been stretched senseless on the ground by the force of this first fright; his more powerful nervous system and his strong soul enabled him to endure the dreadful sensations of this frightful state to the end, and to exhaust all its terrors.

Scarcely was this operation ended when they conducted him through the midst of innumerable spectators to the outer extremity of the parade-ground, where a covered carriage stood in readiness to receive him. He was ordered in silence, by a gesture, to mount the vehicle; an escort of hussars

attended him. The rumor of this proceeding meantime had spread through the whole town; every window flew open, every street was filled with the inquisitive. They rent the air with their shouts, as they followed him with their eyes; his name was repeated amid the alternate exclamations of ridicule, of ill-concealed joy, and still more of heartfelt compassion and sympathetic grief for his misfortune. He finally found himself in the country, freed from the gaze of impertinent curiosity: but here a new cause of alarm awaited him. They soon turned the carriage from the main road into an unfrequented path, long since deserted by men; it was the way to the place of execution, towards which they conducted him slowly, as they had been expressly commanded by the sovereign. After causing him to feel on this road all the anguish of the tortures of death, they again changed their course and sought a public road. In the scorching heat of the sun, without refreshments, without exchanging a word with a fellow-being, he passed seven dismal hours in that carriage, which finally stopped just as the sun was disappearing in the west. They had reached the fortress, the place of his destination, which was to be his future abode. A fast of twelve hours and parching thirst had finally overpowered his gigantic nature. Bereft of consciousness, he was lying in a state intermediate between life and death. They drew him from the vehicle while he was entirely insensible of the whole transaction, and lowered him into a frightful pit beneath the ground. The first object that presents itself to his view, upon his again opening his eyes to a new life, is the gray wall of a dismal prison. He can scarcely distinguish surrounding objects, as his abode is but faintly lighted by a few straggling beams from the moon, which, penetrating a few narrow fissures, fall upon him to the depth of nineteen fathoms. By his side he discovers some miserable bread, as well as a water-cress, and near by a bundle of straw for his bed. He remained in this situation until the following mid-day, when a shutter at length opened and two hands became visible. From this opening there is let down to him in a suspending basket a fresh supply of the same kind of food that he found here on the preceding day. During the whole of this terrible change in his fortune, pain and anxious solicitude now, for the first time, wrung from him a few questions: "How came I here? What crime have I committed?" But no answer came from above; the hands disappeared, and again the shutter closed. Not allowed to see the face of a fellow-being, not even to hear a human voice, without any explanation in reference to this dreadful change in his condition, in equal fear and uncertainty as regards both the future and the past, revived by no warm rays of light, refreshed by no wholesome air, beyond the reach of all assistance, and, what is the most painful of all, unremembered in the general sympathy of mankind, in this place of condemnation he counts four hundred and ninety days of woe by means of that detestable bread, which was let down to him one mid-day after an-

other in mournful uniformity. But a discovery which he makes on the very first day of his being in prison fills his cup of misery to the full. He recognizes this place. He was himself the one who, under the influence of feelings of low revenge, had it repaired but a few months before, in order that he might punish a deserving citizen, by throwing him into it and leaving him there to languish. The object of his resentment was a worthy officer, who had been so unfortunate as to draw upon himself his displeasure. By his own inventive cruelty he had furnished himself the means of rendering his stay in this prison a period of horror and anguish. It was not long before this that he made a journey to this place to inspect the building and hasten its completion. To increase his misery to the utmost, the very officer, an old colonel of high worth, for whom this prison was intended, is appointed successor in office to the lately deceased commander of the fortress, and thus from being the victim of the minister's revenge, he becomes the master of his fate. He was thus deprived of the last sorrowful consolation, the ability to pity himself; and such was his situation now that, however roughly fortune might handle him, he could never accuse her of injustice. To the poignant feeling of his misery was added a raging contempt of self, and what always proves the bitterest pain to proud hearts, the mortification of depending upon the generosity of an enemy to whom he had not shown the least kindness.

But that upright man was too noble to indulge in a low revenge. The severity which his instructions made it necessary for him to exercise towards his prisoner cost his philanthropic heart innumerable pangs; but as an old soldier, accustomed to follow the letter of his order with blind fidelity, he could do no more than pity him. The unfortunate individual found a zealous assistant in the person of the preacher for the garrison at the fortress. Moved to pity by the misery of the man so strangely confined, an account of which he had but lately learned through vague and unconnected rumors, he resolutely resolved to attempt something for his benefit. This estimable ecclesiast, whose name I unwillingly suppress, believed that his pastoral labors could be more serviceably employed in no way than in being made subservient to the good of an unfortunate man, who could be assisted by no other means.

When he found that he could not prevail upon the commander of the fortress to relax his severity towards the prisoner, he hastened to proceed to the capital himself, that he might there in his own person urge his petition upon the sovereign without intervention. He prostrated himself before him, and besought his compassion for the unfortunate man; he urged that he was now in prison, languishing without hope, perhaps already near despair, and deprived of the benefits of Christianity, from which not even a criminal can be debarred, though guilty of the most monstrous crimes. He claimed a free access to the prison with all the intrepidity and

dignity imparted by the consciousness of fulfilling one's duty: he said that the prisoner would listen to him as a penitent, and that he felt responsible to Heaven for the salvation of his soul. The good cause for which he pleaded made him eloquent; time also had already broken, in a measure, the first indignation of the sovereign. He granted his request to be permitted to gladden the prisoner with a spiritual visit.

The first human countenance that the unfortunate G*** beheld after a period of sixteen months was the face of his friendly helper. In his pitiable state of wretchedness, he thanked the only friend who lived for him in the world; from the days of his prosperity not one remained to cheer him in adversity. The visit of the preacher was to him like the appearance of an angel. I cannot describe his emotions. He became more calm, and his tears flowed more gently, when he saw a human being weep over his condition.

Horror seized the spiritual functionary as he entered this pit of murder. His eyes sought a man—and a hideous form, awakening in the beholder a sensation of terror, crept out of a corner towards him at his approach. The place bore more resemblance to the lair of a wild beast than to the abode of a human creature. A pale form, a mere skeleton, bearing the image of death, stood before him; all color of life had fled from his face, on which grief and despair had ploughed their deepest furrows. His beard and nails had, through so long a neglect, grown to an enormous length; his apparel too, from his wearing it so long, was half decayed; while the air, in consequence of an entire want of purification, had become infected. Thus he found this favorite of fortune involved in miseries, all of which the health of his iron frame had withstood. Rendered still more determined by this spectacle, the preacher hastened to the governor of the fortress to obtain for this poor unfortunate being still another favor, without which even the first would have been granted in vain.

When this officer again excused himself on the ground of the explicit terms of his instructions, the benevolent philanthropist magnanimously resolved upon a second journey to the residence of the sovereign, in order to claim his benevolence once again.

He explained to him how he should be obliged to violate the dignity of the sacrament (which he could never do), if he administered any holy ordinance to his prisoner before he was restored to the condition and privileges of a man. This was also granted, and from that day he first began to live again like a human being.

G*** spent many years more in that fortress but in a condition far more endurable after the brief summer of the new favorite's influence was past, and other ministers had succeeded him in office, who treated the prisoner humanely, or at any rate had no feelings of a revengeful nature to satisfy upon him. After an imprisonment of ten years, the day of his deliverance finally came: but there was no legal in-

vestigation, no formal acquittal. He felt his freedom as a free gift from the hands of benevolence; and at the same time that he was liberated he was commanded to leave the land forever.

The information which I have been able to collect, and that was only through oral reports, fails me at this point of his life; I consequently find myself obliged to pass over a period of twenty years in silence. During this time, G*** engaged in foreign military service, and began his career anew; fortune finally conducted him again, even among strangers, to the same dazzling summit from which he had fallen in so frightful a manner in his fatherland. Time, that sure friend of the unfortunate, which works a slow but always unerring justice, finally took up his case also. The years of impulse and passion were already past in the sovereign; and humanity now began to acquire gradually a worth, and to possess an interest for him as his hairs whitened. While just on the verge of the grave, there was awakened in him an ardent longing for the favorite of his youth. In order to compensate the gray hairs of the old man, as much as he could, for the grievances which he had heaped upon the prime of his manhood, he kindly invited the exile back to the home of his younger days. It is not strange that even in G***'s heart too there had returned long since a silent yearning for his native land. Their meeting was affecting; their greetings were as if they had parted but yesterday for the first time; they were warm, and yet full of disappointed hopes. The sovereign stood and gazed with a reflecting look upon that countenance, with whose lineaments he was so familiar, and which for all that appeared so strange. It seemed as though he counted the furrows which he had dug himself upon the face of his early friend. With a searching, scrutinizing look, he sought to find once more in the countenance of the old man the beloved features of the youth; but what he sought, he could no longer find. They soon forced themselves into a cold and formal intimacy. Shame and fear had severed their hearts forever. A sight which constantly recalled his own gross act of hasty indiscretion could never more prove pleasing to the sovereign; and G*** himself could no longer love the author of his misfortune. For all that this was the case, he was consoled and calm, and looked upon the offence as one rejoices over an unpleasant dream that is past.

It was not long before G*** was seen again in possession of all his former honors; the sovereign, moreover, restrained his secret aversion, in order to render him a brilliant requital for the past. But could he indeed give his heart again to him who had destroyed it forever for all the enjoyments of life? Could he restore to the decrepit old man years of hope and promise? Or could he devise for him a fortune which would in any wise requite the robbery which he had committed upon his youth?

For nineteen years more, he enjoyed this serene evening of his life. Neither misfortune nor years had been able to quench in him the ardor of his

youthful feelings, nor wholly to obscure the joviality of his spirit. When in the seventieth year of his age, he still continued to grasp after the shadow of a good which he had full possession of at twenty. He finally died. He was still commander of that same fortress ****, where the state's prisoners were usually confined. It is but natural to suppose

that he would have exercised towards them a kindness and moderation whose worth he ought to have learned to value from a dearly-bought experience. It is strange to say, however, that he treated them harshly and peevishly, and that it was an ebullition of anger against one of them that finally brought him to his end in the eightieth year of his age.

PLEASING THE PARISH; OR, THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," "SIGNS OF GENTILITY," "BOARDING-HOUSE POLITICS," ETC. ETC.

THE congregation of St. John's Church had been for some months without a rector. Many had applied, it is true, for the vacant situation; for it was one of the most wealthy and influential in the diocese, and the salary was three thousand a year. Add to this Christmas presents, and marriage fees (there was a vast proportion of young people, and a Washington or Saratoga campaign always resulted in three or four engagements at the very least), and you had as comfortable a position as a clergyman, who had renounced "the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," could desire.

The church itself was an expensive building, in the very extremity of the florid Gothic. The long windows were filled with stained glass of many colors, giving every shade and tone to the faces of the congregation in the different hours of the day. Thus the sharp features of Mrs. Skimpton—wife of one of the most influential vestrymen, who had a pew in the very front ranks of the middle aisle, that her devotion might be known of all men—were tinged with ruby red in the morning, saffron color during sermon time, and presented a livid blue aspect in the afternoon service. The organ was new and powerful, the choir the best that could be trained, the pulpit almost dazzled your eyes with gilding and crimson velvet, and the chandeliers flashed with an incessant glitter. Therefore the vestry of St. John's Church were as cautious as their position required, in selecting a new rector to take the place of the Rev. Dr. Naylor. It was a great pity, some were inclined to say, that he had been suffered to leave at all—he was so excellent a rhetorician, so graceful an orator, such a charming guest at a dinner-party, always quoting Timothy's example as he took his sherry wine, and was very complimentary to the hostess over Burgundy. But St. John's Church prided itself on resisting the innovations of Oxford, and Dr. Naylor was long suspected of inclining thereunto. Finally, to the horror of half the congregation, he appeared in the pulpit with his surplice, an indication not to be trifled with. Miss Little declared that "it gave her a perfect chill," and "she couldn't tell, for her part, where it would end." Mrs. Tuttle remarked, at a meeting of the Dorcas Society, of which she was

president, and Mrs. Skimpton secretary, that "it was no more than she had been expecting for some time." And finally, the vestry were goaded into politely requesting "their late beloved rector" to resign.

But now the pulpit was no longer vacant. The bishop was not to be invited for the future to marry the wealthy members of the congregation, or the city missionary to bury its dead pensioners. The choir were once more in full practice of Rossini, the organist of Mendelssohn; and a new soprano had been engaged at four hundred a year—a sum greater, he it remarked, than many a faithful and zealous country clergyman receives in his laborious vocation.

The new rector was drawing crowded congregations. It was music to hear him read the church service, one declared. Another had never listened to more eloquent speaking than his sermons. Visitors from St. Peter's, St. James's, and Epiphany crowded the aisles in the afternoon, and a great inquiry had been made for vacant pews by families recently removed to the city. Every family in the congregation were ready to welcome Dr. Stone under their roof until his household should arrive, and twenty-seven urgent invitations to dinner were declined in one day. The great wonder was, how he should have cultivated such grace and elegance of manner in the country; for this was his first advent in city life. He had been a professor in a theological seminary for several years past; but his literary tastes and triumphs had drawn him from this comparative obscurity. Henceforth he was not to blush unseen.

To tell the truth, he had very little idea of the *furor* he was creating. He was much more interested in the arrival of his young wife to her new home than in any proffered attention to himself. He thought more of the souls than the establishments of his congregation, strange as it may seem, and cared for the effect of the truth upon them, rather than the eloquent periods which unfolded it, the natural language of his pen. He had felt some scruples in declining one great charge to accept of another equally important, but had decided upon city life, influenced not a little by the predilections

of his wife; though he would have been shocked had any one proved to him that he had listened to such an earthly consideration.

All his friends wondered when the quiet, unobtrusive Dr. Stone had married the daughter of one of the most influential men in the country, scarcely two years before. But Mary Elliot was intellectual as well as beautiful, and found no other congenial society in her native village. So, in the process of time, the reverend doctor's eyes were opened to the fact that

"Their friendship turned out
To be love in disguise;"

and they were married. Thus Mary Elliot, the petted, flattered, only daughter, became the wife of a grave theological professor, and was now to enter on a new sphere of city life.

The house in — Place was selected by Mrs. Tuttle. Every one knows that it is at once an aristocratic and a quiet neighborhood. "Just the thing for a clergyman," said Mrs. Tuttle. "So central, in the midst of such fashionable society, and only eight hundred a year." Dr. Stone looked on vaguely, and seemed to consider what Mary, himself, and Etta, the baby, were to do with all those large rooms, and why the "fashionable society" was deemed important to a clergyman. However, he candidly confessed to Mrs. Tuttle, at whose house he then was, that he knew nothing about such matters, and left housekeeping entirely to Mary. Mrs. Skurpton lived directly opposite. That was pleasant, for Mary had never been away from her mother before, and Mrs. S. had paid him a great deal of motherly attention. As for upholstery, Mary must settle that, too, with Mrs. Tuttle's advice, and so he locked the new house, put the key in his pocket, and felt a great deal more settled than he had done in the morning.

Miss Little was ushered into the drawing-room of No. — Street, at a very early hour. So early, that a glimpse of the breakfast-table, still standing, had been caught in passing through the first floor. It was a dismal, stormy November day, and Miss Little was attired accordingly. She was one of the sisterhood so peculiar to large congregations, who seem at once the keepers of the rector's conscience, and the principal patrons of the parish school. They are always *au fait* to the scarlet fever from which the children suffer; can tell you where the rector's wife intends to pass the summer; and have the bishop's appointments at their fingers' ends. They are usually in mourning for a distant relative, and take decided views on all points of church controversy. Miss Little, in distinction to her name, was tall, and somewhat masculine. She carried a bag with a steel clasp, which shut with a very decided snap, and had served in its day to emphasize many of its owner's remarks. Whatever dissent Miss Little tolerated, there must be none from the views which she advanced.

On this particular morning, she was evidently disturbed at being kept in waiting. At first, she seated herself in the centre of the apartment, and cast her eyes up to the cornice, as if in profound meditation. But five, ten minutes passed, and, no one appearing, she commenced an active reconnoitre of the apartment, turning over every book on the centre-table, inspecting jealously the folds of the curtains, tracing the pattern of the wall paper, and feeling the embossed cover of the piano forte, as if inwardly deciding upon its price. This survey ended, she relapsed into a quick meditative walk, bounded by the mirrors at either end of the room, treading on every alternate crimson flower of the carpet, and carefully avoiding the blue leaves, as if some hidden danger lurked beneath.

At length the door opened, and Miss Angelica Tuttle appeared in her mamma's stead. "Mamma begged to be excused for a few moments; the children were such a bore. All children were," said Miss Angelica, with a languid shrug of her fair shoulders. Miss Little's assent was given with a corresponding pantomimic movement.

"I wanted to see *you*, too, though, my dear. You know how much we depend on *you* when there is any charitable movement. I suppose you have heard we have concluded on a fair for the Dorcas Society, to be held the week before Christmas. What post shall I put you down to? There's the cake table now—Goodfellow has promised to furnish it at cost. It would be quite suggestive, you know; cake and rings, and all that sort of thing. Of course, we shall have ring cakes; it is always a good speculation."

"The cake table!" said Miss Angelica, musingly.

"Or the post-office. You can write charmingly, I know. Now you needn't blush, and deny those letters from Cape May last season in the Drawing-Room Journal were yours. Think what a sensation you could make through that paper window; and you may choose your own clerks."

The post-office appointment seemed likely to be accepted; but, at the same time, the word "sensation" seemed to call out a burst of latent enthusiasm, which quite dispelled the languid manner Miss Angelica, the eldest of eight children, thought proper to affect.

"Oh, Miss Little, *did* you see our new rector's wife last Sunday? Isn't she sweet? She stayed two days with us, while the upholsterer was getting the house ready. I would have sent you word; but she particularly requested no one should call, she was so fatigued."

"Lovely!" responded Miss Little. "I came on in the boat with her, and had the pleasure of being the first member of the congregation introduced. She will be a great acquisition to our Dorcas Society."

"And the Female Auxiliary," chimed in Mrs. Tuttle, who had just emerged from the nursery, as might be gathered from the stains on her not very orderly morning-dress. It was finely printed with

a kind of *palm* pattern (the fingers being, in some instances, included), in molasses and gravy toast. "I shall depend upon her taking an active part in the Female Auxiliary Society, for the evangelization of Southern Italy."

"Her bonnet was very becoming," added Miss Angelica. "It was one of Lawson's, too. She bought it on her way through New York. I was glad of it; for I do like a variety of bonnets in church. Now, last winter there were eleven in the middle aisle from Miss Wharton's—I can always tell a bonnet—five from Miss M'Connells, and four from Mrs. Burke's. One gets so tired of the same style."

"She seems a devoted mother," Mrs. Tuttle found space to throw in. "And her little girl was quite a model to my young people."

"Such curls!" said Miss Angelica.

"Such eyes and color!" said Miss Little.

"A lovely Maria Louise blue—the bonnet, not the curls."

"And plays, I'm told," said Miss Little. "She will give such a tone to society! Quite another thing from poor Mrs. Naylor, who scarcely dared to venture an opinion in her husband's presence. His 'my dear!' was the most chilling thing I ever listened to."

"And her rude, unmannerly boys," added Mrs. Tuttle. "As bad as my own, every bit of it. Nobody knows what a trial she must have had."

"I should think *you* could judge," dutifully suggested her eldest born.

But the aside was lost, as both the elder ladies rushed forward to welcome Mrs. Skimpton, who was announced just at that moment. The new arrival was informed that "she was just the person wanted;" "her visit would save a call in — Place;" "now she could decide at once who should be invited from St. Paul's." "Mrs. Tuttle was always glad to welcome her, but particularly so just then."

Mrs. Skimpton was to take charge of the refreshment table. For fairs immemorial this had been Mrs. Skimpton's post. Her "eternal vigilance" had saved many an extravagant waste, in the shape of heaped-up plates and cream at discretion. She could make change to half a cent; always furnished the hams from Mr. Skimpton's own grocer, at cost price; therefore no one ever thought of questioning her undoubted right to so important an appointment.

And then Mrs. Stone was reverted to; and Mrs. Skimpton, whose chamber overlooked Dr. Stone's study windows, gave testimony that they were the most devoted people she had ever known; and *she*, in particular, had such a pleasing way of asking advice. It was she—Mrs. Skimpton—who had suggested a damask Venetian pattern for the stair carpet, and blinds instead of curtains. "Curtains were always in the way somehow."

"Of neighbors, certainly," added Miss Angelica, innocently.

"So much depends on a rector's wife!" said Mrs. Skimpton.

"Yes, indeed," responded Miss Little.

"She ought to be—well—in some degree, amiable, I may say," added Mrs. Tuttle.

"And willing to be advised," remarked Mrs. Skimpton.

"Not too old, or too dowdy," said Miss Angelica, with a glance at her own stylish dressing-gown in the opposite mirror.

"Now Mrs. Stone is all this," continued Mrs. Skimpton; "and I, for one, have taken her by the hand. I shall suggest that she puts an oil cloth, instead of a carpet, upon the dining-room floor."

"I wonder if she has a soprano, and who was her teacher. She will appreciate the choir so entirely. Poor Mrs. Naylor never did. To think of her saying she preferred 'Old Hundred' to the 'Hymn from Zampa!'" Miss Angelica was musical.

Fortunate Mrs. Stone! As this was the reception among strangers she had so much dreaded. Every tongue was loud in her praise. Visitors poured in from every circle in the congregation. The second Saturday evening, she was obliged to empty the two card-baskets for the third time. The calls already amounted to two hundred! Many a motherly lady had resolved, with Mrs. Skimpton, to "take her by the hand." Miss Angelica was not the only young person who intended to patronize her. She had already been solicited to join eleven charitable associations, and had been elected a manager of the "Union Benevolent."

It is a fact, which many congregations never take into account, that a minister's wife, in common with the humblest parishioner, may have individual preferences, founded on her taste and cultivation, or the associations to which she has been accustomed. Moreover, she finds no more time in the twenty-four hours, neither is she in any degree exempt from the infirmities of our nature, in the shape of colds, toothache, or neuralgia. A call from a fashionable congregation does not provide an infallible housekeeper, warranted to procure and manage good servants; and tradespeople do not become a miracle of promptness in a parsonage, sooner than when surrounded by the atmosphere of an ordinary dwelling.

Mrs. Stone's first offence was sending word that she was "engaged," to some eleven o'clock visitors. Mrs. Skimpton waylaid them at a preliminary meeting of the Dorcas fair, and informed them Mrs. Stone was all the while only standing in the doctor's study, talking as unconcernedly as possible. Mrs. Clarke, who happened to be among the minor families, and, of course, very tenacious of her position in church society, considered it a direct and positive insult. Miss Allen, who had accompanied her, curled her lips with the remark that, "if they had only been carriage people, they'd have seen where the engagement was!" Both ladies immediately became bitter and open opponents of the

numerous party ever sounding the praises of the rector's wife, and the story, with alterations and additions, was told at every subsequent gathering, thus bearing that leaven of uncharitableness against which the beloved apostle so eloquently warns his "little children." There is, unfortunately, a culmination to all popularity, and the decade soon commences. The magnificent Victoria Regia is the noblest of all blossoms, but a day finishes its short-lived glory, though hundreds flock to see and to admire.

Mrs. Stone wondered, in gentle humility, when the sound of her husband's praises and her own was echoed in her ear by her new acquaintances and friends; and her husband wrote a most eloquent and fervent discourse upon Christian fellowship. It was the outpouring of a full and grateful heart; no one could doubt it, as they looked into his beaming face. The choir sang the well-known chant, "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." It was quite a little jubilee, and the pure voice of the rector's wife was heard joining, with deep feeling, in the joyful chorus.

Surely, if peace and love are the highest points of the Delectable Mountains, nearest unto the Heaven towards which they ever rise, it is a strange thing that we do not oftener seek to stand in the calm, clear atmosphere that bathes their summits!

Fairs, for church objects, are very good things, no doubt. They awaken an incredible amount of latent industry in the young ladies of the congregation. They give an increase of trade to the trimming stores where materials are purchased, and afford a great many people an opportunity to be charitable, and, at the same time, to obtain undersleeves, cuffs, night-caps, children's socks, and aprons, the products of the aforesaid industry, at a very low consideration, much cheaper than they could be furnished at the small shops kept by industrious widows, who depend upon the sale of these very articles for the maintenance and education of their children. Then, if their reduced custom obliges the petty shopkeeper to seek open charity, the Dorcas Society is sure to send, after much solicitation, the half ton of coal, and the scanty garments made and provided for such contingencies. Of course, they have no reason to complain. They are not supposed to be sensitive on the subject of receiving alms, or to make any internal reflections upon the wisdom, not to say justice, of the course pursued. The poor, God help them! are far too busy to allow time for moralizing.

It was unpardonable in Mrs. Stone to reason for them. Mrs. Skimpton listened to her with ill-disguised horror. She had called, expecting a zealous co-operation. She read the by-laws of the fair that was to be, the annual report of the society, including the disposal of soup tickets, and, though it was understood as a mere matter of form, of course, came for the sanction of the rector and the approval of his lady. Mrs. Naylor, despite her shortcomings,

had always been active on these occasions. Mrs. Stone, with her leisure and her winning address, could, no doubt, do wonders. Of course, she was not expected to sew, explained Mrs. Skimpton; only to be present at the various meetings, and make herself and the movement generally popular. "For *there were* some ladies in the church so obstinate and so narrow-minded as to object to fairs!" Therefore they especially counted on her countenance.

Mrs. Stone had seen but little of city life, she said, but was already made sorrowful by the amount of want and misfortune she could not relieve. There was something to her very sad in the sight of those little shops, in which fancy articles were sold. They seemed to tell of a last effort to keep a little family undivided. It made her very heart ache to pass them at night. The solitary lamp in the window shedding such a feeble light over the dingy muslins and cheap ornaments displayed there, and then the tired-looking woman behind the counter, stitching away as rapidly as her fingers could fly, and looking up with such an eager, *craving* look, if the jingle of the little bell announced a customer. She had heard of the Dorcas Society, and somehow, though she could not pretend to judge for others, it seemed as if its members would make a happier arrangement if they contributed money instead of time, and employed poor women to make the garments they distributed to those who *could not*, for ill health or care, assist themselves at all.

"But," urged Mrs. Skimpton, blandly, "there are many young ladies now—your young friend, Miss Tuttle, for instance—who have no purse of their own, and can still give time."

"Do they not choose their own wardrobes?" asked Mrs. Stone, quietly. "And one expensive dress or ornament less might furnish the means."

Mrs. Skimpton's thin features grew sharper still by extension. What heresies! and from such a source! She could scarcely refrain from an instant explosion; but she still hoped, by Miss Little's assistance, to overcome Mrs. Stone's scruples. Unfortunately, as she was obliged to confess it, many would be influenced by the expression of opinions more than one already held.

But Miss Little's visit proved equally unsuccessful—Mrs. Stone remaining firm, though gentle, in her resolution to avoid taking an active part in the proposed charity. The very next day, the steel clasp was shut with an undeniable negative snap when some young ladies looked up from the mysteries of embroidering bronze toilet slippers, to propose doing a pair for Mrs. Stone, and making a new set of hands for the doctor.

"They might as well work for Queen Victoria at once, for all the thanks they would get," she said. "Mrs. Stone preferred to *pay* for all she wore; and it was well her husband had a large salary, the way she managed affairs!"

It was an undoubted dash of vinegar upon the fire of enthusiasm Mrs. Stone had kindled. Meek little

Miss Brown, who had made the proposal, and who, withal, was the youngest of the Sunday School teachers at St. John's, bent over her sewing with flushed cheeks and a mist before her eyes, which interfered not a little with the accuracy of her stitches. Miss Angelica Tuttle was also observed to have changed her phrases of adulation to a minor key, to say the least. Mrs. Clarke plainly declared that she never *did* like her from the first; and "poor, dear Mrs. Naylor's" forgotten virtues were paraded once more in open day, as the "sainted Maria" of some recently-married widower is held up for the correction and edification of her unfortunate successor.

Two hundred visits are not to be returned in two months, unless the whole of one's time is devoted to that specific object. It may answer for a young bride, who has a Honiton veil, an India shawl, and a new equipage to display; but for the wife of a clergyman, with a recently organized household, fond of her nursery, and obliged to entertain visitors at all hours, and on the slightest notice, it is a task in which even the most social would fail. Mrs. Stone, with a natural shrinking from new faces, and a round of pleasant household occupations, did her best; but still the formidable list diminished slowly, and, when the fair actually opened, there were many of her visitors that she knew only by name. As her declining to act in the matter had not extended to opposition, she concluded, by Dr. Stone's suggestion, to visit the hall in which it was in progress, thinking it would be an excellent opportunity to apologize to some, and renew her acquaintance with others. She had not been blind to the apparent coldness of many ladies of the congregation, for some weeks past, and her letters home, which before were filled with grateful expressions for the undeserved love and kindness she had received, avoided instinctively the mention of her social experience. It is a very humiliating confession to make, that of declining popularity; one we do not care to whisper even to ourselves; and Mrs. Stone silenced any such suggestions by condemning herself as over-sensitive and exacting.

No taste or expense had been spared to make the grand saloon attractive. It was richly draped, and filled with stalls containing every variety of articles that are ever congregated on such an occasion. The toy tables, the cake, the trinkets made it a children's paradise, and their eager little faces were clouded with their first lesson, perhaps, in the value of money, finding themselves unable to purchase everything with "three pips and a levy." Greedy little speculators they were, debating between the attractions of mintstick and the more lasting pleasure of "food for the mind," as presented in the veritable history of "Simple Simon," with colored plates. There were young ladies, accustomed to consider "shop girls" as of another order of beings from themselves, bargaining and wheeling the sale of a giant doll, or a cambric and lace toilet table. Mrs. Jenkins, who treated her servants with

less consideration than her carriage horses, was most obsequious in her attentions to the merest "fip customer," as she dished up the ice cream, or made change with an insinuating smile. It was a beautiful lesson of democracy—Walnut Street, as it were, walking hand in hand with Kensington, and Washington Square growing affable to Second and South.

Miss Angelica Tuttle was the first to recognize the presence of Mrs. Stone, who had entered quietly, unattended by her husband, who was to join her at nightfall. She had quitted her exclusive domain, the post-office, the mails having been detained, that is, at present being "made up" by her assistants, and was making a tour of the room to see who was likely to call for letters in the course of the evening. A journey of leisure with business purposes.

"You have a very beautiful room," said Mrs. Stone, admiringly. "I hope you make out well."

Miss Angelica vouchsafed a half stare, and answered, very pointedly, "they had used both *time and money*, and hoped Mrs. Stone did not consider it an unpardonable waste of either."

This was but the first shot of a constant harassing fire, to which the rector's wife was subjected in her progress through the room. Miss Little, at the book table, pretended not to see her, and devoured the index of the last church magazine with praiseworthy industry. Mrs. Clarke wondered how she could find time to visit fairs, as she had none for seeing visitors.

"Or returning calls," added Mrs. Jenkins, whose name stood conspicuously near the head of the unfortunate list.

It was quite a relief, at this moment, when quiet Miss Brown came with a glass of jelly, and a request that she would come behind her table and eat it. Miss Brown established her visitor very pleasantly in a recess, and returned to the vending of needle-books. The uncomfortable *brusqueness* of Mesdames Clarke and Jenkins was, in a measure, forgotten, as Mrs. Stone watched the scene before her; nor did she, at first, notice a lady who came from a neighboring table and took possession of the other vacant seat a few moments after. Fairs are great innovators upon formality, and the unknown lady bowed and smiled when she saw she had a neighbor.

"Quite an animated scene," was the commonplace with which the conversation began.

"Very," returned Mrs. Stone, pleasantly.

"I don't belong to St. John's parish," continued the sociable little woman; "but I always go where I think I can do good. To tell the truth, though, I'm more than half inclined to leave. I never heard so many uncharitable things said in my life, as they manage to talk over about their rector and his wife."

Mrs. Stone gave a slight start of astonishment.

"I don't think it looks well—do you? Just now, Miss Angelica Tuttle came to my table and said Mrs. Stone was in the room. I should like to get a

glance at her. Miss Angelica says, 'any one that dresses as she does, to talk about *her* extravagance!' And Mrs. Clarke says she's a perfect aristocrat, and visits only the carriage people in the church. Then that Mrs. Skimpton, with her whining way—'Oh, my dear, you should set *her* a lesson of charity! I'm sure she needs it, condemning those older and wiser than herself, as she does, wholesale!'"

The lively speaker managed to imitate Mrs. Skimpton's solemn tones most admirably, and Mrs. Stone, kept silent by surprise, and, it must be confessed, a momentary feeling of anger at the injustice thus displayed, rose to leave the sofa.

"Well, I declare, I'm as careless as ever," said the lady. "You may be Mrs. Skimpton's most intimate friend, for all I know. But I can't help it. I came away because I was boiling over with indignation; for, though I never saw poor Mrs. Stone, and never expect to, I can't bear backbiting, and I told them so. How would she feel towards them, and they working for *charity*! To tell the truth, that's my only objection to fairs. In the morning, before people come, and at meal-times, they have nothing else to do but get together and talk over their neighbors. You ought to have heard the way they went on about the Stones when they first came. Nobody was half so good, or charming, or elegant. As for Dr. Stone, they sainted him at once, and were for getting his life insured, for fear he'd be translated!"

"Excuse me," began her listener, still moving towards the outer saloon.

"Oh no. I see you're offended. Excuse *me*, I ought to say; but really I can't help it. My heart always runs away with my tongue; and to hear that doll of an Angelica Tuttle go on so!"

It was an unexpected relief to find Dr. Stone looking for her as she passed the screen. She longed to get home and think it all over, and comfort herself with the recollection that she had never intended an offence. But, in ignorance of what she had suffered, he wished to make a tour of the room, and she was obliged to accompany him. Then he had an engagement to meet the vestry, and it was no time to broach so uncomfortable a subject; and so she took little Etta upon her knee, and passed a cheerless, miserable evening, that had left its traces upon her face when her husband returned.

It was a new ground to him. He had lived apart from detraction so long, that he did not know how to meet it. "I don't think they can intend to be unkind," he said. But he prayed more earnestly that night for a forgiving and patient spirit.

The clouds still cast a heavy shadow when the morning came, and, jaded by the impertinent neglect of a servant she would not discharge, because she knew her to be homeless and friendless, Mrs. Stone shrunk, with almost a nervous dread, when a visitor was announced, and a card, with a name she did not recognize, was placed in her hands. She could not decline the visit; and she was glad

she had not done so, when she saw the gentle face of her visitor, an elderly lady, with all the grace, if not the animation, of youth.

She enfolded the hand Mrs. Stone extended in both her own, and drew her to the sofa beside her.

"You must not look on me as a stranger," she said, "for I am one of your husband's parishioners; though we pass very little time in the city. The quiet of our country house suits me best, at my age; and last Sunday was the first time I have had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Stone. I came to see *you* this morning, my dear," continued Mrs. Lovel, the name upon the card Mrs. Stone was still nervously bending. "I happened to overhear a conversation last evening that I knew would fret you; and I should have introduced myself then, only I thought it better to see you alone. You must excuse Mrs. Dale. She had not the least idea whom she was speaking to."

Mrs. Stone's face flushed with the recollection.

"Don't think *me* meddlesome. But I'm somewhat older than you, recollect, and I have daughters of my own among strangers; and, in fact, I felt so sorry for you, I could have taken you to my heart there."

In spite of her attempt at composure, the rector's wife felt her lips tremble, as she listened to these kind words.

"You are very good, Mrs. Lovel, I'm sure," she said.

"I've seen the rise and fall of a great deal of church popularity in my day, my child. I know about what you have gone through with as well as you can tell me. So I've come to offer my friendship and advice—not about carpets or furniture, though," she added, smiling. "So, to begin as a mentor, let me tell you there's only one safe course. Act yourself, and don't defer to any one's opinion in matters that only concern yourself. If you begin to arrange your house by Mrs. Skimpton's card, Mrs. Jenkins may take exceptions, and if you patronize Miss Tuttle's dress-maker, Miss Allen will consider you a fright. If you give to Mrs. Tuttle's benevolent societies and not to Miss Little's, one of the ladies will be certain to consider you mean; and it will be an unpardonable offence, should you choose to pass an evening with a friend *out* of the parish, if you have declined an invitation within its limits. You must not care about these matters. Be courteous to every one, but let them understand you consider that you have still a right to your own opinion. If your aunt presents you with a hat from Lawson's, and you choose to wear it, do so, even if comments are made. You see I've inquired out your capital offences."

"Oh, how contemptible in them!" exclaimed Mrs. Stone.

"That's very much like anger, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Lovel; "though I grant you have cause to be provoked. Now I don't counsel insubordination, remember, or actual rebellion. I only assert that the rector's wife is not church property, and

people have no more right to manage her family than she has to interfere with theirs. You have the ordeal to go through; but, if you're not obstinate and haughty on the one side, or weakly and timorous on the other, it won't do you any harm. By and by, you will begin to make valuable friends, and then you will have a real home among us; and be happy, I hope."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Lovel," was all Mrs. Stone could say. Her visitor's manner was so like that of her own mother. She could have begged her to stay when she rose to take leave.

"You will always have a true friend in me, my

child; and you must come and pass a quiet Christmas week with Mr. Lovel and myself, at Elmwood—that is, if you like old people—and we will talk these matters over more leisurely. Meantime, I'd keep my blinds down when Mrs. Skimpton's are up, and not exert myself too much to entertain Miss Tuttle. She catalogued your wardrobe the day you were so good as to show her your bridal dress. I know she begged to see it. Good by, good by; don't come into the air with that cold." And good Mrs. Lovel was gone, leaving a conviction of her sincerity in kind-heartedness with the sorely-tried wife of the rector.

PERSONS AND PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

ELIZABETH TUDOR AND MARY STUART.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," &c. &c.

THE greatest and most fortunate of queens—the loveliest and most hapless of women. They might have been friends and sisters, as they were sister queens of one fair island, then, for the last time, divided; fortune and fate, and that worst curse of sovereigns as of nations, religious dissension, rendered them enemies; and, as in such case ever must be, the weaker of the two was shipwrecked in the strife. They were, moreover, nearly akin; and this, which should have been a source of amity and good will, was, on the contrary, the cause of rivalry, hostility, suspicion, and finally of the death of one, and of a dark blot on the escutcheon of the other.

Elizabeth, the second daughter of the most arbitrary and absolute king who ever sat upon the throne of England, Henry VIII., and of his favorite wife, who was the people's favorite also, ascended the throne of England—after the successive deaths of her brother Edward VI., a weak minor, and her elder sister Mary, a hard-hearted bigot, whose memory is to this day a reproach to England and accursed of her people—amidst the general acclamations and sincere delight of all classes. Her accession had been long looked forward to as the oil that was to assuage the troubled sea of contending factions, the sweet balm that was to heal the wounds of persecution. She found a people nearly, if not absolutely, united; for the barbarities of Mary, while they had but increased the zeal, and added the prestige of martyrdom to the cause, of the Protestants, had alienated the moderate Catholics; and, indeed, disgusted all classes of Englishmen, with whom religious toleration, and even indifference, has been a more usual phase of the public sentiment than anything leaning towards cruelty or coercion. Thus, both religious parties greeted her advent to the throne, and that sincerely; for the

Catholics apprehended, as a body, no severe retaliation from the hands of a princess known to be moderate and politic, rather than sullen and rash; and the Protestants were too happy at obtaining quiet, peace, and toleration, to desire in their turn to become persecutors. Compassion, moreover, was a further sentiment in her favor; for she had conducted herself with rare prudence during her sister's reign; and the imminent and instant peril in which she lived until Mary's death had rendered her an object of general sympathy, even among the Catholic party.

She came to the throne at the age of twenty-six years, the whole of which time she had passed in a subordinate, always humiliating, and often dangerous, position. No adulation of courtiers, no loud lip-loyalty of shouting thousands, had fostered her youthful mind's worst passions. Neglected, scorned as illegitimate, imperiled as heretic, she had lived with her studies, had communed with herself and the world of the mighty dead, more than with modern men or manners. Her tutor had been the famous Roger Ascham; and, although the education which he bestowed upon her was, of a surety, what we should now deem better suited for the male than for the female sex, it cannot be denied that it was such as befitted one who was to fill the place of a king in England, and to contend against the greatest powers and princes of Europe for her own crown and her country's liberties.

Already, when she climbed the steps of that proud throne, had she learned one mighty lesson, had proved herself capable of one grand triumph: *major adversis** she had shown herself already; the harder task lay yet behind, to exhibit herself, as so few have done of mortals, *par secundis*.†

* Superior to adversity. † Equal to prosperity.

In person she was tall, well formed, and majestic rather than graceful in carriage and demeanor; her features, which it were impossible to call handsome, were still striking from the great intelligence and power of mind which they evinced; and, although her hair was, in truth, of that hue which men call red, there were not wanting poets—according to Homer, they should have been gods—to celebrate it in immortal verse as golden. To conclude, it may be said that Elizabeth, even as a private woman, would probably, in any society, have attracted attention by the graces of her person only; although, assuredly, no one in his senses would have dreamed of calling her beautiful, or of choosing her as his wife for her personal or mental loveliness. Her character is a strange one; and one, especially, that cannot be summed up in a sentence. In order to attempt to do so, I must be paradoxical, and assert that, in her virtues, she was purely masculine, and feminine only in her vices. Of male virtues she lacked not one; of female virtues she scarce possessed any. She had courage, fortitude, patience, shrewdness, sagacity, was not without a sort of lion-like generosity, and would not have deserted a friend, or betrayed her country, to be the winner of eternal empire. Gentleness, softness, tenderness, compassion, mercy, sympathy—of these words she scarce seems to have known the meaning. Dependence, trust, reliance, save in herself and her own matchless powers, she knew not. Yet, of the smaller feminine vices, she had full measure and overflowing. Vain as the silliest coquette that flirts and languishes her hour in any modern ball-room; capricious as the moon, and yet more changeable; irascible as the dead sea; jealous, exacting, amorous at once and cold, fawning with the cat's velvet touch, and anon scathing with the tiger's unsheathed talons.

Her passions were her armory; fatal to others, powerless against herself. Her love of power was her ruling masculine propensity. To it, manlike, she sacrificed affection, the love of progeny, the delights of home; yet, womanlike, she pined for them, even while she sacrificed them; and, doubly womanlike, she hated all those who adopted and enjoyed them; and avenged, upon more than one of her best servants, his entering on the, to her forbidden, pleasures of the married life, with a malignity and spite that, on any other grounds, are inexplicable. As a man she had been, perhaps, the greatest who ever trod the earth; for, as I have said, all her vices, all her crimes, arose from the natural strugglings and eruptions of a feminine nature, smothered beneath the iron will, and conquered by the indomitable ambition, of a masculine mind. Yet that feminine nature was ineradicable still, and was only the more distorted and depraved as it was wrested the further from its true and legitimate direction.

As a woman, in private life, had she closely resembled what she was in public, she had been simply hateful, odious, and contemptible; but probably

she had not been such. As it is, the fairest way of judging her appears to be, as Hume has observed with his usual shrewdness, to consider her simply as a person of strong common sense, placed in authority over a great nation in very dangerous times, and doing her duty to that nation manfully always, and, in the main, honestly and truly; but, by the very *etis* and vigor with which she devoted herself to public, unfitting herself for private, life; and therefore, in her private relations, unamiable, imperious, cruel, false, capricious, and a tyrant unto death.

Nursed, from her cradle to her womanhood, in the rough arms of adversity, she was thenceforth to her death the child of authority and fortune. Yet did she live, did she die happy?

Her rival, Mary, was in all respects nearly her opposite. Her father, James V. of Scotland, was the son of that unhappy James IV. who fell at Flodden, and Margaret, the eldest sister of Henry VIII., and therefore was the first cousin of Elizabeth. He espoused the Duchess of Longueville, the sister of the great Duc de Guise, and the others of that powerful and almost regal house, which, during so many reigns, in truth held the reins of the French government; and, after a disturbed and unhappy reign, being defeated, through the disaffection of his nobles, at the battle of Solway, by a mere handful of English spears, fell into a hopeless languor and decline, so that his life was despaired of. At this sad juncture, news was brought to him, he then having no living issue, that his queen was safely delivered; whereon he asked, was it a male or a female child? and, being informed that it was the latter, he turned his face to the wall, exclaiming, as it is said, "The crown cam' wi' a lassie, and it will awa' wi' a lassie;" and, in a few days, expired, leaving those last prophetic words as a sad legacy to his infant heirless.

No sooner was James dead than, precisely as he expected, Henry determined on annexing Scotland to the English crown as an appanage, by means of a marriage between his young son Edward and the infant princess; and, at first, fortune seemed completely to favor his plans. By means of the Scottish nobles, many of whom, and of high rank, had fallen into his hands at the disastrous rout of Solway, he succeeded in negotiating this marriage. The Cardinal Primate of Scotland, Beaton, who had, it is said, forged a will in the name of the late king, appointing himself regent, with three other nobles, during Queen Mary's minority, was overpowered and committed to the custody of Lord Seton; while James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, was declared governor. It was thereafter agreed that the queen should remain in Scotland until she should reach the age of ten, when she should be sent to England to be educated and betrothed to the Prince of Wales. Six hostages were to be delivered to Henry for the faithful performance of this contract, and it was stipulated that Scotland, notwithstanding its union with England, should retain all its own laws and privileges.

Well had it been for the young princess, well for

her native land, well for the world at large, had that contract held good! Long years of intestine strife, the curse of religious factions rabidly warring amid the feuds of hostile houses, the savage bickerings of rival clans, the fierce and persecuting zeal of ignorant and intolerant preachers, had been spared to Scotland; nay, even to England, it may be, the miseries and civil wars, induced by the accession of the hapless and imbecile House of Stuart, in its most odious and imbecile member, might have passed over; and, assuredly, that infant queen had escaped a life of misery, a death of horror.

Scotland was, however, at this time altogether Catholic; the reformation, which soon afterwards outstripped with rampant strides its progress in the neighboring kingdom, taking the hard, stern rule of Calvin, instead of the mild form of Lutheran dissent, had scarcely drawn as yet to any head. Naturally, therefore, the Pope and the whole of Catholic Europe, fearful of the spread of Henry's recent heresy, were willing to go every length to preserve Scotland to the discipline of the true church. Beaton escaped from custody; the ecclesiastics lent him all their power; the hereditary jealousy of England was revived among the martial Scottish nobles; the hostages were denied; although the captive nobles had been suffered to go free on their parole of honor, which they all broke, with one honorable exception, Kennedy, Earl of Cassilis, who, true to his word, returned and surrendered himself to Henry—an honorable action, honorably rewarded by that monarch, who at once set him free without condition. Enraged beyond all bounds of moderation by this duplicity, Henry threw himself into the arms of the emperor, declared war at once on Francis and on Scotland, and waged it unremittingly, but with varied success, during the remainder of his life.

After Henry's decease, and the accession of Edward, the Protector Somerset prosecuted the Scottish war with such ability and success that, after the victory of Pinkie Cleugh, one of the most disastrous to the Scottish ever fought on the soil of Scotland, it was perceived at once, by the queen dowager and the French party, that the only safety for their cause lay in transporting the young queen to France. Even the rival faction was brought to accede to this plan, by the consideration that the presence of the queen was the real cause of the English war, and by the natural animosity created, among the warlike and high-spirited nobles, by the devastating and cruel war which raged incessantly on the frontiers. When little more than six years old, then, the queen was conveyed by Villegaignon, with four galleys under his command, to France, where she was at once betrothed to the dauphin, son of Henry II., of France, and Catharine de Medicis, afterwards, for a short space, Francis II.

This was the commencement—this, in truth, the cause, of all her subsequent misfortunes, of all her crimes, of all her sorrows, of her long imprisonment, and of her miserable death. A queen of

Scotland, she was brought up from her earliest childhood, to all intents and purposes, a French woman. Queen of a country which, ere she returned to dwell in it, and nominally to rule it, had become obstinately, bigotedly, zealously, I might almost say *fiercely*, Calvinistic, she was brought up, from her earliest childhood, an ultra Catholic—a Catholic of the school and house most detested by the Protestants throughout Europe, “the bloody stock,” as the Covenanters termed it, “of the accursed Guises.” Queen of a country whose inhabitants were, by their physical nature, grave, stern, solemn, precise, and whom the new tenets rendered surly and morose, she was brought up, from her earliest childhood, a queen, as it were, of love and beauty, a creature of levity and mirth, a being to whom music and minstrelsy, the dance, the pageant, the carousal, and the tournament—things abominable and rank in the nostrils of her puritanic lieges—were as the breath of life. Last, and not least, queen of a country the most rigidly moral in Europe, except in the article of feudal homicide and vengeful bloodshedding, she was brought up in a land where to love *par amour* was scarcely held dishonorable to either sex; where poisoning, in the most artful and diabolical methods, was an everyday occurrence; where, in a word, adultery and murder were the rules, and not the exceptions of society.

On this period I have been compelled to dwell, to the detriment, I am aware, of the picturesque-ness of my narrative; for it is, if I mistake not, the clue and the key to all that follows.

On the accession of Elizabeth to the crown of England, Mary, then but sixteen years of age, was already married to Francis, the dauphin of France; and, failing Elizabeth and her issue, was next in true line of blood, as granddaughter of Margaret, Henry VIII.'s eldest sister; although that wilful and capricious monarch had passed their house in his testament, and settled the succession on his second sister's posterity. And here it must be remembered that, in one of his wicked freaks, Henry had caused Elizabeth to be declared, by act of Parliament, illegitimate, and, in his unaccountable caprice, though he afterwards caused the succession to be entailed on her after Edward and Mary, he never would permit the repeal of the act of illegitimacy.

Consequently, Elizabeth being illegitimate, Mary was, by the strict letter, *de jure*, Queen of England. And on this pretext, Henry II., at the instigation of the Guises, forced his son and Mary, nothing loth, to assume both the arms and title of King and Queen of England. A woman so jealous, and a sovereign so shrewd, as Elizabeth, was not to be misled or deluded as to the object of such a measure. She knew that this pretension was intended, on opportunity, to be converted into a challenge of her legitimacy, and title to her crown.

From that moment she was seized with the keenest jealousy against Mary; the jealousy of a queen, and of a woman, wronged in the tenderest point, in

ether quality, her crown disputed, and her honorable birth denied. To this were also added the true small woman's jealousy and spite against a woman fairer, more beloved, more graceful. For Mary was, indeed, lovely beyond the poet's, painter's, sculptor's dream of loveliness; the perfect symmetry of form and stature, the swanlike curve of the long slender neck, the inimitable features—and yet, by Hans Holbein, how admirably imitated!—the smooth expanse of the bland forehead, the penciled curve of the dark brows, the melting lustre of the deep hazel eyes, the luxuriance of the rich auburn tresses, are as familiar to us all, of this distant day, as though we had ourselves beheld them; and, to this hour, at the mere name of Mary Stuart, not a man's heart, who has a touch of romance or chivalry within him, but beats something quicker, as if he were in the very presence, and breathing the very atmosphere, of superhuman beauty. And these glorious gifts, these, too, were Mary's enemies—in the end were, perhaps, her judges, executioners.

But my limits warn me that I must not linger by the way. Henry II. fell, in a tournament, by a chance thrust of the splintered truncheon of a lance in the hand of Montgomery; and Francis II. was, for a little space, the King of France, and Mary was his queen, and, for that little space, the happiest of the happy. But still, alas! for her, she quartered the three English Lions with the Fleurs de Lis of France—still adhered to the fatal style of Queen of France and England!

In proportion as the Scottish character, when left in repose, is calm, grave, resolute, and thoughtful, so is it, when agitated by persecution, or lashed into anger, vehement, enthusiastic, bigoted, savage, in its mood. And such it had now become on both sides. The rage was terrible, the hatred inveterate, the strife incessant; and, as is usual in equally balanced civil or religious factions, each looked abroad for aid—the Catholics to France, the Protestants to England. And, on the instant, discerning her peril while it was yet far aloof, sagacious, prompt, and possessing the advantage—immense in warfare—of proximity, Elizabeth lent aid so prompt, so powerful, and so effectual, that the French auxiliaries were compelled to evacuate Scotland, never to return thither in force; and that the reformers gained such an ascendancy that they were never again, for any considerable period, overawed by the Catholic party, which thenceforth waned in Scotland daily.

By these most wise and politic steps, Elizabeth not only secured the safety of her own realm against the peril of a joint French and Scottish war, brought to bear on her only assailable point, the northern marches, and her own title against the claims of Mary, but she created for herself a powerful party in the heart of the sister kingdom, by which she was regarded—as, indeed, she was in Switzerland, Holland, Germany, nay, in the Huguenot provinces

of France herself—as the friend and protectress of the Protestant religion.

Her conquering fleet and army compelled the treaty of Edinburgh, in which it was stipulated, among other provisions highly favorable to England, “that the King and Queen of France should thenceforth abstain from bearing the arms of England, or assuming the title of that kingdom.”

At this critical moment, Francis II. died of a sudden disorder, and Mary was left a lovely, youthful widow of nineteen. She desisted, it is true, after the death of Francis, from bearing the arms of England; yet, with inconceivable obstinacy and pride, she refused to ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, thereby giving mortal and personal offence to the powerful and most unforgiving of queens or women.

Shortly after this event, her residence in France being rendered unpleasant by the demeanor of the queen mother, who hated her, she determined to return home, and asked, through D'Oisel, the French ambassador, a safe conduct through England to her own dominions. This Elizabeth very naturally refused until she should ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, and so demonstrate that she had relinquished her injurious pretensions to the crown of England.

Stung to the quick, high spirited, and full of youthful fire, Mary delivered a reply to Throckmorton, the English ambassador, which, though mingled with courteous expressions, savored too much of a defiance to have any effect but that of increasing the animosity and indignation of Elizabeth, who at once equipped a fleet, with the avowed intent of putting down piracy in the channel, but, doubtless, with the real purpose of intercepting Mary on her homeward voyage.

Phrase it as they might, the kinswomen were now rival queens, rival beauties; for Elizabeth, too, fancied herself a beauty. The cousins were thenceforth—until death, that great disseverer of friendships, that sole conciliator of feuds, should separate them—mortal enemies.

A fog favored her evasion; and the galley which bore her sailed unchallenged through the centre of the English fleet. It is said that she was affected with a strange melancholy, a dim foreboding of future woe, as she sailed from Calais. She gazed on the land which had, in truth, been her country, until its outlines were lost in the haze of falling night; and then, ordering her couch to be spread on the deck *al fresco*, commanded the pilot to awaken her should the coast be in sight at daybreak. The night was calm and breezeless, and the ship had made so little way that the first sunbeams fell upon the sand hills nigh to Calais. Her parting words are yet remembered with which she bade farewell to the land in which alone she knew one hour of happiness: “*Adieu, belle France; adieu, France, bien chérie! Jamais, jamais, ne te je reverrai plus!*”

Her sad forebodings were but too fatally con-

firmed; the sullen, mutinous brutality of the Calvinistic rabble, the fierce and atrocious insolence of John Knox, the rude and unknighly ferocity of the reforming nobles rendered her court a very dungeon. Although she made no effort to restore the ancient religion, or arrest the march of reformation, her own profession of the Romish creed condemned her in the eyes of those stern religionists; and her very graces and accomplishments, her youthful gayety and natural love of innocent pleasures, caused the ranting preachers of the Calvinistic Church to denounce her, to her face, as a "painted Jezebel," a "dancing Herodias," a "daughter of Belial;" and it is, doubtless, to their unprovoked insolence and unchristian fury that must be ascribed her after errors, indiscretions, vices, and—the word must be written, for it is history, not fiction, that I am now writing—crimes.

Who knows not the dreadful provocations she received—the cruel and ungrateful neglect of the stupid and unworthy Darnley—the base and bloody butchery, before her eyes, of the "Italian minion," Rizzio—when, to the woman's natural weakness, was added the debility of one about to be a mother?

Who knows not the horrible catastrophe of the Kirk of Field, and Darnley's miserable murder, contrived, unquestionably, by that black-hearted wretch, Bothwell, thereafter Duke of Orkney?

Who knows not the sad and guilty tale, how the confederate lords first called on her to punish, then recommended her, under their written signatures—such of them, at least, as could write—to marry, that same Bothwell? How he abducted her by force, and then set her free unscathed? How she espoused him, and was then dethroned, and imprisoned in the dreary fortress of Lochlurn, by the very lords who had counseled her to wed him; by her own base-born brother, the wise, but wicked, regent Murray? How she escaped thence by the devotion of George Douglas, fought the disastrous battle of Langside, only to see her last friends fall around her, battling to the last in vain for Mary and the Church, for "God and the Queen," their chivalrous, their loyal, and their solemn war-cry?

She fled to England, to Elizabeth, who had shown sympathy thus far, shown even generosity, in her behalf, and interposed her offices to deliver her from imprisonment; though she had hesitated to declare war on the regent, fearing, as she avowed, lest open war should drive him to extremity. In this I believe she spoke truly. For it suited not her policy to allow the spectacle of subjects dethroning a lawful sovereign to come before the eyes of the world.

When once, however, she had the hapless Mary in her power, all generosity, all sympathy, all scruples vanished. Elizabeth was no longer the sister queen, the cousin, and the ally. No; if not yet the embittered and jealous woman, the enemy determined on her victim's death, she was, at least, simply and solely, the Queen of England; the resolute, hard-minded, politic, ambitious queen, with her

country's interests pre-eminent, above all things, at her heart; the woman, who—to use her own noble words delivered to her troops at Tilbury, when the vast arms of the Invincible Armada were outstretched to encircle her England, and the unconquered infantry of Castile were reveling already, in anticipation, in the beauty and the wealth of London—if she were a woman, "had yet the heart of a man within her, and that man a King of England."

In the first instance, it is probable that, in persuading Mary to undergo the degradation of standing trial for the assassination of her husband, against her own rebellious subjects, her object was solely to gain the eminent position of being selected arbitress between a sovereign realm and its dethroned and fugitive princess; and that she had, as yet, decided nothing of her future movements.

Mary's grand error, or rather the grand error of her counselors, was the submitting to the trial, under any show or pretext. As to the trial itself, it seems to have been conducted fairly, so far as we can judge; and, as it was broken off by Mary's own action, we must admit that it was going unfavorably for her. Yet it is difficult not to doubt, not almost to believe, that the letters, produced so late in the day by the regent, were, as they are always alleged by Mary's defenders to have been, forgeries.

In this state of the case, the trial being broken off by Mary's own refusal to proceed, Elizabeth dismissed the regent, pronouncing no judgment on the cause, refused to see Mary, or receive her as a queen; and subsequently committed her, first, to honorable free custody, then to close custody, and, lastly, to strict and absolute imprisonment.

What could she do? What should she have done?

She could have received her in her court as a sister, an honored and invited guest. Against this was the plea that she could not extend the hand of friendship to one suspected, and almost convicted, of petty treason in the assassination of a husband.

She could, perhaps, have reinstated her *ex et armis* in her own seat of power. Against this was the plea that she could not, in common policy, beat down a Protestant power for the benefit of a Catholic power, a friendly Scottish power for the benefit of a hostile French power.

She could have dismissed her, as she claimed to be dismissed, and suffered her to return to her loved, her almost native, France. Against this was the plea that she could not, in justice to herself, to England, permit a princess almost French to return to hostile France, in order to set forth anew—as undoubtedly she would have set forth—her title to the English crown; and to enforce it, perhaps, by a united crusade of France and Spain, now closely allied, against the liberties, against the religion, of England.

What should she have done?

Alas! what should she? Had they been both private persons, the question is answered without a

thought: she should have been generous, and dismissed her. But have kings—they to whom the charge of the life, the happiness, of millions is intrusted—have kings the right to indulge in the luxury of generosity, when that generosity must needs entail destruction on thousands alive and happy? I answer confidently, they have *not* the right. But Elizabeth was not generous. She imprisoned her fallen rival, cruelly, for long and weary years; unjustly, in accordance with right and law—justly, in accordance with true policy, and the welfare of her own country and the world at large.

The question of the execution is less doubtful. That Mary was privy to Norfolk's, to Babington's plot is, I fear, proved beyond a doubt. It was a question of life and death between the two, and

nothing but the axe or the knife could end it. The axe ended it; and we cannot, I think, regret the catastrophe, however much we may deplore the fate of the lovely, the miserable, the deeply-injured Mary—however much we may condemn the perfidiousness, the cold-blooded duplicity, the bitter malignity, the hard-hearted policy of Elizabeth.

Yet she, too, was avenged. For who can doubt that the death of Elizabeth—agonized by secret remorse, refusing sustenance or aid of medicine, groaning her soul away in undiscovered sorrow for ten whole nights and days of unknown anguish, perishing like a gaunt, old, famished lioness, in despair at the deeds herself had done—was more tremendous fiftyfold, and fiftyfold less pitied, than that of her disrowned rival?

THE FIRST AND SECOND MARRIAGE.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Vanity—all is vanity, saith the preacher."—ECCLES.

"You'll do it for me, then?" asked, or rather said, Clara Heywood to her cousin Frank; for it was spoken in a tone that showed that she was accustomed to have her slightest wish attended to.

"I'll do *mon possible*," replied the young man, gayly.

"Your '*possible*.' " she exclaimed, with a slight accent of scorn, turning her full bright eyes upon him. "Any man can do that."

"And who can do more?" he inquired, laughingly.

"George Herbert would be glad of the opportunity to do the *impossible*," she replied. "So, when your '*possible*' fails, let me know; and I've only to call upon him." It was spoken both proudly and carelessly, as one who knew her power where, at the same time, she cared little to please.

"Take care, Clara," said Frank, earnestly.

"Take care of what?" she asked, somewhat haughtily.

"You know what I mean," he replied in the same tone. "You know your power over Herbert, and it's cruel to encourage him."

"I encourage him!" she replied, turning her flashing eyes upon her cousin. "I thought you knew me better, Frank."

"Surely, if to walk with a man, and talk to him, sing to him, play chess with him, accept his flowers, and praise his poetry—in short, receive devotions breathed in the very spirit of homage—is not encouragement, I do not know what is," replied Heywood. "Indeed, Clara, I've known you to keep men of greater pretensions at a greater distance. In fact, I've sometimes almost doubted what you did mean. And if, Clara, I, who, as you say, know

you so well, have at times looked on in surprise, you should not wonder if Herbert himself should be misled; and, I repeat it, if you mean nothing, it's cruel in you to *trifle* with him thus."

"You surely do not mean," she replied, "that Mr. Herbert presumes upon my kindness. I have treated him, as you say, with a degree of civility that I certainly should not have accorded to one of higher claims; but *he* has no pretensions to presume upon, consequently I concluded I could not be misunderstood."

"Possibly he does not rate his claim so low," replied Frank. "He is a man of talents, and knows it, for modesty and merit are not always hand in hand; and, besides, dazzled and entranced as he is by your grace and beauty, it is asking almost too much of any man to expect him to see the line—which, after all, broad and strong as you think it, is yet an imaginary one—that separates you. You talk to him with interest and animation"—

"Certainly," she interrupted; "for he has decided talents. I know no man who converses so well, consequently he interests and amuses me; but, because I talk to him with pleasure, it does not follow that I can forget, for a moment, what is due to myself."

"Then it's a pity," said her cousin, "that you could not, at the same time, remember what is due to him."

"Due to him! Why, how strangely you talk, Frank!" she replied. "Pray what is due to *him*? A young man without family, or fortune, or position, what can he expect? A man who, I suppose, scarcely knew what a lady born and bred was before he knew me. Really, if it were not that we are situated just as we are in the country for a few weeks, I should not even take the notice of him that I do. But, after we leave here, I shall proba-

bly never see him again; and, if I have derived some pleasure from his society, and he has rendered my stay here more endurable than it would otherwise have been, I consider the obligation as more than repaid. I have given him some glimpses of another world of which he had no knowledge before, some tastes and views"—

"Which he had much better been without, Clara," interrupted Frank. "You have, in short, fired his heart and turned his head—no small mischief to any man; but when it comes to a man of genius, of susceptible temperament, the evil is incalculable. With an ordinary man, hope being destroyed, love dies away and leaves no vestige. But when the impression is as vivid in the brain as the heart, when the idol has been idealized, the traces left are indelible, stamped in burning bitterness, or graven in deep melancholy, according to the temper of the man. And thus to embitter, perhaps exhaust, the best feelings of a man's nature is surely to do him a great wrong. That you are the first high-bred, finished woman Herbert has ever met on an intimate footing makes the impression all the fresher, keener. His tastes are all instinctively refined and elegant. The torch was ready, and you have applied the light. You may pass away and forget him, or only remember with a smile the enthusiastic homage rendered to your powers by a son of genius; but not so will it be with him. He will not readily comprehend that you have thus drawn upon his better nature and sported with his affections, merely *pour passer le temps*, till Mrs. Rutledge could join you. And, if I mistake not, the knowledge, when it does come, will make a most unhappy impression on him."

"Oh, nonsense!" she answered, laughing. "Men don't break their hearts and die of love. He'll survive it."

"He will," Frank replied. "But you have given him a *beau idéal* he will probably never be able to attain; while, at the same time, you will have destroyed his faith in woman. With a quickened imagination and a chilled heart, I very much doubt whether Herbert will ever be as happy a man as he was before he knew you. You have crossed his path like a vision, to leave him cold and fastidious."

"Well," she replied, quietly, "that will only prevent his marrying some common woman, as most men of talents do. I like to see a man critical. If I have given Herbert elevated and refined views of woman, I think he is greatly indebted to me."

"Refined are very different from elevated views," replied Frank.

"One of your distinctions without a difference," she replied, a little impatiently.

"The difference of the moral from the intellectual," he rejoined; "and none can be greater."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, suddenly interrupting him, "is that the sound of wheels? I hope it's Mary. It is!" she continued, joyfully, as she threw up the window.

And, in fact, it was Mrs. Rutledge, the sister,

whose delay upon the road, owing to the illness of a child, had detained Miss Heywood at the pretty village of C—, where, with some friends, she awaited her arrival, to continue their northern tour. Thus accident had thrown her in the way of George Herbert, who was residing there as a student at law. In the impatience and lassitude of this sudden pause in her journey, Clara Heywood would have hailed almost anything or anybody as a godsend that served to beguile the time that hung so heavily on her hands; consequently, it is not surprising that, discerning, with the quick discrimination of one used to society, the superior gifts of young Herbert, she graciously accorded him much of her time, careless and thoughtless of consequences to him. Highly cultivated herself, his conversation really interested her; and accustomed as she had been to admiration, and cold as she was by nature, and worldly by education, she was yet woman enough to be pleased and flattered by the homage of the young student. For he was a man of genius, and his admiration had the freshness, the glow of poetry as well as passion, to which she had not been accustomed among the men of the world by whom she had been surrounded. That she, beautiful and high-bred, should at once become his "life's star," the realization of his visions, the actual of his ideal, the spirit of his dreams, followed as a matter of course. Impressible as all men of genius are to externals, he absolutely knelt in spirit before the shrine of her beauty; and, proud of his mental superiority, he would readily have bowed before one less brilliant, who drew forth and appreciated his intellectual gifts. Thus she excited his imagination and stimulated his vanity, and, in the ardor of passion, he gave himself up to his feelings, unchecked by fear or thought. Modesty formed no part of his character, and he was too ignorant of the world to be diffident. No doubts therefore clouded his present, and no thought dimmed his future; for, had he paused to think, he must have known that hope itself was hopeless, as, could he even have won his idol, he had no shrine wherein to place it, no niche, however small, for his statue. Poor student as he was, he had scarce enough to maintain himself during his studies; for the reputation he so clearly saw in the distance, and the fortune he was so confident of making, were yet "to be" won and "to be made." He little knew the ambitious, high-spirited nature of the beautiful being he idealized, if he supposed that, even with fairer prospects and a more smiling present, he would have stood any better chance than he did under existing circumstances. Clara Heywood was as haughty as she was high-bred. Pride of birth and place was more powerful with her than pride of talent or beauty. No glories of a setting sun could have made her forget the mists of a cloudy rising. She was a proud woman; but her pride was of the "earth, earthy," and touched, as the darker edges of her mind were, with the light of a bright imagination, it was only to illumine, not elevate, her character.

Herbert had now, however, an opportunity of seeing some of those shades of feeling which circumstances had hitherto thrown in the background; for, with Mrs. Rutledge, arrived a party from the South, among whom there were one or two men of the position and stamp Clara valued. The change in her manner was marked. She not only turned at once from Herbert to address herself to them, but the tone was different. There was a *retenu* of manner which she had never thought worth while to show to a poor student, but which she instinctively assumed in coming in contact with those whose station commanded her respect. But with her reserve there was more of excitement; little things marked the change. She dressed, not more, for her taste was perfect, but differently. The colored morning dress gave place to the finest white *negligé*, edged with delicate lace, and the gossamer breakfast-cap was replaced at dinner by a water-lily; in short, it was evident that *now* there was some one worth dressing for, and Herbert saw that the easy friendliness with which she had treated him, and which had so captivated him, was anything but flattering to his pride. Mr. Ashfield, the principal person in the group, and the one to whom Clara chiefly addressed herself, was a distinguished-looking man, one who had traveled much, and bore the stamp of being one of "fortune's favorites." A fair portion of understanding, with a good education, and much knowledge of the world, rendered him, upon the whole, agreeable. Not that his powers of conversation could be at all compared to Herbert's, for his mind was originally of a much inferior tone, and his acquirements superficial in the extreme. But he was *au fait* to all the fashionable gossip of the day, had heard Jenny Lind, and could talk of the last new opera, knew the styles of the different composers and artists; and so Clara turned carelessly from Herbert, or listened half listlessly, half impatiently, to the poetical and literary disquisition that had before interested her, as from themes for which she had now no time. He was stung to the quick, not more, however, by her manner to himself than by her manner to Ashfield, for it let in a flood of light upon his mind that inflicted anguish almost intolerable to his irritable and excited temperament. He felt, for the first time, the power of *position*. Talents without the stamp of *fame* he saw were, with these worldlings, valueless, and the mortifications of a quick and sensitive vanity were not the least among his sufferings. He sometimes foolishly thought to lower Ashfield in Clara's eyes by attacking some of his assertions, and exposing the fallacy of his arguments; but, whenever he did so, she quickly turned the scales by throwing her brilliant powers of ridicule or wit on Ashfield's side, covering his deficiencies, and often even bringing him off victorious. Herbert became irritable, and often lost his temper on these occasions, when Mr. Ashfield would look at him in calm surprise, as if he thought him a very ill-bred young man, and then, turning away, address him no more. In all discus-

sions on fashionable topics, Herbert was, of course, left out; and this quietly passing him by as one out of the *clique*, not belonging to the same sphere, hurt him perhaps more than all the rest. The gay world at once assumed an importance in his eyes it had never had before. What was fame in futurity with only poetry for the present, when coolly looked down upon and distanced by a mere man of fashion, and slighted by the bright, but scornful, eyes of beauty?

His gods were dashed to the ground, and inferior idols raised in their place.

Mrs. Rutledge's child recovered, and the party resumed their journey; and Clara passed on, unconscious and careless of the misery she had inflicted, and the mischief she had done.

CHAPTER II.

"And this, too, is vanity."—EccL.

"Don't forget, Fanny," said Miss Hastings to her sister, "to send a card for this Mr. Herbert with the Harpers' invitations."

"Oh, I am glad you put me in mind of it," replied her sister. "Mary introduced him to me the other night, and it would have been a slight, I suppose, to omit him."

"As the Harpers have announced the engagement, and are introducing him to all their friends, of course, they would be hurt by any want of attention to him; and it certainly would be rude not to include him when inviting them."

"Of course. I am glad you mentioned it, or I should have forgotten all about him. Who is he? Do you know?"

"No; only what Mrs. Bolton told me, that he is a young lawyer, and that the family like him very much."

"Where did they pick him up?" continued Miss Hastings. "I never heard of him before."

"I don't think he has been here long," replied her sister. "Tom Harper happened to meet him somewhere, and was pleased with him, and introduced him to his family."

"What sort of a match is it for her?" pursued Miss Hastings.

"I don't know. Mrs. Bolton did not seem to think much of it. He is poor, just starting in his profession."

"What made the Harpers take him up so, I wonder?" returned the other.

"They say he is very clever, quite remarkable, indeed. Mr. Harper thinks he has more talent than any young man he knows now at the bar."

"What in the world, then, made him fall in love with Mary Harper, I should like to know?" exclaimed Miss Hastings, in a tone of surprise. "She is as plain and unattractive a girl as I know. How odd that she should have captivated a man of talents!"

"Oh no, nothing is odd in the way of matrimony," replied her sister, laughing; "particularly if a man of talent is one of the parties. Did you ever see one that did not make an extraordinary match? They all marry little, commonplace dowdies."

"So they do. But still I cannot understand it," pursued Miss Hastings.

"No," continued her sister, in the same tone of banter; "it's one of those mysteries not to be penetrated in this world."

"Are they to be married soon?" asked the elder sister.

"Not for a year, I understood. He's poor, and she has nothing, you know. Here, give me the card, and let me inclose it, and then there'll be no mistake about it."

This conversation took place some eight months or a year after we last saw George Herbert in C—. The Hastings were one of the gayest families in the great metropolis of New York, where Herbert had established himself soon after he passed his examination. Accident had made him acquainted with young Harper, who had introduced him to his family. The position of the Harpers was such as to make their acquaintance very gratifying to Herbert. Their fashion was unquestioned, and their name among the best, and, though there was no particular interest attached to any one individual of the family, yet Herbert sought their society with eagerness.

Plain and unattractive as Mary Harper had been pronounced to be, she was yet not devoid of sensibility, and she soon became captivated with the brilliant powers of the young lawyer. Herbert, still chafing under the keen mortification of Clara Heywood, was not insensible to the charm of being treated with so much attention by such a family as the Harpers'. A connection with them would at once open the gates of that paradise, the fashionable world, that he had lately learned to prize so highly. He offered himself, and was accepted. Hence the "mystery" that puzzled Miss Hastings so much. She knew not that men of genius have the same weaknesses that fall to the lot of more obtuse mortals. And when they do, the very fierceness of their organization makes them the more susceptible to external influences.

Herbert's was not a vigorous, manly mind. It took too much the impress of his character, which was weak. He knew himself superior to those whose admiration he coveted, and yet he coveted it not the less. He was not in love with Mary Harper; but he was proud of his engagement. He was happy in his gratified vanity; though, had she been a Mary Brown, he would hardly have helped her across the gutter. Mr. Harper liked the young man; and, though he would have been glad if he had had some money, yet he knew enough of the world to know that, with such talents, he could not fail to make his way in his profession, and would probably, in the end, prove an excellent match for his daughter. His consent was therefore given,

with only the stipulation of a year's delay before the marriage.

Mary was as happy as the purest and most perfect love could make her. Need we add more?

The engagement being announced, Herbert was introduced and invited wherever the Harpers visited; and, in the course of a few weeks, he found himself as freely launched in "good society" as if he had been a born and bred member of the "charmed circle." The diffidence with which he entered, arising from a remembrance of Clara Heywood and Mr. Ashfield, soon yielded to the animating influence of flattery. He was not only received, but *well* received. His reputation for talents, and his powers of conversation, procured him respect and attention. He was going to marry Mary Harper, and no one cared whether he was poor or rich. He was brilliant, and that was enough for those who gave parties and wanted agreeable men. He looked round him, and soon felt his value, and thought, like Mr. Bumble, that he had "gone cheap." Clara Heywood had, as her cousin had prophesied, crossed him like a vision, to leave him cold and fastidious. And worse than that, she had destroyed his faith in those about him. He believed them all as cold and worldly as she, whom he looked upon as a type of her class, and his was not that earnest nature that keeps itself above the ordinary level. Here, indeed, he fell short of it; for, in looking upon others as heartless, he had become so himself.

There is a sort of poetical justice that Nature exacts from those who undervalue her claims. What the individual is not willing to render to the mass, he is before long generally found wanting himself. Of the worldly crowd whom he gazed on with contempt, there were few as worldly as himself. But this very fastidious coldness gave him self-possession and success. His fine sense of the beautiful made him at once critical and enthusiastic. He paid little attention but to those pre-eminent for something—wit, beauty, music; some claim, and that decided, they must have, to win his notice. But, when the gift was marked, no homage could be more enthusiastic and delightful than that he rendered. People quoted, and beauties courted him.

Mary Harper was proud of her young lover. She was too generous to harbor a thought of jealousy, and she gloried in his rising reputation. But ere many months had passed by, even her confiding nature could not but feel uneasy pangs. In fact, Herbert was growing careless. He had never loved her; and now, as he saw how easy a thing it was to win that which he had coveted, a position in society, he regretted the sacrifice he had made. Not that he valued the thing less; only the price he had paid for it. He felt his engagement irksome. He regretted it; and, regretting, relaxed in his attentions to Mary, which, in the blindness of a devoted, but not sensitive, affection, she did not see. From inattentive, he became positively careless. Still, she could not credit the truth. There was such

anguish in the thought that she could not bring herself to look it steadily in the face.

The year elapsed, and Herbert let the anniversary of his engagement pass in cold silence, trusting that Mary would be roused to break the tie that bound him. But she did not. She explained it to herself on the ground of prudence. Herbert could not afford to marry yet, and was too proud to own it. She clung to the engagement.

From not loving her, he grew almost to hate her. He dared not openly break himself. Her family and position were such that he was unwilling to incur the odium he must draw upon himself in the *déshonneur* by taking such a step. Besides, though a cold, he prided himself upon being an honorable man. If she insisted on it, he would marry her, though love her he would not pretend to. And valuing himself on such a code of honor, he rather looked upon himself as a victim to his high-toned, gentlemanly feelings, to which poor Mary's happiness—of which he never thought—was to be the sacrifice. Little as the attention was with which he treated Mary, still he was obliged to give her some, and with that little she was resolved to be content. Had she been a spirited girl, she would not have borne it, nor ought she. But she shut her eyes, and sealed her own doom. Herbert could no longer postpone the evil day. Mary would not break the engagement, and he could not.

His last effort was when he appealed to her to name the day. He spoke of his poverty, of the hard lot that awaited one bred, as she had been, in luxury, as his wife. But, coldly as it was said, she trusted that it was only proudly felt. Her generosity was touched when her spirit should have been roused. In short, she was wanting in that dignity of character for which nothing feminine can atone. She could not acknowledge his indifference, and would not see his coldness. She said the fate that awaited her was her own choice.

In a better spirit, Herbert prepared for his marriage. A very small house, suited to his means, and large enough, had love been there, was taken, and Mr. Harper furnished it. The wedding took place amidst festivity and fashion. The bridegroom was remarked as being careless and looking cold; the bride as seeming anxious, but still happy. There were clouds upon his brow, but she would chase them away. She trusted to love and time to make him all she would have him. And then what she would not or could not understand in the awkwardness of his temper, she put down, womanlike, to the "peculiarities of genius."

CHAPTER III.

"That which is crooked cannot be made straight. And that which is wanting cannot be numbered."—Ecc.

As a married man, Herbert continued very much the same as before in society. What time was not

given to his profession was spent chiefly in the gay circle of which he was a favorite and brilliant ornament. He was very little at home, as little as he could help. He was naturally luxurious, hated small rooms, low ceilings, and shabby furniture. Hated being waited on by a female servant—in short, hated all the details of small means. He had been used to them always, certainly; but that does not reconcile people any the more to what they don't like, though those who know nothing of the matter suppose it does. The houses of the rich were open to him always, and there were club rooms, spacious and free, and pleasant avenues, to escape the perpetual remembrance of a limited income, which his own house forced upon him. His wife did her utmost to win him to love and home; but she failed.

She had married him against his will, and he resented it. She was gentle, and loving, and kind; but she did not gratify his vanity, and he did not love her the better for the privations they were compelled to endure together. She had no beauty nor mental superiority to supply the place of external charms, and he took no pains to cultivate her tastes, though he felt himself sacrificed, because they had no sympathies in common. Cold and careless from the first, he grew irritable, and often even rude. Heart-stricken and mortified, she tried, poor thing! every device that affection could suggest to make home attractive. There was no sacrifice that ingenuity could invent, to make their little income embrace some of the luxuries as well as necessities of life, that she did not make. His little household was in the neatest order, and his table was supplied with delicacies that nothing but her personal exertion could have secured with their small means. In short, his tastes and comforts were studied with the most sedulous care, only to make him more selfish and exacting.

Had she known her own rights, and turned upon him with spirit, the effect would have been better. But that an inward consciousness prevented. Humbled by the conviction, which was forced upon her at last, that her husband did not love, she bitterly acknowledged to herself that she should have admitted the fact before. She could not conceal from herself now that she had married him in spite of his own wishes; that he had tried to break off, and she would not. But for that, an outraged love might have roused to another course. She would have felt indignant as well as aggrieved, and remembered what she, as Mary Harper, had sacrificed in becoming Mrs. Herbert. The deep consciousness, however, that her husband would gladly have spared her the sacrifice of becoming his wife, quenched every spark of womanly spirit. She scarcely felt herself his equal, and made herself his drudge. A fatal error. Brilliant as he was in society, many pitied him for having such a little dowdy wife. Indeed, he pitied himself. He was eloquent on the subject of "imperfect sympathies," and talked sadly and beautifully of a life that was

"aimless" There were never any personal allusions in his remarks, and perhaps he even did not mean others to apply them; for he talked from the abundance of a poetical imagination and discontented mind, which he mistook for the sadness of a heart that knew no resting-place. He had no sense of duty, no sense of anything that required sacrifice; only a deep sense of his own gifts, and that, somehow, his destiny had not been fulfilled.

Such merits as his wife possessed he did not appreciate—her patience, her gentleness, her exertions. How she would sew! What rows and rows of stitching she would put upon his linen, and how beautifully she did it! And, if he noticed at all what she was doing, he only thought she liked it! Better would it have been for him, a thousand times, and infinitely better for her, if his wife had been a different woman. Such qualities as she had were worse than thrown away upon him, for they only spoilt him. Had she played the harp and sung, though she never touched a needle and neglected his comforts, he might have been sometimes cross, but he would never have despised her. Had he married Clara Heywood, he would have been a better man; for, in admiring her, he would have known what was her due.

Had he been proud of his wife, he would have exerted himself more cheerfully in the path of duty; and even his small home would have borne a different aspect, had the wife who presided there been one whom others admired. But he was growing absolutely ashamed of Mary, as the consciousness of not pleasing rendered her diffident, and consequently awkward, and the little air she had had as Miss Harper she now lost from her want of intercourse with society. Nothing tells sooner on a woman's appearance than a too close application to domestic duties; and, when you add to that a poor and common wardrobe, a woman must be elegant, indeed, who still retains her air of superiority. The grace that rises superior to a calico frock and the kitchen is truly grace of the rarest and finest quality. What then was poor Mary's hope of looking anything but the spiritless, over-served little drudge that she was?

The birth of a daughter was a vent at last for the mother's overcharged heart. She loved the child almost to idolatry. But to the father she brought no addition of love or happiness. He turned away almost in disgust from the little red thing that squalled so. A girl, too! and he hated girls. Had it been a boy, he might have felt some tenderness for the mother, while he indulged in pride in his child. But a poor, puny, crying little girl took no hold on his heart.

"How you cough, Mary!" said her husband to her.

"Yes," she replied. "I have taken cold."

"Do take something, then, and stop it. Can't you?"

It was spoken in impatience, for the sound jarred upon his ear. There was no tenderness in the

tones, no kindness for his wife's suffering that suggested the remark.

The child was delicate, and night after night Mary paced the nursery with it in her arms, trying to soothe its pains, and still the cry she feared might reach its father's ears. And thus the cold, instead of growing better, settled in a little hacking cough, that irritated Mr. Herbert's nerves, while it wore out his wife's lungs. She grew daily paler and thinner; but she uttered no sound of complaint, and only when she thought of her baby her pale lips quivered, and the mother's heart rose within her. But she felt that her doom was written down, and she had no spirit to struggle against it. Her father's family she knew would receive her child, and to a sister's love she felt she could confide it. Her constitution and heart were alike broken, and Herbert knew it not.

The physician was the first that called his attention to the fact of his wife's failing health. He was both startled and shocked; for there is something in the near approach of death that appeals the most heartless, unloved though the object may be. Herbert was attentive and kind now, and would have done all in his power to save her. But it was too late.

Fortunately, his sensibilities were not taxed long, or he might have felt, with Mr. Dubster, that she was a "tedious time dying." But he had scarce time to rally from the first shock he received on learning her situation, ere her rapidly sinking frame told him the sad story was near its close. Something like remorse was mingled with the horror he felt in the final separation of himself and wife. He had taken her "to love and cherish till death do us part." And how had he fulfilled his vow? He hung over her in anguish, and she smiled gratefully, while breath was ebbing fast; and relying on higher promises and brighter hopes than earth could have afforded her, "after this painful life ended," her spirit passed in peace.

Those who had voted Mrs. Herbert a dowdy during her life, pitied her now she was dead. Some even said her husband had been unkind to her, which others, again, indignantly denied.

"I don't suppose he beat her, Fanny, when I say he was unkind," said Charles Hastings to his sister; "but, if to neglect a woman is not to be unkind, I don't know what you call it."

"How do you know that Herbert neglected his wife?" warmly rejoined the young lady.

"He never was at home," replied the brother. "He was forever at clubs, or in society, and she never was with him."

"Well, perhaps she did not want to go," returned Fanny. "What pleasure could she find in society? A dull, ugly, little thing."

"Your plain, little people like society as well as others," remarked Hastings. "Because they give no pleasure, it does not follow they receive none. Society is to them a kind of *spectacle*; they like to

see how people dress, and what they are doing. They don't go to talk, but to look."

"But think what a bore to be taking such a person with one," urged Miss Hastings.

"If such a person happens to be one's wife," answered Charles, "I think she has a right to go in society if she likes it."

"But he was ashamed of her," continued Fanny.

"Ashamed of her!" exclaimed Hastings. "And what right had he to be ashamed of her? He was not obliged to marry her, and if he chose"—

"But there, Charles," interrupted his sister, "I think you are mistaken. I believe Herbert did his best to get rid of his engagement; but Mary Harper would not let him off."

"That's bad," said the young man, emphatically. "That makes a difference."

"I believe it was nothing but a sense of honor that made him marry her," continued Fanny.

"It's a pity his sense of honor could not have carried him a little farther, and made him treat her well after he had married her. Commend me to the honor that marries a woman to make her unhappy afterwards!"

"I always pitied him," pursued Miss Hastings. "He is such an agreeable man."

"Oh, he's agreeable enough," said her brother, dryly.

"You don't seem to like him, Charles?"

"No," he replied; "he's a cold, selfish fellow."

"Cold!" she repeated. "Why, Charles, he is one of the most enthusiastic men, I know."

"Enthusiastic! Yes," replied Hastings. "He is in ecstasies, I grant you, with exquisite music; but a man may be a cold, selfish fellow for all that. And, if he leaves a poor little wife stitching at home, while he is indulging his elegant tastes abroad, I think he is."

"I never heard Herbert express a sentiment that was not noble and beautiful," continued Miss Hastings, warmly.

"He talks well, no doubt of that," said her brother. "He has talent enough."

"Depend upon it," persisted his sister, "that, if he had made a more congenial marriage, he would have been a different, and perhaps a better, man."

"I've no doubt of that," replied her brother. "He always gave me the impression of a man that had met some early disappointment. If that be so, and he has been forced to marry against his inclinations, there's some apology for the man. Not to get the woman one wants, and be obliged to take one you don't want, must put a gentleman's temper to rather an unpleasant trial, certainly. I wonder whom he'll marry now," he pursued.

"Oh, don't begin to talk already of his marrying again," said Miss Hastings, quite shocked. "I met him yesterday with such a weeper on his hat, in the deepest black from his head to his boots, looking as sad and widowerlike as possible."

"He'll be more interesting than ever," said her brother, a little sarcastically.

"But he really looked sad."

"I dare say," replied Hastings. "Herbert is just the man to have his imagination strongly affected by death. I should not be surprised if, by this time, he fancied he had been very much attached to his wife, and the most devoted of husbands. Besides, decency prevents his going in society at present. He cannot even show himself at the clubs, and no doubt he finds it dull enough in that little house of his by himself."

And this was pretty much the truth. Herbert was eminently a social man, and, cut off at once from all the pleasures he had been accustomed to, he found his lonely home gloomy and sad, indeed, when he returned to it after the business of the day. The intense silence and solitude where Death had so lately reigned impressed him with a sense of desolation that was almost intolerable. He suffered, and thought that he mourned. If he deceived others, he deceived himself. But it was his imagination that was in affliction, his fancy in mourning, not his heart; for, in his saddest moments even, he never yearned for his child.

CHAPTER IV.

"I said, in mine heart, 'Go to, now! I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure.' And, behold, this also is vanity."—ECCLES.

"Whom do you think I met at Stanhopes last night, Fanny?" asked Charles Hastings.

"Whom?"

"Herbert!"

"Herbert! What, is he out again? Oh, how soon!"

"Bless you, do you think a man is never to show his face again, because he happens to lose his wife?"

"But she has been dead so short a time!" replied the sister.

"It's a year, or near it," returned her brother. "Oh, he has done very well—behaved himself better than I expected."

Miss Hastings still looked dissatisfied, for women do not easily reconcile themselves to these changes; but so it was, Herbert had entered into society again, and with a zest that was new to him. The dull year he had passed in comparative solitude had sent him back to the gay world with a freshness and animation of feeling not so rare in widowers as one would wish. He had always been singularly under the influence of society for one of his superior endowments. He had been sensitive to its opinion, and anxious for its applause. In short, he had not been early used to it, and consequently always overvalued it. He had entered it a young and unknown man, introduced through the influence of the Harpers; then as a married man, with the drawback of a wife, who embarrassed him; and now, free and flattered, his society courted, the

world all before him where to choose. In the effervescence of the first excitement, he believed he had but to throw his handkerchief and "bless contending beauties."

The man's head was turned, which was the truth: no doubt a delightful state of being, though very absurd. He meant to marry again, and this time to gratify his tastes. He looked about him to find a woman who combined everything in one beautiful whole. Youth, beauty, music, were essential; grace and elegance not to be dispensed with; added to which he *must* have family and fashion.

He flirted with several, and, though nearly caught once or twice by the force of flattery, fortunately for both parties, he somehow escaped, after having given rise to hopes which, as the fancy passed, he did not feel himself at all bound to follow up.

"Who is that?" asked Herbert, one night, eagerly, as the youngest daughter of Mr. Howard entered a ball-room where he was.

"A daughter of Howard's," answered the person he addressed. "Handsome, I think, and decidedly stylish. Shows her blood."

Herbert followed with his eyes the statuelike-looking young creature who passed by him. She was rather pale, with delicate and finely-chiseled features, a well-formed head, and beautifully set upon her shoulders. The throat and shoulders were exquisite, and the whole air was thoroughly aristocratic. The marble was evidently Parian, and the workmanship of the highest finish. Most persons thought her too cold, some said she was inexpressive, and Herbert turned from them in impatience, as if thought and feeling would have disturbed the calm exclusive air he admired so much.

He solicited an introduction, and was presented. The young beauty received him in the same distant manner she received others, and evidently knew no difference between Mr. Herbert and the group of fashionable idlers who gathered quickly round her. He asked her to dance, and she declined. He took a seat upon the ottoman beside her, and tasked his powers to the utmost to amuse her. But on "the impassive ice the lightnings played." She smiled sometimes, but never thawed. A manner so new and unexpected piqued him. He redoubled his efforts, changed his style, passed from wit to poetry, touching many subjects as he glanced along with a rapidity and brilliancy that delighted those about him; he seemed, Prometheus-like, to have stolen fire from Heaven to animate his statue; but with very little effect. Once or twice she raised her eyes with an expression, a faint look, of something lighting up within, but it died away again; and, before long, she said to some one—

"Will you tell papa I am ready to go when he is?"

Presently Mr. Howard came up and said—

"Do you wish to go, Florence?"

"Yes," she replied, languidly, and as if quite unconscious of the presence of those before her, "I

am very tired." And, rising, put her arm in her father's, and, bowing slightly to the group who surrounded her, left them, without an idea that she had been guilty of any rudeness.

Had she told Herbert that she was weary of him, the thing could not have been more decided. But, though he was piqued and mortified, he was not angry. It was evident she meant no rudeness. There was no shade of scorn in her manner, but merely a perfect oblivion, or rather an utter unconsciousness of other people's feelings, or even presence.

"Who is that Mr. Herbert, papa?" she asked.

"A lawyer," he replied. "Considered, I am told, the most rising man of the day. Did you find him agreeable?"

"He talks so much," she replied, wearily, as if the quantity had oppressed her.

"But very well, they say," continued her father.

She did not answer. She was fatigued. Herbert had kept her attention on the stretch; and she did not like being excited; she was not used to it. And when her father told her Herbert was a lawyer, she supposed talking so must be professional, and thought it, consequently, in bad taste.

She was as new to Herbert as he was to her; but with this difference, that she caught his imagination, and she had none to be caught.

She was quite different from the *beau idéal* he had created for himself. She had no talents. On the contrary, she seemed to despise them. It was the business of *artistes*, people who were paid, to sing and play. When ladies and gentlemen wanted music, they should go for it to the opera. She appeared to think conversation a condescension, and that no lady talked much, or with animation, without compromising herself. She smiled only occasionally, and never laughed. And this decided disinclination to entertain anybody only gave her, in Herbert's eyes, an air of exclusive refinement that accorded perfectly with her delicate and alabaster beauty. He felt that she was to be placed on a pedestal, and he willingly did homage at her shrine.

Cold as she was, however, she was not altogether insensible to his powers. She was as much flattered as it was in her nature to be by his admiration, for she saw that others thought it a matter of pride to win his notice. But when she first heard their names associated together in the fashionable gossip of the day, she started almost indignantly, and asked herself at once, "Could a Howard marry a self-made man without family?" and her spirit promptly answered, "No!" for the Howards were a race that prided themselves on their name. Why, few could have told; for they had little else to be proud of. There had been two or three generations of them, weak, well bred, and handsome, with some money and no talent; but, somehow, they fancied that the name was a patent of nobility.

When the first shock was over, however, and she became accustomed to the idea, Herbert's intimacy with them seemed insensibly to ennoble him, too

Her cold pride was gratified by the distinction that attached to her lover, and her father, knowing he was a very rising man, encouraged his attentions.

The difficulty of the pursuit enhanced, to Herbert, Florence's value; and, besides, he was weak enough to prize the name they so much valued themselves upon. He liked the idea of entering a connection so large and influential. His vanity, as well as his imagination, was excited, and he threw all he had of heart and soul in the pursuit.

It is not a woman's nature, however cold she may be, to turn insensible from the flattery that falls from the lips of genius, and Florence listened, and sometimes smiled, and sometimes sighed, for her feelings were in a strange state of contradiction to each other. She liked him, and yet he was not the kind of man that suited her taste. She was proud of him, and yet felt that it would be a condescension to marry him. She imagined that she would be losing *taste*. She preferred a gentleman to a man of genius, and she was not quite sure that Herbert could be the former, as he had not been born in the frozen circle of which she was one of the most delicate icicles. Could she only, like an English dame of rank, have kept her separate title, or even, like a Frenchwoman, retained the *née* Howard, it would not have been so hard. But to merge all the Howard in the Herbert, was a trial she felt keenly. But still she could not make up her mind to refuse him. She could not dispense with attentions so distinguished, nor dismiss flattery so delightful, and, when the offer came, it was accepted. Not accepted as a young girl should accept her lover, with her whole heart and soul, but with doubts and drawbacks that were not quite forgotten even in his presence.

The marriage took place in the course of a few months, in all "the pomp, the triumph, and the revelry" that the Howards delighted in. Brilliant entertainments, *recherche* dinners, and exclusive *matinées* were given from one end of the connection to the other, on the occasion. The fair bride, shod in delicate lace, which looked like a frost-work suited to the frozen spirit it shrouded, received these attentions in silent, but perfect satisfaction.

Proud of his beautiful bride, and gratified by the manner in which he was received by her family, Herbert was brilliant with happiness. His imagination, always impressive to externals, threw a charm over *fêtes* which, in themselves, if stripped of ornament and fashion, he would have found dull in the extreme. Family parties, composed of insipid, cold, silent people, who have no ideas to communicate, would have been deemed by him an intolerable infliction but for the refinement of air, the elegance of dress, the brilliancy of light, and the glitter of fashion and style.

The most fashionable bride and bridegroom, however, must soon fall into the quiet routine of everyday life, and then the true qualities of heart and mind begin to develop themselves. Herbert's *second establishment* was very different from his first.

When he had married Mary Harper, he was just starting in his profession, but now he was more than half way up the ladder, and, though far from rich, yet making a good income. But his present house, though a palace to the one that Mary had thought large enough for every imaginable happiness, was yet very inferior to the one Florence had been accustomed to under her father's roof. Mr. Howard, though a man of fortune, had not more income than he wanted—for rich people have so many wants—and, therefore, when his daughters married, they only brought expensive tastes and helpless habits as their dowry. Florence had no idea of money; but she was accustomed to every elegance of wealth, and now looked around her in cold surprise at the absence of the superfluities she had deemed things of course.

Herbert was mortified to see how strongly she felt the contrast, for she had no idea of concealing her sentiments, and "the childlike unconsciousness," as he had termed her utter regardlessness of other people's feelings, and which had rather been a grace before, was anything but pleasant now to a man of his keen and sensitive temperament, when turned upon himself in domestic life. And, if she missed many things she had been accustomed to, he began to feel the loss of others he had hardly been aware of while he had them. Mary had taught him unconsciously to depend upon her affection, though at the time he had not valued it; but now he missed the love that had anticipated every want, and ministered to every whim. He had been the first, almost, it may be said, the only person in the family. His inclinations and his comforts had been studied with anxious care; and he missed, in Florence, not only the thousand and one little comforts his self-indulgent nature required, but the love that had prompted them.

Florence loved him as much as it was in her cold nature to love any one; but it was not in her nature to wait on anybody. She did not know what it was to make sacrifices, and she never consulted any human being's feelings in her life before her own. If he wanted to go to the opera when she felt inclined to stay at home, she quietly refused, perfectly unconscious of the unpleasant surprise she occasioned to one who had been accustomed to have his slightest invitations accepted with a gratitude that was almost humiliating. If he complained of any deficiency at table, it was calmly deemed the cook's affair, in which she had no lot or part. If the buttons were absent from his wristbands, she heard the announcement of the fact in the same spirit that she might if he had complained of the absence of a witness in a cause; and, when he asked her to mend a glove, she told him her work-box was up stairs.

Herbert was hasty and irritable, and sometimes spoke quickly; and, when he did, he was not so quickly forgiven. If he had temper, so had Florence. But his was the kind that vented itself in words; while hers took refuge in silence. And this always conquers the other.

The same distinction characterized all their faults and failings. His were active, hers passive. He was excitable, easily influenced. Heaven and earth could not have moved her. Had she been a woman of high-toned feelings and strong sensibility, she might have done much to redeem him; for his imagination and taste were of that fine order that impelled him to respond to the beautiful in the moral as in the physical world. The very poetry of his nature would have secured Florence his affection, if her character had been in keeping with her beauty; and, selfish as he was, love would have elevated and purified him. True, earnest feeling had been the great quality in which he had been deficient; but Florence was not the person to gain influence over him. He grew somewhat afraid of her, it is true, for the cold temper, as we have said, always masters the irritable one; but, beautiful, high bred, and refined as she looked, the undercurrent of her character was commonplace in the extreme. There was not a generous touch in her; and, in her way, she was as exacting as Herbert. She took no pains to keep his affection, and she resented losing it. She never made an effort to make home agreeable; but still she was indignant if he spent an evening at the club. She took no interest in the subjects that interested him, nor made an attempt to understand the public affairs in which he frequently took a large share. And yet nothing vexed her more deeply than to have him address any conversation on such topics to other women. Not that she was jealous, for Herbert was no flirt, and she knew it. But he talked well, and was naturally fond of society, and was very apt to enter with spirit in conversation with any one, man or woman, who could understand him. But woe be it to him if it happened to be a woman, for his wife scarcely spoke to him for a week after! And many an uncomfortable day he passed, in the early days of their married life, in consequence of a pleasant hour passed at an evening party.

If Florence did not improve her husband, she at least conquered him; and those who had known him during his first marriage looked on in surprise to see him, then so irritable and exacting, now governed by the dropping of an eyelid, or the compression of the lips, or some little movement almost imperceptible to bystanders, but yet most expressive in their silence to one who understood them. Florence's eyes never flashed, nor her voice altered, but, from the tip of her shoulder to the motion of her fairy foot, her whole being was eloquent with cold displeasure.

Herbert could not love her; but he watched her lightest movement, for he still loved his own quiet and peace.

Could Mary Harper have believed that this man was the same who was once her husband? If spirits return wrath, how would hers have been appeased could it have seen his punishment now?

And yet we wrong you, Mary Harper, even in the

supposition! Your gentle, unoffending heart never roused to anger even here, when clogged with earth! The mortal did not need to put on immortality to forgive. But who, "unwhipped of justice," can wrong such a spirit? Is there not a retribution even here for the selfish soul that asks all and gives nothing? Was Herbert happy? If the first wife wept, the second avenged her.

THE MORNING OF THE HEART.

BY W. WALLACE SHAW.

"Soft as a bride the rosy dawn
From dewy sleep doth rise,
And, bathed in blushes, hath withdrawn
The mantle from her eyes;
And, with her orbs dissolved in dew,
Bends, like an angel, softly through
The blue-pavilioned skies." AMELIA B. WELBY.

See! above yon mountain's brow
The roseate hue
Of early morning tinges now
The ether blue,
And stars that shone so purely bright
Upon the calmness of the night,
Now, slowly fading, leave their light
Upon the dew.

See! the lark is soaring high
Above the hills,
And, like bright threads of silver, lie
The mountain rills
Beneath the light of dawning day.
Through forest glades they wind away,
While all the air the linnet's lay
With music fills.

Op'ning rosebuds lend the breeze
Their odors rare,
That gently whispers 'mong the trees,
"Away with care!"
How calmly beautiful the dawn
Comes stealing o'er the dewy lawn,
While nature's minstrels pour sweet song
Upon the air!

Blushing brightly now, sweet flowers
Unfold their leaves,
The mountain sprite, for morning hours,
A garland weaves.
"Blest power of sunshine, genial day,
What balm, what life is in thy ray!
A warmth comes with thy transient stay
That ne'er deceives.

Now there 's music thrilling sweet
Within my heart,
While hope and peace there seem to meet,
No more to part;
And now, within my inmost soul,
A joy, new-born, hath found a goal,
And waves of sunlight o'er me roll,
'Tis now the morning of the heart!

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES

THE TOILETTE IN TURKEY.

CHAPTER I.

LET us transport our readers to the shores of the East—the land of the Sultan—the far-famed city of Stamboul. Here, within the closely-guarded chambers of the harem, mid the perfume of thousands of flowers, the soft rippling of fountains, and the sweet melody of voices, “Fashion” still holds undisputed sway. Within the gorgeous chamber, secluded from the gaze of all but her immediate attendants, sits the Eastern beauty, the Rose of the Garden, the Pearl of the Ocean. Paintings and gildings adorn the walls; carpets of the richest dyes are laid over the floors; silken sofas and couches, whose softness invites repose, are scattered around; and near them lie cushions, glittering in satin, velvet, brocade, and embroidery, and tassels and fringes of gold and silver. To describe her beauty, and the dress of Eastern ladies, let me borrow the gifted pen of Lady Wortley Montague:

“On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with Persian carpets, sat the *kihaya*’s lady, leaning on cushions of white satin embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima, so much her beauty effaced everything I have ever seen; nay, all that has been called lovely in England or Germany. She was dressed in a *caftan** of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink; her waistcoat green and silver; her slippers white satin, finely embroidered, her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set with diamonds. Upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length, in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels.”

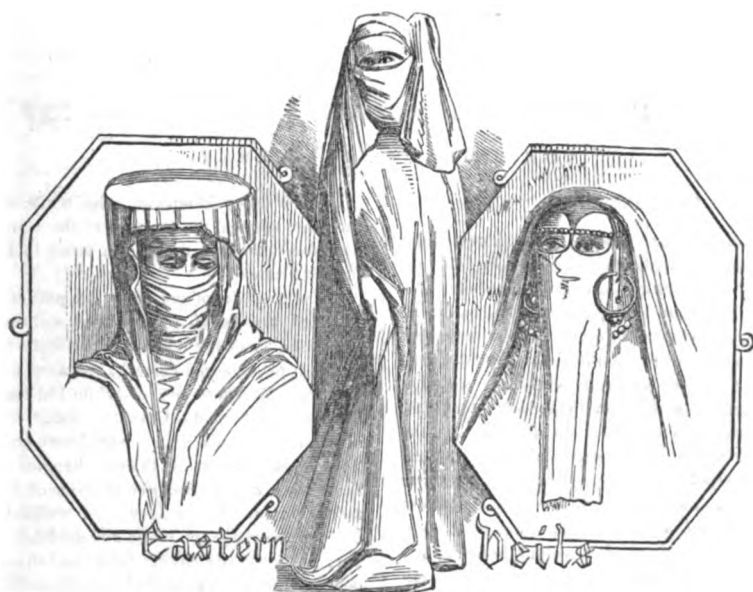
Such was the dress of the lady of the deputy to the grand vizier, above one hundred years since, and such is still the dress of the Eastern women; for, though fashion frequently changes the color of their garments, and the materials of which they are composed—now bidding the fair recluse array herself in pale blue silk, now in deep crimson, then again in white muslin, fine as the spider’s web, pure as the untrodden snow, still the form of the garments never changes, and has been the same for hundreds of years

Lady Wortley Montague, who, while residing in the East, adopted the costume of the country, thus describes her own dress in a letter to her sister, then in England:—

“The first part of my dress is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my shoes, and conceal the legs more modestly than your petticoats; they are of a thin rose-colored damask, brocade with silver flowers. My shoes are of white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my smock, of a fine white silk gauze, edged with embroidery. This smock has wide sleeves, hanging half way down the arm, and is closed at the neck with a diamond button. The antery is a waistcoat, made close to the shape, of white and gold damask, with very long sleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and should have diamond or pearl buttons. My caftan, of the same stuff as my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my shape, and reaching to my feet, with very long, straight, falling sleeves. Over this is my girdle, of about four inches broad, which all that can afford it have entirely of diamonds or other precious stones; it must be fastened before with a clasp of diamonds. The *curdee* is a loose robe they throw off or put on, according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold), either lined with sable or ermine; the sleeves reach very little below the shoulders. The head-dress is composed of a cap called *talpack*, which in winter is of fine velvet, embroidered with pearls and diamonds, and in summer of a light silver stuff; this is fixed on one side of the head, hanging a little way down, with a gold tassel, and bound on either with a circle of diamonds (as I have seen several) or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other side of the head the hair is flat, and here the ladies are at liberty to show their fancies; some putting flowers, others a plume of heron’s feathers, and, in short, what they please. But the most general fashion is a large bouquet of jewels, made like natural flowers; that is, the buds of pearl, the roses of different colored rubies, the jessamines of diamonds, the jonquil of topazes, &c., and so well set and enamelled ’tis hard to imagine anything of that kind so beautiful. The hair hangs at full length behind, divided into tresses braided with pearl and ribbon, which is always in great quantity.”

The above is considered a perfect description of the indoor costume of an Eastern lady of quality; but, when they go abroad, they are all obliged to wear two dresses, called *murlins*; these form a complete disguise, one covering all the face, except

* A kind of vest.



the eyes, the other quite concealing the head-dress. Besides these, a *farigee* is worn to hide the figure; it has straight sleeves, reaching to the ends of the fingers, and, wrapping round them, perfectly conceals the dress and shape.

All Eastern women, whether of high or low degree, wear drawers: indeed, the poorer classes only wear these and a shirt. Yet, though half naked, no one is ever seen without a veil; which, even from the time of Rebecca, has been considered a necessary part of female dress; and all but the very poorest contrive to possess some jewels, for ear-rings, bracelets, and necklaces.

Although there is a chapter in the Koran which strictly prohibits adorning of the person with gold, silver, and jewels, silks, and costly robes, the Turks do not seem to pay the slightest attention to the ad-

monition; for men, as well as women, only esteem their attire in proportion to the expense lavished upon it.

The fair imprisoned inmate of the harem, whose life glides away in all the dull monotony of seclusion, whose only means of cheating the lagging hours is by employing them in embroidery, or in watching the graceful movements of the dancing girls, may be pardoned for devoting so much time to the amusements of the toilette.

In Bulgaria the women wear on their heads a cap somewhat resembling a mitre, ornamented with pieces of money; it covers the forehead, and the hair, plaited with shells, hangs down the back. The robe is long, and fastened round the waist by a girdle; the surcoat, which closes tightly round the throat, with a bow of ribbon in front, is curiously embroidered, and often adorned with jewels. Over this garment is worn a loose robe, not unlike a great coat; it is shorter than the under vest, and has long sleeves, which, though wide at the top, become tight below the elbow to the wrist: this garment is open underneath the arms as far as the bottom, and the sides are united with large bows of ribbon, placed at distances from each other. The slippers are very low in the quarters, and made high upon the instep.

In Wallachia the women of high rank wear splendid silk or satin robes, often embroidered or brocaded in gold and silver. The upper garment is full and long, with long tight sleeves: it is not confined at the waist, but hangs quite loose; it is open at the bosom, and shows a splendid jeweled stomacher, and is generally trimmed all round with fur. Beneath it is an embroidered vest, with a collar of precious stones and velvet encircling the



throat. On the head is a cap of fur, made something in the shape of a turban.



The young girls wear their hair flat on the temples, and twisted in a broad plait behind, interspersed with flowers. The silk jupe reaches to the feet; the bodice is sufficiently open to show an ornamented stomacher; the sleeves are tight to the hands, and a colored scarf, after circling the waist, falls to the feet.

As stays are unknown in these countries, a slim waist is never seen, and a French *élégante* would be shocked at the clumsy tournure of a Wallachian *belle*.

In Lady Craven's "Journal," we have an account of her reception at the Wallachian court. She says, "In the corner sat the prince, dressed and attended *à la Turque*; over his head were ranged the horses' tails, the great helmet and feather, the magnificent sabre, and other arms with which I had seen him parade the streets at Constantinople.

* * * I was then summoned to an audience with the princess: she was sitting *à la Turque*, with three of her daughters by her. There were twenty ladies in the room, one of whom, instead of a turban, had a high cap of sable put behind her hair, that was combed up straight over a kind of roll: this head-dress was far from being ugly or unbecoming. The princess told me that it was a lady of Wallachia, and that the cap was the head-dress of the country."

MYRA BELL; OR, SECOND LOVE.

BY I. W. BRYCE.

CHAPTER I.

"And this I learned, too, from the dove—
To die, and know no second love!"

"THEY tell me, Kate," said Charles Calvert to his beautiful cousin, as they strolled through the flower garden at Oak Lawn, one bright morning in June—"they tell me that young Harry Layton is attentive to Myra Bell."

"Yes, and I certainly wish him success; for my sweet little Myra deserves a good match, and Harry is said, with more reason than is usual in such cases, to be the paragon of the neighborhood."

"You surely do not think such a thing as their engagement possible?"

"And why not, cousin mine? Have you any previous claims to urge upon her heart?"

"By no means. But Myra is a girl, I imagine, who would marry only for love; and, alas! she has no heart to bestow."

"Oh, you allude to her affair with Rupert De Lancey?"

"To be sure I do."

"And do you hold that, because a woman has been jilted by a heartless knave, she may not love a true man?"

"I hold, fair cousin, that, in a sincere bosom, the affections, once blighted and crushed, are not so easily renewed. Nor would an honorable mind like Myra's exchange a broken heart for a loyal and true one."

"I deny your premises, to wit, that Myra's affections are blighted, or that her heart is broken."

"Why, surely she loved De Lancey?"

"Yes; while she found him all that her fancy had painted."

"And would you have her love again, ere one brief year has thrown oblivion over her ill-fated passion? Is such the constancy of woman's heart?"

"Come, no slander upon woman's constancy, or I shall launch forth in full tide of invective against man's treachery. I mean that, because Myra found her idol of clay, it is no reason why the sentiment of devotion, which is one of the holiest instincts of our nature, should be destroyed forever in her breast."

"Then you believe in second love?"

"Your question is not altogether a fair one. I am certainly an advocate of constancy; and there is something very sacred to me even in the memory of a pure and holy affection, which has bright-

ened our happier days, and, long cherished, has entwined itself with our every sympathy, until it grew and became a part of us. The shrine of such a love, once erected in our heart of hearts, may well be dedicated to one only object."

"Then you would have success the criterion of constancy. Why, Kate, you would spoil the prettiest romances that were ever written or acted, by such a cold, calculating sentiment."

"And those same romances have spoiled the happiness of many an honest heart capable of blessing others, and enjoying itself the choicest blessings of life, in its appointed sphere of conjugal and domestic affections. Out upon that false sentiment which condemns a pure and noble heart, with its untold treasures of rich affections and sympathies, to pine in sickly dalliance with despair, because an error of judgment, or a freak of fancy, has sent its devotions to an unworthy object! Must a heart that was made for love wither, in its spring-time of freshness and bloom, from treachery or disappointment? Forbid it, every principle of rational happiness, of true and purified enjoyment!"

"But does not your doctrine, fair cousin, tend to impair that faith in the constancy of love which gives its ideal charms, and elevates it into a worship?"

"On the contrary, it rather vindicates the sentiment as too pure and holy to suffer from treachery and deceit; of too divine and immaculate a nature to perish, when baffled, like baser passions."

"You argue well, Kate; but yet there is a charm in changeless love that still holds the imagination captive."

"And did I speak of true love as changeable, Charles? I only contended against the despotic rule of what I think a false sentiment. The constancy of mutual love is beautiful and holy in my eyes; and where our affections have met a full response in the sympathies of a congenial heart, and especially where we have been blessed with its long companionship, I hold a second love as great a sacrilege as yourself, though I will not deny that it may exist."

"Well, well, my sweet cousin, you and I will not quarrel about love; nor pretty Myra Bell either, for whom I wish a bright and happy fate. But see, John has brought the horses round. Shall we take our gallop as usual? I promise not to cast one wistful glance at Myra Bell's handsome cottage as we pass," said Charles, with a playful emphasis.

"Out upon you, Mr. Impudence!" replied his cousin, blushing slightly, and tapping him with her whip, for she was equipped for the ride. "What wonderful magic, think you, there lies in *your* glances?"

Leaving the cousins to their morning ride, and to renew their edifying discussion, if they pleased, we will look into as lovely a little cottage as was ever the abode of innocence, peace, and happiness.

In a neatly furnished apartment, from which, through the latticed casement, you might look out

on the prettiest imaginable little flower garden, were two persons. The one a man advanced in years, of mild, calm, and dignified appearance, whose broad, intellectual brow was unwrinkled, save by the lines of thought, and the lustre of whose dark eye was undimmed, though the snows of winter were fast covering his fine classic head. Adam Bell was a scholar, and somewhat of a dreamer, yet, withal, a very deep philosopher. The vanities of earth he despised, while he cherished, with assiduous care, those gentle sentiments, true feelings, and noble sympathies which minister to the peace and happiness of the heart far more surely than the false excitement of pleasure and ambition. In early life he had married happily, prospered in the world, and enjoyed those fluttering promises of the future with which Fortune so often tempts us to essay the perilous "heights where Fame's proud temple lies;" but reverses and disappointments soon taught him their lesson. The loss of fortune, and the ill health of his beloved companion, induced him to retire, not a soured misanthrope, but a sobered philosopher, from the pomps and vanities of the world. Husbanding his remaining resources, he purchased the quiet cottage where he now resided, and where he had enjoyed years of supreme bliss with his adored wife, who faded gently and quietly from his side, like a cherished flower, exhaling the fragrance of her long and devoted love to surround him in the gentle affections of an only and most beautiful daughter.

In such a death there was no shock; and the sadness caused by his bereavement was so sweetly mingled with the hope of a reunion hereafter, as to rob his grief of half its poignancy. In Myra he beheld—each lineament and feature complete—the counterpart of her whose memory he adored; and, for his daughter, he was content to live on, that he might guard and shield her youth from care, and pluck, as far as might be, the thorns of disappointment and sorrow from her future pathway. And now, as he sat at the open casement, through which the fresh morning air came, apparently intent on his book, his eye wandered, ever and anon, from the bright flowers without to the brighter being within, who glided noiselessly about the room, occupied with her domestic affairs, and unconscious of the thoughtful attention which was bestowed upon her. It was not without uneasiness that Adam Bell noticed an air of preoccupation, and almost sadness, in his sweet daughter, and a keen pang shot through his heart as he heard the half-smothered sigh which escaped her.

"Come here, Myra," said he, "and see how your favorite rose tree has revived from last night's shower."

Awakening from the rather unpleasant reverie which had been gradually stealing over her, with scarce an effort, Myra dispelled the shadows from her brow, and, her face beaming with affection placed herself on a low stool at her father's feet.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed. "I did

not think my poor rose-bush would bloom again this summer."

"Bright or bloom upon the flower, or the human heart, are His, who ever deals gently with the tenderest," said the old man, reverently.

"I feel it, my father," answered his daughter, gazing fondly in his face with tearful eyes, blue as the violet whose perfume they enjoyed.

"And yet, Myra, you are sad. Are you sure there is no drop of bitterness left in that young heart to rankle hereafter?"

"Quite sure, dear father; although some sadness is natural to the heart which finds its ideal destroyed. And yet I think no more of *him*."

"Say not its ideal destroyed, but its idol a false one, my child. That mental standard of perfection which we set up as the model of all that is worthy and noble in human character, and which we call our ideal, is formed rather by our own sentiments and feelings than from any experience or example of human nature which is before us; yet it is the very foundation of all our respect or admiration for our fellow-beings, the key to love and friendship, and sad is the heart whose ideal is destroyed! But, my dear Myra," continued the fond parent, somewhat more playfully, "if not of him—the base, the worthless—of whom was my daughter thinking so pensively, almost sadly?"

There was perfect confidence between the father and daughter; yet the eyes of Myra drooped an instant, and the rich color suffused her face, such is the sensibility of a pure young heart to the exposure of its feelings, even to the eye of affection.

"Nay, I did not mean to startle or grieve you; but you cannot suppose, my own darling, that, in aught which touches your happiness, my eyes slumber. There, that blush has answered me; and I may give Harry Layton a favorable answer," said Adam Bell, bending to caress the beautiful head that rested on his lap.

At this moment the sound of horses' feet was heard in the avenue that led from the high road, and the bark of Myra's little spaniel, who was basking in the sunshine on the front verandah, announced early visitors.

"Come, my love, there is your friend Kate. I saw her pass, in company with her cousin, half an hour since, and doubtless she is coming to pay you a morning call. Hie to your chamber, and smooth down those troubled thoughts, while I receive them."

It was, indeed, Kate and Charles, the former having remembered, during their ride, that she had not yet invited Myra to a *fête* which was to be given the next week on the occasion of her birthday. She therefore insisted upon her cousin accompanying her, "even at the risk," she said, in playful badinage, "of exposing poor little Myra to the dangerous glances of such a wonderful lady-killer."

They were received with a dignified courtesy and kind welcome by Adam Bell, which Charles afterwards declared to exhibit the most distinguished

demeanor he ever met with; and, in a few minutes, Myra appeared, blooming as one of her own beautiful roses, to greet her friend, and to receive Charles, without the slightest embarrassment.

The invitation was given, and, after a glance at her father, who signified his approval, accepted by Myra; and, after spending an hour very pleasantly, the cousins took their departure.

In the evening Harry Layton came, conferred a few moments with Adam Bell in his library, and then, in company with him, joined Myra in the parlor the happiest of men. The old man, with his book, soon drew off to his corner, and left the young lovers to that elysium which they, who have once felt it, know beggars all description.

CHAPTER II.

RUPERT DE LANCEY was a young man of good birth, ample fortune, and considerable intellect. Though proud and ambitious, he possessed courteous and affable manners, which won him more regard than his character really deserved, and made him, where no occasion forced the display of his real nature, a universal favorite. His person was even more attractive than his demeanor, for he possessed the highest order of masculine beauty. A broad and prominent forehead, somewhat narrower, however, at the temples than was consistent with perfect symmetry, around which curled, in short, natural ringlets, his rich and glossy brown hair; dark blue eyes, of sparkling brilliancy, in which only the practiced regard of a physiognomist could have detected the wavering, vacillating glance which denoted sickliness of purpose; a mouth indicative of firmness, as well as great sensibility, but the character of which also expressed great voluptuousness, especially in connection with his rather fleshy and projecting chin; and a nose slightly aquiline, with finely-curved nostrils, made up a face unusually prepossessing. De Lancey had been educated with high sentiments of honor, and would have reprobated deceit and treachery as soon as any one; but, with many a great and noble quality, he was beset with the weaknesses of pride and vanity, and their almost inseparable concomitant, changeableness of purpose; for, where they demand a sacrifice, strong must be the mind, and firm the heart, which refuses it.

Such was he who won the first regards of Myra Bell. Upon the guileless nature of her father, who, with all his experience, could never learn suspicion, the frank, free manners, and pleasing exterior of the youth had early made an impression, which paved the way to unrestrained social intercourse, and thus gave him the opportunity of enjoying much of Myra's society. It was not vanity alone which made Rupert her admirer, or induced him to seek her heart, no one, with a touch of gentle feeling at his heart, could have witnessed unmoved her ex-

panding beauties of mind and person. Nor was it the mere fascination of the eye, nor the graceful flatteries of his constant homage, which charmed Myra; her esteem was won through her father's incautious praise. And, although no formal engagement existed between them, yet their future union was looked on as a matter of course, not only by Myra's father, but by friends and acquaintances, and even the relations of Rupert, who, though not altogether satisfied with the match, offered no opposition.

The awakening of Myra Bell from her first dream of love was sad and bitter, indeed; but less painful and enduring was the blight that fell upon her heart under the strengthening influence of her father's wise, Christian philosophy, and gentle, soothing counsels. The desertion of Rupert De Lancey, like his wooing, was not so pointed as to leave him without a plausible defence of his conduct, and would not have afforded even the watchful father an excuse to tax him with his treachery, but for the occasion of some light raillery on the part of his gay companions, to which, in a fit of pique and vanity, he replied, scornfully—

"What, the old bookworm's rustie daughter! She is no bride for Rupert De Lancey!"

It is true, he was ashamed of such unbecoming language almost as soon as he uttered it; but, if he repented, he could not forego the treacherous purpose at his heart. Another passion had taken possession of his soul. His vanity and his ambition had both been excited, and he was ready to sacrifice faith, and truth, and love, such as he was capable of feeling, upon their altar, even though he crushed the life out of that gentle heart which had trusted its happiness to his keeping. And what was the cause of this change? The arrival of Kate Welden, a beauty, an heiress, and a distinguished *belle*, at the mansion of her uncle, Colonel Warren, of Oak Lawn.

Kate was an orphan, and had resided, since the death of her parents, with her guardian in the city; but, on the occasion of that gentleman and his family taking a foreign tour, she accepted the invitation of her uncle, Colonel Warren, to make his house her home, as she did not wish to accompany them. She was just of age, and there were, of course, no objections on the part of the former guardian, and, turning over to her the immense estate he had managed honorably and well, and of which she appointed her uncle her agent, he resigned his charge.

Fame heralded the advent of the heiress, and among the most eager to lay his homage at her feet was Rupert De Lancey. His vanity had always led him to wish to be first among his companions, and he could not bear the thought that so brilliant a prize should fall to another. Perhaps even his admiration for Myra was not free from this governing sentiment, for she was certainly the *belle* of the neighborhood before Kate Welden came, and many still thought her title to that distinction unimpaired. The two young ladies, however, instead of experi-

encing feelings of rivalry, became fast and affectionate friends.

From the time when Rupert made the ungenerous and ungently speech about Myra, as if conscious that his own bareness was known to her, he ceased his usual visits; and, the remark coming to the ears of Adam Bell, the old man sought an interview, from which De Lancey would fain have shrunk, if he dared. The conduct of the father on that painful occasion was calm, dignified, and open, while that of the recreant lover was full of prevarication and shuffling, though his language was plausible and respectful.

"Young man, you say there was no positive engagement between yourself and my daughter. This, perhaps, is true; but when you tell me you never sought her affections under the guise of love, that you never taught her to look upon you in any other light than that of a very dear friend, you utter a falsehood which your own conscience condemns."

"Most happy would I be, sir, to make any sacrifice which would convince you of my truth, or contribute to your daughter's peace of mind, which I regret that one so worthless as I should have injured, however unintentionally," said Rupert, in a slight tone of mockery. "And, as for the idle words I uttered"—

"Peace, sir! there is no sacrifice that would be accepted. My daughter would scorn your hand now as I do your character. And, for myself, I would sooner lay her young head in the grave than consign her to the arms of a villain whose smooth brow and oily tongue conceal so base and lying a heart!"

"Sir!" exclaimed De Lancey, in fierce passion, for the taunt stung him to the quick. "But for your age!"—

"Peace, again I say, fool! It is not my age, but conscious guilt, that paralyzes your heart. Yet go! I would not forget that I am a Christian as well as a father. Adam Bell despises and forgives you, and his daughter will do the same."

Rupert De Lancey did not linger; and, for a long time, the bitterness of that interview, to which were truly added the pangs of conscience, wrung his heart.

Poor Myra! the cloud which obscured the fair horizon of her hopes was dark indeed, and the night of her despair, if brief, was full of agony; but, thanks to him who educated her heart in a truer school of philosophy than is taught by idle romance, and to Hix who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," the cup of bitterness passed from her, and the false light she had worshiped faded from her vision, which became calmer and clearer from the storm that had broken over her. It was at this period that she met Harry Layton, and the mysterious growth of true love sprung at once in her heart, whose best affections seemed of late blighted and withered. It was long before Myra would acknowledge to herself the interest he inspired, and she trembled at her own emotions as she asked herself

the nature of that interest. Notwithstanding the precepts of her father, she shrunk from what almost appeared the *sacrilege* of second love, and that so soon after the deep disappointment of her first choice. But all her doubts were soon resolved; and when Harry poured forth, in the genuine eloquence of true feeling, the story of his devotion, how different seemed his language, how much more sincere and manly, than the strained compliments and sugared flatteries with which Rupert De Lancey had amused her young fancy!

And, with the thought of him, came a sinking of the heart she had never before felt. "Would Harry Layton, so good and noble himself, be content to take her affections second-hand from such a source?"

"No, no, Harry!" she said, and tears almost choked her utterance. "You could not value a heart that had already loved and been scorned."

"Never, Myra, did you truly love that base, unmanly wretch! Fear not; I know all. It was only your fancy which his facile address captivated; your heart was untouched, save with devotion for its own ideal, which for a moment he seemed to fill. Fear not, dear Myra; be but mine, and you shall soon learn of me that you never truly loved him."

The lesson was a pleasant one both to master and pupil, fulfilling the former's promise indeed.

And how sped the wooing of Rupert De Lancey? How prospered his suit to the fair Kate? Unfortunately for him, the citadel of her heart had long since yielded to her cousin, Charles Calvert, to whom, with the full approbation of their uncle, whose favorite and heir he was, she was already betrothed; and, still more unfortunately, even had she been "fancy free," with that knowledge which experience alone can give, and that nice sagacity which characterizes the female perception, she had measured the depths of his character, and appreciated him accordingly. Moreover, his treachery to Myra was not unknown to her.

Kate Welden was a girl of bold and daring spirit, although her heart was full of tender sensibilities; and, while she was true and steadfast in her affections, her conduct sometimes suffered in the estimation of those who look not beneath the surface for one's intentions. Thus she not unfrequently subjected herself to the imputation of coquetry, when she had only resolved to punish some vain and presumptuous coxcomb who had victimized one of her sex. This same determination she had taken in regard to De Lancey, and, though Charles Calvert did not altogether approve of her intention, he was by no means jealous, but only sought to dissuade her from motives of prudence in regard to her own reputation.

"Go along, Cousin Charles, and flirt with every pretty face in the county, if you please; but let me alone to punish this knave, which I am determined to do."

"Is there not some vanity in that, fair cousin mine?"

"By no means, my gentle mentor. It is not my poor beauty, but my rich estate which captivates him. And, as for the damage to my reputation by coquetry, which you are so kind as to hint at, why you must e'en marry me the sooner, and take it under your own charge, if you are apprehensive about it."

"That is certainly an irresistible bribe to let you play the madcap once more," said Charles, gallantly. "So it must be as you choose."

Thus stood matters on the evening of the *fête* at Colonel Warren's, save that Kate had received several calls from De Lancey very graciously, and, without exactly encouraging him, certainly allowed him to go off with a very self-satisfied notion of his probable success.

CHAPTER III.

THE *fête* at Colonel Warren's was a splendid and brilliant one, indeed. The spacious halls of his large, elegant mansion were beautifully decorated, and lighted to perfection. The exquisite gardens were hung with colored lamps, and, with the graveled walks and commodious summer-houses, afforded a pleasant retreat from the heat and glare of the rooms to those who were fatigued with dancing, or desirous of a quiet *tête-à-tête*. A gay and happy assemblage of bright and cheerful faces did honor to the birthday of the fair Kate Welden; and, with music and dance, and innocent revelry, the joyous hours sped rapidly on. Many a charming face was there, and many a graceful form glided through the mazes of waltz or cotillon; but peerless above all others were the two friends, Kate Welden and Myra Bell.

Each was the type of a different style of beauty, and almost faultless was the model. Dark as the raven's wing was the glossy hair braided over the full intellectual brow of Kate; while the auburn tresses of Myra fell in luxuriant ringlets from her small, beautiful head. Black eyes, that flashed with fire, or melted in languor, and a rich olive complexion, through which the mantling blood showed like the blush on the sunny side of a ripe peach, characterized the splendid beauty of the one; while the blended lily and rose tints, with orbs of calm and heavenly blue, distinguished the soft and winning loveliness of the other. The former was tall and stately as Juno, the latter light and graceful as Hebe. Many a tribute of admiration did they elicit, and much difference of opinion did their appearance excite as to the respective merit of their different styles. No one, perhaps, viewed them with more indescribable emotion than Rupert De Lancey—not even Charles Calvert or Harry Layton, who had become friends and confidants. A strange and mixed feeling of hope and regret stole over him.

"After all," mused he, "if I am disappointed of the heiress, what a prize have I lost! The more lovely, far the more lovely, of the two. True, the

other is a splendid creature; but there is something too fierce and haughty in her beauty: while my own Myra is an angel, if there ever was one on earth. I wonder if there is anything in that young Layton's attentions? Pshaw! No! She cannot have forgotten me so soon; though I do not half like her manner to-night—it is too calm and self-possessed. There is neither love nor the sense of injury in her cool eye when it encounters mine; yet on Layton she bestows the same look of quiet confidence that once was mine. By Heaven, I could not brook that fellow's rivalry! Yet, what claim have I? To me she is lost forever! Nay, not so; if the heiress jilts me, which I half wish she would, and half think she may, from certain indications to-night, I will recant my errors, and throw myself at Myra's feet for forgiveness, and be happy in her dear love, which I never knew till now had so deep a hold on my heart."

And, in this uncertain mood, De Lancey sought the side of Kate Welden, from whom a gracious reception awaited him. To his proposal that they should seek the cool air of the gardens, she yielded a flattering assent; and, when they had reached a remote arbor, she seated herself, and, without speaking to her companion, turned her large eyes, full of soft languor, upwards, to gaze at that peerless orb which poets delight to apostrophize, and lovers to look on.

"A lovely night!" said De Lancey, breaking the silence, in a low, musical voice.

"And a night for love!" responded Kate, half soliloquizing.

"Then, brightest and most beautiful, accept its sincere homage from your most devoted admirer!" breathed Rupert, passionately, as he sank gracefully to his knee.

"Sir! Mr. De Lancey!" cried Kate, starting back.

"Nay, dearest Kate, hear me! I love, I adore you! From the first moment your glorious beauty burst upon my sight, I have been your captive! Yet not the captive of your beauty alone, but equally enamored of the bright intellect which beams from those eloquent eyes!"

"You make love well, Mr. De Lancey," said Kate, dryly.

"Nay, cruel girl, would you mock me? Are you, indeed, the heartless coquette fame speaks of, who can sport in the agony of a true heart?"

"Of a true heart, never! Its lightest sorrow, caused through conduct of mine, would grieve me deeply."

"Then, why this derision of my love? Why thus scorn the proffer of an honorable passion from me?"

"Because yours is not a true heart! Think of Myra Bell!"

"Ah! is it that idle story which stands between me and my hopes? Believe me, I never wronged her. A mere child, with whom I had been in daily intercourse for years, who conceived

a foolish attachment for me, which I was the first to undeceive her of. Nay, dearest Kate," continued he, seeing she had relaxed somewhat of her sternness; "it was I, not she, who suffered from the *contretemps*. Credit no word of it; but believe me that never—no, never—was my heart touched by love till by the magic of your loveliness! Be mine, beautiful creature, and the ardent devotion of a life shall repay the rich boon you grant! If there be anything worthy or noble in my soul, as I have dreamed there is, be it yours to call it forth and direct it to great objects; and to you, my inspiration and my hope, shall be dedicated all the triumphs of my future career!"

He paused, and, perceiving his fair listener drooped, as if with suppressed emotion, believed he had conquered. With rapture, he caught her hand, and was about to pour forth his thanks, when it was promptly snatched away, and, with a wild, gay laugh, Kate sprung up from her seat.

"Ha! ha! Mr. De Lancey, now I understand you! It is only a private rehearsal you are treating me to. Pray, sir, when do you make your first appearance? I shall certainly attend; for you give great promise of success. What is to be your character, Claude Melnotte or the Apostate?"

"Enough, lady!" said Rupert, rising, in ill-concealed rage and disappointment. "Cruel me no more with your scorn! Believe it was a mere play of gallantry, if you will."

There was a depth of anguish in his voice which made Kate half repent her conduct, and she turned to speak with some purpose of softening the blow; but he was gone. When she again met him in the hall, the almost kindly glance of her eye, in answer to his deprecating look—for Kate felt some remorse at the part she had played—reassured him; and Rupert De Lancey became once more the bright and fascinating cavalier, who, it would scarcely be thought, would plead in vain to beauty.

There are some hearts upon which no salutary lesson can be impressed, when vanity and selfishness urge them on, and moral principle is wanting to control their desires. Such was Rupert's. The failure of his designs upon the hand of Kate Welden, and the mortifying exposure he had endured, did not deter him, the moment he believed her silence secure, from pursuing purposes in regard to Myra, in the event of his ill success with the heiress.

It was the first time they had met since the unhandsome conduct of Rupert, and, if he expected any weakness on the part of Myra, he was greatly mistaken. Her reception of him—for she did not pretend to avoid him—was calm, quiet, and lady-like. No emotion betrayed itself in cheek or glance; and, as he expressed it to himself, there was "neither love nor the sense of injury in her cool eye, when it encountered his." Yet the vanity of Rupert De Lancey would not be convinced that he could be so soon forgotten. When he again approached Myra, she was talking to Charles Culvert.

"Will Miss Bell favor me with her hand for a cotillion?" he asked, in his blindest tones.

"If you wish it," she replied, quietly.

"Can you doubt it?" And he bent a meaning glance upon her, as he offered his arm.

"Not the present set," said Myra, carelessly, without replying either to look or word; "I am engaged to Mr. Calvert. The one after, if you choose."

With eager and animated regards, Rupert watched her through the dance; and, when he claimed her hand at the close of the set, he thought she never looked half so beautiful.

But few moments were allowed for conversation ere the music again struck up, and the requisitions of the dance, with the unwillingness of his partner to listen to anything of the past, gave De Lancey but little chance to urge his suit. When the cotillion had finished, however, he proposed to get an ice for her, and Myra, having really no other engagement, and seeing no familiar face near her, could not well refuse. Fate favored De Lancey, for the door near which they stood opened on a small vine-covered portico, with convenient seats, and they had scarcely placed themselves, before a movement in the crowd left that part of the room vacant, and they were once more alone.

To say that Myra Bell felt perfectly at her ease would be too much, for she had already perceived, on the part of her companion, a purpose to enter into some explanation, which she would gladly have avoided. It is true, she thoroughly despised him now; but there are memories of love which, even when the passion has faded, and the object is scorned, cannot be altogether destroyed. Poor Myra, however, had no choice, and could only nerve her heart for the trial she would fain have been spared.

"Myra," said Rupert, in his dulcet voice, when he perceived they would be uninterrupted.

"Sir," with calm dignity, "to other than my near friends, I am Miss Bell."

"And are we enemies, Myra?"

"It needs not a distinction, sir, which would argue more importance in the feelings between us than I am disposed to admit. We are strangers, sir, or, if you please, mere acquaintances."

"Strangers, Myra! Can it be that such a wide gulf is between hearts once so fondly knit together?"

"And who made it, sir?" demanded she, with rising scorn.

"The rash, intemperate passion of your father, and perhaps my own foolish pride," replied he, with bold hypocrisy.

"'Tis false! Your own base, fickle nature alone was to blame," said she, rising with dignified mien and flashing eye, her slight form swelling into heroic proportions. "But cease these insulting importunities. Let me pass!"

"Nay, Myra, you must hear me; though for the last time," said he, with subdued and touching pathos, respectfully and gently detaining her. "Think you that a rash word, or a hasty action should destroy forever the brightest hopes of the human heart—the first dream of pure, unchanging love? Is that exalted and divine passion so weak that it cannot withstand a moment's anger—just anger at a grievous fault, perhaps—against the object of its devotion? Has forgiveness no part in its principles? Must a single error doom the heart that has loved truly and fondly for years to misery and despair? Nay, hear me!" continued he, passionately, for she made an impatient movement to be gone. "I love you! I have always loved you! In bitterness and anguish have I repented my fault. In wretchedness must I pass the brief period of my life, if you will not listen to and forgive me. My own, my adored Myra! hear, and answer me!"

And, as she strove to pass him, he sank on his knees and caught her hand to detain her.

"Do hear the gentleman out, my love," said a clear, silvery voice near them at this moment. "But you need not trouble yourself to answer him; for it is only some private theatricals he has gotten up to assist my poor entertainment to-night. He has already gone through the self-same scene with me in the garden to-night!" And Kate Welden stepped forward.

Who can picture the debasement of feeling that overwhelmed Rupert De Lancey at this interruption? Releasing the hand he had taken, he bowed his head in shame and humiliation, while Myra, glad of escape, took refuge at the side of her friend.

"Come, dear," said the gay girl, leading her away. "Let us leave him to study some more interesting character; his present one is somewhat 'stale and unprofitable.'"

And, when they had gone, Rupert De Lancey rushed madly from the house, his brain on fire and his heart like ice.

Whether the lessons he received have corrected the faults of his character we do not know, for he shortly left the neighborhood, as it was said, on "a foreign tour." We scarcely think the school a good one; and, perhaps, when he returns, he will only add another to the empty-headed fops who ape the follies, not the virtues, of European society, and are American in nothing but their birth, which they affect to despise.

The same day saw Kate Welden and Myra Bell united to those they had chosen both from love and esteem. Kate passed much of her time in the great city, where she was still acknowledged as an ornament to the society in which she moved; but ever the bright summer hours found her again at Oak Lawn, or the favorite guest of the "dear little cottage," where her "sweet Myra" lived, in the unbroken and unregretting happiness of SECOND LOVE.

KEZIAH JONES'S APPLE BEE.

BY NOADIAH BUCKTHORN, M. D.

PART I.

It was a mild day in the latter part of November—a day which properly belonged to Indian Summer: for some reason it was not forthcoming at that season; so it claimed and received a place just as autumn was about to hand over his books to the “ruler of the inverted year.”

“Mr. Gulic,” said Mrs. Jones, standing in the kitchen doorway, and looking towards the hired man who was taking up the last cabbage in the garden, “Mr. Gulic,” said Mrs. Jones, elevating her voice so that it might overcome the obstacle presented by eight rods intervening space, “I want you to do an errand for me this morning; I want you to go to Mr. Hall’s for me.”

Mr. Gulic gave intimation by a nod that he comprehended the nature of her wants, and proceeded to finish his work, saying—

“I knew something out of the common line was wanting as soon as I heard the *Mister*. It is *Ben*, at other times. I have no objection to going over to Hall’s—none whatever, especially since Becky is at home.” He accordingly went to Mrs. Jones and received his instructions.

This said Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gulic was a tall, heavy-built Yankee, about twenty years old, who had made good use of his eyes as well as his teeth during the greater part of that period. He worked by the year for Mr. Jones. He was the adviser, and, to a great extent, director of his employer, who had not the enterprise, self-reliance, and talent for command which characterize most of those whose republican liberties with the king’s English mark them as belonging to New England.

Mr. Gulic did not move his feet rapidly—on the principle that large bodies move slowly—but he moved them a good distance at each step, and, consequently, he was ere long at Mr. Hall’s door. The door was open to receive the rays of the morning sun. On the threshold lay a dog, dreaming with his eyes half open or half shut, as the reader may prefer; opposite the door, in a Windsor arm-chair tilted against the wall, sat Mr. Hall, a stout, oak-faced, gray-headed man, reading his newspaper, which he held out before him at arm’s length, his spectacles being about twenty years too young for him. Mr. Gulic paused for a moment, and cast a contemplative look at the dog—perhaps he was comparing his condition with that of a hired man—then applied the knuckle of his middle finger to the door-post, producing a sound somewhat louder than that produced by the carpet hammer of the housewife, at the blow

subsequent to that bestowed upon her left thumb instead of the nail head.

“Walk,” said Mr. Hall, very skillfully combining a growl with an articulate sound.

“Which way?” asked Ben.

“Which way you will,” said the old man, still not taking his eyes from the paper.

Ben walked in, and, having waited in vain for an invitation to be seated, he concluded to take a seat without an invitation. The chair which he selected as the instrument for carrying his conclusion into effect gave way under the pressure of the “too solid flesh,” and the law of gravitation, operating with democratic impartiality, drew him towards the centre of the earth till the strong maple floor arrested his progress. The crash and the catastrophe did not divert the old man’s attention from his paper. Ben amused himself by putting the parts of the demolished chair in place, or, to use his own expression, “by setting the trap for somebody else.” He had ample time for this, and also for tracing the journey of a wasp on the wall, before Mr. Hall folded his paper, raised his spectacles on his forehead, and uttered, in a slightly interrogative tone, the words—

“Folks well?”

“They was well when I came here: I should think it likely that they are sick by this time.”

A slight movement about the corners of Mr. Hall’s mouth showed that a smile was hovering in the vicinity. It came as near lighting on his lips as he usually permitted one to come.

“Miss Jones sent me to borrow some things for the apple-bee.”

“What is an apple-bee?”

“It is somewhere about half way between a honey-bee and a bumble-bee.”

Mr. Hall was accustomed to affect great ignorance of all things pertaining to youthful sports and merry-makings: veritable tradition, however, related that he was famous in his young days for exploits in that line; hence Mr. Gulic thought he gave him “such an answer as he deserved.” Probably he thought so himself; for another smile made signals, but did not fairly heave in sight.

“I s’pose I can have the things?” said Ben.

“What things?”

“All your empty tin pans.”

“They’ve got milk in them.”

“I should like to see one of your empty tin pans with milk in. It would be about as curious as your way of welcoming a neighbor.”

“Who is going to be there?”

"Everybody and some others, and I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Hall were to be there: but give me the pans, or they 'll have a coroner's jury together on my account."

Mr. Hall went to the stairs leading to the cellar, and said, "Mamma, you're wanted."

"I can't leave the kettle; who wants me?"

"Miss Jones wants to borrow your tin pans."

"She can have them."

"Where are they?"

"I know where they are," said Ben; "they stand leaning against the south side of the house like a line of opposition suns." So saying, he proceeded at once to the locality, and, gathering up the shining utensils, he was moving towards home, when a slight *hem* from behind a sheet hung on a clothes-line, caused him to stop. Behind said sheet stood Miss Rebecca Sabina Hall, usually called Becky. She appeared to be busy with the clothes-pins, which, however, did not seem to need any attention. That she was standing there for the express purpose of exchanging words with Ben, we would by no means affirm; but the fact was she did exchange certain words with him, as will appear perfectly evident when we proceed with the narrative.

"Did you wash all these clothes?" said Ben, pointing to the array of shirts, sheets, and various articles mentionable and unmentionable which hung on the lines extending from tree to tree, and from post to post, and from fence to fence.

"I did," was the calm reply of the *capable female*.

"They are done first rate—come over early, won't you?"

"Who are coming?"

"Everybody."

"Did Miss Ogden say she would come?"

"Yes."

"Are Mr. Green's folks coming?"

"They are gone away, you know."

"O, yes, so they are. I don't like to go where there are so many."

"The more the merrier. All the young folks will be there; Foster is going to shut up store and come."

"It is no matter whether he comes or not. I suppose I must come or give offence."

"Don't forget to come early."

He then went his way, saying to himself, "You will be fierce enough to go, now that you know that the white-fingered merchant is to be there—he is not a merchant; nothing but a clerk. If I do work out by the year, I'll have more money at the end of the year than he will have. Take him, if you want him. I ask no favors of you."

Now Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gulic was a man of truth and veracity in all his statements made to others: his statements made to himself, especially when they related to Becky, could not be depended upon; in fact, they were often the very reverse of truth; they were so in the present case. He did ask most earnestly the favor of her affections, and a life-interest in her person. How it was that he

could speak the truth so conscientiously to others, and lie so egregiously to himself, we shall not attempt to explain. It is our business, as historians, to furnish facts for the philosophers to work up into systems.

We will now give some account of preparations strictly appertaining to the home department.

Mrs. Jones was in favor of having the Bee in the kitchen, and brought forward many weighty arguments in support of her position. But the result proves that there is no arguing against facts. The fact was that Miss Ellen Ogden—who had spent several months in an incorporated city, and had thus become the arbitress of gentility to the village—had, at the last gathering at her house, not only occupied the "front room," but actually fastened the door leading from said front room to the kitchen. It was not opened even to admit the bearer of sundries for the refreshment of the visitors. He was, therefore, obliged to go round to the front door. On his way there, bearing a large waiter heavily laden with crockery, glass, cake, and sweetmeats, he walked into an external cellar-way, making a descent of about six feet in a single step. There was a crash of crockery, and a loud utterance of some very unnecessary and inharmonious expletives, and a still louder peal of laughter from old Mr. Ogden, who sat in the kitchen chimney corner. The old gentleman was no friend to genteel innovations.

Miss Ellen Ogden's example was, therefore, conclusive against having the young folks in the kitchen. They must occupy the "front room." The room must, therefore, be prepared; and, as the evening would doubtless be cool, it was necessary to have a fire lighted there.

The fire was lighted about the middle of the afternoon; but the smoke manifested a very unaccommodating, and in fact quite a rebellious, spirit. Instead of ascending the chimney, it pursued an opposite course. It most irreverently took possession of all parts of the room, and rolled itself up in folds near the ceiling, as if to get out of Keziah's reach.

Some very combustible materials were then procured, and a blaze was produced, in the hope that it would prove more tractable. Alas! it caught the spirit and followed the example of the smoke, and with increased energy and insolence. Its first act was to fly into Keziah's face, as she was kneeling on the hearth kindly fanning it into existence. It then reached its forked tongue almost to the middle of the room, and then curled it over the mantel-piece to the great peril of a curiously-wrought paper basket, the visible proof of Keziah's attendance at a select school. It then seemed smitten with a sudden impulse to examine the chimney; whereupon the chimney took fire, to the infinite terror of Mrs. Jones, who was sure the house would be burnt, with all things animate and inanimate thereunto appertaining. To make sure of saving something, she seized a heavy iron kettle filled with water, and carried it so far from the house that it would not be likely to be set on fire by the falling sparks.

As soon as the chimney was fairly on fire, both the flame and the smoke seemed to think all the fun lay in that direction. They accordingly went up the chimney as steadily as if they had never gone anywhere else. The smoke in the room, receiving no reinforcement, stole quietly out of the open door, and disappeared as quickly as possible.

The room was then put in order; a table was placed in the centre, and all the chairs in the house, except one for Mr. Jones, were ranged close to each other around the walls of the room.

By "early candle-light" about twenty girls were assembled. They were as talkative as it may be supposed twenty girls, in a room without their mothers or men, would be. "Why don't the gentlemen come?" was asked mentally by more than one. At length footsteps were heard approaching. The girls who happened to be standing took their seats. All the chairs on the side of the room opposite the door were, in a moment, filled with maidens as demure, for the time being, as the most precise could desire. Suddenly there was a loud stamping on the door-step, a very energetic mode of divesting one's boots of snow or dust, preparatory to an entrance. The stamping, and the faint knock which succeeded, were followed within by a most profound silence, which was broken only by the suspirations of one whose ideal beauty of form was manifestly either the hour-glass or the wasp. Keziah opened the door, and the young gentlemen found themselves in full view of an unbroken line of silent beauty, in the face of which they were expected to advance. They faltered—each pressed his neighbor to go forward. No little confusion was apparent. Among other truths then and there illustrated, was the important one that geometry cannot claim a monopoly of angles. After some delay, an entrance was effected. The chairs opposite the girls were secured. The door was left open. No one seemed disposed to risk the loss of his post by rising to close it. Some of the ladies wore short sleeves, that is, had bare arms—the monumental alabaster smoothness of which was seriously affected by the ingress of the cold evening air. A daring fellow at length arose and closed the door.

Along the lines thus formed there was a silence as deep and almost as expressive as that which sometimes precedes a battle. After a while, there were some whisperings on the part of the girls, and a suppressed giggle; but the young men preserved a profound silence and a most praiseworthy gravity. The seats seemed somewhat harder than those to which they had been accustomed; and it was pretty plain that most of them wished they had left their hands at home.

A rap, as with a walking-stick, was heard at the door. "That is Mr. Foster," whispered one. Miss Becky blushed at the sound either of the knock or the name. Keziah opened the door, and Mr. Benjamin F. Gulic stood before her, dressed in his best. He walked in with as much dignity as if he had come from California instead of the chamber over

the kitchen. He sat down, and, for a moment, imitated the gravity of his peers. He then turned to the most solemn one present, and asked him what was the state of the moonshine. No answer was given; but the question greatly lightened the pressure of the constraint under which all present labored. Conversation began, at first, indeed, in whispers, but soon several spoke out loud.

"I was under the impression," said Mr. G., "that this was to be an Apple-Bee, but I don't see the apples."

"Bring them on," said one of the boldest; "let us have something to do."

Ben and Keziah then brought a corn basket full of apples, which were placed on the table. A tin pan was given to each damsel. The young men then distributed the apples, and the work of paring began. As there were no pans for the gentlemen, it was necessary for each one to sit beside a lady, and drop his parings into the pan, which held a place of greater or less security upon her lap. A better contrivance for a *tête-à-tête* was never devised.

PART II.

Mr. Benjamin Gulic had managed to secure a seat by the side of Miss Rebecca Sabina Hall, and was paring with great skill and rapidity, letting the parings fall into the pan, which was in or rather on the fair one's lap. This of course rendered it necessary that he should sit very near her.

"When are Mr. Foster's folks coming home?" said Becky.

"Can't say," was Benjamin's laconic reply.

"Do they trade a good deal at their store?"

"Can't say."

"I should not think it would do to shut up the store."

Mr. Benjamin Gulic did not see fit to intimate whether he did or did not agree with her in opinion. He saw that her mind was running on Mr. Foster, the popular clerk; that she was speculating on the probabilities of his coming to the Bee.

"How thick you pare your apples!" exclaimed Becky. "Keziah, Mr. Gulic is paring your apples all away!"

Keziah was too much occupied with her partner to heed the remark.

"Get somebody to pare with you who can suit you better," said Ben, in a low voice. He then rose and left the room, under the pretence of procuring a fresh supply of apples. He walked forth and took a survey of the stars, though not usually given to astronomical speculations. "That girl," said he to himself confidentially, "that girl," we do not quote his words accurately, for we wish to make them a little more complimentary to the lady than they really were, "wants to know why that soft-handed and soft-headed clerk isn't here. She may have him, and see if tape and molasses will keep her in as good case as the northern farm would."

The northern farm was expected to come into Mr. Benjamin F. Gulic's possession in the spring. Like a sensible man, he was desirous of finding some one whom it might be made over to with him "jointly."

"I'll let her alone," said Benjamin to himself; and, fearing lest his ear should fail to catch the remark, he repeated it several times with great distinctness. Having thus finished his communications to himself, he seized a basket of apples, and returned to the scene of operations. In placing it on the table, which we have already said was in the centre of the room, the table was overthrown. This caused the overthrow of several girls with tin pans full of apples in their laps. Table, pans, girls, and apples were thus mingled in sweet confusion on the floor, while shrieks of affected terror and shouts of unaffected laughter filled the house, and brought Mr. Jones to the door of the apartment. A grim smile was upon his lips as he surveyed the scene, and a profound silence followed his appearance.

Ben picked up the table, the young men picked up the girls, and the girls picked up the pans, and the girls and young men together picked up the apples, during which operation many heads were accidentally brought in contact, and, what was very remarkable, it was invariably a male and female head that came in contact. It must have been something in the combs.

A more definite and satisfactory account of the cause of the overthrow of the table can be given. During Mr. Gulic's absence, Mr. Foster entered and seated himself in the chair left vacant by the side of Miss Becky. The sight of him in that place had no tendency to compose Mr. Gulic's nerves and to increase his physical strength, while it had a tendency to increase both the gravity of the apples and of his countenance. Accordingly, when the basket was set on the table, it overthrew it.

When order was restored, paring was resumed. Mr. Foster retained his seat by Miss Becky, and, with a silver knife, daintily proceeded in the work; he was evidently afraid of soiling his hands. Benjamin took his place by the side of a very quiet girl who was always behind somebody. It was plain that he was not pleased with the exchange of seats and of partners. He did not sit so near Miss Mills as he did to Miss Becky. He pared slowly, silently, and *thickly*.

But, however great may have been his loss, it was counterbalanced by Miss Becky's gain. She was manifestly delighted with the exchange. She talked and laughed very loudly, though her partner's ideas of gentility led him to speak in a tone little elevated above a whisper. This was both pleasant and painful to Miss Becky. It was pleasant as indicative of confidential communications: painful, as it made his complimentary remarks inaudible to the company. She was driven to the necessity of asking him, in a tone adapted to set ears a listening, "What did you say?" and again to repeat some of his remarks with a large exclamation point after

them. By this means she managed to convey to Ben and to others "what was going on between them."

Ben at length determined, as a means of self-defence, or of retaliation, to appear to enjoy his position. As a preliminary, he brought his chair nearer to that of Miss Mills, and leaned over further, so that his parings might fall nearer the centre of the pan. He put forth his best skill in paring, and made a few general observations, which were replied to in a very sweet tone of voice. Ere long they found themselves talking sense, as he afterwards said—a fact that evidently throws the date of our history somewhat into the past. He began to feel better satisfied with the exchange he had made, and was stimulated to carry on two somewhat distinct trains of thought—the one necessary to the conversation with Miss Mills, the other relating to a comparison of her qualities, personal, mental, and social, with those of Miss Becky. The latter led himself occasionally to make irrelevant replies to Miss Mills' remarks.

By ten o'clock, so busily had both male and female fingers been employed, the apples were finished and set aside, the table restored to its usual place, and it was proposed to proceed to play—not cards, city reader, but several exceedingly exciting and innocent games which you know nothing about. Several were proposed, but they were all objected to by Miss Sophia Stebbins, who had been one quarter at a boarding-school, for which (extras included) her father had paid \$25 50, as not sufficiently intellectual. This threw quite a shade over the prospect; for the Yankee, as is well known, is a logical animal, and it is more than suspected that the intellectual and the logical are nearly allied. If a thing is not intellectual, it is not logical, and if it is not logical it is not to be done. The Yankee prefers the logical to everything—except money.

Miss Sophia was asked to name a play. She remarked, in reply, that her taste was no rule for others—she was peculiar. Miss Benson (the mistress of the boarding-school) thought her remarkably peculiar. She must confess she should prefer some literary conversation to anything else.

"So should I," said Mr. Gulic, gravely. "If I knew where to find it, I would go and get a basket full."

This remark made Miss Sophia's face very red, and all the rest of the company very good natured. It was followed by an explosion of laughter, which was followed by sundry plays in which the intellectual young lady gradually became more and more interested. Finally it was voted *nem. con.* to have a game of hide-and-seek. The hiding and the hunting were in couples. Miss Becky and Mr. Foster were together, and so were Miss Mills and Mr. Gulic. Mr. Gulic had two things to attend to. One was to secure a good hiding-place for himself and partner, and the other to observe that of Miss Becky and Mr. Foster. The latter took possession of a small pantry, which was known in Mr. Jones's

establishment by the name of pie-pantry. They remained in it for some time—until, overhearing the expressed purpose of the seekers to search it, they stole out, and entered silently an apartment which had already been examined. Mr. Gulic, shrewdly suspecting that they would return to the pie-pantry, entered it, and placed in the only chair it contained a pumpkin pie, which was made not in an ordinary tin, but in an earthen vessel which formed the section of a sphere. The depth of the pumpkin was an inch and a half in the centre, from which point it shoaled gradually to the circumference. As Mr. Gulic had foreseen, Becky and her companion re-entered the pantry. A shriek was soon heard, which caused Ben to seize a candle, and rush to see what was the matter, or, rather, to speak with strict accuracy, to let others see. The demolished pie, and Miss Becky's soiled dress, revealed the cause of the outcry. For a moment there was a contest between a feeling of sympathy for the poor girl's discomfiture, and a sense of the ludicrous; the latter prevailed, though, to their credit it must be spoken. Sundry of the girls were taken with sudden fits of coughing, and others were seized with an insatiable desire for water, which led them to go in search of it in divers very improbable places. Miss Becky at once set out for home; she was attended by Mr. Foster—a partial recompense for her mishap.

An animated discussion of the question, "How came the pie in the chair?" took place. Mr. Gulic took no part in it. Some one suggested that it was placed there when taken from the oven, and its weight was in the way of elevating it to a shelf. As no better explanation was offered, it was accepted, just as the larger portion of our historical facts are.

After this interlude, the game of hide-and-seek was renewed with increased vigor. Miss Stebbins, with the magnanimity becoming a superior mind, condescended to engage in it heartily. In the course of this second game, Mr. Gulic and Miss Mills concealed themselves in a *clothes-press*. If the reader is a Yankee, he knows what that term means; and if he is not, here is proof positive that he knows less than a Yankee. Ben and his partner concealed themselves in a *clothes-press*, and, of course, were in total darkness, and in very close contact. Ben felt a great fluttering, and was on the point of asking what it was, when he found that it was the poor girl's heart. It occurred to him that it was very doubtful whether Becky had any heart to flutter. Many thoughts rushed through his brain while he was in that press, pressed close to the side of Mary Mills. She was slimmer and handsomer than Becky; had a softer voice and a milder eye; she did not pretend to live without work; everybody said she was not proud; and yet she was always as neat as a pink. What a fool he had been that he had not thought of her before! How grateful she looked when he brought those early apples to her sick mother! How good she looked when she watched day and night by Mrs. Allcut's sick child!

"All found but Ben and Mary," said a loud voice;

"where are they?" Ben drew a little nearer to Mary, whose heart fluttered still worse. She made a slight effort to move a little from him, but as she was firmly planted against the wall, which did not give way, the effort was not successful.

"I won't hurt you," whispered Ben; "you are the last being in the world I would hurt."

Whether Mary lacked confidence in his veracity, I cannot say; but she made another effort to get further off, which resulted (as such womanly efforts often do) in a closer contact.

"They are in the clothes-press," said the voice above alluded to. "They are not up stairs, and they are not down cellar, nor in the long room, nor pantry, nor anywhere else, and so they must be here." It was at length suggested to the seeker, who remained at the door of the press, that he should examine the premises in question, and thus test the truth of his reasonings, which suggestion he proceeded to act upon. As he was entering, Miss Mills made an effort to pass out, and as Ben made an effort to detain her till they were fairly discovered, there was a struggle, during which Mary's cheek came very near Ben's face. In considering the matter at a subsequent period, when he was cool, and consequently his judgment unbiased, he remarked to himself, confidentially of course, "It is reasonable to suppose that, under the circumstances of the case, I must have kissed her—indeed I have very little doubt about it—in fact, I remember it distinctly."

There is always some considerable excitement connected with the breaking up of a party like the one under consideration. There is always some embarrassment among the rustic gentlemen when bonnet and shawl time comes. He who can walk up boldly to a lady, and proffer his services to see her home, is regarded with envy. Now Miss Mary Mills, as I have said, was always behind some body, and, of course, she would not be one of the first to receive an offer of attendance home. It happened, on this occasion, that she was the last one accessible, and that Ben was left to go with her. It was with more than ordinary embarrassment that he offered her his arm, and, though she accepted it, she kept at a very respectful distance from him as they walked along towards her mother's humble dwelling. Ben felt that he had a great deal that he wanted to say to her, but did not know what to begin with. He thought of saying "the moon is most down;" but, as they were walking towards the west, it was to be presumed that she was already as well convinced of that fact as she would be after his most solemn assertion. He thought of many other things, but in every case some valid objection presented itself, so that, though they had half a mile to walk, they reached the door stone before a word was spoken. Ben began to grow desperate, and at length succeeded in asking, in by no means a musical tone, "Shall you be at home to-morrow evening?"

"No, I am going away to-morrow," said she, in a voice so sweet and plaintive that a mist gathered over Ben's eyes.

"Where to?" said he, too much interested in the matter to pay much attention to the manner of his phrase.

"To Western New York."

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Till next spring."

"What for?"

"To teach school. My mother's health is too feeble to work as she does. I am offered as much as we can both make by our needles here. She is to board this winter, and not take in any work, but take care of her health."

"Don't go."

"I must."

"You must not—[—]" There is no telling what Ben might have said, if the door had not opened and Mrs. Mills had not appeared.

"Good night," said Mary.

"Good night," said Ben; and he went home to pass a sleepless night.

The next morning he went early to Mrs. Mills, under pretence of purchasing her corn.

"Why did you not tell me sooner that you were going?" said he to Mary.

"I told you as soon as it came natural for me to do so. I did not suppose you felt any particular interest in my movements."

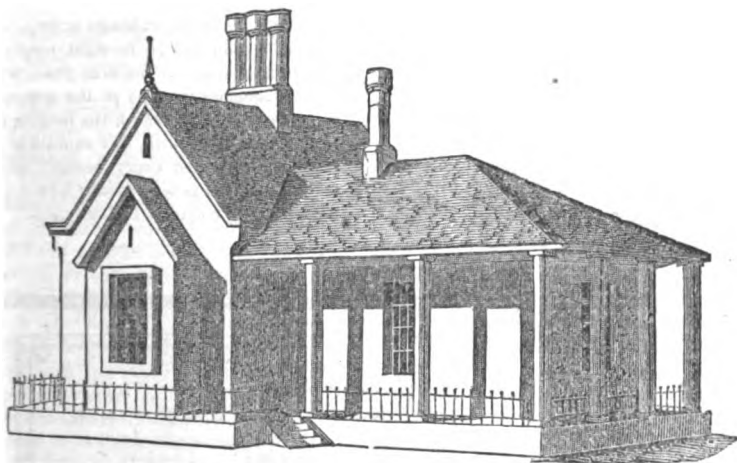
"But I do, and I can't bear to have you go"—and a tear broke out of bounds and ran across his cheek.

"The stage has come," said Mrs. Mills.

"Good-by, mother," giving her a fervent embrace. "Good-by, Mr. Gulic," extending her hand.

Ben walked by her side to the stage, saying, on the way, "Take care of yourself, and don't feel uneasy about your mother. I will take as good care of her as if she were my own mother." Mary gave him a look of thanks, which, as he afterwards said, he got framed and hung up in his memory. He kept his promise in regard to Mrs. Mills. Perhaps he made her write to her daughter a little more frequently than was perfectly convenient; but the accounts of his fidelity to his promise, which the letters contained, prepared Mary, on her return in the spring, to consent to his having a legal right to call Mrs. Mills mother—a right which he assumed in advance. Early in April they *jointly* took possession of the Northern farm.

MODEL COTTAGE.



A Dwelling for a Small Family.

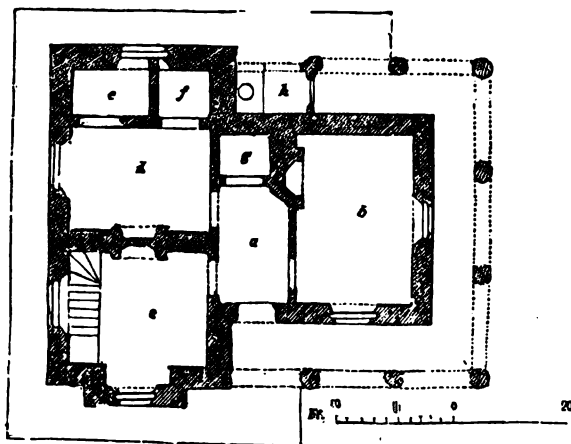
Accommodation.—Here, Fig. 2, we have a colonnade, which serves as a porch; a vestibule, *a*; a parlor, *b*; a kitchen, with a stair to two bedrooms in the roof, *c*; a bedroom on the ground floor, *d*; a pantry, *e*; two closets, *f, g*; and water-closet, or pantry, *h*. The two bedrooms over *c* and *d* may be lighted by dormer windows, and by the small opening seen in the upper part of the gable end.

Construction.—The platform on which this

dwelling is built is sustained by masonry, which, on three sides, supports the columns of the veranda or colonnade. These columns may either be of stone, of brick, stuccoed, or of timber; in either case, set on stone plinths, and with stone caps. The roof should be slated, with large courses at the gable ends, terminating in pinnacles. The chimney tops are plain, like the columns.

The garden, Fig. 3, containing about three-fourths of an acre, is here shown surrounded by a hedge. This hedge might, in many cases, be formed of

Fig. 2.

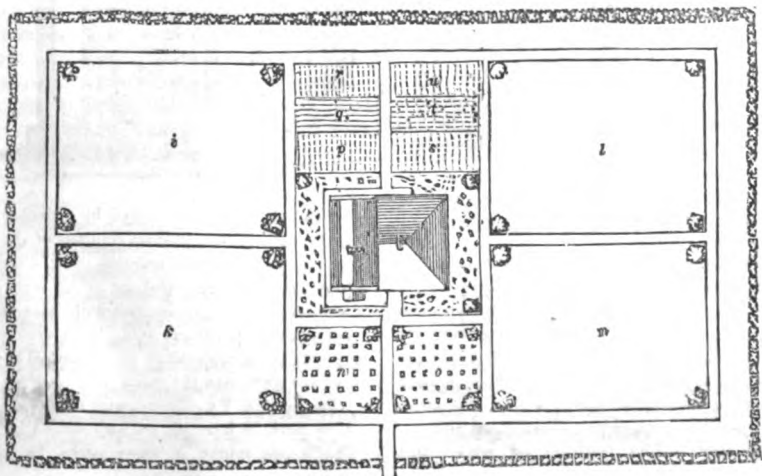


fruit-bearing shrubs, such as plums, apples, sloes, service or mountain ash, the berries of which afford an excellent spirit; or elders, the berries of which make a well-known wine. Whichever description of fruit-bearing plant is used, the branches must be pruned with a knife, and not clipped with shears; because clipping, by producing an exuberance of weak, young shoots, prevents the plants from forming blossom buds. If it should be desirable to have a very formidable fence, the hedge might consist of two rows; the inner one of fruit-bearing plants, and the outer one of hawthorns or hollies. There is scarcely any situation, either on hills or by the sea-shore, in which the elder will not thrive, and its fruit is always valuable.

The mode of laboring and cropping the ground may be as follows: trench compartment *i* three spits deep, and plant with the cabbage tribe: ma-

nure and dig *k*, and plant with potatoes; trench *l* two spits deep, and sow with root crops, such as turnips, carrots, parsnips, onions, &c.; manure and dig *m*, and crop with peas, beans, and kidney beans. According to this rotation, in the second year, *i* will be manured and dug only, and will be under potatoes; *k* will be trenched two spits deep, and under root crops; *l* will be manured, dug, and under leguminous plants; and *m* will be trenched three spits deep, and under the cabbage tribe. Thus, a new stratum of soil will be brought up to the surface every other year: in the first year, what was the bottom becomes the top; in the second, the top is turned over; in the third, the middle becomes the top; and, in the fourth, this middle is turned over. Manure is applied every second year. This is enough to give a general idea of how a garden ought to be labored, manured, and cropped.

Fig. 3.



The smaller compartments may be cropped as follows: *a*, with gooseberries; *b*, with currants and raspberries; *c*, with strawberries; *d*, with asparagus; *e*, with sea-kale; *f*, with tart rhubarb; *g*, with Jerusalem artichokes; and *h*, with perennial, or what is called Good Henry spinach (*Chenopodium Bonus Henricus*). The border which surrounds the

garden may be devoted to the smaller crops, such as salads, herbs, &c.; and to early crops, such as peas and potatoes. The space immediately surrounding the cottage should be ornamented with flowers and flowering shrubs. The trees at the corners of the compartments should be standard apples, pears, cherries, and plums.

THE PHILADELPHIA RIDING SCHOOL.

We have been requested to give a more ample description of the celebrated riding school alluded to in our article in the July number,* and with pleasure re-sume a subject which is of so much importance to the health of our fair countrywomen. Much is due to Mr. Craig, the proprietor of the establishment, for the liberality and perseverance with which he has presented every inducement to the study of horsemanship, for the past ten years, to ladies who have carried with them a taste for this most admirable accomplishment to homes in distant parts of the country. It is a centre from which much good has gone forth, and, as such, is well worth the attention of our lady readers. The school was established, as nearly as we can discover, about 1846, and, though various others have been commenced, meantime, none have survived the same term of years. About three years ago, the present beautiful building was completed, and since then the classes have continued to increase in size and excellence.

As we enter the second floor, we find a gallery well warmed in winter, as, indeed, the whole building is, and furnished with comfortable settees. Here we are at liberty to place ourselves, no matter whether we have a friend among the pupils or not, and watch the animated scene. Every now and then, a bevy of fresh arrivals come gayly up from the principal entrance, and ascend to the dressing-room just above us, where, in the multitude of skirts and hats, you would wonder how they ever find their own. But it is done; and the robing is accomplished amid jests and merry laughter, for they are all on speaking terms, at the least in class, though the acquaintance need not be considered as such out of doors, unless the young ladies please. This apartment has the usual complement of shelves, hooks, and mirrors; for many make an entire toilet, and come down arrayed in hat and habit, as if for the road. There is no particular etiquette upon this point observed, save that, in the height of the season, when the classes are full, we notice fewer bonnets and more hats, habits instead of sacques, and gauntlets for gloves. Indeed, the class has anything but uniformity in costume, as they stand here before us, while the horses are led into the

centre of the arena by careful grooms, each properly accoutred with side-saddle, reins, etc., precisely as if for the road.

Now the discussion commences; for every lady has, of course, her favorite horse, which she is particularly anxious to ride, and particularly sure "Mr. Craig won't give" to her. Some go into raptures over the trot of "Night," the canter of "General," or "Romeo's" delightful rack. But the signal is given, and now one after another gathers up her skirt, takes whip and reins in her right hand, and, placing her left foot in her teacher's hand, springs to the saddle. No mistakes, no slips, no awkwardness; they vault as lightly as if they belonged to the Ravel troupe, and some of them with quite as much grace. And here be it remarked, that mounting, though the easiest point in equestrianism, often seems the most difficult to a beginner. She is so afraid she shall slip, or commit an awkwardness, that she loses all her confidence, when, if the escort understands his part, it is no less easy, after one or two trials—if not easier—than entering a carriage gracefully. Nevertheless, it is a point that tells the practiced rider. Watch that pale-faced school-girl in the gray skirt—how timidly she approaches her horse!—from behind, too, as novices are apt to, being less afraid of heels than teeth! She puts her hand to the horn of the saddle, forgetting all about her reins, until reminded of them by Mr. Craig. See, she has her whip in her left hand—and how she blushes when asked what she intends to do with it there! But, at last, she is in her seat; and, drawing her reins loosely through the wrong fingers, of course, her horse moves at his own gait to the side.

Here is another—that tall, fine figure in the green habit. How boldly she walks up to the head of her steed, patting the smooth neck that arches with the recognition, and talking all sorts of cajoling flatteries to the "good fellow!" "fine fellow!" as she does so. Of course, he understands her—the tone, if not the words—and winks good-naturedly, as much as to say, "Oh, I know you; none of the awkward squad, that's certain." But Mr. Craig is waiting; and, taking her reins in her right hand, she vaults to her seat, changes the reins to her left in an instant, and rises unassisted in the saddle to arrange her dress properly; then, drawing her reins

* "A Plea for Equestrians." By Alice B. Neal.

perfectly straight in the centre, leaving the curb lighter than the other, she moves the horse forward with a single steady pressure of the reins.

Now all are mounted, and walking their horses, a cavalcade of twenty or more, around the area, nearly two hundred feet in length, and fifty in width. All this space has its soft flooring of clean tan, is lighted from the roof, as well as side windows, thus giving a perfect ventilation, a most desirable thing in such a hall. Now faster and faster, to a gentle rack, past the Wissahicon views upon the wall—for we have paintings in oil the whole length—and gallery of interested spectators. The lookers-on have increased in number. There are cousins, uncles, and fathers. Lovers, too, who are looking forward to the next summer's happy rides, in privileged *tête-à-tête*, through shady lanes and under sunset skies. The canter commences, and murmured comments arise. ■

"Do look at Anne, how well she holds herself! I had no idea she rode so well!"

"That little girl in the crimson polka is just the one to ride 'Tom.' She's not afraid to use her whip."

"Oh, see, Mr. Craig strikes Miss Jenkins' horse! Dear me, what an obstinate creature! And see how pale she is!"

"Well done, Sallie! That trot is perfect! Rise a little more, my dear. There—easier—that's it." And the admiring father leans over the railing to watch Miss Sallie, as she disappears down the bride path.

Here comes our timid school-girl, the identical Miss Jenkins, perfectly white with nervous fear, and clinging to the horn of the saddle—a habit we so well remember to have been scolded a whole term for, and the most natural bad habit in the world. Mr. Craig is riding beside her, now scolding, now coaxing, now ridiculing. Oh, well, she will grow braver in time. But look! Miss Sallie sweeps along, green habited, black beavered, rising gracefully in the saddle, not so high as to be *jockeyish*, and looking perfectly at home on her well-managed steed. She has not touched her whip since she mounted; nor does it hang in a perpendicular line in her right hand, as does little Miss N.'s. How Mr. Craig has lectured the last lady for the ungraceful fashion!

The hour is not quite up; but we must go. Even now others are arriving to take the places of those now in the ring. The rapid canter, in which horse and rider formed so brilliant a kaleidoscope, is subsiding into a quiet walk, and we must leave for morning engagements; though the present class will linger to criticize, good-naturedly, and perhaps admire, their successors, learning their own faults by contrast as well as example.

So much for a hasty sketch of a morning lesson in our best riding school; the best in the country, so far as our experience and observation are concerned. There is no excuse for its pupils, if they

are not accomplished horsewomen; and for those of our readers who cannot have the advantages which it offers, we would suggest that firmness and gentleness are the two essentials in managing a horse as well as a child; and, like many ladies we know, they may be coaxed when they cannot be driven. But we may have more to say on this matter at a later day; for, as we have so often said the accomplishment is one for which American women should be distinguished above all others, their peculiarly fragile and delicate frames needing its bracing and strengthening effects.

BENEDICTUS.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away: Blessed be the name of the Lord.

BLESSED be Thy name forever,
God of mercy, God of might!
Of all gracious gifts the giver,
Of all life the Lord and Light!
Bless Thee for the rest of even,
Bless Thee for the joy of day;
Peace on earth, and hope of heaven—
Blesséd ever, blesséd aye!

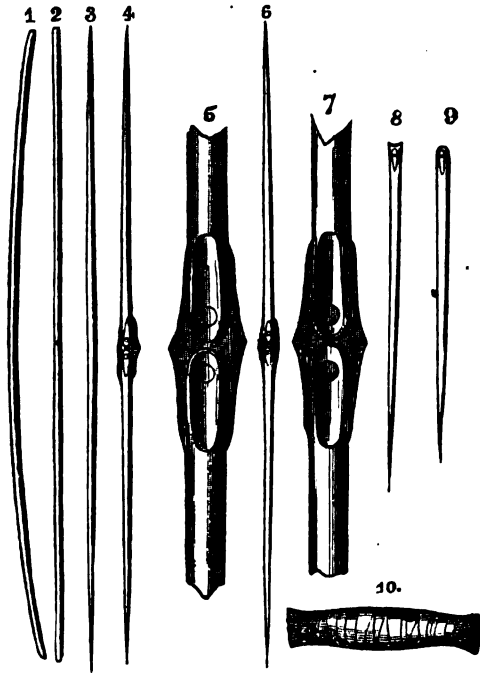
Not for these alone, O Father!
Bless Thee, not for joys alone:
For the griefs that round me gather,
For my misery and my moan;
Bless Thee, with a bowed heart's blessing,
For the good that seems the ill:
Whether chast'ning or caressing,
Bless Thee, Father, bless Thee still!

Bless Thee for the awakening sorrow,
Weeping o'er the early dead,
Tearful night and mournful morrow,
Sinking heart and aching head!
Bless Thee, Lord, for thou dost love me
When with sickness thou dost smite;
Bless Thee for the clouds above me,
'Tis Thy mercy makes them bright!

Blest the tempest o'er me sweeping,
For o'er Thee the storm hath swept;
Blest my weariness and weeping—
Let me weep, for Thou hast wept!
Bless Thee! every grief 's a token
Calling me to Thee away;
Break, my heart! for thine was broken;
Bless Thee ever, bless Thee aye!

Bless Thee, for the soul that yearneth,
With a lowly love for Thee!
Bless Thee, for the love which burneth
Thine, in life and death, to be!
Bless Thee, for the life which liveth,
Vapor-like, to pass away!
Bless Thee, for the death that giveth
Life to bless Thee, Lord, for aye!

NEEDLES.



THE following very interesting article will, we are sure, please our lady readers. All of them, no doubt, use the needle, but few are aware of the trouble of making it.

The art of needle-making, in many of its departments, presents much that is generally, or, to use a term commonplace enough, popularly interesting to a large class of readers; yet remarkably little is known as to the manner in which the tiny article in question is produced; and, of the immense number of the "needle-using population," but a small proportion have a due conception of the operations and processes through which a needle goes, from its rough form to the beautifully polished instrument used oft "by ladye fair, and maide of low degree." Our illustrations represent a needle in its various stages of progression: in noticing these, we shall attempt to describe the nature of the operations, in detail, as fully as the very limited space at our disposal will admit of. Brief as this must necessarily be, we trust that it may be worthy of a small corner—in keeping with the tiny article of which it treats—in the boudoir of the lady, or the little wall-nook or humble book-shelf of the peasant-girl's home

Needles, as all our readers are aware, are made of steel, the steel being made into thin wire, of a diameter proportionate to the fineness of the needles to be made. As the wire is brought to the factory in circular bundles, the first operation is untying them and cutting the wire into certain determinate lengths. A pair of shears, of rather large dimensions, are fixed to the wall of the cutting-shop, having the blades uppermost; one limb is fastened, the other is loose. The workman is provided with a gauge, by which the length of the wire to be cut off is determined. Uncoiling the bundle of wire, he puts the end into the gauge, and placing the series of wires forming the thickness of the coil between the blades of the shears, he presses against the loose limb with his thigh, and, by moving the coil up and down to assist the cutting action, he speedily severs the lengths from the coil. Proceeding thus, he cuts off a series of lengths till the coil is exhausted: out of one coil, he may thus obtain as many as 40,000 distinct wires. The coil being circular, it is evident that each individual wire must partake somewhat of its curvilinear shape; in fact, each is far from being straight. Fig. 1 is a *fac-simile* of the wire at this stage. As one

of the requisites of a needle is that it shall be straight, the next process is to straighten all the wires. Supposing two of the curved wires in Fig. 1 to be placed in the palm of one hand, and rubbed quickly, backwards and forwards, by the fingers of the other, a slight straightening would ensue; but, if the needles were removed to a hard flat surface, as a table, the operation would be much facilitated. If, however, a dozen or two of wires were to be placed on the table, and so kept as to lie close to one another, and then rubbed, the pieces, rolling one upon another, would soon be straightened, as the round part of one would roll upon the flat part of another, and thus, by the continuance of the process, the whole wires would be straightened. This is, in fact, the *rational* of the process carried on at this stage of the manufacture. Two rings of iron are provided, some three inches in diameter, half an inch broad, and the same thick; these are placed a distance apart, on a flat stone slab, some eighteen or twenty inches from the ground. The distance between the rings is such that, when the wires are placed within them, the ends are flush or even with the outer surfaces. Supposing a number of wires are placed thus, sufficient to fill the interior of the rings one-half of their diameter or so; the whole are fastened tightly in, and placed in a furnace and heated to a red heat. They are then taken out, placed on the slab, and the fastening removed, so that all the wires are free to move one upon another. The workman then takes a piece of curved iron, some inch and a half broad, and half an inch thick: he places the curved or convex side of this on the top row of wires between the rings, and, pressing forcibly by means of his hands at either end of the iron, works the rings briskly backwards and forwards on the slab. By this means the wires are kept rolling upon each other, and continually shifting their places, thus presenting a new portion of their surfaces to the action of their neighbors. The shifting of the wires may easily be ascertained by inserting a piece of cold wire, which, being black, is easily observable among its red neighbors. Near the bottom of the ring, in a few seconds it will be seen at the top, its course being distinctly traced, winding its eccentric way amongst the others. When cold, the wires are all straight, as shown in Fig. 2.

The next operation is the pointing. In order to save time, each wire is long enough to form two needles; each is therefore pointed at both ends, as seen in Fig. 3. The grindstones by which the wires are pointed are of small diameter, not more than ten or twelve inches, but they revolve at an immense velocity, the moving power being generally water-wheels. Each grinder sits on a low stool, in front of the grindstone, a small trough of water being placed before him. Taking up sixty or one hundred needles, according to their quality, he places them on the palm of the right hand, so that the ends project over the length of the forefinger. Next placing the left-hand fingers on those, the

thumb grasping the back of the right, he is enabled so to move the whole range of wires that they may rotate with ease on their axes, and yet without rolling over one another. He then applies the points of the wires to the rapidly revolving grindstone: if he held them always in one direction, the action of the stone would be such that the points would be beveled off like chisels; but by the fingers he makes them all to revolve, thus giving to each a gently tapering and perfectly round point. As the wires are apt to project unequally over the finger, thus presenting one wire longer than another to the grindstone, the workman every now and then strikes the points gently against an upright flat-faced piece of timber, somewhat in the same manner as a person shuffling a pack of cards makes them all even by knocking their ends upon the table. On the wires becoming red-hot, the workman dips them into the trough of water placed before him. A brilliant stream of fiery sparks is continually passing from the points. The matter thus evolved being inhaled into the lungs of the workmen, formerly rendered them a peculiarly short-lived race. The deleterious products are now, however, by the use of a powerful fan, drawn away from the zone of respiration as soon as they are produced. The trade is now as healthy as any other. The operation of grinding is exceedingly interesting; and presents an exemplification of the dexterity attainable by long practice in any one branch; but this remark is equally applicable to many other departments in the manufacture of needles. A good workman can point upwards of 10,000 in an hour. It is amusing to see the rapidity with which he will take up a handful of wires, point an end of them all, and turning them so as to present the other ends to the stone, lay them aside perfectly pointed at both ends.

The wires thus pointed are next taken to the "stamping shop," and here the wire first gains its approach to a needle. Each needle is to be rounded at the head, and have a hole made there, called the eye, as also an indented channel on each side, called the "gutter" of the head; the stamping makes the round form, and marks the place of the eye-hole. A wooden-framed stand, or table, is provided, with a massive anvil, on the upper surface of which is placed a die or design in intaglio, similar to that shown in Fig. 5; a weight is suspended by a rope over a pulley placed above the table, and plays between two vertical guides; the same design as in the die is made on the lower surface of the weight, but in relief, or protruding from the surface. The lower end of the rope sustaining this weight is provided with a stirrup, in which the workman can place his foot. Standing before the table, he takes a number of needles in his left hand, and with his right places each wire exactly in its centre on the lower anvil or die, and letting the weight drop suddenly, by raising his foot, the design is impressed on the centre of the wire, on both sides, as seen in Fig. 4. Fig. 5 is an enlarged view of the centre part of the wire. The round circles are the places through

which the eye-holes are to be punched; they are very slightly indented at this stage, merely enough to denote their situation. By depressing his foot, the workman lifts the weight, and places another wire on the die, allowing the weight to drop suddenly, as before: the impression is made, and the wire cast aside, to be replaced by another, and so on. So rapidly is the process gone through, that it is actually inducive of an optical deception. The workman takes each wire from his left hand, places it upon the die, withdraws it, and throws it aside to take up another, so very quickly, that a quick-eyed witness of the operation actually believes that it is but one and the same needle that the operator is moving out and in. Considerable nicety is required in the stamping, as each wire is to be placed so that it will be struck exactly on the centre; the chief guide to aid him is the eye; and so rapidly does he become aware of its being wrong-placed, that he arrests the fall of the weight at any particular point of its descent: indeed, the facility with which he can do this by the immediate action of the foot is not the least remarkable matter observable in this department.

The eye-holes are next to be punched. This operation is generally performed by little boys. A small screw-punch is used for this purpose. The lower end of the punch is provided with two projecting points placed at a distance from each other, exactly equal to that between the indentation formed in the wire, through which the eye-holes are to be made. The little operator, taking a number of the stamped wires, spreads them out like a fan, and placing each one on the centre of a small slab, brings down the upper slab, which makes the holes in the wire forming the eyes. This is a very nice operation, as the slightest misplacement of the wires, so that the centres were not in the right places, would involve the spoiling of each, from the punches passing through wrong places. To guide the operative, a small indentation is placed in the lower slab, or bed; into this the wire is placed: by means of this, a delicacy of touch, and a quickness of the eyesight, almost every wire is placed on the slab, and properly punched in the exact places.

Each of the wires has two moulded parts, gutters, and eye-holes in the centre; the next operation is the dividing of these so as to form two needles. Figures 6 and 7 show the needle in this stage previous to the dividing. Figure 7 is an enlarged view of the centre of Fig. 6. The first step in dividing the wires is what is termed "spitting," that is, passing a fine steel wire through the eyes of perhaps a hundred wires; as there are two eyes, there are also two wires; when they are all thus spitted, by bending them backwards and forwards between the hands, they are broken in the centre, one-half remaining on each wire. Before dividing them, however, the protuberances on either side, as seen in Figures 4, 5, 6, and 7, are filed off, by placing the wires (spitted) on a convex block, keeping them tight thereon by means of a leather band, while the

workman uses a smooth file. When broken, each needle has a square head, as in Fig. 8. It is nicely moulded by means of a very small grindstone, as seen in Fig. 9.

We have thus far traced our piece of wire to a very respectable-looking needle; but, much as it would be prized by a savage, it is by no means fit for use in civilized countries; to make it so, it has to undergo many processes: these we shall attempt to describe very briefly. The needle, at the stage we have arrived at, is so soft that it can be bent between the fingers as easily as a piece of lead of the same diameter. They therefore require to be hardened. Previous to the hardening, the "soft-straightening" is to be gone through. This operation is meant to restore the straightness of each needle, lost by the repeated processes which it has gone through, as "pointing," "stamping," &c. The "soft-straightening" is simple. The operative sits at a bench having a flat surface. Placing the needles parallel to one another on this, he presses a convex piece of iron on each of the needles, rolling it over and over, until it is straightened. So quickly is the operation effected, that a good workman may straighten upwards of three thousand needles in an hour. The straightened needles are then hardened by being heated to redness in an oven or furnace, and suddenly plunged into cold water or oil. This makes them so brittle that they can be broken as easily as glass. They require, therefore, to be "tempered." This is effected by placing them on a hot plate, and moving them about so as to present each needle in succession to the action of the plate. As soon as they have all acquired a particular color, they are removed. When cold, they are then beautifully elastic. As they are, however, slightly distorted by the action of the heat, each needle is straightened by giving it a tiny blow with a tiny hammer on a small steel anvil. This process is necessarily tedious. It is called the "hard-straightening."

The needles, though now properly tempered, are still rough and unpolished on their surface: to obviate this, and make them bright, is the next of the series of operations. The process is termed the "scouring." A strip of canvas is laid on the table, and an immense number of needles are placed on this, all parallel to one another; a pretty large allowance of soft soap, sweet oil, and powdered stone found in the neighborhood of Redditch, is then placed over them, and the whole tightly wrapped and corded up into a shape as seen in Figure 10. A considerable number of these bundles being prepared, they are placed beneath a moving table of wood, working to and fro in a wooden bed. The needles by this means are rubbed one against another, until, in process of time, they are smoothed and partly polished on their surface. After being subjected to the action of this machine, the rolls are untied, and the needles washed; they are then replaced in the canvas, and tied up with a fresh supply of soft soap, oil, and emery, and subjected to the

action of the scouring machine. This is repeated several times, till they are perfectly smooth. After being washed for the last time, the needles are placed among some dry sawdust, and worked to and fro in a peculiarly-shaped copper tray till they are all perfectly dry. At this stage, a very curious operation is observable: the needles being mixed up with the sawdust, it becomes a matter of importance to separate them with rapidity; this is effected in a manner as simple as it is effectual. The tray in which the needles and sawdust are placed tapers up to an edge, which has no margin, thus affording a place over which matters can pass without obstruction. The workman moving the tray rather rapidly up and down, causes the needles and sawdust to approach the edge: the sawdust being lightest, flies off, the needles remain; but such is the dexterity of the workman that, although the needles are seen glancing half over the edge, still it is an exceedingly rare occurrence for one to pass completely over: thus, in less time than we have taken to write the above half a dozen lines, the workman can separate thousands of needles from their attendant sawdust. As may be supposed, the needles, from this rough proceeding, are lying in all imaginable positions. To make them parallel to one another is the next operation. This is easily effected by placing them in an oblong tin tray, and giving it a peculiar shake; in a remarkably short space of time some thousands are parallelized. But, although they are parallel to one another, still they are wrongly situated for subsequent operations—the head of one may be next to the point of another; it is necessary that the heads of all should lie one way, the points another. To attempt to do this by singling out each individual needle, would be a hopeless task where millions have to be operated upon. By a very simple contrivance—we may say machine, for it saves labor—the operation is effected most rapidly. A small piece of linen rag is wrapped round the forefinger of the operative, and, placing a few thousands of the parallelized needles before her on the table, she passes the covered finger along one side of the heap, the finger of the other hand on the other side; the needles having their points at one side stick into the linen rag; these are placed by themselves. In this way all the needles with their heads lying one way are left by themselves.

The next operation is "drilling" the eyes. From the nature of the operation of "punching," the holes are rather rough and uneven: it is to remove this, and to countersink the holes, so that the sharp edges may be taken off, that the operation of drilling is gone through. As the needles by this time are hard, they have to be softened by the application of heat, so that the drill may not be spoiled by the hard metal. For this purpose, a number of needles are placed on a bar of iron, with their heads projecting over the edge a short distance: these are then applied to a red-hot bar, which reduces the temper of

the needles, causing the head to assume a beautiful ly blue color: this process is called the "bluing." A number of the blued needles are next taken by the driller—generally a little girl—and placed behind a flat steel bar, with their heads projecting slightly above its upper edge. The operative sits exactly in front of a little drilling-lathe, in which a small drill is placed, and made to revolve rapidly. The needles are brought one by one before the point of the drill: the drill not only cleans out the eye, making it internally smooth, but it also countersinks the outer edge of each. Some idea of the extreme nicety of the operation may be obtained, when it is remembered that the variation of a hair's breadth, in the presenting of the eye of the needle to the point of the drill, would result in the complete spoiling of the article; yet such is the amazing rapidity with which the drilling proceeds, that a dozen will be drilled in as many seconds: in fact, it is difficult to believe, on first witnessing the operation, that the needles are really drilled.

The needles are then taken to the poli-hing-room, where they are beautifully polished by being held to the periphery of revolving wheels, covered with buff leather. The needles are taken up in a dozen or so at a time, and first held by the points and the upper ends, then by the heads and the pointed ends: the whole surface of each needle is thus rapidly polished. They are next counted and put up in little blue papers, twenty-five in each, labeled, and tied up in bundles for sale. We have thus briefly traced the manufacture of a needle from its rough state to its final condition. As an instance of the many processes through which a needle of the best quality goes, we here append a list of them:—

- 1, wire received; 2, weighed; 3, gauged; 4, cut; 5, rubbed; 6, counted; 7, pointed at first end; 8, washed; 9, cut back; 10, pointed at last end; 11, examined; 12, counted; 13, washed; 14, weighed; 15, annealed; 16, stamped; 17, pressed; 18, spitted; 19, filed; 20, broken; 21, heads filed; 22, oil burnt off; 23, soft-straightened; 24, evened; 25, counted; 26, hardened; 27, evened; 28, strappet; 29, tempered; 30, weighed; 31, examined; 32, picked for crooks; 33, hard-straightened; 34, counted; 35, scoured with seven emeries, washed and evened between each; 36, washed and dried; 37, weighed; 38, evened; 39, headed; 40, weighed; 41, ground (at points); 42, weighed; 43, scoured again with one more emery, and glazed; 44, weighed; 45, washed and dried; 46, weighed; 47, evened; 48, headed; 49, picked for waste and broken points, flecked, and crooked; 50, weighed by count; 51, set; 52, examined; 53, weighed for drillers; 54, blued; 55, drilled; 56, rubbed; 57, weighed from drilling; 58, examined; 59, rounded by finishing; 60, finished once; 61, rubbed; 62, finished again; 63, rubbed; 64, examined; 65, counted in twenty-fives; 66, papered; 67, labeled; 68, tied up; 69, collected; 70, packed up.

MY ENGAGEMENT.

BY D——.

WHAT a glorious, airy, light hearted creature I should be! and more, what a free and easy, happy fellow I am!—and so I ought to be, I'm sure; indeed, I think I am! Yes! there can be no doubt of that, for everybody says I am, and of course to disappoint everybody, by a direct and wilful appearance or thought to the contrary, would be stamped as the last extremity of obstinacy, and as a capital offence against the sacred institution of public opinion.

I am engaged!

It is so odd. The sensation is so indescribable! perhaps funny would be the better word with which to christen my feelings, which are continually overpowering me like a restive horse, by getting the bit, like my thoughts, into his mouth, running away with me through an inexplicable and tangled-up maze of something indistinctly happy in the future, and finally disposing of me by throwing me over his head into a dry pond of sober muddy matter of fact. An acute realization of the gross and plodding earthiness of our natures, not by any means a pleasing substitute for the etherial bricks and mortar palaces built up previously in my dreamy wakefulness.

Everybody appears to look at me, as if I was somebody else, and not at all in my own proper form, but bought and paid for, and dearly sold at the price. Indeed, I am constantly convicting myself of identifying a double with my future career, by reckoning up expenses for two adults instead of one, multiplying boarding and washing bills by two, working out economical plans of housekeeping, and calculating mysterious sundries (never heard of before in my singleness, but which will suggest themselves now), by every rule in or out of the arithmetic. I find myself growing very curious about the probable cost of dressing a woman up for the period of twelve months, and rush at the conclusion that shaving at your barber's is a luxury easily to be dispensed with, and the money better applied, with a few, a very few, dollars added (a box of cigars less in the year), to the purchase of a summer shot silk, or a crape shawl, or a winter drawn bonnet for the double previously referred to. This double of myself creeps upon my thoughts everywhere, and at all times. No place has a charm to free me from its influence. It is the tangible echo I hear, see, ay, and feel in every act or part of my daily life. It is the shadow of my existence, but a shadow to me all sunshine, and a light of new hope, breaking through and clearing away the clouds of the weary and graceless past. And as I thus am, a chastening tone, a permanent one, I hope, comes

soothingly over this new being of mine, and I walk on, a prouder and happier man, among my kind.

How came this change about? I am engaged!

It is settled, and from the muster roll of jolly, rollicking bachelors (what libelous titles, I think, now!) I am expunged; yet with the commiseration of the entire body, who feel sorry that I should have thrown myself away, after all the awful examples I ought to have profited by, but give me their best wishes for all that, with a powerful side hint about inviting them to the wedding, which they are pleased to style as the sacrifice of the stray lamb. They malignantly attempt to destroy my nervous system, by saying that "marriage is a dreadful speculation, much worse than investing in steamboats, or touching flour; some men have made the thing pay, but, as a general rule, it was much safer to stand from under." And so they go on, but it does not continue with me long. I am (my single self) generally conceded to be in the past tense. I feel of the plural number very strongly indeed, and possess the active knowledge of having done something which has produced this change, of being in a chrysalis state, and of being about to change into some other mysterious creation, about which I have an immense amount of curiosity, but no fear at all.

Effie is the name of the double. I think it a fond name; but then everybody under an engagement thinks the same, so that it goes for nothing. Effie is not handsome, that is, she is not as the world of criticism would style handsome, and I am almost selfish enough to prize her the more highly for it. But then her beauty is grafted upon her heart, in her trusting faithfulness, and her abiding love. Effie is the double, my other self, and we are engaged! None ever think now of saying, "Call in and see us some evening," without tacking on to the end of it, "and bring Effie with you." Effie is identified with me in all. She is worked up into the very dough of my daily crust.

I have been away from town for a few weeks, and everybody seems changed. In that time (there being an understanding of a long engagement between Effie and myself) Effie's mother has been informed of the fact, and has thawed considerably; indeed my life, before I went away, might be said to have been thoroughly frozen over, save in one green and sunny spot of perpetual summer, and, in short, that I was vegetating in a Lapland winter of rigid, supercilious, constrained courtesy, relieved periodically by sharp north-westerners of cloudy looks. In these Lapland times there had been a short, stout young man, with an unlawful display of highly

starched shirt, ruled with red stripes, like a ledger, who was once my friend, and then my rival. He was rich, or would be, and on this contrived to leave me alone without a friend to back my suit. All went over to him, and so tried to crush down and mar my existing happiness as to do nothing, in their shallowness, more than to bind Effie closer to me, and excite my pride, which, as it fed and fattened upon their opposition, was all sufficient of itself to shatter their idle intrigues.

But I am engaged to be married now, and I feel softened to all; for Effie says, gently, that "I ought to feel so," and I know her to be right. This feeling extends to the short, stout young man in the ledger-ruled shirt, though in all probability we shall never become reconciled by speech, and I have an idea that, like myself, he does not wish it. He still calls on Effie's mother, to inquire after her health, as he says; but I know the poor fellow's chief charm is that which circles around my Effie. My Effie! What a happy possessive feeling is conveyed in those two words! The old room is still thronged at night. We were a merry set who used to meet in that warm, cozy parlor, before the spirit of marriage crept into our thoughts and divided us; when Effie's laugh would ring up the echoes from every corner, and animate us with her joyfulness without preference! Those were happy days and evenings, but the presiding fairy of the ring will soon be missing in her accustomed place.

* * * * *

We are sitting in the pleasant old chamber, Effie and I, alone. Her hand is resting fondly on mine, yet not so but that she can take it away quickly when the door opens; for, although we are engaged, the modest blood mounts as thought to her forehead at a hint of it from a stranger. She has not yet got quite used to it. She is looking up earnestly, but not sorrowfully, in my face, for I am speaking seriously.

"Effie, how strangely, how almost foolishly we began to love!"

"No, not foolishly. Is it folly to love me? You shall not say foolishness," she interrupts me with.

"Without thinking," I continue, "that we were not rich enough in the world to marry."

"Rich enough in our own love, which will never change," she answers.

I say that "such reads very well in poetry, but the wealth held in such sentiments cannot be transferred as good deposit to the bankers." I then tell her that all I have to depend upon is my salary for the present, whatever may be in the future. Then, after she has pressed my hand, and leaned over to let me kiss her, thinking only of the present, and wanting no other banker than me, where she can present her lips as notes for hard cash in kisses, I go on. I put down, quite methodically, the amount of my salary, and very imposing and great it looks in figures, which is much more than it ever did to me in the hard material, always having had the happy knack of being ahead of my account at the

year's end. From this, I deduct the boarding for two, and the mysterious sundries, which Effie agrees to with a half-smothered smile; this done, we discover that we have a surplus, not a large amount, to be sure, but still quite a respectable sum for contingencies, as Effie remarks with such a wonderful air of confidence as makes me feel prouder of her than ever.

As I said before, people have changed since my return; some are the same, but these are few, who evidently wish I had never returned, for which kindness of course I am profoundly grateful. But then, I don't care for them, and I let them see it. Effie and I are left alone now, and, as we are sitting together, people, as they enter, slide across the carpet for anything they may want, moving like mysterious and quiet spirits, diving into corners with studied abstraction, to rush impetuously out by the door afterwards, in a manner which was at first alarming from its utter novelty, but which is perfectly agreeable now, and very delicate, as I think. No more notice is taken of us than if we were the offspring of the invisible boy and girl, enjoying the attributes of our parents. No! we are there as a matter of course, and, being there, have as much right to be studiously undisturbed as anything most sacred among the household furniture, or the family Bible, which has never been opened since a patriarch of the tribe, aged one hundred and four years, departed this land for a better, some five years since. In the matter of births, Effie's family has left off business so long that the record has slightly paled. It seems to be perfectly understood that we are arranging little matters, though what little matters are so arranged, and to what extent, I never could perfectly satisfy myself. It is a glorious privilege, however, and comes particularly sweet and welcome to me after the iciness of my earlier wooing.

As we thus sit to talk for hours, and happy listening hours they are to both, we indulge in visionary creations; and they speak to us of joy and a straight path onwards. Who may blame us? It is happiness to escape from the trammels which bind us down to life, to soar above, where, if fancy does delude us sometimes, she well repays us by the passing forgetfulness of self.

Effie is continually recounting the glories of, and has a painfully retentive memory connected with, the future of a married sister with large handsome black eyes. She is a walking inventory of the whole stock, and I have a dreadful impression that she has got it written out somewhere, and carefully studies it, with an ultimate view to a fac-simile establishment. I may be wrong, but I have a fearful presentiment that it is so. Effie's account at times is so glowing, so rapturous in describing the immense advantages of certain articles over others, to say nothing of the saving by having them, and how tasteful, indeed elegant, they look, that she only pauses when I can no longer control a laugh at her mahogany mania. The apartments of the black-eyed sister are represented as so truly magnificent,

that I am half inclined, sometimes, to confound it with a fabulous temple or castle of the past ages, and transform the black-eyed sister into a fair young virgin torn ruthlessly from her mother's arms by a grim ogre, ultimately changed into a handsome young prince. It is something so amazing, with its hundred little things in detail, as only to be looked on admiringly at a safe distance by my plodding self, and not at all a place to trust myself in without great personal danger. I feel that. It causes me to think of my perspective brother-in-law as a Cæsus, or as of one who has drawn an immense prize in a lottery, or as having a secret and inexhaustible mine somewhere in the bowels of the earth, unknown to mortal. In short, a thousand fancies connected with those rooms flit before my confined vision. But, however much I reflect, I still listen, and it pleases Effie; and, though perhaps a smile will steal over my features, in very spite, as she rattles merrily on. I listen still, and believe devoutly, as she would have me do, in the establishment of the black-eyed sister.

Sometimes I look serious, as in one instance when I doubted the absolute necessity of a writing-chair covered with red velvet. Then Effie slyly pouts her plump little lips for a moment, only for a moment though, for I press them gently down with my finger in that time, which so changes the pout into a glad bright smile, as to make it seem almost impossible she should ever look otherwise, it sits so well upon her.

She says she knows I think her extravagant, but she is not, and is not telling me about all those fine things because she wants them. No! I ought to know she would be content with what I chose, and I must not think so any more, to make her unhappy.

And then—I don't know why, except to spoil her the more—I look at the door, and, hearing nobody outside, kiss her, which seems to square all old accounts very satisfactorily, and we proceed to open a new one forthwith.

Again, but not so frequently as of the others, and I don't know why, we speak of another sister and her husband, who live in the country, and of their happiness. And Effie, if she has received a letter from her, takes it from the desk to read to me, where she says that she is so purely happy in her husband and her rural home; and that her love is so increasing that, if it so continues, in a few years she will not be able to tell how much she will love him. This sister (I call her "Star," because of the brightness of her eyes—good eyes are an inheritance in Effie's family) and her husband were all of the family that stood by me in friendship in my love days, and I am grateful, and like to talk of them.

And we speak of their home, and Effie tells me that "Star's" furniture did not cost, oh! not near so much as that of the handsome black-eyed sister. But then, in answer to my question, she says it looks almost as well, and is so tastefully arranged, and so neatly kept, that it looks for all the world like a little fairy home, and "Star," the good spirit, always

busling about to set everything to rights. Then I say—

"Yes! Effie; and, believe me, the best spirit this world produces is such a wife as 'Star.' The good spirit who brings peace to her husband's hearth, confiding happiness to his heart, and a trust in goodness unto death."

We are both silent for a minute, and I think I see a tear, quite a little twinkling tear, trickle down over her cheek, before I feel it plash upon my hand, and she looks up tearfully, yet smilingly, and murmurs, as she nestles her head upon my breast—

"Let us pray to God that we too may have that happiness."

"Amen!" I reply, and after a time of communicative silence, we try to think of something else.

* * * * *

For some time past Effie has been busy in her attentions to numerous rolls of fine linen and muslin, by which I infer that she is thinking of our engagement in a very serious and grave light indeed. But when I enter on my nightly visit, it is a subject of general remark, at which Effie of course colors up very redly, that a greater portion of the attention due to the linen is transferred to me, and that a subdued *tit-a-tit* over the backgammon board has far more charms than the mysteries of the cross stitch or plain hemming. When the handsome sister comes in, as she does often in the afternoon, we are very chatty, but rather stiff withal, for we both remember the past. Her husband also comes, and we meet in the streets, but we never speak, for we too remember well the past, and cannot forget it if we would. Effie says she wishes we were friends, and I tell her "so we shall be some day; the best." But this does not satisfy her, although I find it impossible as yet to change my feelings to one who had been the most opposing of all, when he should not have been, and the firmest and most powerful friend of the short stout young man. This I say to her mildly, for on it I am firm. And Effie, seeing me determined, and, for all my mildness, somewhat flushed, does not reply for some seconds, but then gently whispers that we two men are too proud, and that we ought to be reconciled as brothers; upon which, I mentally ejaculate—curse his pride—but promise, as I mean, to bear good peaceable relations to all. So that is dismissed.

There is another man, so curiously mixed up with our engagement that sometimes I find it impossible to tear him away from the web which it has woven about all who knew us, and were of our daily communion, that I look upon him almost as a part and parcel of it. He was also against me, and on the side of the short stout individual; but now I hear from Effie that he wishes to renew old associations.

We never passed a word of anger, and yet we cooled, became estranged, and so parted. But he is coming over with the others. Let them come! Against them all, alone, I won the prize I played for, and the warm blood, almost boiling as I write now, pushes ever to my head as I exult in my victory.

It was a triumph well worthy to be connected with Effie, and I feel now, stronger than ever, how unworthy in comparison is my affection to hers, which outlived their united persecutions.

I am digressing.

This man I had always liked. I admired him. He was superior to all the men I knew most intimately, and I would dwell in my thoughts upon his arguments as a wrecker watches every wave for waifs. I think he knew this. In the evenings, since our coolness sprung up, I have caught him smiling when I turned round quickly, and at other times, when I have spoken, I have detected him looking at me not unkindly. He is a man of vast information, and has been a mystery to me, for a long time, who cannot remember anything. It very often occurs to me, I know it is sheer nonsense, and yet it does suggest itself, that he has a familiar imp, crammed with an entire encyclopedia of knowledge, constantly in attendance upon him. Viewing him as the friend of my opponent, the short stout man, I look upon him as a prize fighter may look upon the bottle-holder of his defeated adversary—a part of the fight, a negative principal forced into the ring, with the misfortune of wearing the losing man's colors.

* * * * *

It is morning—a pert, biting, snappish winter's morning. Everything is great-coated and comforted, except the poor (God help them!); even the houses are hiding in wrappings of snow. Effie, and I, and he (the Cyclopædia) are sitting by the stove. Cyclopædia and I entered together, but he yielded the reserved seat by Effie. She is forming some hieroglyphical characters of white silk braid upon a little flannel, something not unlike, in form, to a watchman's coat cut down to the smallest possible dimensions, but which, upon inquiry, I find to be a "Jenny Lind night-cap" for the black-eyed sister.

I say Oh! and think that the family Bible, honorably mentioned before, may soon have a pen and ink addition to the register. The Cyclopædia grins behind the book he is pretending to read, and I flatly refuse to believe in the night-cap.

Then Effie says, with much subdued laughing, hidden by her handkerchief, and some enticing little pouts, that I ought to be ashamed of myself (as of course I am immediately), and threatens the heaviest punishment, at which the Cyclopædia grins again.

Effie commences again on her cabalistic figurings in silence, and I fall into a sweet reverie. I look at her there, and picture out boldly, on the canvases of my thoughts, a bright harmonious landscape of the hopeful future, peering, as I do so, so far into the perspective hereafter, as to trace the softened, warm, and mellow tints which might grace our old age, so that we might re-read the history of our earlier life, and say, with heartfelt reverence, that we had continued to love, and that our love had not been a silly conceit.

He is yet by the stove, looking upon the book, not

reading it. Occasionally I feel him snatching hurried glimpses at my face. I know he is trying to follow my thoughts, but I have had my dream out, and I could defy Lavater.

Effie touches me gently with her foot, and looks almost imploringly from me to him. I reflect for a moment. I know the meeting has been arranged, and half dislike the contrivance; but then I think again that he has been very kind to Effie while I was away. I rise from my seat, and holding out my hand to him, cross over to where he is sitting, and say—

"We have too long been separated in that good feeling which should exist between us; let all be forgotten, and let our hands join on a new friend ship."

"Not on a new," he says; "no, on the old friendship let us join our hands. Not on a new, for I have always felt warmly towards you, and have earnestly regretted the estrangement."

Then Effie, half crying for very joy, joins us, and says she is so happy; which she proves directly after, by engaging vigorously in the pleasant hand-shaking. We all ask questions, and give answers in a breath, and present a triangle of involuntary motion, not at all singular in appearance to ourselves, but presenting doubtless an eccentric spectacle to anybody else, especially to the short stout young man, who happens to call in incidentally, and who, as he opens the door unexpectedly, and finding the opportunity not favorable to a quartette, disappears very suddenly indeed.

Cyclopædia looks significantly at Effie, but not at me, for he possesses feelings too acute to make light of the heart's best impulses: so the short stout young man is not spoken of, but is respected. Even I am compelled to respect him, for is not his offence, in my eyes, that which has brought me my chief happiness, a love of Effie? But then I won't say, there's the difference.

Before we sit down, Effie's mother comes in, all mottled with the cold, but fresh and healthy from the keen frosty air, and after thoroughly warming herself by the stove, joins with us in hoping that all is over, and that old friends may once more be old friends, so to continue. Then, leaving the room for a few minutes, she returns softly with a happy smile on her pleasant good face, and a detachment of curious small glasses, guarding a welcome bottle of her nonpareil cordial, only brought out on great occasions. And is this not one? she thinks. The cordial is discussed and praised, as it deserves to be; and Effie insinuates, slyly, that she has been learning to make it, which of course incites a great deal of merriment about her apprenticeship to housekeeping. Thus we laugh and jest about others, as well as ourselves, and sit there, a very merry group, all the morning.

Thus, I am engaged! Everything conspires to whisper assurances of good fortune to my hopes. When I shall be married, having received the consent of her mother, or when Effie expects to be

taken home to the little palace we are continually furnishing and peopling with our two expectant little selves, I know not. Whenever I am ready, Effie says. But this I know, that, through all my waking and dreaming moments; in my visitations of despondency, for I have these too; in my moments of sanguine expectation, I feel the spirit of Effie with me. It entwines round my heart as a protecting angel might will it so, and urge me on to increased exertion for her sake. It comes upon me most strongly

as I lay down upon my bed at night stillness. Its influence works there upon my soul with its unallied holiness; and, as I sink deep into the pillow before sleep steals over me with its heavy pressings, I believe that I have obeyed the mandate of the God-head, in assuming the responsibility which every man should; and I murmur with her name a prayer, that I may to the end of my life act honorably up to my good resolves.

THE PIONEER MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CATHARINE SEVIER.*

THE first advances of the English into the great valley of the Mississippi were across rugged mountains and through unbroken wilds, few or none going by the way of the Lakes or the Gulf till the present century. Pioneer parties came from Virginia and North Carolina at irregular intervals from 1565 to 1769, forming "settlements," "camps," and "stations," in what is now East Tennessee. Some of the earliest emigrants were from Raleigh and Salisbury, in North Carolina, and settled first upon the Watauga River. In one of these parties from the Yadkin River came Samuel Sherrill, with his family, consisting of several sons and two daughters. One of these daughters, Susan, married Col. Taylor, a gentleman of considerable distinction; the other, Catharine, became the second wife of Gen. Sevier, and is the subject of this memoir. Mr. Sherrill's residence was finally upon the Nola Chucka, and known as the Daisy Fields. He was a tiller of the soil, a hard-working man, and "well to do in the world" for an emigrant of that day; but he was also skilled in the use of the rifle, so that it could be said, "Sherrill can make as much out of the ground and out of the woods as any other man. He has a hand and eye to his work; a hand, an eye, and an ear for the Indian and the game."

Buffalo, deer, and wild turkeys came around the tents and cabins of those "first settlers." A providence was in this that some of them recognized with thankfulness. These settlements encroached upon the rights and hunting-grounds of the natives;

and although some had been established and permitted to remain quite undisturbed for several years, yet when Capt. James Robertson arrived from Virginia, in 1772, with a large party of emigrants, and selected lands on the Watauga, he endeavored to secure an occupation with the approbation of the Indians; therefore he effected a "lease" from the Cherokees of all the lands on the river and its tributaries for eight years.

Jacob Brown, with his family and friends, arrived from North Carolina about the same time with the Sherrills, and these two families became connected by intermarriages with the Seviars, and ever remained faithful to each other through all the hostile and civil commotions of subsequent years.

The family of Seviars came among the very earliest emigrants from Virginia, and aided in the erection of the first fort on the Watauga.*

With few exceptions, these emigrants had in view the acquisition of rich land for cultivation and inheritance. Some, indeed, were there, or came, who were absconding debtors or refugees from justice, and from this class were the Tories of North Carolina mostly enlisted.

The spirit of the hunter and pioneer cannot well content itself in permanent location, especially when the crack of a neighbor's rifle, or the blast of his hunting-horn, may be heard by his quick ear; therefore did these advanced guards often change their homes when others crowded them at miles distance.

It must be remembered that these advances into the wilderness could only be made by degrees, step by step, through years of tedious waiting and toilsome preparation. And thus, though they had a "lease" from the Indians, a foothold in the soil, stations of defence, and evidently had taken a bond of fate, assuring them in the prospect of rich in-

* The following memoir of the wife of one of the most distinguished among the pioneers of the West, was written by A. W. Putnam, Esq., of Nashville, at the request of Mrs. Ellet, for another volume of "Women of the American Revolution." Mr. Putnam was personally acquainted with Mrs. Sevier, and has received additional information by letters from her children and acquaintances, and from other authentic sources. The sketch was read, previously to publication, before the Historical Society of Tennessee, and received with high approbation.

* Valentine Xavier (the original family name), the father of John Sevier, was a descendant from an ancient family in France, but born in London, England; emigrated to America; settled on the Shenandoah, Va.; thence to Watauga, N. C.; and finally settled on the Nola Chucka, at Plum Grove.

heritances for their children, they could not all abide while the great West and greater Future invited onward.

Richer lands, larger herds of buffaloes, more deer, and withal as many Indians were in the distance, upon the Cumberland and Kentucky Rivers. The emigrants advanced, and they "took no steps backwards." In a few years they were found organizing "provisional governments" upon the "dark and bloody ground" of Kentucky, and at the Bluffs, the site of the beautiful capital of Tennessee. And these Watauga and Nola Chucka pioneers are the leading spirits throughout.

In the first Cherokee war of 1776, the early settlements were in great danger of being destroyed. The prowling savages picked off the emigrants in detail, and, though somewhat successful in these aims, they resolved to attack the settlements and stations at different points on the same day—in June, 1776. But they were so defeated in the battles of Long Island, and at the Island Flats, on the Holston, and in their attack and siege of the Watauga Fort, that a happy change was wrought, and hopes of quiet were encouraged.

The attack on the latter station was conducted by an experienced Indian chief, Old Abraham, of the Chilhowee Mountain region. This was a fierce attack, but the fort fortunately held within it two of the most resolute men who have ever touched the soil of Tennessee, and to whom East and Middle Tennessee were subsequently more indebted than to any other men who have ever lived—James Robertson and John Sevier—they having then no higher titles than captains. Some thirty men were under their command or direction.

The approach of the Indians had been stealthy, and the first alarm was given by the flight and screams of some females, who were closely pursued by the Indians in large force. One of the women was killed, and one or two captured. In this party of females was Miss Catharine Sherrill, daughter of Mr. Saml. Sherrill, who had moved into the fort only on the day previous.

Miss Sherrill was already somewhat distinguished for nerve, action, and fleetness. Although at other times she proved herself to "know no fear," and could remain unmoved when danger threatened, yet on this occasion she admits that she did run, and "run her best."

She was very tall and erect, and her whole appearance such as to attract the especial notice and pursuit of the Indians; and as they intercepted the direct path to the gate of the fort, she made a circuit to reach its enclosures on another side, resolved, as she said, "to scale the walls or palisades." In this effort, some person within the defences attempted to aid, but his foot slipped, or the object on which he was standing gave way, and both fell to the ground on opposite sides of the enclosure. The savages were coming with all speed, and firing and shooting arrows repeatedly. Indeed, she said, "the bullets and arrows came like hail. It was now—

leap the wall or die! for I would not live a captive." She recovered from the fall, and in a moment was over and within the defences, and "by the side of one in uniform."

This was none other than Capt. John Sevier, and the first time she ever saw him. This was the beginning of an acquaintance destined in a few years to ripen into a happy union, and to endure in this life for near forty years. "The way she run and jumped on that occasion was often the subject of remark, commendation, and laughter."

In after life, she looked upon this *introduction*, and the *manner* of it, as a providential indication of their adaptation to each other—that they were destined to be of mutual help in future dangers, and to overcome obstacles in time to come. And she always deemed herself safe when by his side. Many a time did she say: "I could gladly undergo that peril and effort again to fall into his arms, and feel so out of danger. But then," she would add, "it was all of God's good providence."

Capt. Sevier was then a married man, his wife and younger children not having yet arrived from Virginia.

In 1777, Capt. Sevier received a commission from the State of North Carolina, and was thus decidedly enlisted in the cause of American independence; and, not long after this, he was honored with the commission of colonel, bearing the signature of George Washington.

In 1779, his wife died, leaving him ten children. Several of the eldest were sons, who had come with their father to gain and improve a home in the wilderness. They were trained to arms and to labor. He had selected land on Watauga and Nola Chucka, his chosen residence being on the latter stream, and for many years known as Plum Grove. His first wife's name was Susan Hawkins, of Virginia.

In the year 1780, Miss Sherrill and Col. Sevier were married, and she devoted herself earnestly to all the duties of her station, and to meet the exigencies of the times. It may well be supposed that females spun, wove, and made up most of the clothes worn by these backwoods people. Girls were as well skilled in these arts as were the boys in such as more appropriately belonged to their sphere and strength.

Not long after the marriage, Col. Sevier was called to the duty of raising troops to meet the invasion of the interior of North Carolina, under Tarleton, Ferguson, and other British officers. Preparations were hastily made, and the various forces assembled which fought the important battle of King's Mountain. Col. Sevier had three sons and one brother in that engagement. This "favorite brother, Joseph, was killed, and one son wounded." These sons were then between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one. Boys were early taught to use the rifle with skill. This was the formidable weapon in pursuit of game, and in all the Indian wars.

It was always a source of much gratification to Mrs. Sevier, and one of which she fondly boasted, that "among the first work she did after her marriage, was to make the clothes which her husband and three sons wore the day they were in the memorable and important battle of King's Mountain." And she would say: "Had his ten children been sons, and large enough to have served in that expedition, I could have fitted them out."*

In the course of years, Mrs. Sevier became the mother of eight children, three sons and five daughters; and thus Gen. Sevier was the father of eighteen children, all of whom maintained good characters, were "given to hospitality," lived comfortably and usefully, although none of them acquired great wealth.

Mrs. Sevier was often left alone to manage domestic affairs, not only within doors, but without.

The life of Col. Sevier was one of incessant action, adventure, and contest. The calls of his fellow-citizens, and the necessities of the times, withdrew him frequently from home. The history of the Indian wars of East Tennessee, of the settlement of the country, and of the organization of the State Government, is the record of the deeds of his life. No commander was more frequently engaged in conflicts with the Indians with equal success and such small loss of his men. And yet it is a notable fact that he enjoyed, to a remarkable extent, the respect of the tribes and chiefs with whom he contended. It is a known historical fact that he had taken to his own home, on the Chucca, a number of Indian prisoners, where they were treated with so much kindness by his wife and family that several of them remained for years, although they performed very little work, and this wholly at their option. The influence of Mrs. Sevier was intentionally and happily exerted upon these captives, that it might tell, as it did, upon their friends within "the nation;" and the family, no doubt, enjoyed more protection than otherwise they could have expected.

Col. Sevier acquired a sobriquet among the Indians, which was some evidence of their familiarity with and attachment to him, and probably of advantage. As long as he lived they called him "Chucca Jack." They had one for Mrs. Sevier also, which is now not remembered.

The Tories were the worst enemies, and perpetrated more damage to Col. Sevier's property than did ever the Indians; and from them Mrs. Sevier had repeatedly to hide most of her small stock of household articles. She usually remained at the farm, and never would consent to be shut up in a blockhouse, always saying—

"The wife of John Sevier
Knows no fear."

"I neither skulk from duty nor from danger."

And we believe this was emphatically true. We have seen her in advanced age—tall in stature, erect in person, stately in walk, with small, piercing, blue eyes, raven locks, a Roman nose, and firmness unmistakable in her mouth and every feature.

She was able to teach her children in the exercises conducive to health and usefulness, to nerve, and to action. Few could outrun her, or leap to greater distance, and none could, with equal grace and facility, placing the hand upon the mane of a spirited horse, and standing by his side, seat herself upon his back or in the saddle. She had the appearance and used the language of independence, haughtiness, and authority, and she never entirely laid these aside. Yet was not her pride offensive, nor her words or demeanor intended heedlessly to wound.

It could be said of her, without any question, that she "reverenced her husband," and she instilled the same Scriptural sentiment into the minds of his children. The very high respect and deference which one of her dignified appearance ever paid to him, no doubt had a favorable influence upon others; for, though he was a man of remarkable elegance of person, air, and address, and of popular attraction, yet it must be confessed that she contributed much to all these traits, and to his usefulness and zeal in public service. She relieved him of his cares at home, and applauded his devotion to the service of the people.

Her reply to those who urged her "to fort," or to take protection in one of the stations, was, "I would as soon die by the tomahawk and scalping-knife as by famine! I put my trust in that power which rules the armies of Heaven, and among men on the earth. I know my husband has an eye and an arm for the Indians and the Tories who would harm us, and though he is gone often, and for weeks at a time, he comes home when I least expect him, but always covered with laurels. * * If God protects him whom duty calls into danger, so will He those who trust in Him and stand at their post. * * Who would stay out if his family *forted*?"

This was the spirit of the heroine—this was the spirit of Catharine Sevier. Neither she nor her husband seemed to think there could be danger or loss when they could encourage or aid others to daring, and to duty, and to usefulness.

Col. Sevier at one time advised her to go into the fort, but yielded to her respectful remonstrance.

"At one time the Tories came to her house and demanded her husband's whereabouts, and finally avowed their intention was to hang him on the highest tree in front of his house; but that if she would tell them where he was, she and her children should be safe." Of course she refused to give them the information.

One man drew a pistol and threatened to blow

* The private orderly, or memorandum-book of Col. De Poister, on whom the command devolved after Ferguson was killed on King's Mountain, and who ordered the surrender, was, with other papers, handed to Col. Sevier. This book was presented to the writer by Mrs. Gen. Sevier and her son, G. W. S., after the writer's marriage into the family.

out her brains if she did not tell, or, at least, give up all the money she had.

"Shoot! shoot!" was her answer. "I am not afraid to die! But, remember, while there is a Sevier on the earth, my blood will not be unavenged!"

He dared not—he did not shoot. The leader of the gang told the man to put up his pistol, saying, "such a woman is too brave to die."

She knew some of the party, and that they were noted thieves and Tories.

"At another time they came to her smokehouse to carry off meat. She took down the gun, which her husband always left with her in good order, and told them: 'The first one who takes down a piece of meat is a dead man!'"

They could not mistake her resolution. Her tone, manner, and appearance avowed clearly enough that she uttered no vain warning; that she "knew her rights and dared maintain them." They left without taking anything.

Some of their negroes were stolen and never all recovered, being taken into the Indian nation by the Tories, and thence to Savannah or Charleston while in possession of the British. There was a mortal enmity between some of the active Tories and the Seviers, resulting in the hanging of some of the former on two occasions.

It fell to the lot of Mrs. Sevier to do acts of hospitality and kindness to some of this set and their descendants many years after the war. And these kindnesses she performed, although she acknowledged that she felt at the same time the spirit of revenge ranking in her bosom. "Some of them," she would say, "and, perhaps, all their children, may make worthy people and good citizens if they are not kept continually ashamed and mortified by being reminded of their bad conduct or of their Tory origin."

The sick and wounded soldier ever found a welcome and nursing at the home of Sevier. The supplies for many of his Indian expeditions were from his own private means. His wife, sons, and servants were remarkably successful in raising corn and hogs, and cheerfully were these given to the furtherance of the great objects in hand.*

All her life long was Mrs. Sevier distinguished for her kindness and liberality to the poor. Towards children she was gentle, though she had an appearance and manner which prevented them from giving that annoyance they are apt to do to the aged.

* When the paper currency of North Carolina was so depreciated that a \$100 bill would rarely buy "a pone of corn-bread and slice of ham," and many persons would not take it at all in exchange for provisions or other property, the *soldier* could always purchase an ample supply at a fair estimate at Plum Grove, and thus by sales of lands, personal property, and, perhaps, in satisfaction for his military and public services, did the "old Continental currency" accumulate in the desk of Gen. Sevier to a sum of between \$200,000 and \$300,000, which, with his papers, were left in the hands of his son, the late Col. G. W. S., of Tenn.

It was usual with her to keep a supply of maple-sugar and cinnamon-bark in her spice-box, from which she would gratify them, and then wave them kindly away. This motion of her hand was expressive, and easily understood.

In the conflict of authorities and the civil and personal contests which grew out of the establishment of the "State of Franklin," of which Gen. Sevier was elected Governor, his wife added to his and her own favorable reputation.

His house became the place of general resort. It was proclaimed open and free to all the friends of the rights of self-defence and independence, and the impressive dignity and noble bearing of Mrs. Sevier made a deep and lasting impression upon all who resorted to that home for counsel, aid, or hospitality. And when a returning sense of justice, and the revulsion of public sentiment and power of popular gratitude, produced a repeal of the "odious acts of exclusion" of North Carolina, placing him "in lone conspicuity," and the people called him, by unanimous voice, again, and again, and yet again, to preside as Governor of Tennessee, and to a seat in the Senate of the United States, then did her great heart swell with thankfulness to God and her fellow-citizens. Then did she acknowledge that her husband had not endured peril, toil, and sacrifice in vain, though far short of the reward to which she thought him justly entitled. And we doubt not posterity will coincide in this judgment.

When the Governor of the State of Franklin was seized and spirited away into the interior of North Carolina by the enemies of the "new State," Mrs. Sevier, with the promptness, energy, and daring which qualify for any occasion of utmost moment, aroused his friends, and would have gone, as a fearless leader, "to conquer or to die." But seeing that her relatives, his relatives, and sons and friends were resolved upon his release and restoration, she little doubted his speedy return, and she was not disappointed.*

During the twelve years in which he officiated as Governor of Tennessee, his wife made his home delightful to him and his children. It was the rest of the weary, the asylum of the afflicted, well known as "the hospitable mansion of the first Governor, the people's favorite."

The education of Mrs. Sevier, in respect of literature and the embellishments of dress and music, was such as she attained chiefly from reading the Bible, hearing the wild birds sing, and the Indian's pow-wow. "I picked up a good deal from an observation of men and their acts—for that was a business with us in the early settlements—and we examined the works of Nature to some advantage; but as to school education, we had precious little of that except at our mothers' knees."

* The circumstances which led to the organization of the State of Franklin were like those which at this day produced the hasty establishment of California necessity, self-defence, self-protection.

She embraced the religious sentiments of the Presbyterians, and her life throughout was exemplary and useful. In this faith she lived and died.

A favorite expression of hers was: "I always trust in Providence." And she taught her children that "trust in God, with a pure heart, is to be rich enough; if you are lazy, your blood will stagnate in your veins, and your trust die."

She would never be idle. Knitting often engaged her fingers, while her mind and tongue were occupied in thought and conversation. She always wore at her side a bunch of very bright keys.

After the death of Gov. Sevier on the Tallapoosa, in 1815, where he had gone to cement peace and establish the boundary with the Creek Indians, Mrs. Sevier removed to Overton County, in Middle Tennessee, where most of her children resided. She selected a most romantic and secluded spot for her own retired residence. It was upon a high bench, or spur of one of the mountains of that county, a few miles from Obeds River, with higher mountains on either side. There were some ten or fifteen acres of tillable land, and a bold never-failing spring issuing from near the surface of the level tract of land, which cast its pure cold waters down the side of the mountain hundreds of feet into the narrow valley. In a dense wood near that spring, and miles distant from any other habitation, did her sons erect her log-cabins for bedroom, dining-room, and kitchen, and others for stable and crib. She resided for years at The Dale, with the General's aged body-servant, Toby (who had accompanied him in all his Indian campaigns), his wife, Rachel, and a favorite female servant and boy. Seldom did she come down from her eyrie in the mountain.

The aged eagle had lost her mate. She made her nest among the lofty oaks upon the mountain heights, where she breathed the air and drank the water untainted and undisturbed, fresh and pure, and nearest to the heavens.

We have visited her in that chosen spot. "The Governor's Widow" could never be looked upon as an ordinary country-woman. Whoever saw her could not be satisfied with a single glance—he must look again. And if she stood erect, and her penetrating eye caught the beholder's, he judged at once there was in that mind a consciousness of worth and an acquaintance with notable events. He would wish to converse with her.

She used language of much expressiveness and point. She never forgot that she was the widow of Gov. and Gen. Sevier; that he had given forty years of his life to the service of his country, and in the most arduous and perilous exposure, contributing from his own means far more than he ever received from the public treasury; and yet he never reproached that country for injustice, neither would she murmur nor repine.

At times she was disposed to sociable cheerfulness and humor, as one in youthful days, and then

would she relate interesting anecdotes and incidents of the early settlement of the country, of manners and habits of the people, of the "barefoot and moccason dance" and "spice-wood tea-parties."

Her woman's pride, or some other feminine feeling, induced her to preserve with the utmost care an "imported or bought carpet," of about twelve by fifteen feet in size, which had been presented to her as the "first Governor's wife," and as the first article of the kind ever laid upon a "punchoon," or split-log floor west of the Alleghany Mountains. Whenever she expected company upon her own invitation, or persons of character to pay their respects to her, the Scotch carpet was sure to be spread out, about the size of a modern bedquilt. But, as soon as company departed, the ever-present and faithful servants, Suzy and Jeff, incontinently commenced dusting and folding, and it was soon again boxed up.

Three times were we permitted the honorable privilege of placing our well-cleaned boots upon this dear relic from the household of the first Governor of Tennessee, and of admiring the pair of ancient and decrepit branch-candlesticks as they stood on the board over the fireplace.

The bucket of cool water was ever on the shelf at the batten-door, which stood wide open, swung back upon its wooden hinges; and there hung the sweet water-gourd; and from very love of everything around, we repeatedly helped ourselves. The floors, the doors, the chairs, the dishes on the shelves—yea, everything seemed to have been scoured. There was a lovely cleanness and order, and, we believe, "godliness with contentment."

She was remarkably neat in her person, tidy, and particular, and uniform in her dress, which might be called half-mourning—a white cap with black trimmings. She had a hearth-rug, the accompaniment of the favorite carpet, which was usually laid before the fireplace in her own room, and there she commonly was seated, erect as a statue—no stooping of the figure, as is so often acquired by indolence and careless habit, or from infirm old age—but with her feet placed upon her rug, her work-stand near her side, the Bible ever thereon or in her lap, the Governor's hat upon the wall—such were the striking features of that mountain hermitage.

There was resignation and good cheer—there was hospitality and worth in that plain cottage; and had not the prospect of better fortune, and attachment to children married and settled at a distance, induced her own sons to remove from her vicinity, she ought never to have been urged to come down from that "lodge in the wilderness." But her last son having resolved to remove to Alabama, she consented to go with him and pass her few remaining days in his family.

She departed this life on the 2d October, 1836, at Russellville, in the State of Alabama, aged about eighty-two.

ELLA MORTON; OR, THE MAIDEN'S FIRST SORROW.

BY VILLA C——.

"LEAVE me, Fannie, leave me for a while; I would fain be alone at this hour," and, as the door closed after the footsteps of her gentle friend, Ella turned towards the window, and her pale face betrayed that her soul was struggling with an emotion almost too deep for utterance. The evening was beautiful, but she seemed unconscious of it; the purling of a little rivulet fell gently on the ear, but she listened not to the soothing sound; and, although her eyes were turned upward, she seemed not to note the myriads of stars that came forth from their distant homes to look down on the dwellers of earth. Her eyes were dimmed with tears, and ere long words of agony burst from her lips. "Oh! mother, come from your heavenly home, or take me thither with you; earth has no charms for your child since you have gone. Alone I must struggle on through life against words of envy, and looks of unkindness, perchance of scorn; few will think of the orphan girl kindly, many may seek to scatter thorns in my path; and when my spirit is weary and sad, there will be no mother's bosom on which to rest my drooping head, no mother's voice to speak words of consolation and balm to my wounded soul, and no mother's heart to pour forth its deepest, its best, its unfailing love. Oh! be my guardian spirit, hover around my every path, guide me in the way your steps trod heavenward; in sickness, in sorrow, still watch over your suffering, stricken child; and, if it may be thus granted, be my attendant to your own bright home. Father in Heaven, take me, oh! take me early, and let the flowers of spring bloom above my grave!" She threw herself on the couch, and abandoned herself to uncontrolled emotion.

"Ella, dear Ella, will you not rouse yourself, and cease thus madly, wickedly to repine against the will of your Creator?" murmured a soft voice in her ear.

For a moment she raised her face, on which was written anguish too deep for utterance; but again she buried it in the cushions with only a moan of intense agony.

"Ella, your bereavement is indeed most severe, and I need not assure you of my deepest sympathy; but remember, my friend, that except ——"

"Oh! Fannie, Fannie, you have never lost a mother," interrupted Ella, vehemently, "and you do not, you *cannot* know the utter loneliness that pervades my spirit. For years has my existence been bound up in hers, for years have I watched her every look, and listened intently to the lowest tones of her voice. I have seen her fading away, becoming too lovely for earth, and now, now she is gone. There

are none to love me now, none to care for me more; and oh! I would that I were resting beside her!"

"Are there none to care for you?" was the reproachful reply.

"Yes, *you* will not forsake me, my own kind Fannie; and may you be richly rewarded for all your kindness, your unwearied affection! and Heaven grant that you may long, long be spared the desolation, the woe of this hour!"

"Holy Father, bless her!" were the murmured words as Fannie gently glided from the room.

It was but too true—Ella Morton was indeed an orphan, and an orphan with no near ties to bind her to earth. Her father had died when her infantile lips could but just lisped his name, and her memory retained no traces of the form she had so earnestly yearned to see. In the prime of his days he had departed, far from home and kindred; stranger hands closed his eyes, strangers had consigned him to his last resting-place, and the beings he loved so dearly were denied the sad consolation of weeping over his tomb.

Alfred Morton had had but one sister, and to her he had clung from his earliest infancy. A gentle, lovely being was she, one of those who seem created to diffuse light and joy wherever they tread, and to scatter sunshine over the darkest, gloomiest days. Five years his senior, she had rejoiced when her baby brother was placed on her knee, and she laughed gleefully when she could call up the smile on his beaming face, or hear the merry shout of his infant voice. Her hand had guided his first tottering steps, and on him she bestowed more than a sister's love. Years passed away, and as the laughing babe changed into a thoughtless boy, he knew that her eyes were ever bent on him, and that in her ear he might pour forth his childish sorrows and meet with a ready sympathy. In every sport she was his chosen companion, if she were near; he sought for no greater happiness. An epidemic that swept the land, carrying millions to their graves, cast its darkening shadow over the home of the Mortons, and, in a few brief hours, father and mother were laid in the same tomb, while Helen and Alfred stood by that tomb, sorrowing orphans. The little boy was too young to understand his bereavement; he only knew that the parents he had loved were gone, and he turned with a still deeper affection to his sister. It was then that the true worth of her character shone forth; and, though but a child in years, she became, from that day, a woman in spirit. For her brother she lived; she taught him to look to the skies, and, in tones of soli-

ness, bade him remember that his mother was there, and that there too he should go if he loved his Saviour here.

Boyhood expanded into youth, youth into early manhood, and still that sister was ever by his side. Was he sad?—*her* smile would cheer him; was he discouraged?—*her* voice would whisper hope; was he wayward and erring?—*her* reproving countenance, *her* beseeching words would gently win him back to truth and rectitude. He entered the world with a firm purpose and a steady eye; manfully he struggled, and gloriously he won. His own patrimony would have richly maintained him, but he burned to distinguish himself, and to have his name shine brightly in the annals of his country. One object was ever before him—it was his sister's mild face; and, that she might have reason to glory in her brother, he made every exertion, and crowned each with success. At twenty-four, no more brilliant talents were to be found than those possessed by Alfred Morton. His eloquence held thousands spell-bound, and fame even then placed her brightest laurels on his brow.

A few months passed away, and he pressed his sister closely to his heart in a parting embrace. She whose existence was almost identified with his own was about to leave him; she, who had been his constant companion, his friend, his counselor, whose affection had been the sunshine of his life, was on the eve of departure for other lands. A few weeks before, she had been united to one whose self-sacrificing, devoted spirit was equal to her own, and together they were going to tell of a Saviour's love on Turkey's soil; to labor, perhaps suffer, for the truth; to supplant the Crescent, and place in its stead the "Cross of the Crucified."

"Sister," were his last words, "sister, farewell; but for you I might have been the veriest wretch on earth; what I owe you I can never repay; *your* reward is laid up in heaven. You go on a high and holy mission—may angels guard your steps whithersoever they turn, and your Father in whom you trust keep you from all ill! Your absence will leave a void in my heart that none else can fill; but I would not detain you even for a moment. Heaven bless you, my beloved sister! Farewell."

With an aching heart Alfred Morton watched the vessel that bore Helen and her husband far away, and then returned to his *residence*, for *home* it no longer seemed—feeling as if there was now no object for which to live. But he told his sister, truly, he would not have detained her, for he knew that hers was a nobler course, and hers a higher destiny than his own.

Months passed on, and those that saw him in the crowded throng, or listened to his soul-stirring words, would not have imagined that there was sorrow in his heart. He was courted and admired; everywhere the distinguished orator was received with applause; and many there were who could have cherished a deeper feeling than mere admiration for him whose fame had spread far and wide. But, one vision of feminine loveliness had been his, which he deemed

could never be replaced, and he *could* not, he *dare* not bind himself by ties which might be repugnant to himself, and cause him flagrantly to violate the laws of his Maker.

Come with me, you that like to see strange things, to yonder chapel, and pause for a moment. Rumor with her busy tongue has been flying from house to house, and though the hour is early, many are assembled to witness what would seem to be an unlooked-for event. Look around you, and what fixes your attention? A bridal train is passing up the aisle, and look closely, for, methinks that form, that bearing, is one that you should know. They stand beside the altar, and now the vows of Alfred Morton and Margaret Stanley are plighted, and they turn to leave the church. Watch carefully now for a glimpse of the bride, for the chosen of him so widely renowned should be one with whom few could compete. Are you disappointed? Gaze once more, then; I know that beauty of form and feature is not hers, I know that the complexion is not one of fairest hue, nor are those eyes dazzling in their brilliance; but there is a beauty there that shall endure when these have passed away. There is intellect on that brow, there is soul in that eye, and there is an expression resting on that face that arrogant beauties might vainly strive to possess. Enclosed in that form is a gentle, a "meek and quiet" spirit, and within that bosom beats a heart that will not grow cold when the storms of life dash harshly and pitilessly on the objects of its present regard.

Margaret Stanley was not beautiful; to some, a mere acquaintance would not discover her noble soul; but there was that within her that fitted her to be the life companion of Alfred Morton. She realized the dream that he had formed, and though some envious ones scornfully passed her by, those that were honored with the friendship of Mrs. Morton wondered no more at her husband's choice. She was the light of his home; and as, in the days of his boyhood, he ever found his sister's ear open to his joys or sorrows, so now, in his maturer years, he turned his footsteps towards his own hearth, and if weary and desponding, ever found an influence that would brighten everything. His home was a blessed place, and within its hallowed precincts the busy world was forgotten.

Two years passed away, and they were no longer alone by their fireside, for an infant's cheerful voice called forth answering music in their hearts, and drew them more closely to earth. On Helen, or Ella as they always called her, every care was lavished; for her no sacrifice was too great; and her gleesome spirit would be infused into their own. Daily they watched her with ever-increasing delight, and as they saw her merry gambols, or listened to her infant prattle, they almost forgot that any cloud could overshadow the horizon of their lives. Three years more passed away, and still the full sunshine of joy lit their home and gladdened their hearts. But joy may not last forever; for a time it

is given to us, to make us turn with a truer love and a holier trust towards our heavenly home; but, when earthly objects cause us to lose sight of that home, the barriers we have raised must be broken down, and our souls be purified, though it be through suffering.

It was with a burdened heart and a saddened eye that Mr. Morton read to his wife a letter that had just reached him, bearing the mournful intelligence of his cherished sister's rapid decline, and that he communicated to her his design of instantly going to her, although it might be but to see her die. "You never saw my sister," were his words; "but you know her lovely character, you know her unwearied care for me, and if I *could, ought* I to leave her to die in a distant land almost alone? Should not duty, as well as love, prompt me to go to her? and if her spirit must be severed from earth, should not I be there to catch the last glance of her eyes, that never were bent on me but with the tenderest devotion? To part from you, my wife, and my precious child, will be a struggle severe indeed; but Heaven will watch over you, and, if it be our Father's will, we shall be rejoined yet again on earth; if it be not so, we will still look to Him with unwavering trust, for we know that 'he will do all things well.'"

No word was spoken in opposition, and in two days Alfred Morton was on the bosom of the ocean, hastening to the bedside of his dying sister.

Six months had fled since Alfred Morton left his home in the full pride of manhood; and by the hearth of that once cheerful spot, sat his desolate widow, and his fatherless child. Little Ella could not understand why her "papa would come back no more," nor why her dear mamma looked so sad, and sighed so deeply when she pressed her darling to her bosom. And her mother, as she watched her innocent child, murmured a prayer that for *her* sake she might still live. But for her, she would gladly have laid her head low in the grave; but when her child would gently climb on her knee, pass its little hands over her pale face, and look sad to see her so mournful, she reproached herself for thus yielding to her regrets, and devoted herself more unwearingly to her beloved little one. Time tarried not; and as day after day Ella grew more lovely, more beautiful, as her intellect expanded, and her mind showed more of its strength and power, so the shadow gradually departed from the mother's brow, and a peace which is not of this world shed its light over her countenance. To Ella, her mother was all in all. Had sickness pale her cheek? Ella's station was by her bedside, Ella's hand administered medicine and nourishment, Ella's voice gently lulled her to repose, and Ella's was the first eye to brighten when health returned.

One being alone beside her mother obtained any share of Ella's affection. Fannie Enfield was the daughter of one of Mrs. Morton's early friends, and the two girls were too much thrown together not to become mutually attached. A sister had never been given to Fannie, and she welcomed Ella with all a

sister's affection. Through their childhood they had been chosen companions, and as years flew by, their early friendship became still more firmly cemented.

But Ella's eye grew troubled, and her face wore an anxious expression, for her mother's loved form grew thin, and her face was very pale, save where the fever flush dwelt brightly in her cheek; her eye assumed a lustre too brilliant to last, and medical skill proved unavailing. With the agony that only those know who have lost all they loved save one, and who see the frail cords that held that one back to life about to be severed, Ella watched her mother's fading form, hoping that the dawn of each day would bring health and vigor to her whose existence was well nigh ended. Wildly, madly she prayed that yet a little while might be added to her life; but it was only the wild cry of despair. No faith, no love mingled with that petition, and when with each new hour hope grew fainter, no resignation marked her sorrow, no response of "Thy will be done!" arose from her heart.

Mrs. Morton saw this but too clearly, and earnestly she sought to lead Ella to look for guidance and consolation from Him whose ear is ever open to the cry of the sorrowing. Gently she chid her for thus yielding to her grief, and bade her meet her in the bright spirit-land, to whose worshippers *she* should soon be joined. Her last words were to her dearly beloved daughter, her last look was fixed on her, and as a smile of angelic sweetness rested on her face, and a prayer trembled on her lips, her spirit fled to add another to the choral band that encircles the throne of the Eternal.

For hours Ella Morton sat by the bedside of her departed mother, searching for one indication that life still remained; but vainly she lingered, for the living principle that had existed in that marble form had passed away, no more to feanimate it, until "earth and sea give up their dead."

There is a limit to physical and mental endurance, and when Fannie Enfield entered the room, Ella had fallen insensible by her mother's side. With more than a sister's tenderness, Fannie watched over her friend, and when animation returned to that apparently lifeless body, it was Fannie's glad eye that beamed hopefully on the sufferer. For a single moment Ella seemed unconscious of all she had suffered, but the full tide of agony quickly rushed over her, and despairingly she prayed to die. It was well for Ella that she had such a friend; it was well that there was a Fannie to speak words of hope, and breathe of purer skies than those that overcanopy our world; else she might have turned away from the call of the heavenly messenger, and the chastisement that was sent in mercy might have steeled her heart and weighed her down to death.

* * * * *

A year has passed since the night we first saw Ella, on the evening of her mother's funeral, and in the same room a youthful form is bending in prayer, and a holy radiance overspreads that fair young face

It is Ella; but how changed! Yes, she had sought for happiness where none ever sought and were refused. Sorrow has accomplished its sacred mission, and though a more subdued expression rests on her face than is common to those who have lost none of the objects on which their affections have been placed, though her thoughts turn less to the things of this world, and are fixed more constantly on those that shall not pass away, yet she is none the less loved by those who cluster around her, and listen unwearingly to every accent of her voice.

To shed joy around her is her unceasing aim; to make more easy the path of those who but for her might live uncared for, and die unheeded; to pour balm into the bleeding hearts of those from whom the busy world turn carelessly away, these are the purposes for which she exists. Prayers and blessings follow her from many mouths, and in her own heart there is diffused a happiness and peace which those who bow before the shrine of Mammon would vainly seek.

Has my tale been a sad one, gentle reader?—Remember that there are dark pages as well as those that are light in life's history; and, if you have never known in your own case the sorrow that the loss of one you devotedly loved has occasioned; if a mother's eye is resting fondly on you as you peruse these pages, and no vacant chair stands by your hearth, pour forth your richest thanks that thus it is. But if a dark cloud should overspread your dwelling, and your heart be desolate and sad because the Angel of Death has come thither, then raise your thoughts above the things that are within the power of the Destroyer, bow meekly to the will of your God, and you shall then know that to the darkest and most cheerless night may succeed a bright and glorious morning, and you shall feel

“—that by the lights and shades through which
your pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, you are train-
ing for the skies.”

POETRY.

NEW YEAR.

BY ABBY ALLIN.

Up into the sunshine, soul of mine!
I brook no darkness here;
The sun is shining on the hills
In the first day of the year!
The glittering snow is on the pines,
Like frosted cones they rise,
And the earth below, and the sky above,
Are clad in happy guise!

Up, up, my soul! no longer sit,
With folded hands, alone;
The Future opens her arms to thee,
The Past is dead and gone!
The Future, with her luring voice,
Cries, “Hither, hither, sweet!”
The Past, a shadow of the lost,
Is tracking at my feet.

Up, up, my soul! nor glance behind;
Turn not one wistful look;
Leave all the Past to Him who gave,
To Him, again, who took!
Press on, press on, the year of life
Cannot be always May;
Yet the snow-birds sing on the leafless tree,
And why not thou as they?

Up, up, my soul! no longer sit
Inert with fear and dread,
Since Nature's calm is all around,
And the sky shines overhead!
Up, up, and climb the mountain path,
With strong, unfettered will!
And let thy motto ever be,
“Onward and upward” still!

TO A SNOW-BIRD

BY M. E. E.

WELCOME, thou little warbler,
With tuneful notes and sweet!
Thrice welcome, in these dreary days
Of frost, and snow, and sleet!

Chirp on! thou bring'st sweet memories
Of the laughing summer-time,
Of whispering leaves, the warm south wind,
And the streamlet's silver chime!

Where hast thou been, bright wanderer,
Since the winter last was here?
Why cam'st thou not with the summer birds,
When the sky was blue and clear?

Spring brought her buds and blossoms,
And, in every grove and dell,
Those gentle minstrels tuned their notes,
Of happiness to tell.

They ushered in the morning,
They bade the day adieu;
When evening shadows gathered round,
Home to their nests they flew.

Oh, the world was then so beautiful!
The air with music rung!
Why cam'st thou not when its summer gart
Was brightly o'er it flung?

Alas! too soon it faded!
The flowers bent down to die!
And cold, dark clouds, with chilling looks,
Came o'er the autumn sky!

The leaves grew brown and withered,
And fell upon the ground,

And the winds swept through the naked trees
With a lonely, solemn sound !

All fair, bright things departed !
The cold snows came at last,
And wrapt the earth in its winding-sheet,
By the dirge of the wintry blast !

The stream's gay song was silenced,
The glad birds sung no more,
And loneliness was on the hill,
And by the pleasant shore !

Thy sweet voice broke the stillness,
And, with its first glad strain,
All the gentle gifts of the summer hours
Seemed to return again !

'Tis so when shadows darken
The sunshine of the heart,
And the gentle tones of mirth and joy,
Like summer flowers, depart. •

Some sweet hope ever springeth,
Like a bird in the wintry hours,
To brighten the brow with a sunny gleam,
Though dark the storm-cloud lowers.

LATIN POEM.

VITÆ HUMANÆ TEMPORA.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

MANE veni ; erat Ver,
Atque risi.
Meridiano tempore,
Perambulavi,
Erat Ætas ;
Atque gavius Sum.
Conseci Vesperi ;
Erat Autumnus ;
Atque tristitia affectus Sum.
Nocte quieti me dedi ;
Erat Hyems ; atque dormivi.

SEASONS OF LIFE.

A Paraphrase of Wm. Alexander's Latin Poem.

BY E. PENN SMITH.

I CAME in Morning ; it was Spring,
And I smiled.

At Mid-day, I, on eager wing,
Rambled o'er the green to sing,
As bird or child.

It now was Summer, fruitful, bland,
My Soul and Joy walked hand in hand
O'er flowery fields, in merry glee ;
I smiled at Joy, he laughed at me.

Shades of Eve came slowly on,
'Twas Autumn now ;

My joys had vanished one by one,
Grief pressed my brow.

Although my breast was sore distrest,
Soon Night approached to give me rest :
'Twas Winter now, all nature wept ;
I shed no tear, but calmly slept.

INDIVIDUAL AND UNIVERSAL ACTION.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ACTION, action, action, action !
Never tiring, never ceasing,
At each step with new-born power,
Like the mountain stream increasing

Up, thou craven ! up, and doing !
Toil alone can win the road ;
Onward, upward, still pursuing,
On, and leave the rest to God !

It is true, thou art a trifle,
Sport of every passing wave,
That, with one quick plunge, could stifle,
And give thee a wat'ry grave.

Thou canst not one fiat alter
In the heavens or on the earth ;
Could a heavenly being falter
To a thing of mortal birth ?

Well thou mayest cry, in sorrow,
" All my labor is but vain !
What is built to-day, to-morrow
Must be all built o'er again ! "

Know this truth, and cease complaining,
Hope will here revive thy soul—
Thou art but a single atom
• Of a universal whole.

In the cycle of Creation,
Toil not for thyself alone :
In thy brother's thy salvation,
In his ruin, too, thine own.

HALCYON DAYS.*

BY ROBERT G. ALLISON.

THE halcyon days of youth have fled,
And many a joy with them has sped ;
For many a friend sleeps with the dead.
Ah, ne'er shall balmy Spring's return
Revive the ashes in Friendship's urn !
Those halcyon days, when Fancy drew
Her scenes all tinged with Hope's bright hue ;
Memory may oft those days review :
But youth's fresh hopes have with them fled—
Those hopes lie buried with the dead !

* These lines were suggested while reading the following in " Virgil's Georgics " :—

" Non tepidum ad solem pennas in litore pandunt
Dilectæ Thetidi Halcyones," &c.

The reader will recollect the portion of mythological history to which Virgil alludes: " Ceyx, King of Trachinia, going to consult the oracle of Apollo, at Claros, was shipwrecked in the Ægean Sea. His wife, Halcyone, seeing his dead body floating near the shore, flung herself upon it in a transport of her passion. Thetis, out of compassion to the lovers, transformed them into the birds called king-fishers; hence Dilectæ Thetidi. It is said the sea is calm a certain number of days about the winter solstice, while these birds of poetry are gently gliding over its surface."

ON THE DEATH OF AN OBSCURE
CITIZEN.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Mix wonder when the planets do go out,
And stars desert their places; when the might
Of the great oak is shattered, and the storm
Sweeps the imperial trophy from the brow
Of him who looked the god in mortal eyes,
And grew so to his own. And yet for thee,
So lowly in life's places, with no power
To lift thee into majesty, no grace
To woo glad eyes in homage to thy walks,
And consecrate thy doings with applause
That cheered to new achievements; with no aim
Of greatness, and but little thirst for life—
Death hath no dignity: and thou hast sunk,
Silent, from out the crowded walks of man,
Into the quiet grave, and art not missed.

But Nature hath her obsequies for all,
And virtue is remembered with her tears,
When Fame itself grows voiceless o'er the great,
And clothes their shrines with ruin. Thou hast made
Some sweet affections blossom at thy grave,
Which have befitting flowers, that take on bloom
Ere Spring hath made escape from Winter cells,
Still pale with cold and terror of pursuit!
Love did not shrink to shelter in thy cot,
Though at the door stood Poverty, and Toil,
Forevermore within, from dawn to dusk,
Found little respite to enjoy the smiles
That warmed his courage to resolve, and made
The burden easy of his daily care.
But, in the very rareness of the joy
Grows its delicious value; and thy bliss,
If lowly in condition, wanting state
In utterance, and significant to thee
Alone, of all around thee, was not less
The wholesome solace of a life that knew
A cottage empire only. In thy home
Sat Peace, content with lowliness, that gave
New freude warmth and gladness to thy hearth,
That wore no gauds of grandeur. Love could share
Thy labors, and could lighten them; and Truth,
That has a beauty separate from the world,
Found thee meet treasures that, within thy heart,
Assured of faith, made all a calm delight,
That never wept for fortune. Thou wast blest,
To the necessity reconciled, that left
Thy home secure from Envy, and which brought
An adequate beauty to thy homely weeds,
And sweetness to thy threshold; and thy life
Passed on, as passed the long summer day
O'er silent forests, making shade and sun
Equally fruitful of repose and love;
Commencing, in rare union, with a joy
That, if it knows no guashings wild and warm,
Knows not the storms of passion, which but show
The beats of rapture—all the peace denied
That makes the pleasure holy and secure
Thy living and thy dying, both the same,
Safe from the tempest, in the world without
Making no stir. Few were they who knew
Thy virtues; few, at thy departure, feel
That something, which was precious to the day,
Hath been despoiled by night. Yet, in thy home,
There hangs a blind, sad vacancy, that looks,

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Through eyes of terror, to the lonely heart
Of thy sad widow. If she weeps, her tears
Lack voice, unless to those, her orphan brood,
That hear through a like consciousness of loss,
And echo with a silence like her own.

Ah, Nature hath not one unnoted child!
Some soul still sorrows when the light goes out,
Though feeble, which, in Poverty's low cell,
Shone for the humblest: desolate hearts still shrine
The lineaments of care, when softened thus
By Love; and precious instincts still discern
The little, lowly hiding-place in earth,
Unmarked by any monument, where sleeps
The form of him whose gifts in Poverty
Made Poverty's self a treasure, best of all!

I'M KNEELING AT THY GRAVE,
MOTHER.

BY C. T. POOLER.

AIR—"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary."

The following lines were suggested on seeing a sick
girl—an only child—a few weeks before her death,
kneeling at her mother's grave.

I'm kneeling at thy grave, mother,
Where I have planted flowers,
Which, with dew-drops, nightly weep with me,
Here in my lonely hours.
Forget-me-nots are blooming here,
And the rose perfumes the air;
Willows bend above thy head, mother,
Where thy daughter bows in prayer.

I'm kneeling at thy grave, mother,
As once I knelt by thee,
When early taught by thee to pray,
My head upon thy knee:
Oh, then our home was bright and gay,
When thy voice was heard in song!
Now I sing and weep alone, mother,
And the days are sad and long.

I'm kneeling at thy grave, mother,
Where I have come to pray;
Though the stars of autumn coldly shine
As twilight fades away;
Though winds are sweeping hoarsely by,
Still I love to linger here,
For 'tis lonely at our home, mother,
Since thou 'rt not there to cheer.

Oh, art thou looking down, mother,
Upon thy weeping child?
And now, from the spirit land, canst thou
Not bless thy dying child?
Though I am wasting fast away,
I've no one to weep with me;
For a little while, good night, mother—
Soon I'll come and sleep by thee.

* * * * *
September winds have blown chilling,
The token flowers are gone,
And, beneath the willow bending there,
I mark another stone.
Death, too, hath nipped an angel flower,
And beneath the sod 'tis pressed;
Ceased from sorrow, with her dear mother,
Emma now hath gone to rest.

FASHION IN NEWPORT.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

[The following lines, now first in print, were introduced by our friend, PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., in a humorous, satirical poem, entitled, "The Age of Gold," which he recently pronounced at the Bellevue Hall, in Newport, before a crowded and *fashionable* audience.]

On, mighty fine it is to be the slave
Of Fashion! Mighty fine it is to brave
Old Common Sense, that antiquated snob,
Mix in gay crowds and mingle with the mob,
Whom love of show, and love of pleasure, too,
Lead where they can be rather viewed than view!
Where they can run from folly to excess,
Loll all the morning, and with leisure dress;
And then, at dinner, sit o'er sleepy wine,
And sleepier talk—all this is mighty fine!
And, finer still, when evening shadows sink,
And small desire is left to eat and drink—
The livelong day in vacant dawdle spent,
As if Life's lease were given free of rent—
Oblivious now of office or of shop,
To spend the evening in a general hop!
(All *kops*, I ween, a slumberous influence shed,
Made by the feet or pillowed near the head.)
Yes, to live thus, in some sea-beaten spot,
Is truly charming while the weather's hot,
And while—kind friends, excuse this truthful song—
Sport is the judgment and the purse is long.
Yet, glorious Newport! though all sorts of belles
And fops come thronging to thy huge hotels;
Though many a seller by the yard of tape
Here strives high manners and high style to ape;
Though anxious mothers deem thy market good
For girls on hand, grown sick of solitude;
Though pointless slanders, and jokes void of pith,
Are told of some Count Mustache or Count Smith;
Though to knock down small pins with balls that roll,
And shoot at targets, occupy the soul;
Though the fond mazes of the doubtful dance
Lap youths and damsels in a dreamy trance;
And though fantastic tricks are madly played,
Before high Heaven, within thy breezy shade—
Thy charms are many, thine attractions rare!
Blue are thy summer skies, and sweet the air
Which, saltly perfumed by the billow, flings
Health and excitement from its shoreward wings!
And many spirits, generous and bright,
Cheer thy fair day, illuminate thy night,
Who, from some region or remote or near,
Seek the cool influence of old Ocean here;
And who, by studious culture, tastes refined,
Deck social pleasures with the gems of mind.

THE SPIRIT'S REVELATION.

BY J. WM. WEIDEMEYER.

"TELL me, ye departed spirits,
Who, in mystery, round us dwell,
Dare ye hold converse with mortals,
And your tale of wonders tell?"

"Ask us not to break the secret,
Aught beyond the grave reveal;
In the gray night's gloom and stillness,
Drawn toward the earth we feel:

"For there is a strange communion
'Twixt men and our spirit band;
Oft in omens we approach ye,
Brothers of our ancient land.

"From the glittering orb of even,
Gliding down upon its beams,
Noiseless as the step of zephyr,
Do we visit you in dreams.

"At the couch of all true-hearted
Stand we guardian in their sleep;
For the loved ones left behind us
Do we faithful vigils keep.

"See you spirit-mother hovering
O'er her fondly-cherished child
Smile on it in tender sorrow—
Drink its breath in rapturo wild.

"And the ghostly husband beckons,
Loving, to his lonely wife;
In yon lunar bowers he bids her
Join with him in spirit-life.

"Playing with her flowing tresses,
Pillowed on her heaving breast,
Comes the spirit-child to linger,
By its mother's lips caressed.

"Never can the tie be severed
'Twixt the hearts that truly love;
And for every friend departed,
One ye gain with us above."

THE DREAM OF MEMORY

Oh, why, sad mem'ry, wilt thou cling
To that dear name I love to sing!
That vision of my youth's glad dreams,
Which Love once decked in fairest beams?
Ah, well, fond mem'ry, may'st thou cling
To that dear name I love to sing!

How joys have faded since we met!
Friends change or die, and *some forget!*
While sorrow's tears, like gentle rain,
But make the Past look green again!
Then cling, sad mem'ry, fondly cling
To that dear name I love to sing!

I would not tell thee *all* I've borne,
Thy yet kind heart perchance would mourn;
And oh, to show *thy* heart *one* pain,
I'd bid them *all* in *mine* remain!
Then cling, sad mem'ry, fondly cling
To that dear name I love to sing!

Yet I would ask thee, when I'm gone,
Give but one thought to *me alone*:
The idle thing will cost thee naught,
And be to *me* so sweet a thought!
Then cling, sad mem'ry, fondly cling
To that dear name I love to sing!

But *other* friends will soon be thine;
The gay, false-hearted would be *mine*:
They smile in vain, I knew but *one*!
Dream on, sad mem'ry, I'm alone!
Ah, well, fond mem'ry, may'st thou cling
To that dear name I love to sing.

MUSLIN CANEZOU AND LE GILET.

Fig. 1.

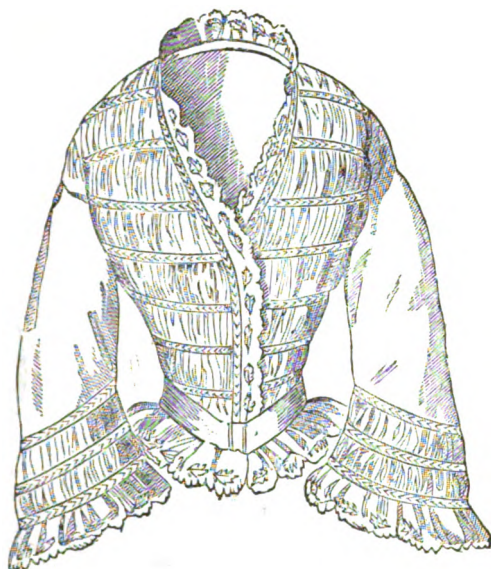


Fig. 2.

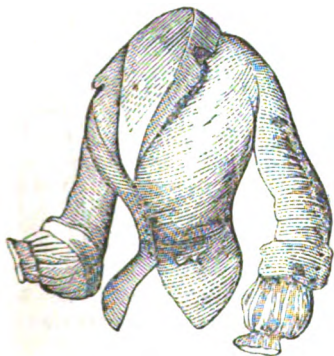
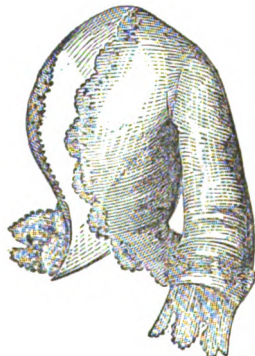


Fig. 3.



MUSLIN CANEZOU.

SINCE lace and embroidered muslin capes are somewhat out of date, the *canezou* seems to have taken their place, a medium between the high and low corsages. Of these, we have every variety; and, when fitting well to the form, nothing can be more tasteful.

Fig. 1 is a canezou of Swiss muslin, and intended for a dinner or evening dress for a small company. It may be worn with a white muslin or light silk skirt. The body is composed of alternate rows of fine Swiss insertion and puffings, or, as the French

call them, *borrillonnées*, of plain muslin, made very full. The sleeves are plain to the elbow, where they widen trumpet-shaped, and are finished in the same style as the corsage, edged by a wide row of embroidery. The same also surrounds the throat and edges the corsage, which is clasped by a belt suitable to the skirt in color, and a buckle of pearl, gold, or enamel.

LE GILET.

We have frequently of late alluded to the introduction of the Gilet, or vest, to the wardrobes of

our fair countrywomen. They are most suitable for a promenade toilet, though, when made of a light or rich material, dinner dresses are improved by them. We have selected two from the great variety of models offered to us, and have had them engraved without the skirt or chemisette, which usually accompanies them, that our readers may understand the forms more distinctly.

Fig. 2 is of white Marseilles, and intended to be

worn with a plaid silk or poplin skirt. It has a rolling collar, and is ornamented with small enameled buttons. The sleeves are *en revers*, or turned over so as to form a cuff.

Fig. 3 is of watered silk, a deep *Marie Louise* blue. Instead of the collar, it has an edge of needlework, the scolops being very deep. This Gilet is lined with white silk, and the entire corsage is open in front, intended to display a costly chemisette.

HAND-SCREENS AND CUSHION.

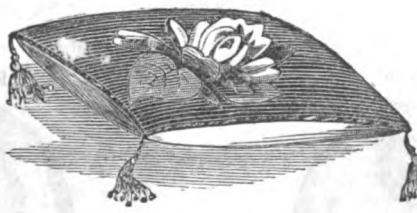
Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



HAND-SCREENS. Figs. 1 and 2.

The new raised cross-stitch, for working on canvas.

This stitch answers extremely well for screens, or anything that is shown on either side (as in the screens shown in Figs. 1 and 2), both being finished.

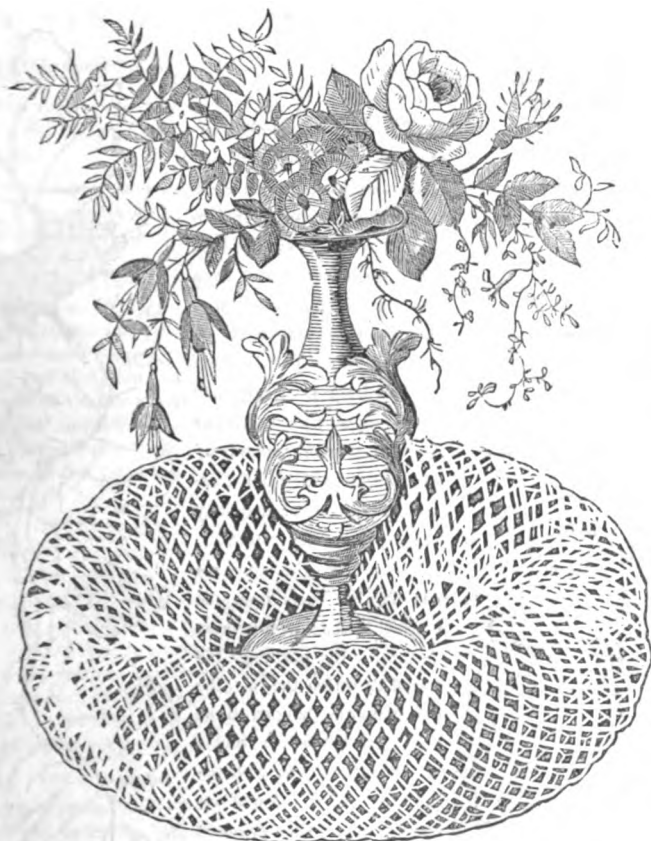
The canvas must be placed in a frame, and worked the same as common cross stitch, with this exception, that the cross-stitch on the right side must be left loose, about half an inch from the canvas, then cross it on the wrong side, which finishes the stitch. It must be worked with double wool, and, when

finished, cut according to taste. Any Berlin pattern can be worked, but birds are the most suitable.

CUSHION. Fig. 3.

The cushion shown in Fig. 3, which is about a quarter of a yard square, has the pattern worked on canvas. The flower is white, shaded with stone color, and the outer petals are blue. The largest leaf is worked with olive green in four shades. The other two leaves, which are partially hidden by the flower, are in shades of common green.

CROCHET.—NOVEL VASE STAND.



Materials.—One ounce of double Berlin wool, shaded scarlet; ivory hook.

Make 3 chain stitches; unite the ends.

First round.—Single crochet, making 1 chain stitch between each single.

Second round.—3 chain into every second stitch in the last round.

Third round.—The same.

Fourth round.—4 treble into every loop of 3 chain.

Fifth round.—Plain treble, taking every loop at the back of the chain.

Sixth round.—3 chain into every second stitch in the preceding round.

Seventh round.—4 treble into every loop of 3 chain.

Eighth round.—3 chain into every second stitch in the last round.

Ninth round.—2 treble into every loop of 3 chain.

Border.—5 chain into every third stitch in the last round of the bottom

Second round.—1 treble into every loop of 5 chain, making 7 chain between each treble.

Third round.—4 chain into the centre of every second loop in the last round.

Fourth round.—1 treble into every third stitch in the last round, making 7 chain between each treble.

Fifth round.—3 chain worked into every second loop, as in the third round.

Sixth round.—6 chain into every fourth stitch in the last round.

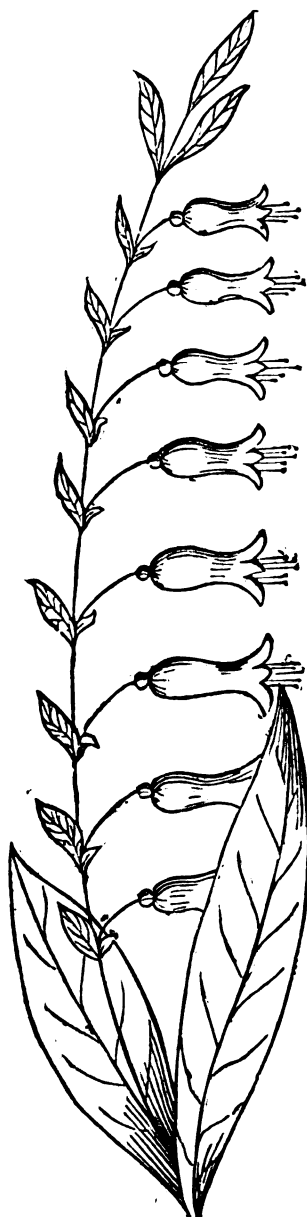
Seventh round.—6 chain into the centre of the loop in the last round.

Eighth round.—3 chain into the centre of the loops.

Ninth round.—6 chain, 1 treble in the space formed by the 3 chain in the last round.

The Vase-stand is now completed by working 7 chain stitches between every second loop where the border commences turning up, which makes a finish to the bottom.

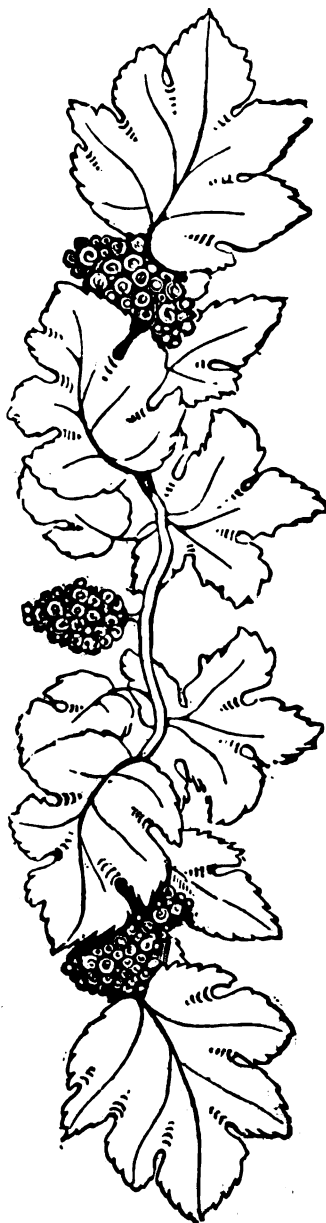
PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



THE fashion for embroidering the borders of cloaks, pelisses, sarques, &c., on merino, or fine cassimere, or flannel, with silk, is so prevalent this season, that we have thought it might be useful to give our readers a few choice patterns for the purpose from original designs. They are to be wrought with coarse or fine silk, or with a mixture of the two, according to the degree of intricacy or simplicity in the parts of the pattern.

To facilitate the work, we can furnish casts from the original wood-cuts of these designs. By chalking the raised figure on the cast, the design may be stamped on the cloth, and the whole trouble of tracing or drawing on tissue paper saved. One of our correspondents uses printer's ink, instead of chalk, in putting the design on merino. This requires skill and care to avoid soiling the cloth.

These patterns are equally serviceable for muslin, or any other material.



KNITTING FOR THE NURSERY.

A NEW KNITTED PELISSE

(WITH TRIMMING TO IMITATE CHINCHILLA; SUITED IN SIZE FOR A YOUNG LADY, FROM SEVEN TO NINE YEARS OF AGE).

Materials.—Six ounces of crimson, four thread super fleecy. Two ounces each of three shades of stone color ditto; and No. 4 box wood pins; and No. 8 bone pins for the trimmings.

The pattern consists of two rows worked thus:—

First row.—Make one, † place the pin in the next stitch, as if going to knit it, pass the wool twice round the pin, and finish knitting it as usual, † repeat until one is left, knit that plain.

Second row.—Knit the first stitch and half the next together; then the remaining half and the half of the next together, continue this to the end of the row. These two rows form a ridge, and to be continued throughout.

FOR THE BACK.

Cast on thirty-two stitches.

Repeat the two rows until you can count eight ridges on the right side of your work; then cast off three on each side. In the next ridge decrease one on each side. Knit back as in the second row.

Knit three ridges without decreasing; then cast on three stitches at each end of the row, thus making half the arm-hole; then work seven ridges, decreasing one stitch every alternate row; cast off.

FOR THE FRONT.

Cast on sixteen stitches.

Knit eight ridges as in the back; then cast off three.

At the commencement of the next row, knit the back row, but decrease one at the end.

Knit three ridges without increase or decrease. In the beginning of the next row cast on three stitches, and work one ridge; then seven other ridges, decreasing every alternate row at the beginning, thus making the other half of the shoulder.

In working the other side, it will simply require the knitter to increase or decrease at the end of the row instead of the beginning to make both fronts alike.

FOR THE SLEEVE.

Cast on twenty-six stitches, beginning at the wrist.

Knit six ridges; then increase each side every alternate row for twelve rows. Cast off in the next row three on each side; then decrease each side every alternate row three times more, and cast off.

FOR THE SKIRT.

Cast on one hundred and twenty stitches.

Increase every row on each side for ten ridges, knit two together in the next row, and cast off.

FOR THE TRIMMING ROUND THE SKIRT, ETC.

Cast on with the darkest shade of stone color one hundred and eighty stitches.

First row.—Knit two, † purl four, cast on six on your right hand pin, † repeat, knit two.

Second row.—Knit two, † purl seven, knit three, † repeat, knit two.

Third row.—Knit two, † purl three, knit seven, † repeat, knit two.

Fourth row.—*Next shade.*—Knit two, † purl seven, knit three, † knit two.

Fifth row.—Knit two, † purl three, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, † knit two.

Sixth row.—Knit two, † purl five, knit three, † knit two.

Seventh row.—Knit two, † purl three, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, † knit two.

Eighth row.—*Next shade.*—Knit two, † purl three, knit three, † knit two.

Ninth row.—Knit two, † purl three, knit two together, knit one, † knit two.

Tenth row.—Knit two, † purl two, knit three, † knit two.

Eleventh row.—Knit two, † purl three, knit two together, † knit two.

Twelfth row.—Plain. Join on the darkest shade, and work the pattern through again and cast off.

FOR THE COLLAR.

Cast on sixty-four stitches.

Knit the same as the border, but only going through the rows once.

FOR THE CUFF.

Cast on twenty-four stitches.

Which will be six patterns, and the two stitches for each edge, and work as the Collar.

FOR THE FRONT.

Cast on eight stitches.

Which will be two patterns, and work four patterns in depth. A second piece must be knitted like this to go down the other front.

To make it up, the back and two fronts must be joined; sixty stitches picked up round the waist, and a plain row knitted, and cast off.

The skirt to be sewn on to the body leaving a plain space on each side the front of a nail and half, sew the rest round to suit the figure. To be tied at the throat, and down the front of the body with ribbon to match. The cuffs also the same. The chin chilla trimming having been previously sewn on.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE NEW YEAR is a standing-point from which we should look backward as well as onward, noting chiefly those actions and influences that, beginning in the past, are to be carried out in their full results, or modified in their tendencies, by causes and events yet undeveloped.

The most important, among these recent movements, is the attempt to take woman from her empire of home, and make her the rival of man for the mastery of the world. The ostensible plea for this innovation is that the female sex suffers oppression and wrong from men; and therefore women must learn to support and defend themselves, and be able to demand justice before they will obtain it.

That men should consider physical strength and mechanical skill superior to moral influence and spiritual purity is not strange, because the tendencies of their nature are earthward; but that women should be found in our country, where the sex is so highly respected and tenderly cared for, willing to give up their heavenly privileges of acting with angels in the care of the young, and co-operating with the Divine influence in keeping alive the true faith of the Gospel in the heart of humanity, is astonishing. It seems impossible that those of the sex who are leading onward this movement can have considered its consequences. The industrial power of the world is now greatly in advance of its moral development; and shall woman, who is the appointed guardian of whatsoever is good, pure, and lovely in morals and manners, resign her mission, in order to add to the material wealth of the world? It is as though a star should strive to come down from its place in the calm sky, and take the station of a gas-lamp in a crowded city street.

Let us take an illustration from that Magna Charta of woman's rights, the BIBLE. The pyramids of Egypt show to this day the grand triumph of man's physical power and mechanical skill. No female mind would ever have planned the pyramids, and no female strength could have erected those mountain-like structures ascribed to the Pharaohs. But the daughter of a Pharaoh performed an act of womanly tenderness, which was of more importance to the cause of human improvement than all the material works of all the kings of Egypt. Which deed was the nobler, the disinterested kindness which saved the life of the Jewish Lawgiver, or the selfish pride which probably destroyed, or rendered miserable, a hundred thousand lives in building the great pyramid?

Men and women have different tendencies of nature, and different tasks to occupy and develop those tendencies; to bring them into the same field of employments would be as absurd as to make the value of porcelain consist in its power to do the work of iron. Woman has a higher pursuit than the industrial arts afford; a better inheritance than earth can offer is in her keeping—to raise humanity towards the angelic is her office. The most important vocation on earth is that of the Christian mother in her nursery. The true wife has a ministry at home which may be more potent than that of the pulpit; for she, "by her chaste conversation, coupled with fear"—that is, piety, with gentle-

ness and humility—may convert and save her husband when the preacher fails. The female teacher wields an influence more potent than the statesman; and, as the preserver, women, when made familiar with medical science, which belongs to their department of knowledge and practice, so far as their own sex and children are concerned, will excel in the preventive department, and, by diffusing among mothers the knowledge of the laws of health and better modes of training children, they will bring about a renovation of the general health, and, doubtless, a prolongation of human life.

To fit her for these duties, and give her opportunities of performing them in the best manner, woman needs what the BIBLE, above all other books or codes, gives the sex, namely, the right to claim support, protection, education, and every needful facility which man can provide. Sons must provide for their mothers—such was the example of the blessed Saviour. He did not leave his mother to support herself by her own hands. One of the first cares of the early Christians was to provide for widows; husbands were commanded to "love and cherish"—provide for—their wives the father was worse than an infidel who did not provide for his children. The churches were commanded "to help those women who labored in the Lord." The female disciples were "to keep the house," "to teach the children," and to "teach the young women." If the doctrines of the Gospel were carried out, there would be no suffering, no oppression of the female sex. "Christ was made of a woman." Everywhere He has borne testimony to feminine excellence; the precepts of His doctrine harmonize with woman's nature; and, as the same standard of purity is required by the Gospel for both sexes, it follows that, in the real improvement of society, men will, in their moral sentiments, become more like the gentle sex, and not that women are to affect the style and pretensions of the masculine character.

In a work* of our own, which has been long in preparation, and will soon appear, these views are fully explained; and, we trust, the book will be of some service in settling the agitations about woman's sphere, which now perplex many minds, and threaten to disturb the happiness of home and the peace of society.

In order to show what woman becomes when compelled to do "man's work," we give a description of rural life in France, from the pen of one of the best and most philanthropic of living French writers. Such pictures are common over continental Europe. Where millions of men are withdrawn from labor, and kept embodied as soldiers, much of the out-door work must be done by females; hence the low estimation placed on woman in those countries, and the degradation of the sex. As a contrast to this shocking portrait of "working women"—that is, those who are engaged in labors pertaining to "subduing the earth," which God imposed on men only—we give the views of an eminent

* "Woman's Record; or Biographical Sketches of all Distinguished Women," &c.

American statesman respecting the true destiny of the sex. Is there an American woman who would not prefer this lot above any which earth can offer?

THE WORKING WOMEN OF FRANCE.

BY L. AIME-MARTIN.

The great misfortune of our villages is the degradation of the women through labors which belong to men. In their earliest years they tend the flocks and gather in the harvest. As young girls, an instinct of coquetry and the foresight of their mothers remove them from the rude fatigues of husbandry; but no sooner do they marry, than all is changed; they abandon the house, and follow their husbands into the fields. You see them bowed to earth, as laborers, or laden with enormous weights, like beasts of burden. There are districts in France—I do not say in Africa—where they are harnessed to carts with the ox and the ass. From that time their skin becomes shriveled, their complexions like coal, their features coarse and homely, and they fall into a premature decrepitude, more hideous than that of old age. But, whilst thus performing the labor of men, their own labors, those labors which sweeten and refine all others, remain neglected or unknown. Nothing can be more filthy, nothing more unwholesome, than the interior of their cottages. Fowls, ducks, pigs, contending for a meal; the door opening into the mud; and the windows, where there are any, serving only as vent-holes to carry off the smoke. It is there, nevertheless, in a hole, miry as the hut of a savage, amidst the gruntings and fetid emanations of animals, that, every evening, two human beings, male and female, repose from the fatigues of the day. Nobody is there to receive them, nothing to flatter their regards, the table is empty, and the hearth cold as ice. There, lastly, other labors await the woman, and, before thinking of her husband's supper, or the care of her children, she must think of the stable and of supper for the beasts.

But how different would it be, if, leaving to her husband the hard labors of the field, and confining her attention to the interior of the house, the wife, in her delicate forethought, had prepared all for the hour of return! The fire would blaze on the hearth, and the evening's meal smoke on the polished board. The good housewife would present herself to her husband in the midst of plenty, and surrounded by the smiling faces of her children. Thus a sweet and easy life would be the natural life of the villager. But there is nothing to impress his mind with any image of this happiness; he knows not the word comfort; he is insensible to the charm of caresses, and even the power of love. His children tremble before him, his wife dreads the vigor of his arm. The adversary, not the protector, of these feeble beings, he knows of no law but force. The dernier argument of the peasant, in his cottage as in his field, is the weight of his fist.

If asked for examples of these things, we will cite whole provinces, the richest as well as the poorest, of France: Perigord, where the women live in a state of filth and abjectness which reacts on the whole family; Picardy and Limousin, where, degraded to the lowest rank, and as of an inferior race, they serve their husband at table, without ever daring to take a place at his side; Breacia, where they are mere laborers, mere beasts of burden; lastly, Lower Brittany, where husband, wife, and children, reduced to a state almost savage, live all, pell mell, in the same filthy chamber,

and eat black bread, in the same trough with their sheep and hogs. Everywhere is the degradation of the woman a sure proof of the brutishness of the man, and everywhere is the brutishness of the man a necessary consequence and reaction from the degradation of the woman. Do not offer them comfort or well-being; they would reject it as something useless or strange. To desire comfort, it is necessary for them to know what comfort is, and ages have passed over their cabins without leaving there any other thoughts than those of labor and wretchedness.

Such is the condition of whole districts in almost every country of civilized Europe. And what is sadder still, is the fact that these spectacles strike our eyes without wounding them, our souls without softening them.

Two modes, very simple, offer themselves, however, for ameliorating the lot of these poor rustics. The first is to establish a primary institution, sufficiently large, for young girls, where they may learn how to direct the interior economy of a house, and thus, hereafter, be themselves qualified to instruct their own children in the same. To establish, in a village, the intellectual superiority of the women over the men, however transiently, is to restore to the former their influence—that vivifying influence which enriches cottages and civilizes nations.

Hitherto, all our laws of primary instruction have proved insufficient, because they did not establish—before all, and in preference to all—schools for the education of young girls. Never will instruction take deep root and spread in the rural districts, if it does not reach the children through their mothers, and the men through their wives. The public teacher is but a dry instrument, that teaches the alphabet; the mother of the family, on the contrary, is a moral power, which fertilizes the mind, while, at the same time, it opens the heart to love and the soul to charity.

The second method, a necessary sequel of the first, consists in restoring to the women of the village the occupations of their sex, and in bringing them back to the law of nature. This change, so simple, would operate as a complete revolution. In resuming her appropriate tasks, woman recovers her beauty; in recovering her beauty, she regains her just influence and power. Occupied with employments less gross, her tastes become purified, her manners softened; she studies neatness, she comprehends comfort, and a day at length comes when all her thoughts, all her desires, penetrate even the heart of her husband. Delicacy in woman is the most powerful enemy to the barbarism of man.

It may be urged, perhaps, that, to withdraw women from the rude labor of the field, is to ruin the laborer. To this we reply that, far from ruining, it would enrich him. Surely the avocations of the cottage are neither less numerous nor of less importance than those of the field. If it require a vigorous arm to handle the spade or the plough, it requires not less careful hands to receive the crop, to gather in the fruits, to rear the poultry, to prepare butter and cheese, to card and spin the wool, and to maintain everywhere order and neatness. The earth does not bring forth but under the plough, which rends it asunder, and the house cannot prosper but under the widow which superintends it.

When Solomon would describe the prosperity of a house, it is not the labors of the man, but the sweet influences of the wife, that occur to his thoughts. To the woman he attributes all the favors of fortune, even

to the wisdom for which her husband is honored. He describes her as watching over the ways of her household, and rising, while it is yet night, to distribute wool to her servants. Wisdom speaks through her mouth, kindness reposes on her lips, and never is she seen to eat the bread of idleness. Thus is she respected by her servants, blessed by the poor and needy, and, when she appears so girded with strength and beauty, her children rise up and call her blessed, and her husband, joining his praises to theirs, says to her, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." The recompense of the virtuous woman in the Bible is the respect of her children, the love of her husband, and the homage of all around her.

Such are the sentiments which would spring from the civilization of the country. Let the legislator but once give birth to them, and we shall, ere long, admire in the cottage the same virtues which, in the time of Solomon, gave delight to the palace.

INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

BY HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Staël in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France? Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people." Mothers are, indeed, the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of life, armed by those good principles which her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and celebrate the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers? They work, not upon the canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout its duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

Our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country, depends upon the habits of virtue and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound

religious feeling is to be instilled; and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this great duty will tell their children that, neither in political nor in any other concerns of life, can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty; that, in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warranted in trifling with important rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee, as well for others as himself; and that every man, and every measure he supports, has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals, such as these, that, in a free republic, woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfills her destiny.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR.—We have a twofold pleasure in sending out this number of our "Book;" it will go forth as the harbinger of two important days, Christmas and the New Year. We did not allude to the former in our last number, because this, being issued about "Christmas time," would be better suited to the congratulations we now heartily offer our many, many friends. "A merry Christmas" and "a happy New Year" to each and all who clasp our hands through the "Book!" May our long-continued friendship be strengthened, as well as brightened, by the mutual favors conferred, and the blessings enjoyed during the year 1852!

Literary Notices.

From BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia:—

EXCERPTA EX P. OVIDII NASONIS CARMINIBUS. This is another neatly printed volume of the classical series now in the course of publication by Messrs. Blanchard & Lea, and edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt. It is enough to say that this series has met with the unqualified approbation of the best teachers and scholars of America.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia:—

MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF FRANCE. Including a *Memoir of her Majesty, the late Queen of the French (Marie Amelie)*. By Mrs. Forbes Burk. From the second London edition. In two volumes. The history of courts, and the private memoirs of queens and kings, are too often but the details of gossip and scandals, which would bring dishonor upon the lowest of their subjects. There are exceptions, no doubt; and, if there were not, the book before us would be a sad and melancholy record of all the human weaknesses blended in the characters of the greatest princes. But there are exceptions, and thus we find the purest and most exalted virtue contrasted with the lowest vices. There are many examples of both in the book before us, which cannot fail to have a salutary effect upon those who love to philosophize on the waywardness, the nobleness, and—alas, that it should be so!—the corruptions of the human heart.

THE SCOURGE OF THE OCEAN. *A Story of the Atlantic*. By an Officer of the U. S. Navy. In one volume. Price 50 cents. One of the best features of

this book, as far as its authorship is concerned, will be found in the evidences which it contains that it was written by some one who had actually handled the ropes. Besides this, the story is patriotic, and the plot prudently interwoven with the affections.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

NAVAL LIFE; OR, OBSERVATIONS AFLOAT AND ON SHORE. *The Midshipman.* By W. F. Lynch, U. S. N. We have just laid aside one book by an officer of the United States Navy, and here is another, rather better printed, and more durably bound, and of a somewhat different order of literary merit. We are not sorry to see that, in these "piping times of peace," our naval defenders are disposed to exchange the tar-pot for the ink-pot, and the steel sword for the steel pen. They have had ample opportunities for the study of human nature, and of examining the institutions of other nations; and, at their leisure, they have now an opportunity to add to the literary fame, as they have already assisted in establishing the naval glory, of their country.

THE BOY'S AND GIRL'S COUNTRY BOOK. With illustrations. This is one of Uncle Frank's familiar works, amiable in its sentiments, and peculiarly adapted to the youthful mind.

WATCHING SPIRITS. By Mrs. Ellet, author of "The Women of the Revolution." This work is, in every sense of the word, a most beautiful volume. Beautiful in theme, in language, and in moral and religious sentiment; and beautiful in its illustrations, in its printing, its paper, and its binding; and, in all, a most beautiful present for the holidays.

THE CAPTAINS OF THE OLD WORLD. By Henry William Herbert. The reading public has long been familiar with Mr. Herbert as a spirited and elegant writer. We have not had time to read his book carefully, but have satisfied our mind that he spoke truly when he assured the reader that his object had been to produce authentic details concerning the great generals of antiquity, with particulars of their campaigns, conduct, feats, exploits, real merits, and comparative degrees of skill and excellence.

RURAL HOMES; OR, SKETCHES OF HOUSES SUITED TO AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE. With *Original Plans, Designs, &c.* By Gervase Wheeler. The best idea of the contents of this book that we can present to our readers is to refer them to our own views and illustrations of cottages, furniture, etc., which, as they know, form a principal feature of the "Lady's Book."

From F. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE FEMALE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA: with Portraits, Biographical Notices, and Specimens of their Writings. By John S. Hart, LL.D. A more acceptable *souvenir* cannot be found among the numerous splendidly illustrated and illuminated gift-books, which have been issued by our various enterprising publishers for the holiday season.

Professor Hart has performed the duties of editor, biographer, and bibliographer with great ability. Among the selections are many articles of sufficient merit to establish good claims to high rank, in the same departments of literature, wherever the English language is a medium for the expression of bright fancies, interesting heart-romances, or picturesque descriptions; wherever it is the record in which the ideal he-

roes of the imagination are embodied by the soul's historian in noble thoughts and an imperishable language, at once monuments to the minds and means.

In the so called province of "*light literature*," we have often been struck with the vigor and originality of some of our "female writers," and have long seen the necessity for such a volume as we now have the pleasure of noticing in our magazine. Most of our readers will find "old friends" among this wreath of "fair names." Many of them have graced the pages of the "Lady's Book" as frequent and regular contributors. It gives us great pleasure to see that their writings have found such value in the estimation of the public as to call for some less perishable form than that in which many of them became known to fame.

It is the subject of much surprise to behold such an array of names, and such a collection of excellent extracts and articles, as fill the ample pages of this beautiful volume. The illustrations and portraits are gems of art. The whole of the heads have been engraved in London, from drawings made expressly for this work. In every case where we have had opportunities to know the originals, we find the likenesses exceedingly lifelike and correct. The paper, typography, and binding are superb, and present the claims of this galaxy of our gifted countrywomen in the most winning and appropriate dress. The book must find a rapid sale among our large reading public, being the first publication of the kind that has been issued by an American publisher in such gorgeous style.

From HOGAN, PERKINS & Co., No. 30 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE TALISMAN. *An Offering of Friendship.* A splendid annual, with twelve oil-colored illuminated plates, from designs by Devereux. This is one of the finest annuals of the season, beautifully printed and bound, and the illustrations are fully worth the price of the book. It is edited by Rev. Henry D. Moore, who has made an admirable selection of articles. Among them we notice the celebrated "Love Song," by our contributor, "Carl Linley," first published in the "Lady's Book." We cannot recommend a more acceptable volume for a holiday gift-book.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Two standard works, without which no library is complete. The publishers have got them up in beautiful style, handsomely illustrated by Devereux. The beauty of the typography, the elegant plates, and the neat binding, will render them desirable books for the coming season. Their internal merits require no notice at our hands.

HAPPINESS, IN ITS RELATION TO WORK AND KNOWLEDGE. By John Forbes, M.D. A moral lecture, delivered by the Queen's Physician, which may be read with pleasure and profit by all classes.

A SET OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS, embracing "TIMOUR, THE TARTAR," "THE SOLDIER'S CAP," and a series entitled, "OLD TESTAMENT SCENES AND NARRATIVES," including the separate histories of Joseph, Samuel, Jacob, David, Isaac, Abraham, Joshua, Moses, the Departure of the Israelites, the Dispersion of Mankind, the History of the Flood, and the Garden of Eden. These are all handsomely illustrated with colored engravings, and the tendency of their contents, as well as their cheapness, renders them most desirable books for parents and

guardians to place in the hands of their children and wards.

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From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND AND ENGLISH PRINCESSES CONNECTED WITH THE REGAL SUCCESSION OF GREAT BRITAIN. By Agnes Strickland, author of the "Lives of the Queens of England." The second volume of this able work will be favorably received by those who have read its predecessor, and by all who love to linger in the shadows of romance, while tracing the facts and realities of history.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN. By Jacob Abbott. Very greatly improved and enlarged. With numerous engravings. This work, as the reader might presume, is not intended for children, nor exclusively for the young, but for all who are commencing a religious life, whatever their years may be. The works comprised in the series are, 1, "The Young Christian; or a Familiar Illustration of Christian Duty;" 2, "The Corner Stone; or, a Familiar Illustration of Christian Truth;" 3, "The Way to God; or, the Christian Character Matured."

RULE AND MISRULE OF THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA. By the author of "Sam Slick, the Clock-Maker," "The Letter Bag," etc. Many things will be found in this book to which the American reader will not readily give his assent. We find much to object to, even in a cursory perusal, as well on the ground of fact, as in the author's speculations and opinions, which would have passed as harmless jokes from the lips of Sam Slick, the clock-maker, but cannot be so easily tolerated when falling seriously from the pen of a British jurist, and addressed to the consideration of a British lord.

FOREST LIFE AND FOREST TREES: containing Winter Camp-Life among the Loggers, and Wild-wood Adventure. With descriptions of lumbering operations on the various rivers of Maine and New Brunswick. By John S. Springer. There is a great deal in this book to amuse and instruct the reader, who, hitherto, has thought only of forest-life in the West. He will here find, by turning to the eastern boundaries of our country, scenes and adventures quite as romantic and formidable as any recounted of the opposite extreme of our forest limits.

THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD; FROM MARATHON TO WATERLOO. By E. S. Creasy, M. A., Professor of Ancient and Modern History in University College, London, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. This is a work of deep research, and, as such, will greatly interest the student of history. The author is an Englishman; but, from all that we have read of his work in relation to "the victory of the Americans over Burgoyne at Saratoga," we believe to be as honest and impartial as could have been expected.

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From W. J. HAMERSLY, Hartford, through E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—

THE STRING OF DIAMONDS, GATHERED FROM MANY MINES. By a Gem Fancier. This volume embraces a large collection of poems by writers of the first distinction in the literary world. Great taste has been displayed in the selection of these poems, as well as in the printing and binding of the book, all which will render it an appropriate holiday present.

From JOHN BALL, 48 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

HUNGARY AND KOSSUTH; or, an American Exposition of the late Hungarian Revolution. By Rev. B. F. Tefft, D.D. This work, as the author informs us, is not intended to be a history of Hungary, or a biography of Kossuth. The substance of the work was originally confined to the limits of a popular lecture, but was afterwards "expanded to a small volume," in which form it now appears. The sentiments and the views of the author are on the popular side of all questions relating to Hungary, many of which are, however, undergoing a thorough investigation by those who are better able to decide upon them, religiously and politically, as they are presented to us in the volume before us, than we profess to be.

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From TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, through WILLIS P. HAZARD, 178 Chestnut Street, we have received two very neatly bound and printed volumes, intended for the amusement of young readers. The first of these is entitled, THE MEMOIRS OF A LONDON DOLL. Written by herself. Edited by Mrs. Fairston. With engravings by Baker. The second, which is a match volume, is entitled, TALES FROM CATLAND FOR LITTLE KITTENS. By an Old Tabby. With engravings from designs by Billings.

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From H. C. PECK & THEO. BLISS, Philadelphia:—
THE LADY'S ORACLE: an Elegant Pastime for Social Parties and the Family Circle. By Henrietta Dumont. The pastime proposed by this book is a game of questions and answers between a lady and gentleman, and may be carried successfully round a whole circle, all giving attention to each question and each answer. The answers being quoted from standard poets, and made by a chance choice of numbers, all appearance of personality is avoided, and the amusement, which often occasions the liveliest mirth, is free from every kind of offence.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York:—
ULRIC; OR, THE VOICES. By T. S. Fay. We have not had time to examine, minutely, the plot, the beauties, or the deficiencies of this poem. We know the author to be a gentleman of considerable reputation as a poet, and these, we presume, have been fully sustained in the effort before us.

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From WALKER & JAMES, Charleston, S. C.:—
HISTORY OF ALABAMA, AND, INCIDENTAL-
LY, OF GEORGIA AND MISSISSIPPI, FROM
THE EARLIEST PERIOD. By Albert James Pickett,
of Montgomery. In two volumes. Second edition.
We have received, with the compliments of the author,
through Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., of this city, a copy of this valuable work, which appears to have had bestowed upon it the greatest amount of labor and research that an individual writer could possibly bring to his aid. He has brought to light in these volumes, and condensed, a vast amount of historical information so intimately connected with the first settlement of the American continent, that, it may be said, the public records of our national existence would have been incomplete without them.

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NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: "The Oxonians." Being a Sequel to "The

Rose; or, the Hazards of Women." This purports to be a domestic romance, and was first published in London twenty-four years ago, and its authorship was generally attributed to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer. Three volumes complete in one. Price 25 cents.—*Sketches in Ireland.*" By W. M. Thackeray, author of "Vanity Fair," "History of Pendennis," etc. These sketches are very amusing, and very instructive in regard to the condition of Ireland and the peculiarities of her people.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia: "London Labor and the London Poor." By Henry Mayhew. Parts 13 and 14. Price 12½ cents.—No. 18 of the "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." Price 25 cents.

From E. S. Jones & Co.: No. 4, being the October number of "The Model Architect," containing original designs for cottages, villas, suburban residences, etc., accompanied by explanations, specifications, estimates, and elaborate details. Prepared expressly for the use of projectors and artisans throughout the United States. By Samuel Sloan, architect, Philadelphia.

From J. S. Bailey, Portland, Me.: "Bozzaria." A Tragedy, in five acts. By N. Deering. We have not had time to examine this play with sufficient care to enable us to speak of it critically.

MUSIC.—From Lee & Walker, 162 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: "The Mississippi River." Respectfully dedicated to the ladies of Memphis, Tenn. Words by J. Fred Simmons. Music by J. H. Milton.

Publisher's Department.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR JANUARY, 1852.—All that art can do has been employed to ornament this number. The first plate, on the cover, is printed in colors from a steel engraving: this style of work is not attempted in any other office in this country. The second plate, the title-page, is printed in colors on stone. This engraving has to go seven times through the press. The next, "The Parables of our Lord," contains five distinct pictures, engraved in line. The next plate, "The Happy Family," is engraved in the style termed "Gemograph." Ours is the only magazine that has given a plate engraved in this style. The next, "The Pet Bird," is colored, by our corps of female colorers, by hand. Here we have every variety of engraving and coloring: line engraving, gemograph engraving, steel plate printed in colors, lithograph printed in colors, and a plate colored by hand.

The following were designed expressly for the "Lady's Book": "Preparing for Winter," painted by Chapman; "The Title-Page," designed by Croome; "The Parables of our Lord," by the same artist; "The Pet Bird," by Tucker. Four original designs in one number. We have never heard of any other magazine giving a single original plate.

In the one hundred pages of *original* reading matter, will be found effusions by the master minds of our country. We are certain that no person will be disappointed who subscribes to "Godey's Lady's Book" for 1852.

We call attention to the notice on our cover touching traveling collectors. It will be seen that, in future, all remittances must be made direct to us.

VOL. XLV.—9

We shall, in our next number, commence a series of "Model Cottages" far exceeding in beauty anything that we have hitherto given. We were the first to commence this highly interesting feature.

We would respectfully announce that we are making a collection of autographs. We should be pleased to receive those of our subscribers who happen to be in arrears.

Two articles that we have recently published have been very extensively copied and very much praised by the press—"Hugh Evans; or, the Young Statesman," and "How can an American Woman Serve her Country?"

THE "Rome Courier" says, "We have been much gratified that Mr. Godey has given no encouragement to the Bloomer folly." We were right. Even those who paraded our streets at night have given it up. The thing is dead.

THE "Huntingdon Observer" says, "Godey must set up at nights to study out so many new and pleasing features. We cannot see how he does it in any other way." We assure our friend of the "Observer" that the "Book" "is our pondered thought by day, our dream by night."

THE following letter speaks volumes for "The Book":—

"Harper's Ferry.

"SIR: According to request, I inclose \$5, the amount due for the present as well as the next year's 'Lady's Book.' It has been a friend of thirteen years' standing, with the exception of the year 1849, when I was tempted to give it up for another magazine, but very soon discovered that it did not yield me the same pleasure that the long-tried 'Godey' had done.

"Very respectfully,

Mrs. A. C. C."

A GEM FOR CHILDREN.—W. P. Hazard, No. 178 Chestnut Street, has published a series of stories for children, entitled, "Slovenly Peter," "Young Troublesome," "Simple Hans," "Slovenly Kate," and other stories. The one great merit of these tales, simple as they are, is that each contains a good moral. The illustrations no one can misunderstand. They are of the most ludicrous kind, perfectly chaste, and very expressive. Don't neglect this book among your Christmas presents for children.

MESSRS. S. HART & CO., Nos. 24 and 17 Merchant Street, in this city, are perhaps the largest American manufacturers of staple stationery and fancy goods: blank and playing cards, steel pens, pearl visiting card-cases (a most beautiful article), traveling companions, &c. Their factory is well worth a visit. Thanks to Messrs. Hart & Co., we are no longer dependent upon Europe for the articles we have here mentioned.

THE "Belfast Journal" says, "We are pleased to see so much matter of domestic interest in so popular and cheap a form. Godey is extending the useful departments of his magazine." We think this number gives good evidence of our intention to devote a large portion of our "Book" to the useful. A lady must, indeed, be hard to please that cannot find some matter in this number that will interest her.

THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.—The laughing-loving editor of this paper, Col. Wm. T. Porter, still continues to give his subscribers the most *recherché* paper published in this country. It is the only one of the kind; and, for pure American stories and anecdotes, records of fishing, hunting, etc., it has no equal in Europe.

VIRGINIUS HUTCHEN, Esq., has assumed the editorial chair of the "Banner," at Henderson, Ky. Our readers have often met with articles by Mr. H. in our "Book."

TO HEADS OF FAMILIES.—FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM is the title of a weekly family journal, published in Philadelphia by Fitzgerald & Co. It is a very good paper, of a medium size, elegantly printed, and especially devoted to literature, the fine arts, music, and the drama. In the literary department of Fitzgerald's City Item the most careful taste is exercised to present a variety of high-toned, instructive, and entertaining articles, selected particularly with an eye to the tastes of ladies and families. Subscriptions two dollars a year. Address Fitzgerald & Co.

HOME BOOKS. BY COUSIN ALICE.—Under this title, Mrs. Neal has published the first number of a practical, household work, for the amusement and instruction of the young class of readers. "No Such Word as Fail," a book intended particularly for boys, is beautifully illuminated by Sinclair, of Philadelphia, and will form a handsome present, and a salutary lesson for the opening of the new year.

THE BOOK TRADE.—The second volume of this paper was commenced in August last. It is a monthly record of new publications, and literary advertiser, and, as such, has proved itself useful to all who are engaged in writing or in publishing books. H. Wilson, publisher, Ann Street, New York.

Mrs. LESDERNIER.—We had the pleasure, a few evenings since, to attend, with many delighted friends, the "Readings from the Poets," by this gifted and amiable lady. Her voice, diction, and whole manner of expression were of a superior order. In her comic readings she was especially true to life, and afforded to all who listened to her the highest amusement and pleasure.

CARPENTER'S.

"Oh, she's very fond of her husband!" we heard one lady say of another not long ago. "Why, I often see them together at Levy's, and she takes just as much interest in his gloves and scarfs as if they were her own."

Well, after all, it may be a trifle, but it certainly is a pleasant thing to have one's husband notice a dress that has been arranged with especial reference to his taste; and why should not "the rule work both ways?" Indeed, if ladies interested themselves a little more in the toilets of their liege lords, we should see fewer men who outrage taste and propriety in light colors and bold checks, by shining satin scarfs, and nether garments with "the other plaid on the other pair."

To be sure, a tailor's is not exactly the proper lounging place for a lady; that is, *most shops* devoted to the wardrobe masculine are not. But, if any of our lady readers choose to exert their taste, and save their hus-

bands from being "horrors," they will be most cordially welcomed, and comfortably seated, at the new establishment of the brothers W. & F. Carpenter, celebrated in many ways, apart from the editorials of the "Home Journal," where Willis, in congenial ellement, discourses of their excellencies. It is, in fact, an elegant saloon, a part of the beautiful hotel just opened as the "Girard House," Chestnut Street. Carpets from Orne's, chandeliers from Cornelius', sofas, lounging chairs, etc., might cheat them into the belief that it was not a *shop*, after all. But it is "Carpenter's," nevertheless. A firm known even in Bond Street, and talked of in Paris; and, better than all, properly appreciated and supported in our own country. This is due to the taste that has selected their present extensive stock, including gloves, handkerchiefs, cravats, in fact, all those elegant little articles that go to make up the *tout ensemble* of the outer man. And we commend to your especial notice, fair ladies, as we commend you to the courtesies of the ever-courteous proprietors of the establishment, a character well worth the study, and known as "Old David" by every young man and boy in town, ever since they were old enough to feel a nervous satisfaction in getting home a new coat and vest "of a Saturday night." In his fine new livery as porter, he seems to dispute the sobriquet so universally accorded him, looking ten years younger at the least, as he brings you a chair, or bows politely to his old acquaintance, your husband. We don't think you'll repent your visit; and then you can any day bring a claim for attendance at an "opening," against the gentleman you have assisted by your taste and kindly advice.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—In addition to the notices which will be found on the cover of the "Book" of this valuable family newspaper, we have selected from our numerous exchanges a few more equally just and warmly complimentary to the editor. No editor that we know of has been more deserving of the approbation of his fellow-citizens, and of the esteem and confidence of the entire reading public of America, than Mr. Arthur. Honest, dignified, and calm in all his personal relations, the same peculiarities of character distinguish the columns over which he presides in an eminent degree. Without rant or vulgar passion, they are sufficiently expressive and enthusiastic in the cause of truth and virtue to assure us of their honesty of purpose; and, without assumption or dictation, they are sufficiently careful and explicit in explaining and supporting their own position, to command for the editor the respect and the esteem of all truly independent minds. As we have said, on a former occasion, we know of no man in the wide circle of our literary acquaintance whom we deem more valuable in the vocation, or more efficient, scrupulous, or penetrating in the performance of his editorial duties, than Mr. Arthur. The great heart of the American nation, we might truly say, owes Mr. Arthur a debt of gratitude, which we hope yet to see paid in full, without stint or objection. While too many of our writers have sought only fame, he has been leading the minds of thousands, almost imperceptibly, into the quiet and peaceful paths of virtue. How many fond wives and mothers can look back upon his glowing description of the nobleness and the happiness that spring from a moral and a temperate course of life, and from them date the period that first brought kind looks, gentle words, and soothing consultations into their own poor homes! How many parents, who

have sighed in bitterness over the degradation of a son, have rejoiced in his restoration through the persuasive pages of Arthur! How many children, who have wept for very shame over the follies of their parents, rejoice now and shed tears of lively gratitude over those touching stories that led to the reformation of their hapless lives! But we have said enough for the present. Hear now the opinions of others of Arthur and his "Home Gazette."

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—This very superior family journal has just entered upon its second volume. That it should have proved eminently successful during the first year of its existence is no more than its sterling merits deserved; and the fact speaks well for the discrimination of the American public. Mr. Arthur's abilities as a writer, and the admirable moral which we find interwoven in each one of his pleasing tales, of which he contributes a large number to the Home Gazette, together with the pure and useful character of the articles prepared for it by a long array of the best authors in the United States—all combine to render this paper one of the most desirable extant for family reading. Now is a good time to subscribe, and those who have not heretofore taken it will find it all they could wish as a home journal.—*Mich. Whig.*

● **ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE** this week commences, under happy auspices, its second volume. Among our exchanges there are a few we always seize with avidity, and the Home Gazette is one of the few. As a family journal, we consider it *the best* in the country. There is a fine moral tone running through the whole that cannot fail of doing good. Mr. Arthur is an excellent writer, and we have often endeavored to study his style; indeed, we consider that, in his sphere of literary labor, he has no superior. His tales are always so good, and yet so instructive, that the reader rises from their perusal with an inward conviction that he has not been wasting his time over a mass of foolish nonsense. His paper is but a mirror, in which are reflected all his traits of superiority.—*Gazette, South Boston, Mass.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—The second volume is begun. No periodical can we wish a more hearty "God speed." It abounds with information and morality—its lessons are all purity; and it is emphatically what it professes to be, a *Home Gazette*—appropriate companion for every fireside.—*Waterloo Patriot.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE has entered upon its second volume, and we have heard but one opinion of its merits expressed on all hands, and that is a favorable one. For papers of that class, we hazard nothing in saying it takes the first rank; and we are the more prepossessed in its favor for the high moral tone of its contents. It appears to be entirely free from that undercurrent of impurity which is so characteristic of a large portion of the mammoth sheets of the day.—*Journal of Education, Bath, Me.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE is so sacred to our home that it always escapes our scissors. It is a real family paper, containing no demoralizing stories or low witticisms. Its character corresponds with that of its editor, who is well known to the public as a pleasing, graceful, and interesting writer.—*Palmer Journal.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE meets, at our table each week, a warm greeting, and at the "home circle" unmistakable marks of favoritism. Its dignified and practical moral tone fits it eminently for a place in the bosom of every family. The assiduity of its editor

keeps its columns full of interest; and its truths cannot fail to instruct.—*Mich. Citizen.*

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE, T. S. Arthur, Editor, has just finished its first volume. It is filled with the choicest matter from the pen of its celebrated editor, and is a paper which should be read at every fireside. Its subscription price is but two dollars per year, and everybody who subscribes for it well invests his money.—*Advertiser, Biddeford.*

Receipts.

A RECIPE FOR A CARROT PUDDING, which tastes very good: Take half a pound of raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of suet, one ounce of lemon peel, half a nutmeg, two large carrots, two tablespoonfuls of flour. To be boiled two hours and a half, and the carrots are to be boiled and pulped previously.

PHILADELPHIA BUNS.—Take a pound of flour, the rinds of three lemons grated fine, half a pound of butter melted in a coffee-cup of cream, a teaspoonful of yeast, and three eggs. Mix; add half a pound of finely-powdered white sugar: work well, let it stand to rise well, and it will make thirty-nine buns.

TEA CAKES.—Take a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, and the same of sugar; the peel of a lemon finely grated, a little of the juice, an egg, a little brandy to flavor, and a teaspoonful of bruised coriander seed. Roll it out thin, make into cakes, and bake them in a quick oven.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Evening dress of white crape, embroidered in a star pattern of gold-colored silk. The trimming of the skirt consists of rows of gold-colored guaze ribbon in groups. The corsege is made *en chemisette*, and edged only by a narrow row of lace. A necklace and bracelet of pearls, and a wreath of blush roses and foliage, are the only ornaments.

Fig. 2d.—A dinner dress of pink silk *solitaire*, the skirt trimmed with two deep flounces, embroidered in a double row of needlework scallops. These scallops are trimmed with five rows of narrow velvet ribbon, of a bright maroon shade, placed at regular distances. The upper part of the second flounce forms a *ruche*, and the skirt is also edged with one in silk. The corsege is low, cut *en gilet*, and trimmed in scallops to correspond with the skirt. *Chemisette* of Valenciennes lace, slightly full. A simple band of velvet, with a pearl clasp, encircles the throat. Hair dressed plainly with knots of pink and maroon velvet.

ROBE DE NUIT.

A most elaborate and elegant garment, made of the finest French cambric. The skirt is very full and long, and divided in each of the front breadths into three branches of plaits, six in each. A row of very narrow tucks edges the hem. Two rows of rich embroidered cambric are disposed after the fashion of a pointed yoke, and a collar of the same encircles the neck closely. The sleeves are stitched in plaits at the wrist, with a double cuff of the edging, the lower falling over the hand.

CHIT-CHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS
FOR JANUARY.

Cloaks and evening dresses seem to divide the principal attention of our ladies the present month. It was thought, earlier in the season, that few cloaks would be worn; but the variety and gracefulness of the styles have made them the favorite out-door dress as the season advances. The most beautiful display that we have yet seen, or that will probably be found in the country, is in Stewart's cloak-room, which, now that the edifice is finished, is situated in the left wing of the building, bordering upon the Park, and is entirely distinct from the shawl-room in the opposite extremity. It is very large, beautifully lighted, and fitted with models upon which to display the elegant garments which it contains. The centre of the room has a counter, bearing the same relation to its size and extent as a sofa-table in an ordinary parlor. At each end is a figure, upon which is displayed every day a new brocade silk, finished by a light and elegant mantle to correspond. Among the richest, we noticed a gold-colored ground, with the flowers in a light running pattern, principally in pink, with green foliage. It is intended, of course, for an evening dress. Price seventy dollars, and is a full pattern. Another, more quiet, and far more tasteful, has a black ground, with bouquets of half-blown moss roses and buds, with their simple, natural brown stems, and emerald foliage. Those in plain colors, with the figure merely raised in satin, are great favorites, and their ordinary price from three dollars to five dollars per yard. It must be remembered that they are nearly, if not quite, a yard in width, and, as the common, but most expressive phrase goes, "are as thick as a board." Indeed, we have seen some this season as thick as an ordinary Matseilles counterpane. The heaviness of the material, together with the rich colors in which it usually is embroidered, makes it quite unsuited to the toilet of young girls, unless it is in the lightest and most delicate plain shades, as white, fawn, pink, or blue.

Miss Wharton has made a very stylish bridal dress of rich *moir d'antique*, perfectly plain, with the exception of a rich fall of blonde upon the open sleeves. With an elegant lace collar and bridal veil, this will be all-sufficient for ornament. The wreath was of lilies of the valley, clematis, and white roses; the roses forming the base; and the light wreath over the forehead, arching slightly, to give greater height to the figure, was of the simple lily bells. Clematis and pendent sprays of lilies were mixed with the roses. The whole could not be detected from nature, except by touch, in the evening. Perfuming artificial flowers is the last refinement of Parisian skill. The contrast between these most natural blossoms and the stiff nondescript conceptions, called "artificial flowers" by country milliners, usually in upright bunches, shapes such as flowers never could assume, is ludicrous enough. Indeed, we have long intended a crusade against these same tasteless bits of pink cambrie and crimson muslin. They are placed inside an unlined brim, in direct contact with a complexion in most cases far from delicate, and only resemble the flowers of the field in that "they toil not, neither do they spin." Not that we would breathe aught that could affect so lucrative a trade, in which many of our countrywomen are now engaged. But, if public taste demands an improvement, it will most assuredly be made; and, if ladies object to wearing poppies, peonies, and "composition" flowers, taking nature to task, as it were, in shape and

coloring, the more graceful and delicate blossoms will be imitated and improved, until our manufactures shall rival those abroad. Our young countrywomen have taste enough, if it were only allowed scope, and encouraged.

Flowers inside the brim should not be worn without a light mixture of lace, plain *thulle*, to soften the effect, particularly if the complexion of the wearer is at all brilliant.

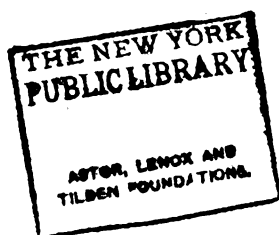
Amid the *trousseaux* spoken of above, we noticed an elegant dinner dress of fawn-colored *moir d'antique*, made with the *marquise corsage*, with the close puffings described in our last. It has a most stylish effect, and is not easily imitated or copied. A rich traveling dress of habit cloth, a lighter and more creamy shade of fawn, was considered an elegant accompaniment to the bridal wardrobe. The cloth is as glossy as the softest satin, and, at the same time, is thick enough to afford all necessary protection in the most inclement weather. The corsage was plain, with the double pointed bodice, and the sleeves and skirt have plain bands of terry satin ribbon, the same shade, a favorite and very neat trimming. The cloak, of the same, is of the circular, or cardinal shape, with a light hood and tassel, lined and quilted with silk.

We have also noticed, at Miss Wharton's rooms, a new gilet with a short basque. The corsage was black watered silk, with the vest of lavender, a very light and delicate shade. Lavender is now universally worn in second mourning, and is quite a distinct shade from the French gray so much the style a year or two since. The deepest borders upon violet, and the lighter shades are more of pearl gray. Black bonnets, with lavender ribbon inside the brim and for strings, are much worn, also lavender silks, and neck ribbons, sometimes plaided with black. It is one of the most ladylike, because quietest, shades of color that can be introduced into the toilet.

But we have wandered a long distance from the cloaks displayed at Stewart's. You will find them lying in elegant confusion—velvets, satins, cloth, and fur mingled in graceful combinations. The cardinal form still continues the favorite. It is a simple deep cape, reaching almost to the knee, of a three-quarters circle. It is lined and quilted throughout with silk, as the corners are turned over the arm in front, displaying it, and making a kind of loose cardinal sleeve. Hooda, or deep collara, are the accompaniment of this style, and there is a little novelty in the shape of a side pocket in the lining, just large enough for a small purse or card-case, or a tiny embroidered handkerchief. A Persian cloak, imported to order by Stewart this season, was composed of velvet and Siberian sable. Incredible as it may seem, the price was £600!

Of the lighter items of the toilet, little can be said. Chemisettes of a hundred different varieties are seen, and undersleeves of every conceivable pattern and material. The last are worn a trifle narrower, and, as the weather grows cool, of fine French and linen cambrics, or India muslin. Ear-rings have pendants no longer. The last style is a little flat button, about the size of a half dime, ornamented with precious stones. Chate-laines are little worn, a simple vest guard, or belt chain of gold, attaching the watch to the waist. Vest buttons are a new and dainty style of jewelry; but we have been quite extravagant enough in this article, in our faithful descriptions of what is worn by city fashionables, not recommending our readers generally to follow the example.

FASHION.

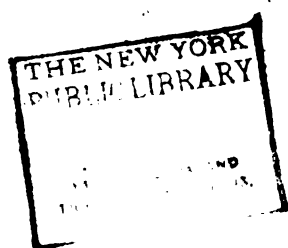


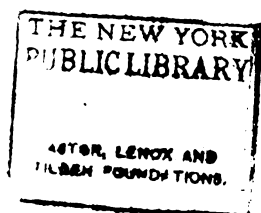


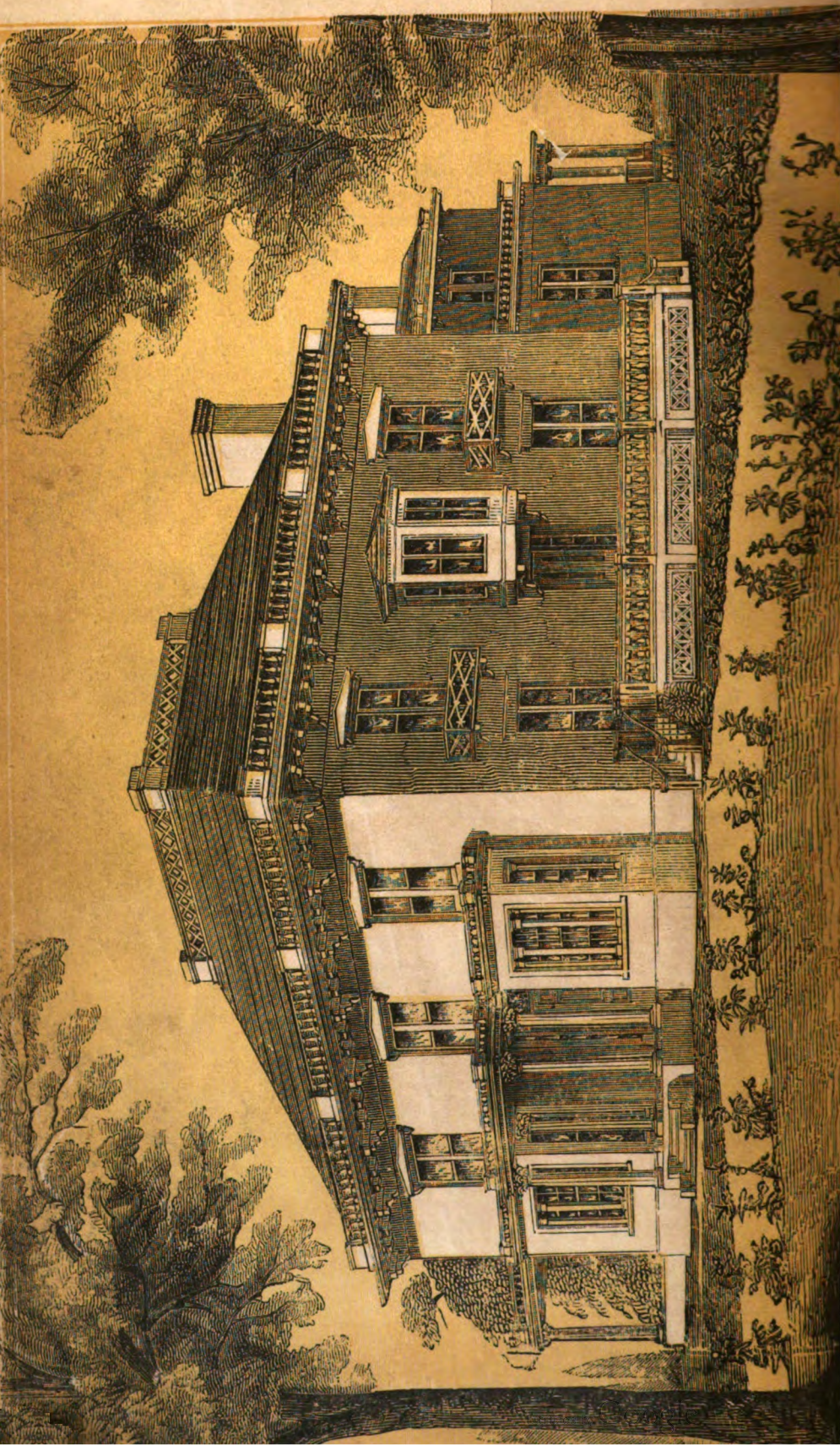
THE INTERCEPTED LETTER.



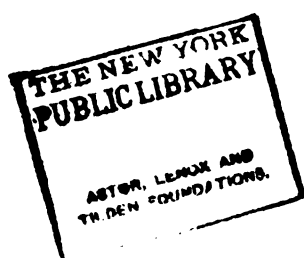
A DOMESTIC SCENE.



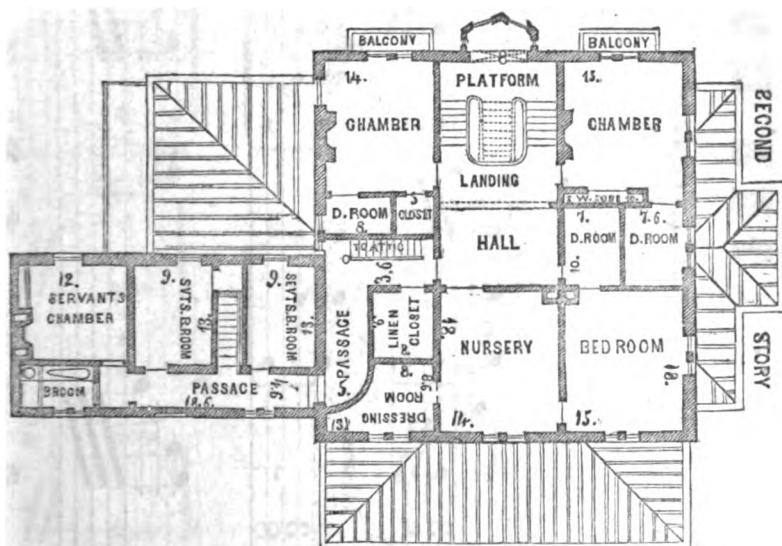
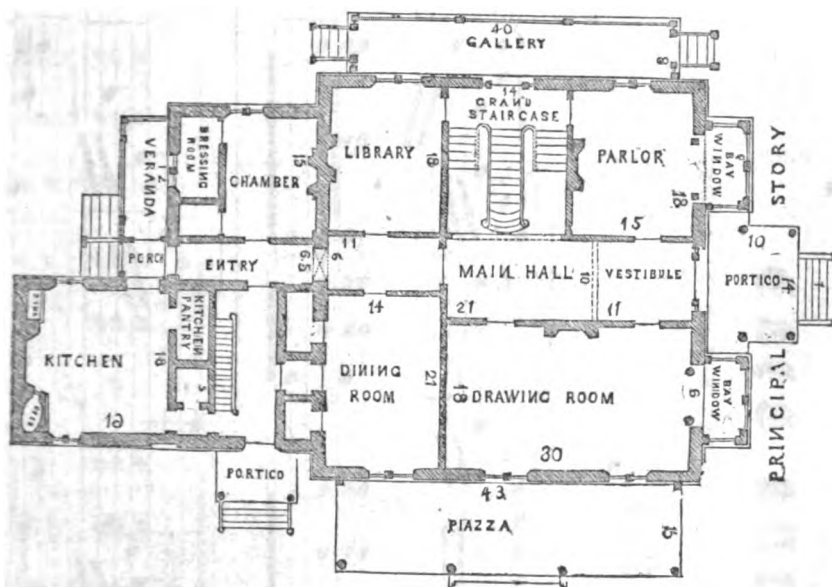








INTERIOR PLANS OF AN ITALIAN BRACKETED VILLA



THE ROCKING BIRD

A WALTZ, COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,

BY ADELA.

8va. loco.

Vivace.

PIANO.

8va.

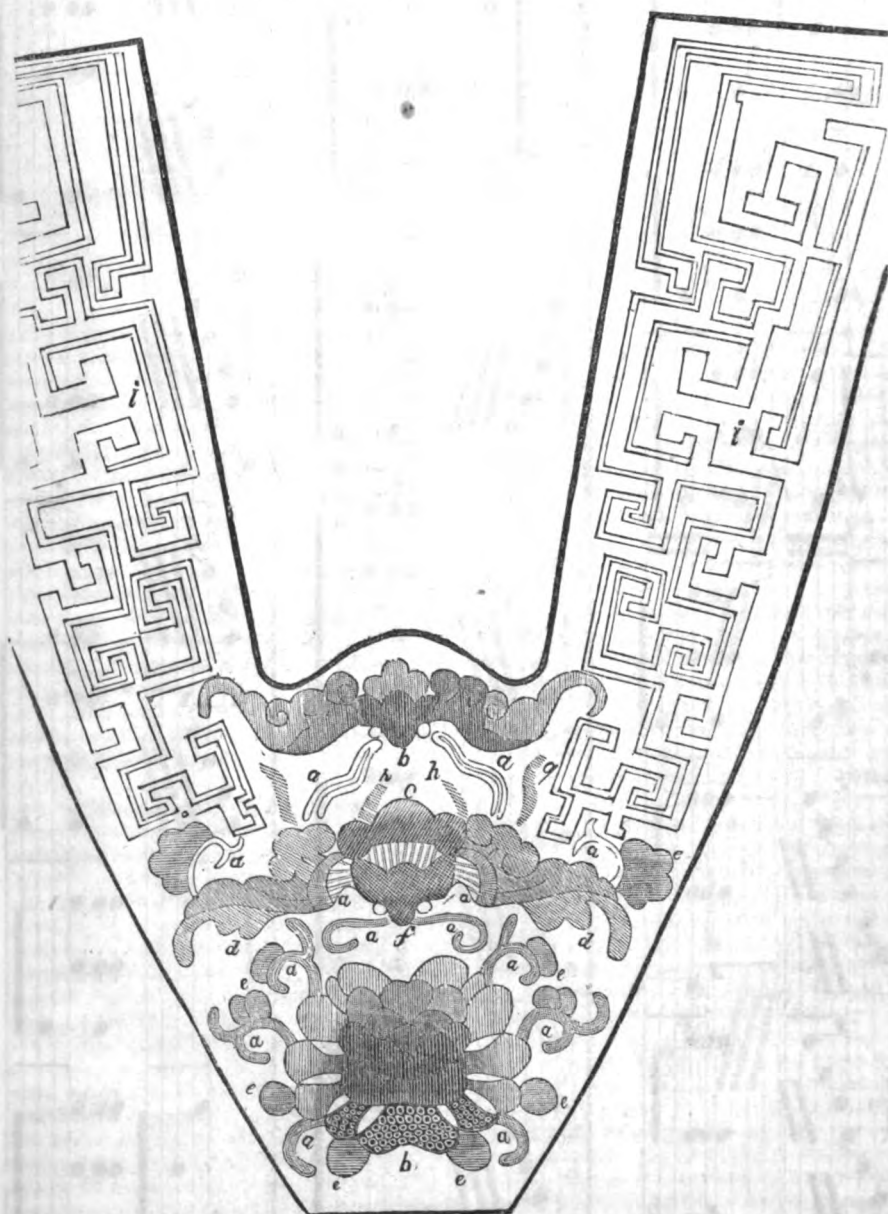
First system of a musical score. The left staff features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The right staff features a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The word "Fine." is written above the right staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Second system of a musical score. The left staff features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The right staff features a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Third system of a musical score. The left staff features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The right staff features a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The word "D.C." is written above the right staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

CHINESE SLIPPER

SEE DESCRIPTION.



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1852.

THE INTERCEPTED LETTER

BY EDITH HERVEY.

(See *Plata.*)

KATHERINE DEVEREUX was the spoiled child of a widowed mother. From her infancy through her childhood she knew nothing but the language of tenderness and the caresses of the most overweening affection, except when her stepfather, Mr. Lewiston, a man stern and unrelenting as Cato, would point out to her fond mother some fault that he thought should be corrected, or some defect of character that he prophesied would inevitably, if allowed to pass unrebuked, render her future life miserable. But Mr. Lewiston, in this also like Cato, was too fond of his wife to be willing often to see her face clouded by grief or anxiety; so the prophecies and solemn warnings came more and more seldom, though the faults that had at first provoked them by no means lessened with Kate's increasing years. Not that those faults were anything uncommon or even apparent to an ordinary observer. To most persons Kate seemed as she did to her mother, a remarkably sweet-tempered, affectionate child, full of gayety and spirit; but her keen-eyed father saw the obstinacy and wilfulness of her temper, which, lying dormant in the sunshine of her usual life, would when roused assert and claim their rights with a quiet resolution as immovable as uncontrollable. With this peculiarity of Kate's Mr. Lewiston ought to have sympathized, for he shared it in no common degree; but in himself he called it firmness, and considered it as one of his chief excellencies; in Kate it was obstinacy, in his eyes the greatest fault a young girl could possess.

Thus Kate, too young to appreciate her stepfather's virtues, his real desire for her improvement, or his conscientious care of the large property she inherited from her father, looked upon him only as a severe censor, and as one who, blind to her virtues, perceived only her faults. As long as her mother lived, this did not trouble her much, for he warmth

and sunshine of that abundant love would have rendered her insensible to the coldness or disapproval of all the rest of the world; but, when Kate was thirteen, Mrs. Lewiston died, leaving her child to the guardianship of her husband, and entreating her to love and obey him, as though in him her mother still lived to her.

This injunction at such a time, from one in whom all her affections were centered, had so great an effect on the ardent and enthusiastic nature of Katherine, that it seemed for a while almost to change her nature, and even Mr. Lewiston was greatly struck by the quiet deference and implicit obedience that marked her conduct towards him. Nothing could have pleased him more, and a real affection was beginning to spring up between them, when Mr. Lewiston, after two years of unaffected sorrow, growing tired of his loneliness, brought home another wife.

To see her mother's place filled, while her own grief for her loss was still fresh in her mind, roused all the antagonism of Kate's nature; and when, added to this, the second wife proved to be one of those managing, interfering, and officious persons who, although kind and good-hearted in the main, yet contrive to make themselves especially distasteful to all under their control, it is hardly a wonder that Kate's fastidious refinement of feeling induced her to shrink from one who showed but little delicacy in touching the most sensitive chords of her nature. She even, to Mr. Lewiston's serious displeasure, refused to give his wife the sacred name of mother, and Mrs. Lewiston, hurt and offended by what she considered the want of respect and sympathy of one towards whom she fully intended to act the part of a devoted mother, as far as she understood it, complained bitterly of Kate's coldness and reserve, but without in the least relaxing in the plan she had formed for perfecting the young girl's

education, which she thought had been woefully neglected.

Education was Mrs. Lewiston's hobby, and she considered herself peculiarly fitted to train the feminine portion of creation both in mind and manners. Boys she frankly acknowledged to be above her powers, though once she had not thought so; but a girl, she was accustomed to say, she could mould as she pleased; and she tried her plastic hand perseveringly and courageously on the firm nature of her adopted daughter. It must be acknowledged she spared no pains with her. She lectured her from morning till night, thwarted her in all the little plans of study and amusement she formed for herself, amply providing for her all the time occupations and pleasures of her own choosing, without being able to understand Kate's want of gratitude in not accepting them, or accepting them so coldly.

Yet, with all this lack of affection and even real respect, Kate's thorough good breeding, and, perhaps, her pride, prevented her from making any marked demonstrations of her dislike or impatience of control. There was another motive—it may be, a stronger one than either of the others—that influenced Katherine in her outwardly dutiful conduct to Mrs. Lewiston, and that was her affection for an aunt of her stepfather's, Mrs. Exeter, who had resided with him since her mother's death, and on whose kindness and judgment Kate had so firm a reliance that she confided to her all her little troubles, sure of finding in her, although a just and sometimes she thought even a severe judge, a gentleness and sympathy that had won her whole heart.

Some two or three years after the commencement of the new dynasty, Kate's forbearance was put to a severe test, and, for the hundredth time, was on the point of failure entirely. She had a cousin, Henry Grant, a favorite nephew of her mother's, and who had been, during her life, always a welcome visitor and playmate of her own. The intimacy and friendship had always been maintained; but now, that Kate had attained to the dignity of being considered a young lady, and a particularly handsome and agreeable one, the watchful Mrs. Lewiston, who fancied that she had a peculiar gift for detecting the tender passion from its very commencement, suddenly discovered that Kate was in love with her cousin, and that he would be a very unsuitable match for her. To the last sentiment Kate fully agreed; but the first, when it was gently insinuated, filled her with the greatest indignation. That her warm cousinly affection for the favorite companion of her childhood should be mistaken for love irritated her; and that any one could think she would bestow her heart on one whom she secretly looked upon as a boy, though he was a little older than herself, and who was no more to be compared to the *beau idéal* in her own mind than a wild rose to the Victoria Regia, seemed to her such an imputation on her taste and discernment that she found it difficult to restrain her anger within its just bounds; but when, in addition to all this, she learned that

Henry's usual Christmas visit had been declined, on some slight pretext, by Mrs. Lewiston, and his feelings very much wounded in consequence, excited by her sympathy for him and her anger at Mrs. Lewiston, she wrote him a long and very kind letter, full of regrets at being disappointed in his usual visit, and expressing even more affection for him than she felt, so desirous was she that the son of her mother's favorite sister should feel that her feelings towards him remained unchanged.

Just as she was about to give the letter to a servant to be carried to the post office, Mr. Lewiston entered, and, taking it from her, read the direction, and quietly consigned it to the flames, saying "that he did not approve of young ladies corresponding with gentlemen." Kate felt that she could not trust herself to speak, and left the room as quickly as possible. After relieving her excited feelings by a few tears, she did not even seek her usual consolation by confiding her troubles to Mrs. Exeter, but went about her ordinary avocations with a cold and haughty reserve that effectually precluded all attempt at explanation, if Mrs. Lewiston wished to make any.

While in this state, treated as she thought like a child by her guardian, and tyrannized over by his wife, as she sat in church one Sunday morning, wondering if there was anybody in the world, excepting her cousin Harry, who cared an iota for her, her thoughts were suddenly recalled to a recollection of what was passing around her, by observing a pair of eyes, large, deep, blue, earnest, admiring eyes, fixed intently upon her. A furtive glance in that direction showed her that the owner of the eyes was a strikingly handsome, though rather effeminate young gentleman, and, from his sitting in the same pew with some friend of hers, she concluded him to be their acquaintance. She thought it very impertinent in him to stare so at her; yet, in the wounded state of her feelings, the evident, and, at the same time respectful, admiration conveyed by those expressive though mute messengers, was not displeasing to her.

The next week happened to be the one before Christmas, and a part of it was generally devoted by the young ladies of the neighboring village and country to dressing the church with the emblematic tokens of rejoicing usual on such occasions. Kate was always the leading spirit on these occasions, the superiority of her taste being unquestionable, and her energy and activity leading her to undertake all the more difficult portions of the arrangements. Her cousin Harry had always been her willing assistant, and, as Katherine walked more slowly than usual to the church on the day appointed for commencing their annual task, she thought sadly on how much she should miss his gay spirit and happy facility at overcoming all difficulties. She was in a very misanthropic mood, and more than inclined several times to turn back and shut herself in her own room till the Christmas festivities were over. She did not do it, however; and, alas for poor Harry!

no sooner had she opened the door that led into the vestry room, where the little party had assembled, than all thoughts of him passed from her mind; for there stood the stranger who had attracted her attention on the previous Sabbath. His look of evident pleasure, as she entered, could not but strike her, and, when he had almost instantly sought and obtained an introduction, his gentle deferential manner, the low soft tone in which he whispered the sweetest nothings, which to her unaccustomed ear sounded so much like sensible remarks that they passed uncriticized, and the open admiration which the Miss Graysons, the ladies whom he had accompanied, displayed for him, all helped to complete the favorable impression which Mr. Augustus Barney, for that unfortunately was his name, made upon the young heiress.

Mr. Barney did not fail to profit by the unrestrained intercourse allowed by their daily meetings at the church. He professed the most sublime and lofty sentiments; and Kate, too new to the world's ways to have discovered the difference between "to seem and to be," sympathized with and admired him. Occasionally, it is true, there was a something in his manner, or some casual remark, that struck her as not exactly in keeping with his usual style of conversation; but she had but very little opportunity of judging him, for, though he was always by her side whenever he was permitted, yet he had become such a favorite, his taste and his opinion were so often appealed to, that they found but little time for uninterrupted conversation. This was all the more fortunate for him, as his talent in that particular was very limited. He accompanied her home once, and passed the evening with her, and Kate wondered at herself for feeling quite relieved when he went away, and at the indefinite impression he had left of being somewhat of a bore, although he had wasted on her his prettiest compliments and his sweetest glances. If Katherine had been anything of a flirt, his conversation would have satisfied her. But she was too earnest and enthusiastic, as well as high minded, to be in the least tainted by that prevailing weakness of beauties. She had a mind and a heart that asserted their claims to be satisfied, although she was by no means destitute of a little feminine vanity that was easily pleased, though the pleasure was a passing one, by the language of adulation.

When matters had reached this point, if Mrs. Lewiston had not interfered, all would have been well. Miss Devereux was already growing weary of the weak sentimentality of Mr. Barney's usual style of conversation, and would soon have wearied of his society. But, observing his attentions of course, and jumping at once to the conclusion that he was addressing Katherine, and that he would certainly be accepted, she wrote to some friends who lived in the same city with the young gentleman, and, finding by their answer that he belonged to that numerous class of persons in large cities who have forced their way into fashionable society,

and manage to keep in it and to live no one knows exactly how, and that, in fact, his character was by no means above suspicion, she at once very properly determined not to allow Kate to receive his visits.

It would have been better if Mrs. Lewiston had been perfectly frank with her stepdaughter, who, however cold and reserved she had appeared to her, had never actually disobeyed her; but, against Mrs. Exeter's advice, she preferred to give the servant private orders to say that "the ladies were engaged" whenever Mr. Barney called, hoping that he would leave, now that Christmas had passed, without again meeting Kate. But, after having been refused admittance several times, Mr. Barney, who had flattered himself that he had made quite an impression, and who could not bear to give up so tempting a prize without an effort, mounted guard near the stately residence of Mr. Lewiston, until he saw Kate come out alone to take a morning walk. He joined her, and, in the explanation that ensued, Kate's anger at the want of confidence displayed towards her was so favorably construed by the gentleman that he burst into an ardent declaration of most devoted attachment. Kate was completely taken by surprise; yet, as she had never heard any suspicion breathed against him, but, on the contrary, had seen that he was admired and courted by those who certainly ought to know all about him, although she felt that she did not love him, the devotion expressed to her biased her in his favor, and her indignation against her stepmother made her long to throw off her control. Rendered undecided by her excited feelings—although she neither accepted him nor positively refused him—she allowed him to form a plan for carrying on a clandestine correspondence, to which in a calmer mood she would certainly not have consented.

As soon as she had time for cool reflection, Kate repented the permission she had granted so readily, and determined that one letter on each side should be the limit of the correspondence. Although pleased with the winning, deferential manner of her suitor, she had formed no high opinion of his intellect, and therefore his first letter, the first love letter she had ever received, astonished as much as it pleased. The sentimentality and high-flown compliments that marked his conversation had given place to a manliness of thought, a depth of feeling, and a beauty and energy of expression, of which no one would have thought a mere man of society, like Mr. Barney, capable. The letter did more to change her partiality into love than a year's intercourse with him would have effected. True to her first intention, however, Kate wrote a very short and guarded reply, requesting that the correspondence should be allowed to drop. But "faint heart never won fair lady" was Mr. Barney's maxim, and, not discouraged by this unpromising commencement, he continued to write, satisfied with knowing that his letters were not returned, and trusting that in time they would produce the desired result.

As balm and incense to her wounded self-love, they certainly were not without their effect. Mrs. Lewiston, unsuspecting of the cause, was delighted to see Kate restored to cheerfulness and gayety natural to her, although she still found fault with her for her fondness of the solitude of her own room. In this instance, Mrs. Exeter proved herself more clear sighted. She was confident that there was a mystery about Miss Devereux which was very unusual. In going into her room, she had often lately discovered her poring over some letters that were quietly slipped aside on her entrance, and a great intimacy had suddenly sprung up between Kate and the younger Miss Grayson, a giddy, foolish girl whom Mrs. Exeter had never liked.

One day, in rambling about the grounds at sunset, Mrs. Exeter's attention was attracted by a brilliantly white object lying in the hollow trunk of an old elm. The last rays of the sun fell full upon it, or she would probably not have observed it. On taking it out, she found it to be a letter to Miss Devereux, for this was the romantic post-office Miss Grayson had selected in which to deposit the letters directed to her care. Mrs. Exeter's first impulse was to take the epistle to Mr. Lewiston; but, recollecting Kate's already embittered feelings towards him, and the little confidence and affection she felt for his wife, she resolved, with great reluctance, to take the disagreeable task of inquisitor upon herself. "Kate knows me too well," thought she, "to accuse me of idle curiosity, and will bear reproof from me better than from any one else." The good lady was surprised and shocked to see how far the intimacy seemed to have advanced, especially when she observed the writer's name, whose reputation she well knew. She returned to the house, and sent for Kate, who was preparing to go to a small party, but came down immediately. At sight of the well known hand, the young girl was very much startled and embarrassed; but she was too conscious of the impropriety of her conduct to answer but with tears to the earnest remonstrances of the old lady. Kate could not believe that the author of those high-toned and impassioned letters was the worthless creature Mrs. Exeter described him, but she liked the open and straightforward course too well not to be willing that the correspondence should be ended at once.

"In this letter, I find," said Mrs. Exeter, "that Mr. Barney makes an appointment to meet you at eight this evening at the old elm tree in the grove. Should you have gone there?"

"I am afraid I should; but only for a few minutes," replied Kate.

"He also hints at an elopement," continued Mrs. Exeter.

"Oh, that, never!" exclaimed Kate; "I would never marry any one who could not claim me in the presence of the whole world."

"Ah, my dear," said the old lady, "we cannot answer for that. When we take one wrong step, we never know how many more it will lead to.

But, my dear, suppose you make me your deputy. Give me the letters you have received already, and let me return them and give your final message to Mr. Barney."

Kate readily complied. "Tell him," said she, "that our correspondence and intercourse must drop until I can receive him openly."

At the appointed time, Mrs. Exeter proceeded on her mission. Mr. Barney, already at his post, saw a tall muffled figure slowly advancing, and, imagining that it would be no one but Miss Devereux, he rushed forward, and, sinking gracefully on one knee, seized her hand to raise it to his lips, exclaiming, "Star of my existence!"

"You are mistaken, sir," said the calm voice of Mrs. Exeter.

With a sudden exclamation, Mr. Barney sprang to his feet, but instantly regained his suavity and ease of manners. In fact, he was so excessively polite that Mrs. Exeter could not be half so severe as she intended. In answer to her stern rebukes, he assumed so much the air of an injured man, and pleaded his own cause with such an appearance of truth and reason, that the good lady left him half repenting her harsh judgment of him, though she carefully concealed her tender relentings from Katherine.

The plausible, gentle, but persevering Mr. Barney did not readily see his hopes of the heiress disappointed. He made use of all the artifices in the lover's category; but, protected by her voluntary promise to Mrs. Exeter, and grateful to her for preserving her secret faithfully, he escaped all the plots and snares he laid for her unwary heart. She wondered that he did not vindicate his fair fame from the aspersions that had been cast upon it, as she had no doubt he could, and then wait patiently, if it must be so, till she was her own mistress, and could select her acquaintances; but she believed that he truly loved her, and—for what inconsistencies will not that belief be an ample excuse in a woman's eyes!—in her heart there was enlisted on his side a tone of pity, a degree of self-reproach for having in a manner encouraged his affection, and a certain partiality that a young girl almost always feels for her first lover. All these feelings kept the recollection of Mr. Barney fresh in Kate's mind, and Mrs. Exeter observing it, feared that the love affair, though now broken off, might be renewed and successful; "and then Kate will indeed be miserable," thought she. An accident effected more than all her arguments.

Some business made it necessary for Mr. Lewiston to call on Henry Grant for his assistance, and, in consequence, Kate was gratified by the presence of her cousin once more. They were both sitting in Mrs. Exeter's room one morning, when the conversation happened to fall on Kate's quondam lover. She was surprised at the contempt with which Harry spoke both of his morals and intellect. "He is mistaken there," thought she; "Harry never was a good judge of character." But she wisely

held her peace, although her cheeks were glowing and her heart beating, while Mrs. Exeter, delighted at the turn the conversation had taken, with an apparent carelessness contrived to extract from Harry all he knew, which was not a little, of the young gentleman. Harry, as confidential and as unsuspecting as Lamartine, rattled on, little thinking of the impression his words were producing.

"By the way," he exclaimed, "there was some young lady in this part of the country he was making a desperate attack on last winter. I would like to know who she was, for I became quite interested in the affair from reading all his love-letters to her."

"You are very intimate with him, it seems," said Mrs. Exeter.

"With him? Oh no!" said Harry; "but we have a mutual friend, Mr. Chase, one of the most talented young lawyers in New York; and Mr. Barney used to get him to write all his letters for him, and, as I was a great deal in his office, he often read them to me, and I really had no idea a love-letter could be made half so interesting. We used to have a good deal of sport over them, though; and I suppose the poor girl took them all in sad earnest."

"Your friend was very kind, certainly," said Kate, bitterly.

"Yes, he had known Barney since they were boys, and did not like to refuse him. The best of

it was that the count, as we always called Barney, was carrying on another desperate flirtation in the city with one of our heiresses there. I suppose he has not been successful with either one, as I have heard nothing about it lately."

Poor Kate learned more true humility in that day than her whole previous life had taught her. Mrs. Exeter saw her deep mortification, and never again alluded to the subject, and Mr. Augustus Barney became a thing of the past. In time, by the aid of this severe lesson, and Mrs. Exeter's counsels, Kate learned to distrust her own inexperienced judgment, and to appreciate Mr. Lewiston's sterling qualities, and even his wife's real affection, though displayed in a rather annoying manner. And when, in the course of a few years, she became a wife and mother, and a remarkably useful one, Mr. Lewiston, in remarking on the change in her character, or rather in the direction of its powers, said—

"It seemed to me once to depend on the merest accident whether Kate became a happy or a miserable woman."

"Where a girl has good sense and good principles," said Mrs. Exeter, "there can be but little fears for the result, I think."

"With a proper person to guide her," chimed in Mrs. Lewiston. "I have had a great deal of trouble with Kate; but I must say she has more than repaid me."

THE LEGEND OF INDIAN HOLE.

A TALE OF HARRIS COUNTY, TEXAS.

BY "ESPERANCE."

CHAPTER I.

AMIDST the broad plain that the Rio San Jacinto bounds on the north, and the Brazos on the south, rises the small but well-known stream of Claro (now called *Clear*) Creek. Like all streams or Bayous of its class, it presents nothing remarkable in its appearance. During the Summer and Fall—the dry season—the bed near its source remains nearly destitute of water; but, as you descend, the waters increase, the banks become wider, and the timber, which was but small and scattering at first, assumes a larger and thicker growth, graduating its density and size with that of the bayou, the course of which it follows until finally it swells out to a large forest as the creek enters Clear Lake; through the lake the bayou forces its way on, winding along through prairie and woodland, until it empties its waters into the broad Bay of Galveston.

As I remarked, there is nothing extraordinary in the appearance of this creek, either in its size or length, to distinguish it from many others similar, and in the same section of country; and it probably

never would have been so but for a scene enacted on its banks—the memory of which is still green in the recollection of many. Some six or eight miles from its source, the bayou swells out around a kind of point or projection of the bank, and then, contracting again, forms a basin or pond which remains full, or nearly so, of sweet clear water, during the entire summer. This is a lovely spot, and the one our tale refers to—it is known as Indian Hole.

"Here, scattered wild, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes; here cowslips hang
Their dewy heads, and purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade."

Look around you whilst we are here, and behold this vast extended plain that spreads out before us in solemn grandeur, its unbroken view extending far away in the distant horizon, where the blue-arched sky seems to descend and meet it in gentle embrace! What author's pen can do justice to this boundless prairie ocean? Its magnitude reminds one of the Atlantic, and its grassy ridges waving in long rolls, with the sunlight glistening in the valleys,

also recall to mind the ocean's swell after the gale has passed. Who can paint the bright flowers of rainbow tint that stud its bosom, whose odor—the prairie's breath—scents the air, transporting the weary hunter into an elysium sweeter than that created by fairy music, or the Mussulman's vision of his future Paradise!

Let us dismount, and, whilst our horses are grazing the tender young grass, we will recline under the shade of this oak, and, in the mean time, enjoying the soft air from the Gulf, and the warbling of birds overhead, I will relate to you the history of this place—the Legend of Indian Hole.

CHAPTER II.

For ages these green woodlands and plains were unknown and untenanted—the deep, oppressive silence which reigned over all, unbroken save by the war-whoop of the savage, the howling of beasts, and the tramp of the wild horse and buffalo. But anon, a change came over the spirit of the scene. The fame of the country spread abroad—its rich lands, salubrious climate, and abundance of game were strong inducements to the emigrating portion of the Western people. The white man appeared—his rifle rang through field and forest; the gigantic old trees—patriarchs! venerable in years, and gray headed with their mantles of moss—bowed beneath the sharp strokes of his axe. Soon cabins arose, forming the nucleus of a settlement. Hundreds of hardy pioneers poured in from the Valley of the Mississippi, bringing with them their all. Settlement after settlement was formed, and their foothold made good against the nations of the wilderness.

The Red Men soon sought the destruction of the intruders, for it needed no prophet's warning voice as to the result of this encroachment on the hunting-grounds of their forefathers. Now came the strife for the supremacy, and, in the struggle that followed, the red tribes of the forest were scattered like leaves before the whirlwind. Many were the bloody scenes enacted; but, for every white man's scalp taken, a dozen aborigines bit the dust. The Indians fled—leaving their hills and plains, their homes and graves of their forefathers in the possession of the conquerors. Unhappy race! Years have passed away, and the places that once knew you know you no more! The forest that once sheltered the lodges of your tribe, and echoed to the dance and war-whoop, is now usurped by the rising city! The ploughshare has again and again passed over the bones of your ancestors—the golden grain of Ceres waves over their tombs!

"Your day is o'er,

Your fires are out from shore to shore;
No more for you the wild deer bounds—
The plough is on your hunting grounds.

The pale man's axe rings through your woods,
The pale man's sail skins o'er the floods;
Your pleasant springs are dry;
Your children—look, by power oppressed,
Beyond the mountains of the West—
Your children go—to die!"

Among the many hostile tribes with whom the white men were often engaged in deadly strife, there were none they encountered more frequently, or who made more desperate resistance, than that of the Caronqueways. This tribe inhabited the entire coast of Texas; and, from their number, bravery, and savage character, were more dreaded than all others. Numerous and deadly were the encounters they had with their white foes—*defeat*, instead of weakening their courage, served but to exasperate them the more—they fought long and well, and were among the last to retreat. Their battle fields extend from the forests and canebrakes of the Trinity to the surf-beaten shore of the Gulf of Mexico.

At the time of our tale, but a few years had passed since this part of the country had been settled by immigrants; and the feud was at its height. Scarcely a month would pass away without witnessing the blazing of some lonely "squatter's" hut—the murder of his wife and children, and the quick and fearful retribution that followed. Such was the state of affairs when a report came to the settlers, on and near the Brazos, that a large party of Caronqueway Indians had just returned from a successful foray against a tribe friendly to the *whites*; and that they, flushed with their late victory, were now preparing to attack and exterminate the settlers. This news spread like prairie fire, and very soon every man and boy within fifty miles, capable of bearing arms, had shouldered his gun and marched to a designated point, where all were enrolled into a company. As soon as possible, they reached the encampment of Indians, and the memorable fight with the Caronqueways, near the pass of that name, took place soon after. Many of the combatants say the fight was well and bloodily contested. The Indians finally gave way—not before, however, they had lost half their number, and made their escape with their prisoners towards Clear Creek.

With the *white* men engaged in this fight was a tall, finely-formed, young Indian warrior. He belonged to the tribe whose village had been lately sacked and destroyed by this same band. He it was who brought the intelligence to the whites, and had eagerly supplicated their aid in chastising them, and rescuing some of his tribe still prisoners in their hands. During the encounter he fought with great bravery—his war-cry ringing like a trumpet's note above the din of battle—cutting down all who opposed him, and following the white men in every charge that was made. But after the enemy had given way—when the noise and confusion of the conflict had subsided—and the whites were busily engaged in burying the dead and relieving the

wounded, Coshatte—for such was his name—retired to a short distance, and, covering his head with his robe, seemed to be the prey of great emotion. The captain of the company, seeing him evidently in distress, and fearing he was severely wounded, called him up, and, with a friendly speech, sought to know of him the cause of his trouble. The Indian drew himself up, and, dropping the buffalo robe which had covered his breast, so as to give full freedom to his gestures, spoke to the following effect—

“White brothers, listen! This day has the red wolf been struck. The white man’s bullets are deep into his body! Already do the black vultures scent his blood, and are whetting their beaks for the feast. Many a warrior will be missed from the council fire of his tribe. There will be mourning in the lodges of the Caronqueways. Coshatte has fought by his white brothers; his tomahawk has been buried in the brains of their enemy; his knife has drank their blood—it is good, but the heart of Coshatte is not happy. White men, listen! But two moons have passed since I accompanied the warriors and young braves of my tribe to the big plains of the West to chase the wild-horse and to hunt the buffalo. Our old men, our women and children we left behind us—for we were at peace with the white man, and we dreamed no harm from our red brothers; but we were mistaken—the Caronqueway wolves had their spies upon us, and but a few days had we left when they attacked our village. They killed our old men, they carried off our women and children, and our tents are but a heap of ashes!

“White men, listen! Among the prisoners is our head chief’s daughter Keleotuc—‘the wild flower’—the pride of our tribe, and the betrothed wife of Coshatte. His heart cannot be happy, nor will he rest while she remains a prisoner among the destroyers of his tribe. Coshatte has spoken. Will his white brothers aid him in taking the young bird from the clutches of the hawk?”

The Indian’s gestures were so vehement, his looks so appealing, and the grief he felt evidently so sincere that, although the white men were worn down by fatigue and excitement, they with one accord determined to pursue the robbers and rescue the prisoners, if alive, at all hazards. As soon as the dead were buried and the wounded properly attended to—a few being left to guard them—the company proceeded at once on the track of the fugitives. The Indian took the lead, showing all the eagerness and instinct of a bloodhound; and often, when every vertige of the trail was lost, he would, by his unerring sagacity, find and pursue it with a rapidity that left the others far behind. On the evening of the second day, about sunset, the party reached Clear Creek about four miles below, where we will leave them, for the present, pursuing their course which led direct to this spot.

CHAPTER III.

It was midnight. A large fire burned brightly in the bottom of this ravine, throwing a strong glare upon the forms of about forty warriors, who stood, with bows and war-clubs in their hands, in a circle around it. Many a head and limb bore frightful marks of a recent conflict; and every face wore an aspect as hideous as paint and rage could make it. Some few lay around wrapped in skins, and appeared, from their restless motions and the occasional groans that proceeded from them, to be desperately wounded. Some exciting topic had evidently been lately discussed and settled by the warriors in council; and, from the large heap of brush and dry wood that lay piled up close by, and from the angry gestures that were occasionally directed to a particular spot, it was not hard to divine *what* it was, nor *that* which was soon to follow. Close by the group of warriors, and in full view, tied hand and foot to a tall stake, was an Indian girl. Her feet and arms were swollen and bloody from many wounds inflicted by thorns and briars. An embroidered and highly dressed skin of some wild animal hung in strips from her shrinking body, disclosing a form youthful and full of beauty. Her head was bowed in deep dejection, from which the long dark hair flowed wildly over her heaving bosom. Now and then her eyes would wander restlessly over the painted faces of her captors, seeking, but in vain, to catch some ray of hope in their unpitiful glances; but for this, she neither moved nor stirred, and, to all appearances, was as inanimate as the trees that towered around her. As well might she expect mercy as the young lamb when the jaws of the wolf have fastened upon him—or her sweet namesake, “the wild flower,” when winter’s icy breath has touched it. Her fate was sealed! Soon, very soon would her fragile body be given to the fiery heat of the blazing fagot, and her gentle spirit would pass away amid shouts, and taunts, and yells of exultation. There she stood, bound and helpless, a feeble, unresisting woman—a sacrifice to be offered on the altar of Indian superstition! She knew that even now those chosen for the purpose were preparing to commence their infernal offices upon her. But her thoughts were far away. Before her mental vision arises the home of her childhood—her aged parents, and the young brave to whom her troth was plighted. Now her fancy roves through the green woodlands and wide fields where she had so often strayed, listening to the singing bird and running water. No more shall the songs of the one, and the plaintive rippling of the other, gladden the heart of Keleotuc! No more will she greet them *living*!

Now are the warriors gathering around her. See! they are heaping up the fagots. Listen to the taunts they cast upon their gentle victim; but she answers not—she hears them not. Like the dying swan, she pours forth her latest breath in touching

melody. Her soft, flute-like tone of voice comes floating through the midnight air. In solemn chant, she sings, "Green earth! bright flowers! running waters! bear hence, far away unto Coshatte the young brave, the last sigh of Keleotuc! Spirit of the waving trees! whisper forth through the air—let the fate of the 'wild flower' reach the home of her kindred—let it burn in the hearts of her tribe. Companions of my childhood, ye birds of sweet note, sing my requiem! Silvery stream of the mountain, murmur forth my name! And now, Great Father, listen to thy suffering child! Oh! send forth thy winged messengers—speed them quickly on—let them shield and bear me to thy bosom! Hark! like meteors flashing through the sky I see them! Their snowy pinions beat the air, and songs of joy are floating round. Welcome, sweet shadows of the spirit land! Welcome, bright sisters of the starry robe! To your outstretched arms I come! I come!"

Thus sang Keleotuc, as a warrior seized a lighted torch and hurled it at her feet. Quickly the dry brush ignited, and a canopy of smoke, black as a volume from hell, rose fiercely to the sable sky. One wild shriek of agony burst forth from the dying girl as the flames, wreathing round, blasted her with its fiery breath; a maddened howl of derision from the infuriated savages answered her. A moment more, and a crushing sound from the tramp of feet was heard, and, before the Indians could gain a cover, the party of whites burst forth from the adjoining thicket, and poured out the contents of their rifles upon them.

"Then arose so wild a yell
Within this dark and narrow dell,
As if the fiends from Heaven that fell
Had peeled their banner-cry of Hell."

The Indians, although losing several of their number, and taken entirely by surprise, maintained their ground for some time, fighting hand to hand with the courage of despair and the ferocity of tigers. The blow of the tomahawk, the thrust of the knife, the shrieks of the wounded and dying, were now intermingled with the shouts of encouragement from one party and the yell of defiance from the other. None expected or asked for mercy, but fought desperately, like the wolf, to the last gasp.

In the mean time, the flames rolled on, lighting up the scene of battle with all its horrors—bringing every combatant into full view. Foremost, from the commencement of the affray, was Coshatte, who, wielding his war-club, fought with the fury of a maniac, in the direction where he had discovered Keleotuc bound and enveloped with fire. None withstood him, for he struck down all who opposed, and made his way, through flame and smoke, to the side of the Indian girl. With one sweep of his knife he severed the bonds that held her, and springing back bore her out of reach—but, alas, too late! No sooner did the blackened and charred remains of the young girl meet his gaze, as he bore her body off, than,

with a cry like that of a wild beast, he dropped his burden and rushed amid the fight. Already was his arms, face, and breast deluged with blood, and now his knife at every thrust was deeply painted with its gory color. On he rushed to the very centre of the enemy, and, in despite of the wounds and blows he received from all sides, he grappled with the chief, and bore him, writhing and struggling, to the blazing fire that still roared and hissed for its victim. With a bound like that of a panther, he sprang with his enemy full in the midst of the roaring column of flame that shot forth its forked tongues for yards around. For a moment a cloud of ashes and smoke obscured the view; then thousands of bright sparks ascended and fell again like hail on the green sward around. An instant more, and Coshatte—his whole person, even to his long scalp-lock on fire—burst forth, with his blazing shroud, like a tortured devil loosened from his chains, and, feebly sounding his war-cry, dashed again among them. His enemies—the few Caronqueways that were left—fled in terror before this blazing, frightful apparition, and to this day they believe that the white men were guided and assisted by a supernatural being at the fight of "Indian Hole."

Coshatte lived but a few hours after the battle. His body, as well as that of the Indian girl, was taken some three miles from the Creek, and laid side by side at the edge of the prairie—his war-club and knife being placed with him—and a strong enclosure of young trees and brush built around them which can be seen to this day.

The fate of Coshatte the brave, and Keleotuc the "wild flower," forms the legend of Indian Hole!

TO MISS ———.

SWEET is the music that a ripple makes,
As o'er a pebbly bed it trembling leaps;
And sweet are lutes on tranquil summer lakes,
When o'er their strings a minstrel's finger sweeps;
Sweet are the notes of birds when morning breaks;
Sweet any music when one halfway sleeps:
But sweeter still to me that gentle tone
Than all the music that the world has known.

Bright is the lustre of a twinkling star—
A sparkle flashing from a rock when clave;
Bright is the sun, when it does seem afar
A globe of fire, emerging from the wave;
And bright the rays of glittering diamonds are,
When fresh they come forth from the ocean cave:
But brighter still to me the light that flies,
In dazzling glances, from those radiant eyes.

Pure is the snow-flake on the mountain peak,
Where human footsteps never deigned to tread;
Pure is the hyacinth that, frail and weak,
Lifts its white petals from a vernal bed;
Pure is the pale tint of an infant's cheek,
When to its God its spirit late is fled:
But purer still that heart, where does not rest
One image that would stain an angel's breast.

LEONORA AINSLIE.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY ELLA HOWARD.

CHAPTER I.

"Is that you, husband?" asked Leonora Ainslie, in a languid tone of voice, to a gentleman who directed his steps to the parlor.

"It is I, my dear wife; are you particularly desirous of seeing me? You seem not well." He missed her usually light step and cheerful bound into his arms on this evening. "Are you ill?" demanded he affectionately, as he smoothed the rich brown wave of hair that parted over his wife's truly classic forehead.

"No, Charles, I am not ill," replied she, as they rested upon the sofa, "that is, I am not well;" but, recovering from a degree of languor to resume her explanation, as she saw he smiled at her reply, she resumed, "I am neither well nor ill, if I can make you understand the seeming contradiction."

"Neither well nor ill?" repeated he. "It will take an evening's chat to convince me of one or both of these assertions. Let us take a cup of tea upon it, then I'll light a cigar, for I can always see more clearly through a subject when it is enveloped in a cloud of smoke. While you give orders, I will just step into my slippers. Such a nice time as we will have!" emphasized he, and would probably have said much more had not the servant entered and announced that tea was ready.

Charles Ainslie affected a sudden start of joy at these tidings only for the sake of eliciting a responsive feeling on the part of his wife. At any time he would have given up the best cup of Souchong to chase the shadow of a care from her brow.

But if Mrs. Ainslie thought to effect his object by magic starts, he missed it on this evening. Mrs. Ainslie, whatever was the matter with her, was too far gone for that. She resumed her reclining position, only, instead of his shoulder, took the hair-cloth pillow of the sofa to lean upon; the hard hair-cloth on which to rest her beautiful cheek that was the mate of a peach for color and freshness.

"Indeed, Charles, I am too wretched to move. You may take your tea without me; I can stay alone until you get through. Really, it seems to me there is nothing but cooking going on in this house from morning until night. Breakfast at nine, dinner at three, tea at seven, and mutton-chops, as I live, again for supper. Shut the door, Sally; I will not go to tea nor subject myself any longer to feeling at one time like a sheep, another like a calf, until I fear to lose my identity. I am disgusted with meat suppers." So saying, Mrs. Ainslie shut her eyes, and would her ears if she could to farther argument.

Mr. Ainslie saw through the whole state of the case in a moment; and, with the kindest expressions of sympathy, humored his wife in this new whim; but, being hungry, he suggested to her that, as she was really too ill to go as far as the dining-room, they should have the tea brought into the parlor. Mrs. Ainslie nodded a speechless consent; a word would have been too much of an effort. Sally was called, a few orders conveyed to her in an under tone, when Mrs. Ainslie put out her little taper finger, and touched her husband's arm.

"Charles, for my sake, not the chops!" Sally had gone but a few steps when she was recalled by Mr. Ainslie, with the order, "and Sally, not the chops!" Sally obeyed, returning in a few moments with a tray, on which she had placed two cups of fragrant tea, sandwiches, and other tempting viands that would have pleased the most fastidious appetite. Mr. Ainslie was quite at home in his new office of arranging the tea-poy for his wife, and another for him-self just beside it, while Sally stood by holding the tray—amused at the one, and making her own silent comments upon the conduct of the other. Very soon all was arranged to Mr. Ainslie's satisfaction, and Sally dismissed. Before closing the door, she turned to give a glance at the inanimate form on the sofa, exclaiming, in *sotto voce*, "Lord! but the airs of that one!" Now, Sally was the cream of Irish girls, withal the only domestic in the house; when there was extra work, others were employed to assist; but the principal duties devolved upon her. She would have liked to have her mistress a little oftener in the kitchen to assist her, perhaps in the dressing of a salad, the concocting of a dessert, or in the thousand little offices that a lady in moderate circumstances is called upon to do, at any rate supervise. She went on cheerfully, however, in the hope that her mistress would see that she must lend her aid or get a cook to relieve her. At all events, Sally reasoned she could leave the place. That alternative she would prefer avoiding, for, in truth, she loved it. Mrs. Ainslie was the soul of good-will and generosity. Already had Sally's bandbox been stocked with French worked collars, gay ribbons, and a nice hat as good as new, given that day to her, that had been worn only two months, besides other perquisites, causing Sally to feel that "the lines had fallen to her in too pleasant places" to displace them rudely by even an interposing hand. The house had been newly furnished, as yet little or nothing to do compared to what the short days in winter had in store for them both. Mrs. Ainslie was only a bride of a few months, to be sure; Sally charitably reasoned,

brides must always be dressed up—the hall-bell was forever going—the house filled with callers. Sally thought a trifle too many stayed for lunch, but that was not her business. There was a well-stocked pantry, everything dealt out with an unsparing hand; all she objected to was the extra work it caused her. Then Mrs. Ainslie expected her to be the perfection of neatness, to open the door for her visitors. How could she, on perhaps a wash or scrubbing day, wear her best clothes? Five dollars a month would not afford it; still she liked the place; the well-dressed people that came to it; her mistress's sixteen silk dresses, not omitting a black velvet pelisse, as she called it, that she took delight in counting over. When alone in the house, her greatest amusement consisted in just throwing them over her shoulders to see how they would become her, never dreaming that the question could be mooted of her becoming them. At any time she would refrain from her own wild song to listen to the bravura emanating from the parlor. Her mistress's voice, and performance on the piano, were the pride of the street they lived in; to be sure the girl next door, with a Milesian emphasis on the noun sounding as though spelled *gur-rel*, kept at the piano from morning till night. Sally observed to a friend, "but she might tingle till death, and she'd niver perdue the likes." In short, Sally was a devoted admirer of the nice house and her gay young mistress.

CHAPTER II.

MR. AINSLIE must have been very hungry, for the eatables disappeared most mysteriously; now and then his wife would open her eyes languidly and observe something else missing. He at last volunteered to finish the untouched sandwich upon his wife's plate; that no sooner gone than he amiably proffered to drink the tea she had but just dawdled the spoon in. Rather impatiently pushing the cup towards him, just spilling a little over into the saucer, she suggested to him the propriety of swallowing cup and all. Mrs. Ainslie turned her back to her husband without a seeming effort. Mr. Ainslie almost choked with laughter, as he drained the dregs from the saucer, even striking it two or three times on the edge of the cup to get the last drop.

"That's a good cup of tea—most excellent," observed Mr. Ainslie aloud; though to all appearance his wife slept, he suspected she was foxing a little. "Those chops would have relished particularly, as I have not; but, never mind, I see chops are fallen, stocks and chops! One and the same, both, go down at a time; the way of the world! wicked world! be burnt up some time or other." Mr. Ainslie lighted his cigar, and mused as he smoked, while his wife preserved unbroken silence, or feigned sleep. He had lighted his cigar at the gas light, and marveled what turn affairs would take next, for she was the loved subject of all his reveries.

The cigar must have been a stronger one than

usual, for the fumes brought a violent fit of coughing on his wife. Strange! smoking had never done so before; but he laid it aside, presuming the difficulty arose from the indefinite state of health his wife had been thrown in since breakfast time; to use her own words, "Neither ill nor well." He had thought, as he gazed on her faultless proportions, her perfection of bloom and beauty, that he knew of a panacea to avert the continuance of the new evil; but the doses must be homœopathic, and given in infinitesimals. He had chosen her, for he loved her; she had hitherto been the idol of a large circle of friends; her sphere of usefulness was not so wide as he hoped it would become, from the manner in which her time had been formerly spent; as yet, the attractive superseded the domestic. Trusting to the standard of perfection she attained in the lighter branches of art, he did not despair of seeing her turn to the duties of her new state, therein to walk in perfection.

Charles Ainslie was a rising young man, of fine person, fine mind, sound judgment, and honest principles; he laid his views open to his wife before marriage, and believed implicitly the words she had then spoken, that she loved him too dearly to delay their union for events that, by including the delay, would bring competency. She rather, and indeed sincerely, wished to begin housekeeping with one servant, to having two, that she might know better the respective duties of each when she would require them. So she said; as yet the novelty of marriage and the congratulations of friends had occupied her; but now that there was a slight cessation of these occupations, he saw through his mind's eye that the curse of nothing to do had come upon her. Therefore he was prepared for anything, and not surprised when, upon reaching the sofa, his wife threw her arms around his neck, weeping violently.

"Why, Leonora, wife, tell me what is the matter? what has happened, since morning, to cause you so much distress? Come now, dry your eyes, cheer up, and just let us talk over this little affair rationally."

"Oh, Charles! do not call this a little affair. I am wretched, and have been wretched this week past and more. I should not have got married. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Why, darling wife! it can be no little affair that causes you to say such words, such as those, 'You should not have married!' Have you seen any one you could love better than your husband?"

"Oh, no, no, no! not that," interrupted his wife, clinging closer to his neck, "not that; only I am not fit to be any one's wife. I do not know how to be a housekeeper. Here it is evening, and the rooms up stairs are all in disorder."

"Why, what has Sally been doing?"

"Cooking, cooking all day. Breakfast was no sooner over than she had to go to market; then visitors came; I had to attend the door myself. I did not care for that though, for they were only Carrie and Kate; we practiced duets together until dinner-time, then I set the table myself, and waited a whole

asked you to come to dinner. Sally got out of patience, and talked ever so much Irish to herself; knew it was all about leaving here. If she leaves, I do not know what will become of me, Charles." Here another burst of tears. "Then I watched and waited for you; you never came until supper-time. I have not eaten a thing since lunch, and have not seen you a day this week from morning until night. O dear! I can never live so; life is a purgatory, as Sally truly says, upon such terms. I know I feel incapable of doing any more than I do; still everything is in disorder."

Here Mr. Ainslie interposed a remark as prelude to the cure. "Leonora, you know that it was your own choice, when you became a wife, to keep but one servant; indeed, your impulse would have led you to dispense with that one, if necessity had not prevented. Never mind that though; then you wanted yourself more than I wished you, in arranging your rooms, from your too eager desire of having everything done in a moment. A little patience, and all would have been as well, if not better."

"There! even what I did do," interrupted Mrs. Ainslie, "meets no praise from you, though I nearly killed myself to have a room fixed every day when you came home."

"I do praise you, Leonora; you can do all things perfectly if you give yourself time. You would not wait for an upholsterer, and caused yourself useless fatigue, besides risk of life, in hanging pictures and curtains; not to speak of the danger my own neck was in when the whole family of St. Joseph came tumbling down upon my devoted head, two days after you hung up the picture. Faith! it's well they came in canvass, or it would have been a matter of serious moment to me, just starting out in life with such a family on my shoulders. All jokes aside; you have chosen to take the domestic arrangements into your own hands; endeavor to accomplish your original intention; you will meet with no opposition from me, but every assistance or counsel in my power that I can give you. To produce harmony in any condition of things requires system. By your own account you have done nothing this day but breakfast, answer the bell once, practice duets, dress for dinner, and wait for me; no wonder you are wretched, and life is a purgatory. It would make a warmer place than poets dream, of this beautiful earth to me, if I had so little to do."

"System!" petulantly argued Mrs. Ainslie, with some spirit, "all metaphysics. Charles, you are only systematic from habit. You have certain hours of the day to appear on 'Change. All men are alike; you could not alter your mind any more than the sun his course, if a genius arose to instruct you in a different path. You must walk Wall Street, with the crowd going down, whether you have business or not; return with the mass coming up, look more knowingly than you *know how* to talk of who a bull to-day will be a bear to-morrow. You would find yours was an explosive system if you held command over the affairs of this house for a week."

"This house! Why, Leonora, what will become of you when you occupy the mansion you have planned yourself, if you do not try, by degrees, to resort to some method of management?"

"I'll give up the mansion cheerfully."

"No, that you cannot do, for this week I have been detained by examining estimates, and to-day have contracted for the work; so neither deprive yourself of food nor ease of mind, at the casual detentions of a man of business; and listen to me for only a few moments longer, while I just show you how much you might accomplish by a more judicious disposal of your time."

CHAPTER III.

It may be as well to detail a few of the arguments Mr. Ainslie made use of to bring his wife over to his opinions. She listened, as wives should always (though seldom do), to all her husband said; making silent comments upon the impracticability of some of his suggestions. Once sensible of the real necessity of putting her hand to, at the present time to aid Sally, whose services were really invaluable, she, at a glance, foresaw how much annoyance she could spare herself. She was willing, but, as yet, did not know how. She had always arranged and dusted her parlor, except on regular cleaning days; beyond that, her aspirations had never ascended. Her readiness to appropriate her time, as her husband proposed, warred with nothing so much as his desire of reducing her number of friends. To convince her that her new duties required so slight a sacrifice, Mr. Ainslie gave her paper and pencil to write down the names of those she called her "dear friends." Name followed name in rapid succession until the list swelled to the number of one hundred. Incredible almost to herself, she could have continued adding, had he not expressed his satisfaction that the list was sufficiently lengthy for his required purpose. Marking off such as he desired her to cease visiting; then, specifying others for intimate friends on account of similarity of tastes; adding an aged friend's name or so to the list, that she had forgotten, he placed his own only at the bottom of it, under the term "Confidential." His wife looked on with amazement, and exclaimed—

"Why, Charles! how can I hurt the feelings of these old friends? They have known me all my life, and will call me proud and unfeeling. Indeed, I could not bear to hear such terms applied to me."

"They have known you all your life? That is no reason to urge against what I propose," replied he, now looking seriously. "Pray what advantage have they been to you? Is there one among them that is distinguished for any superior virtue? Have you ever learned anything useful from them? Have you not sung yourself hoarse, played cotillions for their coteries, to my knowledge without even a 'thank you' from them? They flatter you, and kiss

their dear friend, as they call you, a dozen times a day—in the street—over the gutters—it matters not when or where. As long as you change your dress for every party, look stylish, introduce them to the society of your valued friends, who would not afterwards notice them, to further their own private views, they will court you. But, wait and mark my words, if one of those, whose names I have erased, comes to this little domicile after the first visit of curiosity is paid. Now, that you cannot give large parties for them, you will be amused to hear the excuses they will give when they meet you by accident. Give yourself no concern about hurting their feelings; instead of you dropping them, they will drop you. Rejoice with me that you have, through disinterested love, placed yourself in a position to judge who are your real friends. In the mean time, keep your own secret about our future plans or intended removal. This winter will open your eyes to a new glimpse of life as it is. I would that *Mrs. Ainslie's* society should be more eagerly sought than easily obtained.

Mrs. Ainslie was sensible that all her husband advanced was true. Through the retrospective view he sketched of those evenings, she saw that, though an invited guest, she performed the office of musician for the company. She did not feel mortified, for, through her unselfishness, she had won the heart of her loved husband. For him, and a few other shining lights, "the coteries" had been organized, their ostensible object, amusement; their paramount, good settlement in life. Mr. Ainslie, in giving the dose, had worked a cure; he had given his wife a secret to keep. Their new house! she would not breathe a word of it, it was to be in a secluded part of the city; no one would find it out until they would call at this to-be-vacated abode, and find them removed to some number or other, Washington Square.

It was an ordeal to which she was not displeased to subject her friends. How Carrie would enjoy it! she thought; and Kate (though Charles had insinuated to the contrary) was sure, was true as steel. *Nous verrons.*

The next morning, for the first time since her marriage, Mrs. Ainslie finished her toilet before her husband had descended to the kitchen. It was rather colder than she liked, as the night air had penetrated into the entries, making door handles cold to the touch; but, wrapping her quilted morning-dress more closely around her, she made her *entrée* into the kitchen, to the great wonderment of Sally, and the immediate construction of three crosses on the forehead, nose, and mouth of that most worthy woman. In hasty tones, Sally demanded if "the master was ill, or herself either?"

"All well enough, Sally," Mrs. Ainslie replied; "but I am coming down every morning to see that Mr. Ainslie's breakfast goes properly to the table."

"That you may be as good as your word," ejaculated Sally.

"Well, Sally! it is not proper for you to make any remarks, for you do cook and do your work

well; but it is the duty of every mistress, you know, to be occasionally seen in her own kitchen."

"The oftener the more welcome surely," responded Sally; and, as Mrs. Ainslie carried the nice hot beefsteak, brown and broiled, up to the dining-room in one hand, and raised her dress with the other to the exhibiting of a tiny foot, beautifully *chaussée*, Sally paused on the step to remark to her invisible friend in the dresser, in pure mother tongue, "Another notion."

That breakfast was avowed decidedly the best ever eaten by Mr. Ainslie, in his own proper person, a confession, probably, elicited from the fact of meat being a stranger to his palate since the morning previous. The love he made to his wife by looks was carefully illustrated by untiring devotion to the beefsteak. Mrs. Ainslie praised his appetite, as indeed it was a subject of her remarks. Mr. Ainslie praised her beauty of a breakfast cap until Sally confidentially vowed, to her before-mentioned friend, "that it was as good as a play to listen till them."

Mr. Ainslie's departure was the signal for Sally's performance on the bones. On this memorable occasion, there was indeed little else left; not that Sally was anything of a minstrel or "bona fide" musician, for, upon the occasion of Max Larer's benefit, she observed to her invisible friend that "never did she see such sights, and hear such sounds before nor since she landed in America, and that was four years next Candlemas."

The hall door closed; Mrs. Ainslie's light foot was heard on the stairs. Before proceeding to her own room, she gave the necessary orders to Sally, who was more puzzled at the evident change for the better, in her mistress, than at the dissection she had abandoned knife and fork for, resorting to the "council of Ten," her fingers so named, that, as she observed, "never deserted herself, nor mother church, in a pinch."

Whatever she thought, she made no remarks upon the happy occasion until she reached the kitchen, when she gave full vent to her feelings, rejoicing at the dawn of an entire new condition of things. Like a second Micawber, Mrs. Ainslie was secured now from the dread of ever being deserted by Sally.

From this period, Mrs. Ainslie began to think. Ever anxious to act from principle, she endeavored to correct, or rather govern, her impulses. Through her wish to oblige, they occasionally blinded her judgment and caused her regrets. After a few months of watchfulness, she accustomed herself to reason upon matters of importance, and found the path of easy ascent that she at first thought difficult to climb.

She had made the mistake that many, even all, do upon entering into married life, who think that cares are nothing; to be sure hope, that "never-failing friend of man," and woman too, gilds the picture. Experience soon teaches us that the real must give place to the seeming. Did her spirit ever sink under her new cares? Her husband's kind word and approving smile gave her renewed strength. Was she

weary? His heart she rested on. Was her new path a toil? No! but every step, like in the ladder of the vision, added a virtue that sped her onward, onward.

CHAPTER IV.

"FIFTEEN years brings changes in the life of every one," mused Sally; "them that was on the top spoke of the wheel are down now, and the down are up." Soliloquizing Sally had given up her old habits, and now resorted to figures in rhetoric. From the progress of the age, expansion of intellect, and other collateral causes, she had given up, or forgotten, her friend in the dresser. Without consciousness of the injury she was doing, Sally had fallen into disgrace through her attachment to her; upon several occasions, Mrs. Ainslie, inferring, from the constant reference of her domestic affairs to the dresser, that Sally was indulging in insoberb remarks, prohibited the use of the Irish language in the kitchen, on pain of dismissal.

The above allusion to the mutability of human affairs was owing, no doubt, to Sally's retrospective of her past life. Sally now rode in a carriage; probably, for want of better occupation, was watching every turn of the highly-polished wheels, while taking a ride on the Bloomingdale road with Mrs. Ainslie and the children. Her mistress and she were both thoughtful during this evening. On that day, Sally had accompanied her on a visit to a sick, and apparently dying, woman. The house was in a questionable neighborhood for a lady to be seen alone in; so together they sought the abode designated. They had to travel up long flights of stairs, traverse long deep passages, until Sally felt herself called upon to exercise the protection of a whole host of saints, to "be between them and all harm." Finally, reaching the sixth landing, the door of the apartment marked 40, localities defined by numerals, Mrs. Ainslie entered upon a scene that never entirely left her remembrance.

Why pause to describe the picture? Yet it were as well. The first objects that met her view, upon entering into the room, were two aged persons, male and female, and three children, seated at a table, whose surface matched the hue of the discolored portion constituting their meal. Matted locks, glassy eyes, pallid and sunken cheeks, revealed of physical suffering more than language can express. Yet there were sounds of merriment belying their looks. A loud peal of laughter was checked at Mrs. Ainslie's entrance, created by a little sick child who refused to eat a dried potato that it held in its hand. An older brother of the little moving mass of filth, imitated its whining tones, repeating, "I can't eat it, I want mammy." "Give it to Doggey, then," said the toothless dame, as she shoved a large Newfoundland at her feet. The animal's immovability caused her to look down. The dog lay dead. Sick, almost to fainting, as a glance revealed such unlooked-for

wretchedness, Mrs. Ainslie shrunk back. These were not the persons she came to see. A moment, and the door would have closed upon the scene, had not the spectre of a tall pale girl arrested her flight, who, pointing to a corner, said, "There is mother."

Mrs. Ainslie mechanically obeyed the direction indicated, nearly tottering to the side of a narrow bed, whereon lay the emaciated form of a woman in the last stage of consumption.

"Father of mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Ainslie, "can this be my old friend Carrie?"

"All that remains of her, Leonora, if you will allow me so to call you. If I had always taken your good advice, I would be less fearful of offending you by that title. Do not weep; you must hear how much I owe you; your example was my guiding star of life, until pride made me a stranger to you. I could ill-bear bounty from your hands, you whom *he* nearly defrauded. I felt that we would meet again, though little dreamed it would be thus and at this hour. You cannot blame me that I loved him to the last. He would have regained his honorable position among men, had his life been spared; but he has gone to his last account, where I shall soon follow." The invalid wept.

In answer to Mrs. Ainslie's kind inquiries, she resumed. "Look at these," as she held up her almost transparent hands; "they have supported me for years. This, your gift, clasping the sacred volume lying open, my only solace. Sickness and poverty have changed my face, but not my heart. I rejoice that 'there is another and a better world;' but weep only to leave that dear child among strangers; yet *He* hath promised to be a father to the fatherless; into *His* hands I commend her!"

The girl remained motionless, in an attitude of deep grief, at the foot of the bed. The dim light revealed her features sufficiently to show Mrs. Ainslie a face of distinct beauty, though want and sorrow had stamped the impress of premature age.

"You must both leave this place," she said, as her thoughts reverted to the picture that first met her view.

"Not worth while. I could not survive a removal. They are very kind to me. Those children's mother was a faithful servant of mine. She died a month since of this same disease. The old man is blind. The grandmother does all she can, but not much since the youngest child fell ill. He will soon be better off. The rest are going to the poor house; only promise to be with me at my last hour, dear Leonora; then lay me in a grave beside my Harry."

Mrs. Ainslie could endure no more; but, promising to return the next day, hastened from a scene whereon my pen has, perhaps, dwelt too long.

The next day the dying Caroline Selby was removed to comfortable rooms. Skillful nursing prolonged her life for a short period. But a few weeks passed when Mrs. Ainslie closed the eyes of her early friend, and the daughter wept bitter tears over the graves of parents whose pride had caused their ruin.

CHAPTER V.

A FEW years after the foregoing events, Mr. Ainslie retired from business. A fortunate turn in the money-market had placed him far above competence. He was one of the few who bear prosperity well. Always liberal, though early in life no stranger to straightened resources, he maintained a good name, and commanded the respect of his fellow-men. Too sensible to quit all business, and adopt the slavery of leisure, as he termed it, he appeared on 'Change every day, giving his attention to the rise and decline of stocks—his hobby—thereby aiding, by his foresight, his brother-in-law, Ralph Carroll, who had succeeded him in business. His family was now large: three sons, two blooming daughters, besides Mrs. Ainslie's father and brother, and his adopted daughter, Caroline Selby. Mrs. Ainslie had matured into all that is lovely in woman, practicing the virtues that adorn the respective characters of child, sister, wife, friend, and mother.

In her long life they had met with trials that would, but for the sweet corrective of mutual confidence, have caused disastrous results. Through all, their confidence in each other's faith and love had remained firm, bearing them hoping, trusting, lovingly on. If the old sofa, that witnessed the young wife's first and final display of petulance, could have spoken, it would have told of as gentle words and as loving endearments as it witnessed twenty years before. Silent and contented, it bore the burthen of those secret joys until death. «It was beginning to get objectionable usage from its old friend, Sally, who, from admiring it above all things, had taken a violent aversion to it, actually averring that it was not fit to hold a place in her mistress' room. When Mrs. Ainslie pleaded old associations for her attachment to it, Sally argued that there was little need of getting a new one in her, the house-keeper's, room, when that was good enough. Mrs. Ainslie only smiled at these remarks. Sally ruled the house, sometimes the children, but never her.

Opposite to the "rich broker's" house—for so was the Ainslie mansion called—was one of more modern date. A park, shaded by time-grown trees and watered by a summer-flowing fountain, alone intervened to hide them from each other's view, except during the winter season. The inmates led a gay life apparently, as once a fortnight, at least, during the fashionable season, the quiet of the neighborhood was interrupted by the sound of carriages wheeling the busy seekers of the world's gay pleasures to and fro. Of a particularly quiet night, the sound of music, the signal of the dance, reached the ears of the Ainslies as their hour came for retiring. It was a subject of remark to the gossips, that the gay Mrs. Ellsworth and Mrs. Ainslie never recognized each other when they met in society, as it was a well-known and often-repeated fact that, when the former was Kate Marley, Mrs. Ainslie

and she were very intimate friends. For whatever reason, concluded they, it was very evident that it was Mrs. Ainslie's own fault if she was not seen at the Ellsworth *soirées*, as it seemed to many Mrs. Ellsworth gave them purposely to pique Mrs. Ainslie into noticing her.

All of which was perfectly true. Mrs. Ellsworth writhed under the mortification of several defeated attempts she had made to resume her former intimacy. She yet hoped that time would effect her wishes through a yet surer medium than had yet been tried. Their children both attended Ferrero's dancing-school, passing friends, but for the malice and envy of the young Ellsworths towards those of the scholars who excelled them in dancing or dressing better than themselves. From some news that reached Mrs. Ellsworth through the young people, she thought one trial more and her object was obtained. She resolved to make a personal application. No one's favor was anything to her so long as, in the face of society, Mrs. Ainslie continued to pass her coldly by.

Arraying herself in the plainest of her morning dresses, effacing all appearance of rouge from her face, assuming a look of humility that, in heart, she was far from feeling, she quietly left her house, hastily traversed the park, and ascended the door-steps of Ainslie mansion. The bell was answered by Sally, who seemed to be less occupied in doing than in giving directions to others. There were preparations for a grand party evidently going on. The Rubicon once passed, Mrs. Ellsworth cast a hasty glance into the suite of drawing-rooms, their sliding doors thrown back, their walls festooned with natural flowers, the thousand burners only wanting light to gild the whole with enchantment. The only room wherein to receive a visitor was Mr. Ainslie's study-library, or smoking-room. This combined all three.

Unrecognized by Sally, Mrs. Ellsworth sent no card or other message than a lady desired to see her mistress. A few moments followed, only serving to still the beatings of her heart, and increase her desire to be even the recognized acquaintance of the only person who had resisted the attractions of her wealth, when Mrs. Ainslie stood before her.

It were needless to detail the arguments the practical woman of the world used to effect her object. Sufficient for the purpose will be Mrs. Ainslie's reply, showing *why* she refused the vain appeal.

"For five years after my marriage, Catherine Marley, I acknowledged your influence. I would not listen to a doubt of your sincerity. As soon have dreamed of a sister's deceit as yours. You instigated me to one great folly in my youth, that causes me regret to think of; but it brought evil consequences alone to yourself. From the moment the fortune-teller prophesied a brilliant destiny to you, you became a changed being. To satisfy your ambition, you married, without loving, a man devoid of principle, for the sake of his wealth. Fashion became your idol, shutting your heart against

all softening influences. I still loved and pitied you, knowing that I had innocently won the object of your unsolicited affections, nor did I jealously strive to mar your intercourse, depending upon his love and the fixedness of your principles.

"When I found that, though a married woman, you still thirsted for conquest, I sorrowed for your fall, and tried to cast you from my heart. When, with smooth tongue, you besought me to warn Harry Selby of his danger in time to save him from disgrace, and witnessed his gratitude, you dared the attempt to win my husband's love with a tale of my dishonor; then I spurned you from me, as the remembrance makes me now. Do not doubt. He told me all. But for your intrusion this morning, I deemed this a day of unalloyed happiness. You must be satisfied with this, our last interview. My duties require me elsewhere."

The discomfited votary of fashion left disappointed, not repentant. A few years closed her worldly career. Contemned by the truly virtuous, never knowing "the blessed peace this world cannot give," she went down to her grave the unhappy victim of a misplaced ambition.

CHAPTER VI.

A LONG train of carriages passed along the Broadway, leading from Mrs. Ainslie's mansion. There were old and young people. Gay faces; no grave ones. Everybody smiled as the *cortège* swept along. It was apparent to all that it was the occasion of a happy bridal. The crowd could not see the face of the bride. The blinds of her carriage were closed, as were those of the four others that followed "*en train*." It was five o'clock of an October evening. What a day it had been!—not a cloud! The very sun seemed not willing to set, until his last ray had stolen a kiss from the cheek of the bride. Many followed to the church to see the whole affair. The eight bridesmaids! The beautiful bride led forth by the happy bridegroom. "Who is he?" asked a dozen lookers-on. "Ralph Carroll." "Carroll! Who? Which?" "Don't you know the Carrolls? One of our old families. Ainslie, the broker's brother." "Oh! Ah! Who is the bride?" "Their adopted daughter, Caroline Selby." "Splendid girl, 'pon honor!" ejaculates the dandy, twirling his cane.

But now they walk up the aisle. The wedding guests, in their white gloves and white ribbons, dispose themselves in pews, where they can best see her face. They stand before the chancel. The bride is trembling from varied emotions. Her intended husband speaks a few words of encouragement. The vaulted roof is above her. A perfect stillness reigns around, when a strain of almost celestial harmony steals upon the air. Her eyes pierce the Heaven, painted in glowing light above; she would wish, if mortals could behold, to see the spot from whence her mother's eye watches

over her. Again her eyelids fall. The clergyman approaches. Hands unite; then are pronounced the impressive words, what "*He has joined no man shall put asunder*." A pause. Friends crowd around the happy pair. The orphan bride leans on the neck of Mrs. Ainslie. One word, "*Mother!*" escapes her lips.

Soon the husband begins to show his authority. He snatches her away before half the people have kissed her. But the sun has taken his, and our old friend Sally hers. There she stands in the vestibule, too orthodox to cross the threshold. The love she bears the bride is manifested in the blessings she invokes upon her head, and the kisses on both her cheeks. The carriages move; the crowd disperse. A new moon arises that never sets. 'Tis the honeymoon! Night soon closes over the scene. The sound of music proceeds from the Ainslie mansion. There are gay and gladsome voices mingling together in converse and the dance. Among them stands, as conspicuous for virtue as the bride for loveliness, Mrs. Ainslie, of whom it may be truly said, "*the registry of her life formed a transcript of Heaven*."

THE POOR LOVER'S SONG.

BY MAURICE O'QUILL, ESQ.

MINE is not wealth, nor mine estate—
An humble lot I call my own;
And yet I would it were in fate
To make it thine and mine alone!
A lowly roof o'er thee and me,
A scanty board between us spread,
With passion pure as air and free,
Would bid us spurn life, richer led.

Thy sphere, I know, were better laid
In lofty domes of haughty pride,
Where borrowed arts, with splendor, aid
To make life's stream a golden tide.
But, by thy side, this breast of mine,
With truthful pulse, thine own would meet;
Whilst some gay lord might turn from thine,
Or scarce respond its loving beat.

I do not yearn the costly pearls
A princely purse may tempt with gold
From eastern climes, to gem the curls
That sweep thy brows in grace untold,
For thine are charms that chide the hand
Which could insult, with tinselled toys,
Their beauteous crowd, whose matchless band
From art's best deed the glance decoys.

Another hand than mine, I ween,
May yet press thine in wedlock's grasp,
And bright to him and thee the scene
I hope will wake beneath the clasp!
Yet worlds were sweet, and they were glad,
Together, if but thou and I
Could trace the paths which else were sad,
And must make mine the wish to die!

FANNY WHARTON; OR, WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY JOHN M. EVANS.

O Love, forsake me not!
Mine were a lone, dark lot,
Bereft of thee. HERMAN.

THE allusions made by a certain class of authors to the inconstancy of woman's affections have, of late, become so frequent that the mind turns in disgust from their invidious comparisons and unjust attacks.

With them a tale appears incomplete unless it depicts, in glowing colors, the fickleness of some fair one, or indulges in strains of sarcastic wit, intended to display in a ludicrous light the purest and holiest feelings of her nature.

Why is it that men—ay, and even those of the opposite sex!—will prostitute their talents by pandering to the vitiated tastes of a few (for we are unwilling to believe that many such exist) who seem to delight in gazing upon scenes which represent the fall and degradation of the fellow-beings? Does not the blush of shame suffuse the cheek of him who gives to the world that which the *lofty* character of *woman* stamps as false? And does it not deepen on the fair brow of her who can thus basely betray the interests and peace of her own sex, or lend her aid in deteriorating its true claims to man's admiration? We think that talent might be more profitably employed in advocating those claims, and in endeavoring to elevate woman to even a higher position in the moral scale than she now occupies.

Such an effort would not only correspond with the enlightened views of the nineteenth century, but it might snatch from oblivion the names of those who, in tracing the character of *woman*, give proof that they are ill calculated to contribute to the tastes of an enlightened people. Their views might have been appreciated in the dark ages of barbarism, when her true position was scarcely acknowledged. The physical powers of woman are, it is true, unequal to man's; but in regard to the powers of the mind, in many respects she rises far his superior. That bold development of thought which characterizes the intellect of the latter is surpassed in woman by a peculiar gentleness, which, in its general effect, is more powerful and striking; and there is, within the recesses of her heart, a depth of feeling that is unfathomable; a fountain whose waters sparkle in the bright sunshine of love, and cease not to flow when the horizon is darkened by the portentous clouds of sorrow.

Like the ivy, whose tendrils for years have twined amid some crumbling ruins, with all the tenderness of her nature she clings to the object of her early love, with a hallowed fondness and tena-

city that earth cannot sever. Ah! there is a beauty in woman's undying love. No emblem of purity more perfect exists on this side of heaven.

To corroborate the truth of these general remarks, permit me, kind reader, to relate the following simple, yet truthful, narrative.

About three years since, I spent a few days amid the classic scenes of Wyoming Valley. During one of my pedestrian excursions, a short distance above Wilkesbarre, on the opposite side of the river, my attention was attracted by the peculiar neatness of a cottage, situated about fifty yards from the main road. From the singularity and beauty of its construction, so different from anything in the vicinity, I felt a strong inclination to examine more closely what to me appeared the abode of peace and contentment.

Acting under the impulse of my wishes, I entered the little gate that opened upon a lawn of velvety green in front of the house, and was slowly wending my way amid the fragrance exhaled from the flowers of Autumn, which bloomed in all their departing beauty around, when I was suddenly aroused from the agreeable reverie into which I had been thrown by the piercing shriek of a female. At first, I was unable to determine whence it proceeded, until a voice from the cottage called loudly for assistance. I quickened my pace, and arrived just at the moment that a young man, apparently of my own age, rushed from a neighboring wood and bounded upon a piazza that had been concealed from view by a trellised arbor in front, over which twined the scented woodbine, while clusters of roses hung in rich profusion around. Beneath this pleasant retreat, extended upon a rustic settee, lay the apparently inanimate form of a lady, attended by one somewhat advanced in years—another, a few years younger than the sufferer upon the couch—besides the young gentleman already alluded to. For a time, no one seemed to notice my presence, and, fearful of intruding upon the privacy of the family circle, I was quietly taking my departure, when a hand was gently laid upon my shoulder. I turned, and recognized the young man I had just left, who, extending his hand, and calling me by name, invited me to a seat. I was soon, however, relieved from my astonishment at this familiarity on learning his name. It seemed almost impossible that I could so soon forget the features of one who, but a few years previous, had been my most intimate and confiding friend; yet he who then addressed me was no other than Frank Wharton, with whom I had spent my happiest school days.

It was pleasant thus unexpectedly to meet with

one whom I could address by the endearing title of *friend*, and feel that I was not entirely alone. As might be supposed, the afternoon wore rapidly away in discussing the events of past years—without, however, any allusion being made to the singular manner of my introduction, or the cause of his removal from his former home in Connecticut—until tea was announced; when I was duly presented to the mother and sister of Frank, neither of whom I had ever seen previous to that afternoon. At this moment, the door of an adjoining apartment opened, and presented to my view a young lady of surpassing beauty; who, on casting her eyes upon me, uttered a shriek more piercing than that which had startled me from the former part of the afternoon, and, swooning, fell into the arms of Frank. My curiosity was now fairly aroused relative to the nature of the mysterious influence I undoubtedly exercised over her; this I could in no manner account for. She was immediately removed to another room, and after the free use of restoratives, I was informed she had sufficiently recovered to explain, in an unconnected and incoherent manner, the cause of her distress, which was made known to Frank, who promised an explanation after tea. On reaching the piazza, my friend desired me to be seated, that he might communicate everything which appeared shrouded in mystery. I shall therefore use his own words, as nearly as possible:—

“On my return from school, I found everything at home prosperous, and promised myself much happiness with those I sincerely loved, and from whom I had been so long separated. But my father's failing health soon gave us sad premonitions that his society could not long be enjoyed; he was rapidly sinking under that fatal disease, consumption. Alas! our fears were too soon realized; in less than eight months after my return, he was committed to the silent grave. This was indeed a severe affliction, and one which we all felt most sensibly; but time healed the wound, and gradually the cheerfulness that hitherto had reigned amid our family circle once more resumed its sway over our hearts.

“And now was added to our number one whom we all loved; who for a long time had evinced a more than ordinary interest in my eldest sister Fanny, so singularly introduced to your notice this afternoon.

“Mr. Herman had removed from New York, and settled in our neighborhood a few months previous to my return from school; and from all that could be gathered from the general deportment of Henry, his son, he was in every respect an exemplary young man; possessing in a high degree those gentlemanly qualities which secured for him a welcome reception into the best families of the country.

“Fanny was among the first of his female acquaintances, and a mutual attachment was soon the result. Much of his leisure time was spent with her previous to the death of my father; but, after this bereavement, perhaps from feelings of condolence, or as the means of repairing, in part, the

breach that all felt had been made by the hand of death, every evening brought our welcome visitor, whose endeavors to please and ingratiate himself into favor succeeded but too well. What were his particular motives, I could never ascertain; but of one thing I am convinced—that he was not actuated by those pure feelings of love which should characterize the advances of an honorable man. I will not attribute his protestations to an impurity of design; but rather persuade myself that his youth, and the surpassing beauty of Fanny, had awakened feelings which led him into the belief of love, when in reality the faintest spark of that passion had no existence in his breast.

“The summer had nearly passed, and many preparations were already completed for their approaching nuptials, to be celebrated the ensuing month, when Henry was unexpectedly called from home, to attend to some business in the adjacent town of L—. The evening previous to his departure was spent with his affianced bride; and all the sorrow attending a two days' separation of lovers was evinced by the swollen eyes of Fanny after his departure.

“But as all seasons arrive, so came the evening for Henry's return. Fanny had early stationed herself at a window from which she always watched his approach, casting anxious glances down the dusty road. But she was doomed to disappointment. The dark shadows of night gradually enshrouded each distinct object, and one by one the stars glimmered through the gloom; but her eyes were strained in vain to descry the object of her solicitude. The evening gradually wore away, but a long and wearisome one it was to her: and the next morning I was early dispatched to ascertain if Henry had arrived. Imagine, therefore, my surprise to learn, from his own acknowledgment, that he had returned about two o'clock the previous day.

“After a very few moments' conversation, during which the name of Fanny was not once mentioned, I retraced my steps, wondering what could have produced a change so sudden and unaccountable as was displayed in the cool and indifferent reception I had met with.

“Long before I reached home, I beheld my sister approaching, and endeavored to fortify myself against her inquiries, feeling an unwillingness to tell her what I believed to be the true cause of his neglect. After assuring her of his safe return, and answering her innumerable questions as cautiously as truth would admit, I sought my mother, and communicated to her all my fears, which, as I shall show, were not groundless.

“The day to which I allude was Saturday; and, as the morning passed without bringing Henry, Fanny persuaded herself that he would come, as usual, in the afternoon, and with her enjoy their accustomed walk. Vain hope! Evening came, and brightly dawned the Sabbath morn; but there came no joys to dispel the sadness that had already taken possession of her heart. She resisted all our

attempts at persuading her to accompany us to church, and often have I blessed the resolution that prevented her yielding consent.

"My mother, through indisposition, was also prevented from filling her accustomed seat; our family being represented by my younger sister and myself.

"Scarcely had we taken our seats when the inquiring glances of those around us gave proof of some important arrival; and in a few moments Henry Herman escorted to his own pew a young lady whose dress and manners indicated those of a stranger. For a time, I could scarcely realize that what I beheld was not a dream, and endeavored to drive from my mind feelings of indignation that struggled for life, and whispered revenge against the perjured betrayer of my sister's happiness. Everything seemed now strongly to confirm the fears I had entertained; yet I could not believe that his was a heart so base, and hoped that some misunderstanding had caused the cessation of his visits, which, when explained, would again restore the smile of gladness and the rose-hued flush of health to the cheek of our sweet Fanny. But this was not the case; and on the following day, the truth of my suspicion was confirmed.

"Connected with the hotel at which Henry was stopping while at L——, was the principal stage office of the town; and on the morning of his departure, while his carriage was waiting at the door, a young lady presented herself to the agent, and desired a seat in the coach for B——; a request with which he could not comply, as every one had been previously engaged. At this she appeared very much disappointed, and inquired if there was no other mode of reaching the place that day; to which he replied that there was not, unless she would accept a seat in Mr. Herman's carriage, who resided within one mile of the place she intended visiting, and who, he thought, would not object thus to accommodate her.

"'Certainly not,' replied Henry, who had overheard the conversation; 'nothing could afford me more pleasure.' At first she was undecided whether to accept of such an offer from a perfect stranger, or remain; but her desire to reach the town that day finally triumphed over other feelings, and she was handed into the carriage by Henry, who immediately started for home.

"It is almost useless for me to follow them further. The acquaintance, thus singularly formed, soon ripened into love; and, sir, I have every reason to believe that Henry, though under most sacred obligations to another, pledged her his love before he had been in her society six hours.

"It soon became the general topic of conversation among gossiping neighbors; and that Fanny might be made acquainted with the truth by some sympathizing friend, I was appointed to tell her all. A more painful duty I never performed.

"I endeavored to arouse her pride, and advised her to treat him with the utter contempt he deserved; but in this I touched a chord in her woman's heart

that could not respond to the feelings of my own, and never shall I forget the piercing look she fixed upon me as she replied—

"'Frank, do you suppose me deprived of a woman's heart?'

"It was all she could say; but that simple question spoke volumes. As well may the hand of man endeavor to calm the mighty heavings of the ocean, as attempt to crush the love of a young and confident heart. There is in its operations a power that obeys no law. It springs unbidden into existence; and naught on earth can quench the kindling flame.

"I obtained an interview with Henry, hoping to effect a reconciliation, and secure a renewal of the attentions so long lavished upon my sister; not that I considered it an honor to have his name associated with ours, but in consideration of the sacred obligations he had of choice assumed in regard to her whose health or reason I feared would eventually sink under the effects of his cruel desertion. Accordingly, I requested him to call, in order that everything connected with his conduct might be explained. With this request he never complied.

"But months rolled on, and with them was borne every trace of the dreary winter. To us it had been cheerless indeed; and, as the soft breath of spring kissed each opening bud and flower, new life seemed infused into everything around, except the heart of Fanny. For her the season, with its expanding beauties, brought no smile; on the contrary, a settled melancholy seemed brooding o'er her spirits, that all our efforts could not dispel. The name of Henry was no longer mentioned in her presence; and now, more than ever, had we reason to dread the shock which the tidings of his recent marriage might create. Accordingly, every precaution was employed to keep it concealed from her, but without avail. An intimate friend of my mother's, while in the presence of Fanny, during the course of a general conversation, abruptly adverted to Henry's marriage.

"Alas! it was now too late to remedy what had been caused by the mere thoughtlessness of a friend; and, sir, from that moment my sister became *imbecile*. All recollections of the past seemed obliterated from memory. Her soul appeared steeped in the depths of forgetfulness, as the waves of oblivion's dark sea rolled in upon it.

"The lapse of years now renders her society a source of peculiar pleasure to me; but then I could scarcely bear to look upon her, so altered, yet still so beautiful. Ah! could Henry Herman but have beheld the unmeaning expression of that beautiful face, the dull and vacant stare of those soft blue eyes, so often the theme of his admiration, or gazed upon that wreck of youth's bright hopes, methinks it would have been as a thorn, hanging forever in the depths of his soul; but they have never seen each other since the fatal evening previous to his departure for L——.

"About two years since, we exchanged our former home in Connecticut for this beautiful spot, trusting

that a change of scenery would prove beneficial to my sister; and we had fondly believed that, with the apparent departure of everything connected with the recollection of bygone years, by her Henry was no longer remembered. But this day has proved to the contrary. The moment her eyes rested upon you, a fancied resemblance to the object of her love recalled those visions which we had hoped were buried with the past, and produced the painful effects you have witnessed. Though insensible to everything around, his image seems indelibly impressed upon her heart."

I had listened to this affecting narrative with fixed attention, and would gladly have accepted of my kind friend's invitation to prolong my visit, had I

not entertained fears of again producing effects similar to those of which I had already been the unconscious cause. Accordingly, I left that interesting family; but never can I forget the sad impressions formed by the recital of that truthful tale. Fearful, indeed, must be the retribution awaiting him who can dare to act the part of Henry Herman! There is, in fact, no combination of language sufficiently strong to express the detestable character of one whose baseness leads him to trifle with the holy affections of woman—of one who, to gratify a feeling of pride, will, in deed if not in word, pledge his love, and then with perjured soul turn from the unfortunate victim of his false vows.

LEOPARDI.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

PROVINCIAL life in Italy can scarcely be realized by an American except through observation. However remote from cities, or sequestered in location, may be a town in this country, if not connected with the great world by railroad and telegraph, the newspaper, the political representative, and an identity of feeling and action in some remote enterprise or interest, keep alive mutual sympathy and intelligence. But a moral and social, as well as physical isolation belongs to the minor towns of the Italian peninsula. The quaint, old stone houses enclose beings whose existence is essentially monastic, whose knowledge is far behind the times, and whose feelings are rigidly confined within the limits of family and neighborhood. A more complete picture of still-life, in the nineteenth century, it is difficult to imagine, than many of these secluded towns present. The dilapidated air of the palaces, the sullen gloom of the narrow streets, as one turns into them from the square, where a group of idlers in tattered cloaks are ever engaged in a game or a gossip, the electrical effect of a traveling-carriage, or a troop of soldiers invading the quiet scene, at once inform even the casual visitor of the distance he is at from the spirit of the age. With the decayed air of the private houses, their worn brick floors and primitive furniture, contrast impressively the extensive and beautiful view usually obtainable from the highest windows, and the architectural magnificence of the church. We are constantly reminded that modern amelioration has not yet invaded the region; while the petty objects to which even the better class are devoted, the importance attached to the most frivolous details of life, the confined views and microscopic jealousies, or dilettante tastes that prevail, assure us that liberal curiosity and enlarged sympathy find but little scope in these haunts of a nation devoid of civil life, and thrust upon the past for mental nourishment.

It is, however, comparatively easy to imagine the influence of such an environment upon a superior intelligence. Recoiling from the attempt to find satisfaction in the external, thus repressed and deadened, the scholar would there naturally turn to written lore with a singular intensity of purpose; the aspirant would find little to tempt him from long and sustained flights into the ideal world; and the thinker would cling to abstract truth with an energy more fond and concentrated from the very absence of all motive and scope for action and utterance. It is thus that we account, in part, for the remarkable individuality and lonely career of Giacomo Leopardi, one of the greatest scholars and men of genius modern Italy has produced. He has left a glimpse of this monotonous and ungenial life in one of his poems—*La Vita Solitaria* :—

"La mattutina pioggia, allor che l'al
Battendo esulta nella chiusa stanza
Le gallinella ed al balcon s'affaccia
L'abitator de' campi, e il Sol che nasce
I suoi tremuli rai fra le cadenti
Stille saetta, alla capanna mia
Dolcemente picchiando, mi risveglia;
E sorgo, e i lievi nagoletti, e il primo
Degli angelli susurro, e l'aura fresca,
E le ridenti piagge benedico;
Poichè voi, cittadine infauste mura,
Vidi e conobbi assai, là dove segue
Odio al dolor compagno; e doloroso
Lo vivo, e tal morirò, deh tosto! Alcuna
Benche scarsa pietà pur mi dimostra
Natura in questi lochi, un giorno oh quanto
Verso me pin cortere.

Leopardi was the son of a count, whose estates are situated at Recanti, in the March of Ancona, and here his early youth was passed chiefly in his father's library, which consisted wholly of theological and classical books. After being taught Latin

and the elements of philosophy by two priests, he seems to have been left to pursue his own course; and, at ten years old, he describes himself as having commenced a wild and desperate life of study, the result of which was a mastery of ancient classic and church literature, not only displayed in positive knowledge, but re-produced habitually in the form of translations and commentaries. Greek is not cultivated in Italy, and in this, as well as other branches of learning, he was quite isolated. In seven years his health was completely ruined by unremitted mental application. Niebuhr and Angelo Mai soon recognized him as a philologist of remarkable acumen and attainment; and laudatory articles in the French, German, and Holland journals, as well as complimentary letters from distinguished men, found their way to his secluded home. He duped scholars by tricks like those of Macpherson and Chatterton, in the pretended translations of an Hellenic fragment; he engaged in a literary correspondence with Monti and Gioberti; wrote able commentaries on the rhetoricians of the first and second centuries; annotations on the chronicle of Eusebius; invented new narratives of martyrdoms that passed for genuine; translated parts of the *Odyssey*, *Epictetus*, and *Socrates*; and, in fact, performed Herculean labors of research and criticism.

But the most remarkable feature of his life is the contrast between its profound scholarship and its domestic environment. During this period, Leopardi was treated like a child, kept at home by poverty, utterly destitute of companionship, except what he found in an occasional disputation with the Jews of Ancona; wretched in appearance, consumed by melancholy, struggling with his father against the project to dedicate him to the church; without sympathy from his kind, or faith in his Creator, or joy in his youth, or hope in his destiny. He only found temporary solace when consciousness was absorbed in his studious vigils, in the solitary library of a forlorn palace in that secluded town. Such is an epitome of Leopardi's youth. Of his works thus produced, there are but few and imperfect copies, many being still unedited; and his peculiar genius would be faintly revealed to us, had it not found more direct and personal expression in a few sincere and highly finished original writings, which shadow forth and embody, with singular eloquence, the life and the nature of the man.

Leopardi was born at Recanti, on the twentieth of June, 1798, and died at Naples, on the fourteenth of June, 1837. The restraint under which he lived, partly that of circumstances, and partly of authority, both exerted upon a morbidly sensitive and lonely being, kept him in his provincial birth-place until the age of twenty-four. After this period, he sought a precarious subsistence in Rome, Florence, Bologna, and Naples. Of the conscious aim he proposed to himself as a scholar, we may judge by his own early declaration: "Mediocrity frightens me; my wish is to love and become great by genius and study." In regard to the first desire,

he seems, either from an unfortunate personal appearance, or from having been in contact with the insincere and the vain, to have experienced a bitter disappointment; for the craving for sympathy, and the praise of love, continually find expression in his writings, while he says of women, "*L'ambizione, l'interesse, la perfidia, l'insensibilità delle donne che io definisco un animale senza cuore, sono cose che mi spaventano.*" He translated, with great zest, the satire of Simonides on women. Elsewhere, however, there is evinced a remarkable sensibility to female attractions, and indications appear of gratified, though interrupted affinities. Indeed, we cannot but perceive that Leopardi belongs to that rare class of men whose great sense of beauty and "necessity of loving" is united with an equal passion for truth. It was not, therefore, because his taste was too refined, or his standard too ideal, that his affections were baffled, but on account of the extreme rarity of that sacred union of loveliness and loyalty, of grace and candor, of the beautiful and the true, which, to the thinker and the man of heart, alone justifies the earnestness of love. Nature vindicated herself, as she ever will, even in his courageous attempt to merge all youthful impulse in the pursuit of knowledge, and twine around abstract truth the clinging sensibilities that covet a human object. He became, indeed, a master of lore, he lived a scholar, he kept apart from the multitude, and enacted the stoical thinker; but the ungratified portion of his soul bewailed her bereavement; from his harvest-fields of learning went up the cry of famine; a melancholy tone blended with his most triumphant expositions; and an irony, that ill conceals moral need, underlies his most vivacious utterance.

In his actual life, Leopardi confesses himself to have been greatly influenced by prudential motives. There was a reserve in his family intercourse, which doubtless tended to excite his thoughts and feelings to a greater private scope; and he accordingly sought in fancy and reflection a more bold expansion. His skepticism has been greatly lamented as the chief source of his hopelessness; and the Jesuits even ventured to assert his final conversion, so important did they regard the accession of such a gifted name to the roll of the church; but his friend, Ranieri, in whose arms he died, only tells us that he "resigned his exalted spirit with a smile." He presents another instance of the futility of attempting to graft religious belief externally, and by prescriptive means, upon a free, inquiring, and enthusiastic mind. Christianity, as practically made known to Leopardi, failed to enlist his sympathies, from the erroneous form in which it was revealed, and the abuses incident to such a manifestation; while, speculatively, its authority seemed to have no higher sanction than the antique philosophy and fables with which he was conversant. Had he learned to consider religion as a sentiment, inevitable and divine; had he realized it in the same way as he did love, as an experience, a feeling, a principle

of the soul, and not a technical system, it would have yielded him both comfort and inspiration. Deformed, with the seeds of decay in his very frame, familiar with the history, the philosophy, the languages of the earth, reflective and susceptible, loving and lonely, erudite, but without a faith, young in years, but venerable in mental life, he found nothing, in the age of transition in which he lived, to fix and harmonize his nature. His parent was incapable of comprehending the mind he sought to control. Sympathy with Greece and Rome, compassion for Italy, and despair of himself, were the bitter fruits of knowledge unilluminated by supernal trust. He says the *inspiegabile mistero dell'universo* weighed upon his soul. He longed to solve the problem of life, and tried to believe, with Byron, that "everything is naught!"—*tutto è nulla*; and wrote, *la calamità è la sola cosa che vi convenga essendo virtuoso. Nostra vita, he asks, che val? solo a spregiarla*. He thought too much to be happy without a centre of light about which his meditations could hopefully revolve; he felt too much to be tranquil without some reliable and endeared object to which he might confidently turn for solace and recognition. The facts of his existence are meagre, the circle of his experience limited, and his achievements as a scholar give us no clue to his inward life; but the two concise volumes of prose and verse are a genuine legacy, a reflection of himself amply illustrative to the discriminating reader.

As regards the diction of Leopardi, it partakes of the superiority of his mind and the individuality of his character. Versed, as he was, both in the vocabulary and the philosophy of ancient and modern languages, he cherished the highest appreciation of his native tongue, of which he said it was *sempre infinita*. He wrote slowly, and with great care. In poetry, his first conception was noted, at once, and born in an access of fervor; but he was employed, at intervals, for weeks, in giving the finishing touches to the shortest piece. It is, indeed, evident that Leopardi gave to his deliberate compositions the essence, as it were, of his life. No one would imagine his poems, except from their lofty and artistic style, to be the effusions of a great scholar, so simple, true, and apparently unavoidable are the feelings they embody. It is this union of severe discipline and great erudition with the glow, the directness, and the natural sentiment of a young poet, that constitutes the distinction of Leopardi. The reflective power, and the predominance of the thoughtful element in his writings, assimilate him rather with German and English than modern Italian literature. There is nothing desultory and superficial; vigor of thought, breadth and accuracy of knowledge, and the most serious feeling characterize his works.

His taste was manly, and formed altogether on the higher models; in terse energy, he often resembles Dante; in tender and pensive sentiment, Petrarch; in philosophical tone, he manifested the

Anglo-Saxon spirit of inquiry and psychological tendency of Bacon and Coleridge; thus singularly combining the poetic and the erudite, gay research and fanciful speculation, grave wisdom and exuberant love. Of late Italian writers, perhaps no one more truly revives the romantic associations of her literature; for Leopardi "learned in suffering what he taught in song," as exclusively as the "grim Tuscan" who described the world of spirits; his life was shadowed by a melancholy not less pervading than that of Tasso; and, since Laura's bard, no poet of the race has sung of love with a more earnest beauty. He has been well said to have passed a "life of thought with sorrow beside him." The efflorescence of that life is concentrated in his verse, comparatively limited in quantity, but proportionally intense in expression; and the views, impressions, fancies, and ideas generated by his studies and experience, we may gather from his prose, equally concise in form and individual in spirit. From these authentic sources, we will now endeavor to infer the characteristics of his genius.

His faith, or rather his want of faith, in life and human destiny, is clearly betrayed in his legend, or allegory, called, *Storia del Genere Umano*. According to this fable, Jove created the world infinitely less perfect than it now exists, with obvious limits, undiversified by water or mountains; and over it man roved without impediment, childlike, truthful, and living wholly in the immediate. Upon emerging from this adolescent condition, however, the race, wearied by the monotony and obvious bounds to their power and enjoyment, grew dissatisfied. Satiety took the place of contentment, and many grew desperate, loathing the existence in which they originally rejoiced. This insensibility to the gifts of the gods was remedied by introducing the elements of diversity and suggestiveness into the face of nature and the significance of life. The night was made brilliant by stars; mountains and valleys alternated in the landscape; the atmosphere, from a fixed aspect, became nebulous and crystalline by turns. Nature, instead of ministering only to vitality and instinctive enjoyment, was so arranged and developed as constantly to excite imagination and act upon sympathy. Echo was born, at this time, to startle with mysterious responses; and dreams first invaded the domain of sleep, to prolong the illusive agencies thus instituted to render human life more tolerable. By these means, Jove awakened to consciousness the soul, and increased the charities and the grace of existence through a sense of the grand and beautiful. This epoch was of longer duration than that which preceded it; and the weary and hackneyed spirits once more realized enjoyment in experiencing the same vivid impressions and zest of being which had marked the primitive era. But, at length, this warfare between the real and ideal, this successive interchange of charming delusion and stern fact that made up existence, wore upon the moral energies, and so fatigued the spirits of men, that it gave rise

to the custom, once prevalent among our progenitors, of celebrating as a festival the death of friends. Impiety was the final result of this period in the history of the race. Life became perverted, and human nature shorn of its original beauty. This fallen condition the gods punished by the flood of Deucalion. Admonished to repair the solitude of the earth, he and Phyrre, though disdainful of life, obeyed the command, and threw stones behind them to restore the species. Jove, admonished by the past of the essential nature of man, that it is impossible for him, like other animals, to live happily in a state of freedom from evil, always desiring the impossible, considered by what new arts it was practicable to keep alive the unhappy race. These he decided were—first, to mingle in his life real evils, and then to engage him in a thousand avocations and labors, in order to divert him as much as possible from communing with his own nature, or, at least, with the desire of the unattained. He, therefore, sent abroad many diseases and misfortunes, wishing, by the vicissitudes of mortal life, to obviate satiety, and increase, by the presence of evil, the relish of good—to soften the ferocity of man, to reduce his power, and lead him to succumb to necessity, and to temper the ardor of his desires.

Besides such benefits, he knew that, when there is room for hope, the unhappy are less inclined to do violence to themselves, and that the gloom of disaster thus illumined is endurable. Accordingly, he created tempests, armed them with thunder and lightning, gave Neptune his trident, whirled comets into space, and ordained eclipses. By these, and other terrible phases of the elements, he desired to excite a wholesome awe, knowing that the presence of danger will reconcile to life, for a time at least, not only the unhappy, but those who most abominate it. To exclude the previous satiety, he induced in mankind appetites for new gratifications, not to be obtained without toil; and whereas, before the flood, water, herbs, and fruits sufficed for nourishment, now food and drink of great variety and elaborate preparation became a necessity; until then, the equality of temperature rendered clothing useless, the inclemency of the weather now made it indispensable. He ordered Mercury to found the first city, and divide the race into nations, tongues, and people, sowing discord among them. Thus laws were originated and civil life instituted. He then sent among men certain sentiments, or superhuman phantasms of most excellent semblance, such as Justice, Virtue, Glory, and Patriotism, to mould, quicken, and elevate society. The fruit of this revolution was admirable. Notwithstanding the fatigues, alarms, and griefs previously unknown to our race, it excelled, in sweetness and convenience, its state before the deluge; and this effect was owing mainly to the phantasms or ideas before alluded to, which inspired poets and artists to the highest efforts, and to which many cheerfully sacrificed their lives. This greatly pleased Jove, who justly thought that men would value life in propor-

tion as they were disposed to yield it in a noble cause. Indeed, this order of things, even when superseded after many centuries, retained its supremacy so well that, up to a time not very distant from the present, the maxims founded upon it were in vogue.

Again, the insatiable desires of man alienated him from the will of the gods. Unsatisfied with the scope given to imaginative enjoyment, he now pleaded for Truth. This unreasonable exaction angered Jupiter, who, however, determined to punish importunity by granting the demand. To the remonstrances of the other deities, he replied by describing the consequences of the gift. It will, he assured them, destroy many of the attractive illusions of life, disenchant perception, and forever chasten the fervor of desire; for Truth is not to mortals what she is to divinities; she makes clear the beatitude of the one, but the misery of the other, by revealing the conditions of their fate, the precarious nature of their enjoyments, and the deceptive character of human pursuits. The long-sought blessing thus proved to the multitude a bane; for, in this new order of things, the semblance of the infinite no longer yielded satisfaction, but aggravated the soul, created unrest, longing, and aspiration. Under the dominion of Truth, universality supervened among men, landmarks lost their distinctness, nations intermingled, and the motives to earnest love or hate became few and tame; life thus gradually lost its original interest and significance to human consciousness, and its essential value was so greatly diminished as to awaken the pity of the gods at the forlorn destiny of the race. Jove heard their intercession benignly, and consented to the prayer of Love that she might descend to the earth. The gentle daughter of the celestial Venus thus preserved the only vestige of the ancient nobility of man. Often before had men imagined that she dwelt among them; but it was only her counterfeit. Not until humanity came under the dominion of Truth, did Love actually vouchsafe her genuine presence, and then only for a time, for she could not be long spared from Heaven. So unworthy had mankind become, that few hearts were found fit to receive the angelic guest, and these she filled with such noble and sweet emotions, such high and consistent moral energy, as to revive in them the life of the beatific era. This state, when realized, so nearly approached the divine, that Jove permitted it to but few, and at long intervals. By this means, however, the grand primeval sentiments were kept in relation with man, the original sacred fire remained unextinguished, and the glorious imaginings and tender charms of humanity yet lingered to nourish a sublime faith and infinite hope. The majority, however, continued insensible to this redeeming element, and profaned and ignorantly repudiated it; yet it ceased not to hallow, exalt, and refine the weary, sated, and baffled soul of man.

Such is a meagre outline of the allegory which

shadows forth Leopardi's views of life. It would appear that he recognized no sign of promise in the firmament of existence, radiant as it was to his vision with the starry light of knowledge, but the rainbow of love, upon which angels seemed to ascend and descend—the one glowing link between earth and sky, the bridge spanning the gulf of time, the iris made up of the tears of earth and the light of heaven. In a note to this fable, he protests against having had any design to run a philosophical tilt against either the Mosaic tradition or the evangelists; but it is evident that he did aim to utter the convictions which his own meditations and personal experience had engendered. Nor is the view thus given of the significance and far-reaching associations of human love, when consecrated by sentiment and intensified by intelligence, so peculiar as might appear from his manner of presenting it. In Plato, Dante, and Petrarch, in all the higher order of poets and philosophers, we find a divine and enduring principle recognized under the same guise. The language in which Leopardi expresses his faith on the subject is not less emphatic than graceful: “Qualora viene in sulla terra, sceglie i cuori piu teneri e piu gentili delle persone piu generose e magnanime; e quivi siede per alcun breve spazio; diffondendovi sì pellegrina e mirabile soavità, ed empiendoli di affetti sì nobili, e di tanta virtù e forza, che egli allora provano, cosa al tutto nuova nel genere umano, pinttosto verità che rassomiglianza di beatitudine.”

The satire of Leopardi is pensive rather than bitter; it is aimed at general, not special error, and seems inspired far more by the sad conviction of a serious mind than the acerbity of a disappointed one. In the dialogue between Fashion and Death, the former argues a near relationship and almost identity of purpose with the latter; and the folly and unwholesome effects of subservience to custom are finely satirized, in naively showing how the habit she induces tends to shorten life and multiply the victims of disease. So in the proposal of premiums by an imaginary academy, the mechanical spirit of the age is wittily rebuked by the offer of prizes to the inventor of a machine to enact the office of a friend, without the alloy of selfishness and disloyalty which usually mars the perfection of that character in its human form. Another prize is offered for a machine that will enact magnanimity, and another for one that will produce women of unperverted conjugal instincts. The imaginary conversation between a sprite and a gnome is a capital rebuke to self-love; and that between Malambruno and Farfarello emphatically indicates the impossibility of obtaining happiness through will, or the agency even of superior intelligence. Leopardi's hopelessness is clearly shown in the dialogue of Nature and a Soul, wherein the latter refuses the great endowments offered because of the inevitable attendant suffering. In the Earth and Moon's interview, we have an ingenious satire upon that shallow philosophy which denies all the data of

truth from individual consciousness and personal experience.

One of the most quaint and instructive of these colloquies is that between Federico Ruysch and his mummies, in which the popular notion of the pain of dying is refuted by the alleged proof of experience. The mummies, in their midnight song, declare the condition of death to be *lieta no ma sicura*. Physiologically considered, all pleasure is declared to be attended with a certain languor; Burke suggests the same idea in reference to the metaphysical effects of beauty on the nervous system; and this agreeable state is referred to by the mummies to give their inquisitive owner an idea of the sensation of dying. The philosophy of this subject, the vague and superstitious fears respecting it, have recently engaged the attention of popular medical writers; but the essential points are clearly unfolded in this little dialogue of Leopardi.

In his essay entitled *Detti Memorabili di Filippo Ottonieri*, we have apparently an epitome of his own creed; at least, the affinity between the maxims and habits here described and those which, in other instances, he acknowledges as personal, is quite obvious. Ottonieri is portrayed as a man isolated in mind and sympathies, though dwelling among his kind. He thought that the degree in which individuality of life and opinion in man was regarded as eccentric, might be deemed a just standard of civilization; as, the more enlightened and refined the state of society, the more such originality was respected and regarded as natural. He is described as ironical; but the reason for this was that he was deformed and unattractive in person, like Socrates, yet created to love; and, not being able to win this highest gratification, so conversed as to inspire both fear and esteem. He cultivated wisdom, and tried to console himself with friendship; moreover, his irony was not *sdognosa ed acerba, ma riposata e dolce*. He was of opinion that the greatest delights of existence are illusions, and that children find everything in nothing, and adults nothing in everything. He compared pleasure to odors which usually promised a satisfaction unrealized by taste; and said, of some nectar-drinking bees, that they were blest in not understanding their own happiness. He remarked that want of consideration occasioned far more suffering than positive and intentional cruelty, and that one who lived a gregarious life would utter himself aloud when alone, if a fly bit him; but one accustomed to solitude and inward life would often be silent in company, though threatened with a stroke of apoplexy. He divided mankind into two classes, those whose characters and instincts are overlaid and moulded by conformity and conventionalism, and those whose natures are so rich or so strong as to assert themselves intact and habitually. He declared that, in this age, it was impossible for any one to love without a rival; for the egotist usually combined with and struggled for supremacy against the lover in each individual. He considered delusion a re-

quisite of all human enjoyment, and thought that man, like the child who, from a sweet-rimmed chalice, imbibed the medicine, according to Tasso's simile, *e dal' inganano sus vita riceve*. In these, and many other ideas attributed to Ottonieri, we recognize the tone of feeling and the experience of Leopardi; and the epitaph with which it concludes breathes of the same melancholy, but intelligent and aspiring nature: "*Nato alle opere virtuose e alla gloria, vissuto ozioso e disutile, e morto senza fama non ignaro della natura nè della fortuna sua.*"

The *Wager of Prometheus* is a satire upon civilization, in which a cannibal feast, a Hindoo widow's sacrifice, and a suicide in London, are brought into vivid and graphic contrast. To exhibit the fallacy which estimates life merely as such a blessing, and to show that it consists in sensitive and moral experience rather than in duration, as color is derived from light and not from the objects of which it is but a quality, he gives us an animated and discriminating argument between a metaphysician and a materialist; and in illustration of the absolute mental nature of happiness when closely analyzed, he takes us to the cell of Tasso, where a most characteristic and suggestive discussion takes place between him and his familiar genius. The tyranny of Nature, her universal and inevitable laws, unredeemed, to Leopardi's view, by any compensatory spiritual principle, is displayed in an interview between her and one of her discontented subjects, wherein she declares man's felicity an object of entire indifference; her arrangements having for their end only the preservation of the universe by a constant succession of destruction and renovation.

His literary creed is emphatically recorded in the little treatise on *Parini o vero della Gloria*; and it exhibits him as a true nobleman in letters, although the characteristic sadness of his mind is evident in his severe estimate of the obstacles which interfere with the recognition of an original and earnest writer; for to this result, rather than fame, his argument is directed. As a vocation, he considers authorship unsatisfactory, on account of its usual effect, when sedulously pursued, upon the animal economy; he justly deems the capacity to understand and sympathize with a great writer extremely rare; the preoccupation of society in the immediate and the personal, the inundation of books in modern times, the influence of prejudice, ignorance, and narrowness of mind, the lack of generous souls, mental satiety, frivolous tastes, decadence of enthusiasm and vigor in age, and impatient expectancy in youth—are among the many and constant obstacles against which the individual who appeals to his race through books has to contend. He also dwells upon the extraordinary influence of prescriptive opinion, wedded to a few antique exemplars, upon the literary taste of the age. He considers the secret power of genius, in literature, to exist in an indefinable charm of style almost as rarely appreciated as it is exercised; and he thinks great writing only an inevitable substitute for great ac-

tion—the development of the heroic, the beautiful, and the true in language, opinion, and sentiment, which, under propitious circumstances, would have been embodied, with yet greater zeal, in deeds. He thus views the art in which he excelled, in its most disinterested and noblest relations.

There is great naturalness, and a philosophic tone, in the interview between Columbus and one of his companions, as they approach the New World. In the *Eulogy on Birds*, it is touching to perceive the keen appreciation Leopardi had of the joyous side of life, his complete recognition of it as a phase of nature, and his apparent unconsciousness of it as a state of feeling. The blithe habits of the feathered creation, their vivacity, motive power, and jocund strains, elicit as loving a commentary as Audubon or Wilson ever penned; but they are described only to be contrasted with the hollow and evanescent smiles of his own species; and the brief illusions they enjoy are pronounced more desirable than those of such singers as Dante and Tasso, to whom imagination was a *funestissima dote, e principio di sollecitudini, e angosce gravissime e perpetue*. With the tokens of his rare intelligence and sensibility before us, it is affecting to read his wish to be converted into a bird, in order to experience awhile their contentment and joy.

The form of these writings is peculiar. We know of no English prose work at all similar, except the Imaginary Conversations of Landor, and a few inferior attempts of a like character; but there is one striking distinction between Leopardi and his classic English prototype: the former's aim is always to reproduce the opinions and modes of expression of his characters, while the latter chiefly gives utterance to his own. This disguise was adopted, we imagine, in a degree, from prudential motives. Conscious of sentiments at variance with the accepted creed, both in religion and philosophy, the young Italian recluse summoned historical personages, whose memories were hallowed to the imagination, and whose names were associated with the past, and, through their imaginary dialogues, revealed his own fancies, meditations, and emotions. In fact, a want of sympathy with the age is one of the prominent traits of his mind. He was skeptical in regard to the alleged progress of the race, had little faith in the wisdom of newspapers, and doubted the love of truth for her own sake, as the master principle of modern science and literature. Everywhere he lauds the negative. Ignorance is always bliss, and sleep, that "unfits the raveled sleeve of care," the most desirable blessing enjoyed by mortals. He scorns compromise with evil, and feels it is "nobler in the mind to suffer" than to reconcile itself to error and pain through cowardice, illusion, or stupidity. He writes to solace himself by expression; and he writes in a satirical and humorous vein, because it is less annoying to others and more manly in itself than wailing and despair. Thus, Leopardi's misanthropy differs from that of Rousseau and Byron in being

more intellectual; it springs not so much from exasperated feeling as from the habitual contemplation of painful truth. Philosophy is rather an available medicament to him than an ultimate good.

Patriotism, learning, despair, and love are expressed in Leopardi's verse with emphatic beauty. There is an antique grandeur, a solemn wail, in his allusions to his country, which stirs, and, at the same time, melts the heart. This sad, yet noble melody is quite untranslatable; and we must content ourselves with an earnest reference to some of these eloquent and finished lyrical strains. How grand, simple, and pathetic is the opening of the first, *All'Italia*:—

"O patria mia, vedo le mura e gli archi
E le colonne e i simulacri e l'ermas
Torri degli avi nostri,
Ma la gloria non vedo,
Non vedo il lauro e il ferro ond'eran curchi
I nostri padri antichi. Or fatta inerme
Nuda la fronte e nudo il petto mostri.
Oimè quante ferite,
Che lividor, che sangue! oh qual ti veggio,
Formosissima donna! Io chiedo al cielo
E al mondo: dite, dite,
Chì la ridusse a tale? E questo è peggio,
Che di catene ha carco ambe le braccia,
Sì che sparte le chiome e senza velo
Siede in terra negletta e sconsolata,
Nascendendo la faccia
Tra le ginocchia, e piange."

In the same spirit are the lines on the *Monument to Dante*, to whom he says—

"Beato te che il fato
A viver non dannò fra tanto orrore;
Che non vedesti in braccio
L'itala moglie a barbaro soldato.
* * * * *
Non si conviene a sì corrotta usanza
Questa d'animi eccelsi altrice a scola:
Se di codardi è stanza,
Meglio l'è rimaner vedova e sola."

The poem to Angelo Mai, on his discovery of the Republic of Cicero, is of kindred tone—the scholar's triumph blending with the patriot's grief. An identical vein of feeling also we recognize, under another form, in the poem written for his sister's nuptials. Bitterly he depicts the fate of woman in a country where

"Virtù viva sprezziam, lodiamo estinta;"

and declares—

"O miseri o codardi
Figliuoli avrai. Miseri eleggi. Immenso
Tra fortuna e valor dissidio pose
Il corrotto costume. Abi troppo tardi,
E nella sera dell'umane cose,
Acquista oggi chi nasce il moto e il senso."

Bruto Minor is vigorous in conception and exquisitely modulated. In the hymn to the Patriarchs, *La Primavera*, *Il Sabato del Vilaggio*, *Alla Lune*, *Il Passaro Solitaria*, *Il Canto notturno d'un Pastore errante in Asia*, and other poems, Leopardi not only gives true descriptive hints, with

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tact and fidelity, but reproduces the sentiment of the hour, or the scene he celebrates, breathing into his verse the latent music they awaken in the depths of thought and sensibility; the rhythm, the words, the imagery, all combine to produce this result, in a way analogous to that by which great composers harmonize sound, or the masters of landscape blend colors, giving birth to the magical effect which, under the name of tone, constitutes the vital principle of such emanations of genius. But not only in exalted patriotic sentiment and graphic portraiture, nor even in artistic skill, resides all the individuality of Leopardi as a poet. His tenderness is as sincere as it is manly. There is an indescribable sadness native to his soul, quite removed from acrid gloom or weak sensibility. We have already traced it in his opinions and in his life; but its most affecting and impressive expression is revealed in his poetry. *Il Primo Amore*, *La Sera del Di di Festa*, *Il Risorgimento*, and other effusions, in a similar vein, are instinct with this deep, yet attractive melancholy, the offspring of profound thought and emotion. "*Uscir di pena*," he sadly declares, "*è diletto fra noi; non brillin gli occhi se non di pianto; due cose belle ha il mondo: amore e morto.*" In that most characteristic poem, *Amore e Morte*, he speaks of the maiden who *la gentilezza del morir comprende*:—

"Quando novellamente
Nasce nel cor profondo
Un amoroso affetto,
Languido e stanco insieme con esso in petto
Un desiderio di morir si sente:
Come, non so: ma tale
D'amor vero e possente è il primo effetto;
Forse gli occhi spaura
Allor questo deserto: a se la terra
Forse il mortale inabitabil fatta
Vede omai senza quella
Nova, sola, infinita
Felicità che il suo pensier figura:
Ma per cagioni lui grave procella
Presentando il suo cor, brama quiete,
Brama raccorsi in porto
Dinanzi a fier desio,
Che già ruggiando, intorno, intorno oscura."

SONNET.—OCEAN.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

WHERE hath thy voice, old Ocean, not been heard?
O'er every spot thy wild waves once have swopt,
And o'er high hill tops hath thou boldly crept;
Obedient only to the Omnipotent Word:
Sits stillness mid dark Africa's wastes; yet there
Of old wert thou. The effigies of thy
Amazing primal denizens now lie
Sculptured on every crag. Thy fish appear
Imbedded in the rock, so gray, whence hewed
Are Egypt's pyramids. Immensity
In thy broad bosom, too, is seen to be,
Where storms assume terrific attitude:
One only makes thee calm and quiet stand,
Who holds thy waters all in "hollow of his hand."

MY COUSIN.—A STORY.

BY K. R. P.

CHAPTER I.

A FEW simple sketches would I lay before you, gentle reader—sketches from the life of one I knew and loved—and which, I will hope, may serve to show the “good” which may be gained by “a word spoken in season.”

And now let me introduce at once the heroine of my little tale, my well beloved Cousin Alice, or, more formally, Miss Alice Ermyn, only daughter of the Hon. Judge Ermyn, and niece of the very worthy and venerable maidens, Miss Amelia Barton and her sister, Miss Anne, who, having had her in charge since her fifteenth year, and being, withal, very good-natured misses, had endeavored, aided in every respect by her father, as much as in them lay, to pet, pamper, and spoil entirely the interesting young heiress; and had succeeded as well as might be expected, when we consider the materials with which they had to work. But Alice was not easily spoiled; and, notwithstanding she possessed her share of faults, she was nevertheless a very lovely and a very “lovable” personage.

True, Aunt Anne was brought to acknowledge that “Alice *was* fond of having her own way,” while others thought Alice was downright obstinate; and Aunt Amelia “wished Alice were not quite so spirited,” while others were often annoyed at the little termagant’s display of temper; still, a tear or a nod from one she loved would cause her to yield, even when most determined to carry her point, or subdue her when in one of her most violent outbreaks of temper. And then, when not angry, no one could be more generous, more entirely thoughtless of self, more devoted in her love to her friend, than this same Alice.

The Misses Barton lived in a handsome white house, “beautifully situated on the banks of the Hudson,” as the geographers say. It was a fine old place, with its smoothly shaven lawns stretching down to the sparkling waters, and shaded by elm trees, the society of hill and dale, all belonging to the Barton farm; and the house, too, was a handsome structure, which had been built by Miss Barton’s grandfather. And the certainty that all this would descend to the young Alice did not, in the least, diminish the interest with which the mammon-loving community regarded her.

I had just returned from college when I first saw Alice Ermyn. I was about to make the tour of Europe, and was paying some long-owed visits previous to my departure. I was rather averse to mak-

ing these visits, especially to my aunts Anne and Amelia, for several reasons. In the first place, like college youths in general, I imagined myself remarkably precocious, and feared that my profundity and wit would be but ill appreciated by maiden aunts; and then, as a natural consequence of my self-admiration, I considered ladies in general, and elderly ladies in particular, quite unworthy of my regards. Alice soon cured me of that, however; for she was then, verily, a charming little representative of the, by me, despised sex.

Expect not, however, any cousin’s flirtation. Notwithstanding Alice had, among other faults, quite a taste for coquetry, she would by no means waste her talents on such an unpromising specimen as myself; and, as for me, I soon loved Alice too well to flirt with her.

I have not, as yet, said one word about my cousin’s personal appearance; and, indeed, I scarcely know what to say. Some called her beautiful, some said she was pretty; others would only grant she might be so, were her nose straight and her eyes not so peculiar. For me, I know she was not beautiful, yet there was not one feature of her face I would have had altered.

She had one of those peculiar complexions so rarely seen, yet so extremely beautiful, where the skin seems transparent, and beneath it may be seen wandering, on her cheeks, the hue of the rose, and on her temples the delicate blue veins; her mouth, her teeth, and her chin, in its curve to the throat, were perfect; her eyes were a sort of hazel, of a rather unusual color, but bright and expressive.

Alice and I were soon warm friends. I had lost both my parents; Alice had only her father remaining, and he was my guardian. We had neither of us brothers or sisters, or any other cousins, so we naturally grew very fond of each other; and, though I was with her but a fortnight, and though that was our first meeting, still, when I left her, Alice cried bitterly, expatiated upon the absurdity of traveling in general, and of her cousin’s traveling in particular, and seemed about to launch into a regular “fit of the blues;” while I could only promise to write often, and claim the same promise from her. And so I left her.

Alice was then about fourteen; and when I next saw her, upon my return from Europe, she was eighteen. I had heard from her often during my absence. At length news came that she had gone to New York, and that, under the chaperonage of her aunt, the gay and beautiful Mrs. B——, she had

made her *entrée* into fashionable life, and was admired and courted, as I had expected.

During the first year of my absence from home, I had formed the acquaintance of Philip Howe. He was several years older than myself, being at that time nearly thirty, while I was scarcely twenty, years old. Philip Howe was universally called, by the ladies, a very handsome and entertaining man, by gentlemen a very clever and agreeable one, and a very talented and fascinating one by all; and they were all right. The chief secret, however, of my first attachment to him lay in the fact that I already knew his sister in America; and, although my cousin Alice was a very dear cousin, I meant, on my return, that Helen Howe should be something still dearer. So Philip and myself became inseparable. We traveled together through England, France, Italy, and Switzerland; and with the increased knowledge which every day brought me of his noble character, did my love increase for him also. He possessed the most brilliant conversational powers I ever knew. His information was extensive, and his eloquence persuasive. I scarcely ever heard a subject discussed of which he did not seem to possess a thorough knowledge. One subject alone did he avoid—that of religion.

I had often spoken of Alice to Philip; but I remembered and described her only as a beautiful, but wayward child, and had never dreamed that such a one could ever influence a mind like his. I had read to him portions of her letters. At first, they were mere sprightly, girlish effusions, always entertaining, rarely thoughtful, and never studied; afterwards they assumed a deeper, more earnest tone, and seemed to speak a character more formed and more perfect. At all times they were refined, and displayed occasionally bursts of enthusiasm that would even startle one by their intensity. Philip seemed much interested in her letters.

"Your cousin," said he, "has a great deal of character. One may see that from her letters. They tell of a thoughtful mind, but a happy heart, and one that has never known sorrow."

"And God grant she never may!" said I. "She is ill fitted to bear with sorrow. I think a deep sorrow would kill Alice."

"Not so," answered Philip. "I see much of resolution in her letters; and I should judge that she had much of fortitude in her character."

At length, after an absence of four years, Howe and myself turned our route homeward.

"You must introduce me to your cousin Alice when we arrive at America," said Philip to me, the evening after our departure from England. We stood upon the deck watching the sunset. We had been speaking of Helen and my hopes.

"Willingly," was my reply to his remark. "And, by the way, I received a letter from her yesterday. I will read you a portion of it; for, in truth, I am somewhat surprised, not at what has occurred, but

that she has said nothing about it before, when she has written so often."

And I procured the letter and read—Alice had united with the church.

"Do you wonder at this?" she wrote. "I trust not. I have been, I am still, high-hearted and happy; far happier than I had ever dreamed of before. It has come to me, this beautiful faith, like sunlight from the heaven above; and, while it has given to this life a joy unspeakable and more lasting, it has taught me that, when I have passed away from earth, He, the Holy One, has prepared a rest, a rest of happiness, where all who have loved Him here must be blessed forever, because His dwelling-place is there. Why should this love for the Creator render me gloomy and ascetic? Does it not rather render more perfect, because more holy, every earthly joy, and take the sting from every earthly woe? Does it not teach us to treasure more carefully, and esteem more highly, all those qualities in others which excite our love, because these they have received from 'our Father,' and it is the possession of these which renders them more like Him?"

"This Christian religion," said Philip, as if to himself, when I had paused, "is beautiful, if we could only believe it; infinitely more so than any other which has ever been formed."

"And do you not believe it, Philip?" said I.

He seemed annoyed, and hastily endeavored to change the conversation.

"Answer me, Philip," I insisted. "I wish to talk of this now."

He was silent a moment; then, approaching nearer to me, he replied—

"My mother died before my recollection. My father owned a large plantation in Georgia, where we resided. He was a man of talent and energy; but he possessed a grasping ambition and an indomitable pride; and—I speak thus to you alone, Tom—he had little regard for the means of which he made use, or what were the consequences to others, if only he accomplished his purposes. I was the oldest son. I had one brother, Edmond, who died when I was about eighteen. My father, for some reasons which I cannot explain to you, had always disliked me. He was a man of violent passions; and, after the death of my mother, his hatred of me increased to such an extent that he could not endure my presence. He selected a college at the north, where I should pursue my education, and I did not return to my home until after his death.

"And this man, my father, was a member of the church; and, as I often saw him leave his home with curses on his lip, and enter the church, and, with great apparent emotion, read the service and repeat the 'creed,' I could scarcely fail to acquire a disgust at the church which would admit such a member, and a disbelief of the religion which he professed.

"This has increased with my observation. I

have, indeed, seen some more consistent believers than he, and some enthusiasts, who really seemed to believe the truth of the doctrine; but rarely have I seen one whose religion was of the heart, the understanding, and the conduct."

"But," said I, "should we conclude, because some of the professors of this faith are false, that the faith itself is so?"

"Perhaps not, Tom," replied he—"perhaps not. Let us speak no more of this. I meant never to have done so. It was not wise for me to risk the diminishing of our friendship on account of a mere difference of opinion; and still less would I wish that any word of mine should have a tendency to weaken your faith, if you really believe this doctrine. And now, Tom, let us never speak of this again." And, so saying, he turned and walked away.

Our voyage was prosperous; and, at length, the fair shores of America dawned upon our view, and soon after we had landed in the busy city of New York. As soon as possible after my arrival, I hastened to seek my uncle and cousin, and Howe to see his sister.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening when I rang for admittance at Mrs. B.'s beautiful mansion, and was ushered into her parlors. Judge Ermyrn, I was informed, was out of town, but Miss Ermyrn would be with me soon; and, almost before the message was delivered, she entered.

I had left Alice a child; I found her now a woman, and a very beautiful one; yet still the same warm-hearted Alice, as I discovered from her affectionate greeting. Her manners were still as winning as of old; but she had acquired a self-possession which rendered them still more graceful in the woman, though differing much from the waywardness, the quick succession of smile, and frown, and tear, which had rendered her so charming as a child. She still retained all her former frankness and artlessness, while, at the same time, firm principles seemed to have acquired the control of her impulsive temper.

The clear color still reveled in her cheek, and the smile still hovered round her red lip, disclosing as often as of old the pearls they hid; but, in the glance of her dark eye, might be seen traces of thoughts and feelings once unknown. Her usual exquisite taste was displayed in her dress; but I perceived, from its richness, that she was probably engaged somewhere for the evening. I asked her where, and received permission to accompany her.

"We were intending to go to Mrs. Arlington's for a short time, and then we were engaged to Mrs. Ward. By the way, it is there that Miss Howe resides. I believe you are acquainted with her, ain't you, coz? Mr. Ward is her guardian."

"Indeed!" said I, with an increased desire to accompany her. "I would like much to see Miss Howe"—

"I don't doubt it," interrupted Alice.

"But I don't care to go to Mrs. Arlington's."

"Oh," said Alice, "I will persuade my aunt to go there alone, and we will call for her in an hour."

She did so; and, after Mrs. B.— had "sailed" into the room, "congratulated me upon my safe arrival, hoped I was very well, and that she should see me often at her house," she left us with the injunction not to delay for more than an hour.

We talked earnestly and frankly until the clock told the hour of ten; then Alice, starting, declared we must go.

We called for Mrs. B.—, and drove to Mr. Ward's. I pass over the joy I felt at meeting Helen, and at the assurance I contrived to elicit that she was still true to me as when I left her.

At length, as I stood talking with her for a moment between the dancing, Philip joined us.

"I have seen a vision of loveliness, Tom," said he, "which I believe is some one to whom you have promised me an introduction. You have been so engrossed by some fair lady—don't blush so, Nelly—as to have quite forgotten it."

"Ah! What is she like?" said I. "Let me see if you are right in your conjecture."

"She has a laughing eye, a blushing cheek, and the most beautiful mouth, chin, and throat in the world. Then, I believe, she wears white gauze, or lace, or gossamer, over rose color. On the whole, I think she would remind one very much of a cherry rose, with a beam of sunlight flashing on its petals."

"Bravo, brother Philip!" said Helen. "You certainly are improved in the charming art of paying compliments to an absent lady, though scarcely in flattering one present."

"I leave that for Tom when we are with you. He does such things with a much better grace than I. Besides, Nelly, I have a strange way of never flattering those whom I love, especially when we have been parted so long as you and I have."

"Ah, brother," said she, "call all the world beautiful, if you will; while you remember your sister thus, she is happy." Then, suddenly changing her tone, as she saw my earnest gaze at her face, with a blush and a smile that a woman has at her command in such cases, she exclaimed, "There, take him, and introduce him to this 'sun-bright maiden,' who, I imagine, is my friend, Alice Ermyrn. I see Captain Osborn coming to claim me for this dance."

I found my cousin surrounded by a troop of dandies, who, however, soon dispersed as I, rather unceremoniously, claimed for myself and my friend the principal share of her attention.

As we approached, she, to the great mortification of the perfumed gentry around, was good-naturedly conversing with a very shy, awkward boy, whom I had previously endeavored to engage in conversation, and had entirely failed in my effort. Alice, however, with a woman's tact, had "drawn out" his conversational powers, and his proud, happy look was very different from the shy, distressed, "not-at-

home" expression he had formerly worn. She gave him into my charge, when she, soon after, accepted Philip's invitation to promenade, with a whispered injunction to "amuse him till she came back, for he seemed very lonesome."

Such acts as this were what, more than levity or wit, rendered Alice a general favorite. Acts of genuine kindness, by which she won not only admiration, but gratitude and friendship. That same boy said to me, years after, when his awkward bashfulness had given way to a graceful self-possession—

"I shall not, I think, forget Miss Ermyn's kindness to me at the first party I ever attended. It seemed a little thing to her to speak to me and make me speak; but I was fresh from the country, and the most retired part of it, where I had seen little company, and the lights and these people, I assure you, frightened me terribly till, finally, Miss Ermyn, with her earnest, unaffected, good-natured manner, placed me quite at my ease. Such little acts have gained her the gratitude and friendship of many others besides myself."

After that night, we saw Alice frequently. Helen and Alice were already acquainted; and, for my sake first, afterwards for her own, Alice sought her society much, and soon learned to love her as a dear friend.

Philip remained several weeks in New York, and then returned to his home at the south. During his stay in the city, Judge Ermyn had returned. He, too, yielded to the skill of Philip's gifted mind and heart. He conceived a warm attachment to him, and earnestly invited him to accompany me to his home in the summer.

"Come home with Tom," said he. "I know that he and Alice, by their united efforts, are trying to persuade your sister to do so. Alice, in her usual wilful way, declares it shall be so; while Tom, I suppose, flatters himself he shall be equally successful by another mode of proceeding. We can promise you there fishing, and even shooting, sailing and driving, riding and walking, by way of amusement, with the society of such fair ladies!"

"By way of instruction," interposed Helen.

Philip laughed, thanked him, professed that it would be extremely difficult to refuse such an invitation, glanced at Alice, who smiled, and finally ended by accepting the invitation.

CHAPTER II.

JULY found Philip Howe on his way to the little village where was Alice's early home, and where we were spending the summer. I had driven to the neighboring railroad station to meet him; and, soon after his arrival there, we alighted at my aunt Anne's hospitable door.

Helen was at the door to meet him, and welcome

him with the warmest affection. He passed his arm round her slender waist, and, kissing lightly her pure white forehead, drew her to the parlor, where Judge Ermyn stood with extended hand to welcome him.

"Yes!" exclaimed I; "this is ever the way: no sort of notice is taken of me when Philip is here."

"Don't begin to scold, Tom," said my uncle.

"I was talking to Helen," responded I.

"Humph!" said he. "If, by any possibility, you could be persuaded to stay away from her as long as Philip has, then you might perhaps be welcomed with more *empressement* than you now are."

"Should I, Helen?" whispered I, pathetically.

And Helen laughed, as ladies always do when they don't know what to say.

In the mean time, came Aunt Anne and Aunt Amelia, eager to welcome a brother of our Alice's friend.

He acknowledged all their kindness with his usual inimitable grace. And, at the first opportunity, Aunt Anne declared Mr. Howe to be the most agreeable young man she had met for years; so soon does a gentle manner and a pleasant word subdue the heart.

"Where is Miss Ermyn?" asked Philip, at length, as time passed on, and still she did not appear.

"Indeed, I do not know," replied Aunt Amelia. "She went out about two hours since. I can't imagine why she is so long absent. She knew that you were coming, and that Tom had gone for you; and she said she should return before he did. Did she not tell you where she was going, Miss Howe?" said the good lady, quite alarmed lest any one should imagine Alice meant to treat with rudeness Helen's brother.

"No," replied Helen. "She merely said she was going out for a walk. I was dressing, and she did not ask me to accompany her."

"Doubtless performing some act of charity," quoth Aunt Anne.

Philip looked up at her with a quick glance, as of a person aware that words are often spoken "for effect," and able to detect where such was the case. He found little traces of deceit upon Aunt Anne's open countenance. I saw that Philip was a little piqued at my cousin's continued absence.

Tea was announced, and still she came not. After tea, Helen was engaged for a game of chess with my uncle. Philip and myself went out for a walk.

We strolled through the village to a portion of it where resided some Irish workmen at the neighboring mills. In a dirty hovel, on a pallet of straw, lay a woman dying. Beside her, supporting her head upon her arm, sat Alice. Near her stood a broken earthen bowl, containing some water. With this, Alice occasionally cooled the feverish lips of the woman, or, with her own delicate fingers, smoothed back the disheveled and tangled hair from her haggard face, whispering those low and soothing words

which are music from a woman's lip. Directly a tidy-looking woman passed us, whom I recognized as a sister of one of my aunt's servants. Led by a ragged Irish boy, she entered the house.

"Johnny says you sent for me, Miss Ermyn," said she.

"I did, Mrs. Brown," replied Alice. "I wish you would stay with this woman a few hours, until it is no longer necessary, and then take Johnny home with you till morning. I will send David down to stay with you. And I will try to return your kindness at some future day."

"Certainly I will stay, Miss Ermyn," answered Mrs. Brown; "to accommodate you, if not for humanity's sake. I shall not forget how kind you were to my poor Andrew when he died."

We passed on, and heard no more; but soon we saw Alice leave the house and walk quickly homeward. Slowly, we did the same.

"Yes," said Philip, at length, in a low tone, "it was beautiful to see that young, light-hearted girl bending, in tenderest love, over that wretched, dying woman! But her conduct would have been the same did she possess no belief in a heaven or a God. It is her own gentle heart which prompts such actions."

I did not reply, and we walked homeward silently.

Philip Howe's was not a heart easily won; neither was my cousin's; yet, as Philip lingered there week after week, I saw that the gentle, but joyous spirit of Alice had awakened in Philip a deeper interest than ever had titled foreign dame; and upon my cousin's cheek came, at his glance, the fitful blush, and her eye had the impassioned look that tells when the deep wells of feeling within a woman's heart are stirred by the wing of love.

We sat one evening by the open window enjoying the twilight. My uncle and aunts were within the room.

"Alice," said Aunt Anne, "have you heard the sad intelligence in regard to your former friend, Mary Sandford?"

"No," exclaimed Alice. "What, aunt? Is she not happy? Her husband is?"

"She has none now, Alice."

"Charles Sandford dead! Did he die suddenly? I hope not."

"He did—very. He was thrown from his horse, and killed by the fall. He died in great agony. And in that—in his extreme mental suffering—consisted Mary's chief misery. She could scarcely love one who treated her as he did."

"Was he unkind to her?" said Alice.

"He was positively cruel. He openly said he only married her out of regard to his father's command; that he disliked her; and he had never seen his child. He said he did not consider himself at all bound by his marriage; that he only lived with her to retain the Sandford property; condemned her

as a 'canting hypocrite;' forbade her the use of money for charity; forbade her entrance into a church; and, in short, Mary has rather existed than lived during the four years of her married life."

"Poor Mary!" sighed Alice. "Why did she marry him—an infidel?"

"Does Miss Ermyn suppose it was that which wrecked her friend's happiness?"

"Certainly," said Alice. "How could it be otherwise?"

"Would you not wed an infidel?"

"Never!" said Alice, rather surprised at the question.

Philip's cheek grew pale; but he said no more.

"Why, Alice," said I, "a person may possess a warm, kind heart and a gifted understanding—I have known such who were called infidels."

"Possibly you may, coz. But, as for me, I could never love one who had too little understanding to comprehend the simple and beautiful truths of the Gospel, too little taste to appreciate them, and too little heart to know and love their Author. Such a one would possess too little understanding, taste, and soul for me."

Philip arose, suddenly, and remarked upon the beauty of the moon, professed himself a great admirer of moonlight, regretted that the dew was so heavy as to preclude the possibility of a moonlight walk accompanied by the ladies, and finally walked down to see its reflection upon the water. Excusing myself, I joined him.

We proceeded in silence to the river. It was a glorious night. The moon was at its full, and the tiny wavelets seemed woven of its golden rays, save where tree or rock threw over the water its well-defined shadow. The mellow ray fell on the dewy grass and trembling spray, lighting up all with a dreamy beauty. The pale features of my friend, as he leaned against the trunk of an elm tree, were clearly revealed. His lip was compressed, and his heavy brow hung low over his restless eye. I saw that he was suffering; yet I spoke not. He was not one to accept pity, nor I to seek confidence, so I silently drank in the glories of the night, and thought of Helen.

"Tom," said Philip at length, abruptly, "hear that whippoorwill. What does its song say?"

"Oh," said I, "there is a voluptuous melancholy in its note just fitting for the night."

"Not so," answered he; "'tis a note of bitter sadness, as where there is no joy in the heart; and the moonlight, the glittering wave, the deep dark sky, and all the beauty here bring no relief. You have never known such sorrow, for yours is a happy, careless spirit, and you have friends to love you. You are—you will be happy, Tom; while with me the brightest cup is ever dashed with bitterness."

"Friendless in childhood, deceived and hated in youth, banished from home in earliest manhood, what wonder that gentleness and trust have left my

heart. And now when, by one purer and holier, the crust which had gathered round its better feelings is broken, to be scorned for the very evil my misfortunes have occasioned, no wonder the spirit grows sad as the song of yonder bird. Tom, I love your cousin; and I had learned to hope that life would seem to me again not the paltry, worthless thing it has been; and now a wild enthusiasm has made her say she 'will not wed an *infidel*!'"

There was a moment's pause, and then I spoke—"Philip, I know that you love Alice. I believe that she loves you. Ask her. It may be"—

"I will, Tom! Thank you for those words! If she loves me, her religion will be but a slight obstacle. If it will yield to lighter passions, it surely will to love. I will ask her now," said he, after a pause; and, turning, we walked quickly towards the house.

Alice and Helen sat where we had left them. I drew Helen's arm within my own, and we went out upon the long piazza. Philip and Alice followed, and passed to a smaller one off from the conservatory.

"Alice," said Philip, in a low tone, "I must tell you a story to-night."

It was the first time he had called her Alice; and, as the moonlight fell upon his face, she saw that his cheek was flushed, and his eye fixed with a strange, impassioned look upon her face. Alice trembled at she knew not what.

"Listen to me, Alice. When I was in Europe, I met your cousin. He loved my sister, and so we became nearer friends. He told me there of his fair young cousin Alice. He read me her letters, and spoke of her character. I became interested, and promised myself a pleasant acquaintance when I should see her. I returned, and met her. She was graceful, winning, and beautiful; far more so than I had ever seen or dreamed. Then, as I knew her more, I found her gentle, pure, and noble. I learned to love her devotedly, as only those who love rarely can love. Alice, can you not return this love? I know 'tis but a seared and wayward heart I have to offer; but it is full, full to the brim, with love for you. Will you not accept it, Alice?"

He had paused in his walk, and the moonlight fell upon the face of Alice, revealing the mantling of the rich color on her delicate cheek, and the quiver of her warm, red lip, while the white eyelid concealed her beaming eye, as silently she placed her hand within his own. He pressed his lips passionately upon her taper fingers for a moment; then, suddenly, he dropped her hand. A struggle passed over his features.

"No, Alice!" said he, "not so, not so! I must tell you all before you yield to me your love. Oh Heaven! my words may even now check the stream as it flows forth to meet me!" He paused for a moment, and then spoke, in a low, earnest, but still hopeful tone: "Alice, I have had a beautiful dream,

and it seemed almost realized. There was a cup filled to the brim with happiness, and life and you had held the cup, beloved, to my lip; but, even as I tasted, I thought your hand trembled, and you had almost withdrawn the life-giving draught forever from me. I *must* tell you all, Alice, lest a shadow steal between your heart and mine, and grow darker and darker, until both break in agony.

"Alice, you spoke this evening of feelings I have never known, of a love I have never felt. You said you would never wed with one who worshipped not the God you worship. Alice, will you love me still when you know that this ideal being, this impersonation of goodness, who claims your heart's best feelings, is to me only an ideal, an illusion of the imagination, a mere dream, in which I *cannot* believe; that you alone, dearest, are my God, my idol—that you alone I worship?"

The moonlight again fell on the lady's face; but every trace of color was gone—it expressed only horror and agony.

"Philip," said she, at length, and her voice sounded hollow and strange, "I can never be yours!"

"Alice!" he exclaimed, "think for a moment what you say! Your love is all the world to me! Think, Alice, of my misery, my despair; for every hope of my life now is centred upon you! I will respect your religion; I will never seek to estrange it. Oh, Alice, remember, if we part now, we may never meet again! Must it be so?"

"Oh, God!" said Alice, in a choking voice, "why am I so tempted?"

"Is it temptation, Alice? Do you love me?" asked Philip, in an eager voice.

"Yes, Philip Howe," she answered, "you are far dearer to me than life; but not than my God, and the safety of my soul. I cannot hazard that, even though now I would gladly die but to hear you recall those words which you have spoken. God bless you, Philip—and—farewell!" And, turning slowly, she left him.

Helen followed Alice to the parlor, and I joined Philip. I never saw a face so changed as his. His cheek was pale as the marble, his eyes were closed, and his whole frame shook with emotion. I gazed at him a moment in silence; then I spoke to him. With a strong effort, he controlled his emotion, and, taking my arm, we left the piazza. His face was still pale, but calm and quiet as usual. Oh, the power of love, which can thus bend a proud man's spirit, and crush young woman's heart to atoms! Oh, the power of woman, who, with gentle words, smiles, and tears, gains over man the power to "kill or cure!"

Early on the ensuing morning, Howe left us on pretence of business at a neighboring town.

We had already assembled at the breakfast-table when Alice entered. When she did, Helen and myself scanned her closely. She was very pale. All the beautiful color had gone from her cheeks, save

where, in one little place, it burned like a fever spot; her eyes were bright, but restless, and her smile was forced and strange. She was evidently under great excitement, expecting, yet dreading to see Philip. She ate nothing; but, exousing herself, soon went about her accustomed duties.

I felt very sorry for my cousin. She seemed so ill fitted to crush, with a calm, determined hand, all the love and hopes of her own glad spirit—to see them wither, and still to live. The time wore on until the hour of noon, when a note came to Judge Ermyrn, and one to myself, from Philip.

"DEAR TOM," mine ran, "I leave this morning for the South. I shall hope to see you and Helen there in the spring. I will write more in a few days. I cannot now. Yours, &c.,

"P. HOWE."

I carried to Judge Ermyrn the letter which was addressed to him. In his own manly, characteristic manner, Philip told him all; thanked him for his hospitality, and begged him to deliver the inclosed note to Miss Ermyrn. My uncle requested me to deliver the note to Alice. I found that she had wandered to the river, to the very spot where Philip and I had stood the night before. She still seemed restless and excited. I handed her Philip's note in silence. She tore it open quickly, and read—

"ALICE, farewell! You have said it, and I leave you. I make no attempt to change your resolution, for I feel it would be ineffectual. I will not tell you of my misery; 'twould only render you more unhappy. I only bid you farewell. We shall meet no more for years, beloved. We shall only meet as strangers after years have flown. May you be happy, Alice, in the path which you have chosen! I have nothing left to comfort me in mine—nothing but the remembrance of her who is so dear to me. Once more, farewell! P. H."

Alice read the note; then, looking up, saw her father, who had joined us. She handed him the note, saying, in a voice of inexpressible sadness—

"It is all over now! This is the end!" And, turning, she walked quietly homeward.

We hastily followed her. Her face had lost all its color, her cheek and lip were equally white. She spoke not; but, seating herself upon the piazza, remained silent for hours. At length, the sun went down and the moon arose; then, as its cold, pale light fell on her, she arose with a shudder and entered the house.

How was all changed since she last looked upon its radiance! Then her heart was light and happy; now it was almost breaking. Then she was rejoicing in the purest joy a woman knows, unselfish, devoted love; now she had learned a woman's bitter lesson, her fairest hopes were crushed forever.

At length, a passionate burst of tears gave relief to her overcharged feelings. She wept for a while, without restraint, in her father's arms, where she had been always used to grieve for her former childish sorrows.

"God has commanded the sacrifice," said she, with a trusting look in her tearful eyes, "and he will give me strength to bear it."

The long hours of night were passed by her in prayers for strength; but morning found her calm.

CHAPTER III.

TIME passed; and, with it, the cares of many, and the joys and hopes of many more. To Helen and myself it lagged pleasantly along, as it brought nearer our wedding day. To my poor cousin its tread was more solemn; it brought to her the realization of no bright hope on earth, it only brought her nearer her life's close.

The winter season came, and Alice returned to town. One bright October morning, I had married Helen Howe, and Alice, as the only bridesmaid, went much into society. She was still beautiful, but much changed from the belle of the preceding winter. The principal charm of her face had ever been its expression; and now, as if her soul had been purified by sorrow, it wore a lofty, earnest look, far more fascinating than the ever merry word and smile which had won the admiration of "society." Yet Alice grew not sombre.

"My lighter, happier hours," she said, "are for the world, my suffering for myself, or the few who would love me in my sorrow, and wish to share it with me."

So Alice laughed and jested still, was still courted and admired by the gentlemen, while, stranger still, her calm dignity forbade the malice of even "fine ladies." Yet her closer friends could see that the heart-happiness was gone from her smile and her glance. Her elastic spirit might have recovered from a sudden shock, her soul had received more; it was as if an iron hand had crushed it, and pressed out the brightest drops of life. Had Philip died believing in her faith, she could have borne it more easily; but to know he might live on for years in unbelief, and die at last uncheered by love of friends below, or hope of heaven above—this was the sharpest pang of her misery. Yet said she to her father, the only time she ever spoke of it—

"I dared not wed him. I trust my faith is strong. I know he might never have sought to change it; but could I have prayed at night, 'lead me not into temptation, and deliver me from evil,' when I had placed myself in the greatest temptation, and planted my foot in the very road to evil?"

Still time passed onward towards eternity. Winter had given place to gladsome spring, and, with

the earliest May, Helen and I had accompanied Alice to her country home, and had turned our route southward.

July had come, with its glowing mornings and balmy evenings. Alice sat once more in the deep window by the piazza. One year ago, Philip was there beside her. The sweet morning air came stealing over her warm cheek, and the wild, exulting song of the birds fell on her ear as pleasantly as then, and a feeling of renewed trust and peace came to her heart as she inhaled the breath and listened to the voice of nature, and thought of Him who had thus made for man "all nature beauty to his eye and music to his ear;" and, not only yielding anew her own heart to His trust and keeping, she rejoiced that He, too, would preserve the misguided wanderer whom she still mourned and loved.

Directly her father entered the room and seated himself by her side, handing her a letter, without a word. Alice took it, starting as she looked at the superscription. Did she not know that well? She had received one letter written by that hand, and she needed not to open this to know it was from Philip Howe. She broke the seal, and read—

"MY BELOVED ALICE—once more, though for the last time, I must call you thus—I am here, near the spot where you live, and I could not leave again without once more writing to you.

"Alice, I have found it—that faith for which you sacrificed your love—and it is you to whom I am indebted for it. That religion which could prompt an impassioned, warm-hearted woman to sacrifice what she confessed were her dearest hopes—I knew that religion could not be all a dream. Since that, I have thought, I have studied, I have read, and conversed with the wisest and best divines. I have always believed in a Creator; I knew the world did not come by chance; but I believed not in the God of your love. I said, 'He is only an all-powerful God who can create and destroy.' The Bible and its glorious truths were nothing to me.

"Now, thanks be to Him, I believe, fully and fervently, *all*. But all this has come too late for my joy in this world, though I trust not too late for my peace in another.

"You are another's now. I had not thought you could so soon forget your love; yet I do not reproach you. It was right that you should struggle against your love for an *infidel*. Were you still free and loving me, I might now claim you, since that bar to our happiness is removed. Yet now I must once more bid you farewell! And, deeply and faithfully as I still love you, still I rejoice that you once refused my love, as, without that, I might never have learned a nobler than even worship of you. My still loved, but lost Alice, 'God bless you!'

"P. H."

Alice's face grew absolutely radiant with joy. Unmindful of her father's presence, she fell on her

knees, and fervently thanked the Being who had thus answered her prayers. At length, when she had somewhat recovered from her emotion, she handed her father the note.

"What means this, Alice," said he—"you are another's now?"

"Indeed," exclaimed Alice, "I do not know. It must be he has heard so." She had, for the moment, forgotten the last part of the note in her joy at the intelligence contained in the first. She thought some time. "I will write to him," said she, finally, "and tell him, father, that I am still free."

"Do so, my child."

And Alice wrote—

"PHILIP, thank God for what you have told me! I am happy now. Why do you say I am not free? I am bound to but one only. Let him come to me, and he shall find me still his. ALICE."

What now remains to be told? Philip had, indeed, given credence to a false report in regard to her engagement to another. They were united, and were happy.

Years have passed since then. Helen sits beside me as I write. She has become a fair, plump matron; yet she seems to me still as lovely as when we wandered by the river's bank in former days. Philip and Alice are with us now. Time has slightly blanched my friend's dark hair, and dimmed the bloom upon my cousin's cheek, yet still her smile answers his as warmly as on that bright July morning years ago.

TWILIGHT REMINISCENCES.

BY J. H. BIXBY.

It is twilight, silent twilight, and my heart returns to thee,
The gone, long gone, forever gone, but whom I yet may see;
Thou hast passed from earth before me, but, with thy parting prayer,

My name was whispered to Heaven, that God would guide me there.

My Mary, on this balmy breeze, didst thou not float along?
There came unto my longing heart a strain of angel song;
Methinks I hear the melody of thy sweet, familiar tone,
As of old it rose at twilight, ere I was left alone.

Alone! alone! oh, doubly lone! did not sweet dreams of thee

Float down to me at twilight, and give thee back to me;
Give thee back in all thy beauty, so spiritual and bright,
That, like life when here I knew thee, doth seem the happy night.

Oh, dim and dusky twilight, thou art fading soft and slow,
As passed my angel Mary from the realm of night and woe;
But she waits for me in Heaven, and her love from out the sky

Shines like a star upon my soul, my guide to bliss on high.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES

THE TOILETTE IN GREECE.

CHAPTER II.

THE distinguishing feature of Grecian dress in ancient times was the *pallium*, whence the people were frequently called *Palliati*. This garment, which was shaped somewhat like a modern cloak, was very wide and long, so that its ample dimensions enabled it to be wound several times round the body; the edges were sometimes cut out to resemble fringe. The *pallium* had no collar, and was worn over the *chlamyde*.

The *chlamyde* is a garment about which authors greatly differ. Some affirm that it resembled the Roman toga, but the greater number reject this opinion; whatever its exact shape and dimensions may have been is therefore uncertain, but it was usually fastened on the shoulder by a brooch.

The *phelone*, a dress often mentioned by Greek writers, differed from the *chlamyde* only in the quality of the material of which it was formed, the former being usually made of a coarse manufacture fit for wearing in the country.

The under-garments of the Greeks, which generally were of white woolen stuff, bore the name of *tunics*—

"A vest and tunic o'er me next she threw."—*Odyssey*.

The tunics were of different kinds, and varied in name according to their shape and texture; they were worn equally by men and women, the only difference being that the latter always had the petticoat and sleeves long, while the common tunic of the men generally descended no lower than the calf of the leg, and the sleeves were short and very narrow. Thus, in the "*Odyssey*," we read of Ulysses—

"The goddess, with a radiant tunic, dressed
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest."

The *exomide* was a tunic without sleeves, generally worn by servants, and often also by philosophers, who, to mark their contempt of luxury, sometimes clothed themselves in the most unostentatious manner.

The *calasiris* was another tunic made of linen, and with a fringe at the bottom. The richest tunics were made of silk, and they were fastened at the waist by a girdle or belt.

The upper garment worn by Grecian women was called *ampehone*; it was a kind of light cloak.

The Grecian matrons were, like the ladies of most



other nations, fond of dress and ornament, and also of perfumes.

The principal occupations and amusements of women, in the earlier ages, seem to have consisted in spinning, weaving, and embroidering. The Grecian ladies, in particular, were very celebrated for their skill in all kinds of needlework. At some of the religious festivals, it was the custom to offer, to the god or goddess in whose honor it was instituted, a garment woven and embroidered for that purpose. Thus, at the Athenian *fête* in honor of Minerva, a robe was carried in the procession; it was of a white color, without sleeves, and embroidered with gold: upon it were described the achievements of the goddess. Jupiter, also, and the heroes, had their effigies in it. Hence, men of courage and bravery are said to be worthy to be portrayed in Minerva's sacred garment, as in Aristophanes—

"We will our fathers treat with high esteem,
Whose brave exploits are worthy Attica,
Fit to be portrayed in Minerva's vest."

The ancient Greeks generally went bareheaded; they had, nevertheless, a kind of hat, which they called *sciadion*, which signifies parasol. Their hair was an object of great importance, and they devoted much time and attention to it. The custom of dedicating the hair to one of their deities, and shaving

off some of their locks for that purpose, seems to have been general both with the men and women of ancient Greece. In Euripides, when Pentheus threatens Bacchus to shave his hair, the young god tells him it would be an impious action, because he designed it as an offering to some deity—

"This lock is sacred, this I do preserve
As some choice votive offering for the god."

Fashion seems to have exercised as much influence over the head-dresses of the ladies, in the ancient days of Greece, as she does at the present time; gold, pearls, precious stones, flowers, and ribbons, were employed to ornament the tresses. One of their coiffures is described as an immense tower of



bows and curls, and appears to have served as a model for the *commode* already mentioned. False hair seems also to have been very generally used, and in great quantities, both curled and frizzled.

In Greece, married women were distinguished from the unmarried by the manner in which the hair was parted in front.

It seems to have been the custom for women always to cover their faces with a veil when they went out, or appeared in public, as we read of Penelope—

"Then from her lodgings went the beauteous dame,
And to her much-expecting courtiers came;
There veiled before the door she stood."

A veil seems also to have been worn as an emblem of mourning by the ancient Greeks—

"Her face wrapp'd in a veil declared her woes."

Nor does this fashion appear to have belonged to

women only, for Theseus thus addressed Adrastus, when he came to him after his loss at Thebes—

"Speak out, unfold your head, restrain your tears."

Among the ornaments worn by the Greeks, the brooch bore a distinguished place; it was a necessary as well as an ornamental part of their attire, being used to fasten the tunics and the *chlamydes*. It was of various shapes and materials. Bracelets, which were worn both by men and women, appear to have served as a mark of honor as well as of slavery, for we find them presented to warriors as a recompense for valor, at a period when they are mentioned by the historian Suetonius as being worn by slaves, in token of their servitude. The ordinary kinds were made of copper or iron, the more elegant of ivory, silver, gold, and precious stones. Homer thus describes the bracelet presented by Eurymachus to Penelope—

"A bracelet rich with gold, with amber gay,
That shot effulgence like the solar ray."

Necklaces and bracelets also seem to have been awarded as the prize of courage both in real and mimic warfare. Homer speaks of "orient necklaces"—necklaces strung with pearls, and others worked with art, whence we may infer that the ancients were skillful in their manufacture. Ear-rings appear to have been worn only by women and boys: immense sums were expended upon these ornaments. Seneca observes that a single pair was often worth the revenue of a rich man.

The dress of the modern Grecians differs much in various parts of the country. The matrons of Athens wear garments made of red or blue cloth, with very short waists, and petticoats falling in folds to the ground. Over the head and shoulders they throw a thin flowing veil of white muslin, ornamented with a gold border. The attire of a maiden of the same city consists of a long red vest, with a square yellow satin cape hanging down behind; they walk with their hands concealed in the pocket-holes at the sides of their gowns, and their faces muffled.

Chandler, in his "Travels in Greece," gives the following elegant description of a Grecian virgin in her secluded apartment: "There the girl, like Thetis, treading on a soft carpet, has her white and delicate feet naked, the nails tinged with red. Her trousers, which in winter are of red cloth, and in summer of fine calico or thin gauze, descend from the hips to the ankle, hanging loosely about her limbs, the lower portion embroidered with flowers, and appearing beneath the shift, which has the sleeves wide and open, and the seams and edges curiously adorned with needlework. Her vest is of silk, exactly fitted to the form of the bosom and the shape of the body, which it rather covers than conceals, and is shorter than the shift. The sleeves button occasionally at the hand, and are lined with

red or yellow satin. A rich zone encompasses her waist, and is fastened before by clasps of silver gilded, or of gold set with precious stones. Over the vest is a robe, in summer lined with ermine, and in



cold weather with fur of a warmer kind. The head-dress is a skull-cap, red or green, with pearls, a stay under the chin, and a yellow forehead cloth. She has bracelets of gold on her wrists, and, like Aurora, is *rosy-fingered*, the tips being stained. Her necklace is a string of zeckins, a species of gold coin, or the pieces called Byzantines. At her cheek is a lock of hair, made to curl towards the face; and down her back falls a profusion of tresses, spreading over her shoulders. Much time is consumed in combing and braiding the hair after bathing; and, at the greater festivals, in enriching and powdering it with small bits of silver, gilded, and resembling a violin in shape, and woven in at regular distances. She is painted blue round the eyes, and the insides of the sockets with the edges on which the lashes grow, are tinged with black."

The usual dress of a Greek lady we find described by a recent traveler as follows: "The dress of the Grecian ladies of rank and wealth, except at Smyrna, Constantinople, and a few other large commercial towns, does not differ very materially from that worn by the Turkish ladies. When out of doors, however, the two classes are easily distinguishable; the Turks muffle up and cover their faces in muslin, and wear yellow morocco slippers; the Greeks show their faces, and are obliged to wear slippers of a dingier hue; besides which, there are other points of difference between their promenade dresses. The usual costume is a scarlet cloth skull cap on the head, more or less richly worked in gold, with pearls, &c.; an open and flowing gown, with very full sleeves, mostly made of silk, richly embroidered;

an inner vest, also richly worked, and setting to the body almost as closely as a man's waistcoat; very wide muslin drawers, tied above the ankle, and concealed by the gown; morocco bottines, without soles, thrust into well-soled morocco slippers, or colored silk stockings and loose shoes; a long and rich veil, put on with singular gracefulness, and the cestus, or zone or girdle (a beautiful shawl), which rests upon the hips, and is kept down in front by two silver clasps or bosses. This zone is altogether distinct from the waist, which is formed by the foldings of the dress below the bosom; it is, in short, a second waist, and, though very classical, and the image of the ancient cestus, is one of the few things at once classical and Greek that strikes us as ungraceful. In cold weather, a short satin pelisse or spenser, trimmed and lined with furs, is worn over the dress."

POETRY.

BY MRS. WM. S. SULLIVANT.

Fount of my spirit! ever brightly welling,
Like some oasis by lone deserts bound;
In one glad spot, the barren gloom dispelling,
Keeping a fertile, summer greenness 'round:
Star! from whose ray my horoscope was drawn,
Whose glory on my opening dream-life alanted:
Flower! deathless amaranth! divinely born,
Thy freshness, light, and bloom were ne'er for evil
granted.

Though caravans of worldly pilgrims deem
Thy glitter but some mirage of the brain,
And turn aside to seek some nearer stream,
Whose tide impure thy vot'ries scorn to drain;
Though wanderers on life's sea, benighted, shun
Thy beacon-gleam as wav'ring and untrue;
Though, in the wreath of spirit-blossoms, none
But mark, with vague alarm, thy brightly mystic hue.

I know thee as thou art; the charm that gives
To mortal love the happiness of Heaven;
The subtler essence that in beauty lives,
The yeast and lightness of earth's dullest leaven;
The sunbeam, by whose genial radiance warmed,
Life's chilly glacier-peaks a rose-flush wear;
The sorcerer, by whose alchymy transformed,
The humblest things of clay a trace of glory bear!

Spirit divine! infuse thy influence ever
Into my life; nor let corroding care,
Nor rust of worldly thought, the bright links sever
That bind us into one. Though Time's keen 'share
Uproot each frail ephemeral joy, be thou
Steadfast and firm in thine immortal soil;
Ever as freshly vigorous as now,
Let naught of envious blight thy hale luxuriance spoil.

Hearts may grow cold and charge; the eye, once beaming
With friendship's light, turn darkly from my own;
Lips lose their smiles, or force an idle seeming;
Voices forget the old familiar tone:
But be thou always true—in youth or age
Faithful, twin-born companion of the soul
With power its griefs to soften and assuage,
With strength its lighter aims to banish and control

PERSONS AND PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

OLIVER CROMWELL AND CHARLES I.

BY ERNEST WILLIAM HERBERT, ACTRESS OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

In the first years of the seventeenth century, there stood a small and dilapidated grange, or old-fashioned farm-house, on the outskirts of the little borough town of St. Joes, in Huntingdonshire, the seat of the last scion of a noble family, now lapsed from its high estate and fallen into unmerited decay—the family of Cromwell—which had been distinguished so long before as in the reign of Henry VIII., and which even claimed to share the royal blood of the unhappy race of Stuarts, whom they were destined, in the end, to supplant by energy of will and arbitration of the sword.

The present tenant of that desolate and dismal grange was a young man, the heir and sole remaining stay of the old house, a strong, thick-set, ungraceful person, with large, coarse features, redeemed, however, in the eye at least of the physiognomist, by the fine massive forehead, and the singular expression of thought, combined with immutable resolve and indomitable will, which pervaded all his features.

It was a dark and stormy night of November, and the wind was wailing with a sad and hollow sound among the stunted willows which surrounded the old farm-house, nurtured by the stagnant waters of the broad cuts and dikes made for the drainage of the sour and sterile soil from which they sprang. But the night was not more gloomy than the countenance, perhaps than the thoughts, of the ruined agriculturist, who sat alone by the cheerless hearth, poring over the maps and plans of extensive fen improvements, in which he had sunk the remnant of his impoverished fortunes, by the dim light of a single waning lamp.

There were no ornaments of any kind to be seen in the dismal apartment, unless a few weapons and pieces of old armor hanging on the walls, upon which the fitful light of the wood fire played with varying flashes, might be called ornaments. The floor was of brick, sanded; the walls exhibited their bare and paintless plaster; the furniture was of the humblest—two or three straight-backed oaken chairs, the ponderous table at which he sat, strewn with papers of calculation, maps, and diagrams, and one large book clasped with brass and bound in greasy calf-skin, which, by its shape, was evidently the volume of Holy Writ. Another trestle table, in the chimney corner, supported a coarse, brown loaf, a crust of old cheese, and a black jack of small ale, the supper of the agricultural speculator, of the visionary and enthusiastical religionist.

At length he arose from the table, before which he had been so long seated, and traversed the room with heavy and resounding steps, his hands clasped behind his back and his head bowed forward on his chest, muttering half-heard words between his close-set teeth, and occasionally heaving deep sighs. After a while he paused, as he reached the trestle table, took a deep draught of ale from the black jack, and then, opening the ponderous Bible, read a chapter of Isaiah, one of the most fiercely denunciatory against Pharaoh and the princes of Egypt, after which he cast himself on his knees and unburthened himself of a long, rambling, vehement, extemporaneous prayer, which, according to our notions, partook far more of the nature of cursing than of praying, of blasphemy than of piety.

This duty performed, he took up the lamp from the table, and, leaving the room, ascended a great, creaking, half-dismantled staircase, which led to a sort of corridor with many doors of sleeping apartments opening upon it. Into one of these he entered, locking the door behind him, and securing it with several heavy bolts, and, setting down his light upon a rude oaken bureau, placed his broadsword beneath his pillow, and disattired himself with great haste and little ceremony.

Within five minutes, the light was extinguished and the man ensconced in the old-fashioned bed-clothes of a huge four-post tester-bed, which had once, evidently, like its occupant, known better days, surrounded with heavy curtains of faded and moth-fretted damask drawn closely around it on all sides. For a time, all was silent, except the heavy breathing, degenerating at times into what seemed almost sighs, of the sleeper, and the occasional howl of a mastiff without, baying the moon, when, at fitful intervals, she waded out from among the giant clouds, and cast her wavering and pallid gleams, fleeting, like ghosts, along the bare walls of that great, unfurnished chamber.

What followed would be too strange, too improbable for grave recital, were it not that we find it recorded, beyond the possibility of cavil, in cotemporaneous history, long before the occurrence of the events which it would seem to foreshadow; and it was undoubtedly accredited as a fact by the early associates and comrades of the great and extraordinary man, of whom it is related, and whose actual life was as real, as practical, and as stern as his inner existence was visionary, morbidly fanciful, and fanatically enthusiastical.

His curtains, he avowed ever, were drawn asunder with a loud jingling of the rings by which they were suspended, and he might see, in the opening of their folds, a misty shape, giganatical, but undefined, while a voice thundered in his ears, mightier than any human utterance, "Arise, Oliver, arise! thou that shalt be, not king, but the first man in England!"

And this was thrice repeated; and thenceforth a new spirit was awakened in the soul of the strong, iron-minded, adamant-willed visionary, whose very superstitions were to him, not as to other men, weaknesses, but strength; an impenetrable armor for his own defence; an indomitable weapon against his enemies; and the name of that new spirit, though it may well be he who felt it knew it not, was ambition.

The name of that man was Oliver Cromwell, and of a surety in after times he was, "although not king, the first man in England," the first not in his own days, but perhaps in all days—not only then, but now, and perhaps forever.

Despite all his errors, all his crimes, for the ambitious rarely fail of crime, this is his great redemption, that he was purely, patriotically English; that, with him, his country, and his country's greatness, were ever the leading objects, paramount to self; and that when, by his own energy and will, he had made himself "the first man in England," he rested not from his fierce struggle with the world till he had rendered "England the first realm in Europe," and the name of Englishman as much respected throughout Christendom as was that in the ancient time of "civis Romanus."

Nearly at the same date with the occurrence above related, the throne of England was ascended, among the general rejoicings and almost universal satisfaction of his people, by a young, graceful, and amiable prince, son of an old, debauched, degraded, drunken despot, half pedant and half fool, addicted to vices which are so hideous as to lack a name; as a king, and as a man, alike without one virtue, one redeeming phase of character; an animal, in one word, unworthy to be styled a man, who lived detested, and died amid the secret joy and scarcely simulated mourning of the subjects by whom he had been scarcely tolerated while alive and powerful.

Popular himself, and wedded happily while young to a young and beautiful princess—the daughter of one of the greatest and the most popular of European princes, Henry IV., of France—singularly handsome; learned enough for a gentleman and a king; skillful in manly exercises; grave and decorous, perhaps somewhat austere, but ever with a gracious and serene austerity, in his deportment; really and genuinely pious, and devoted heart and soul to the doctrines of the Church of England; singularly pure in his morals, and virtuous without a stain in his domestic relations—Charles I., of England, might have been, had he but seen the right path and taken

it, the most popular, and one of the greatest of the kings of England: he was the weakest, though by no means the worst, and the most unfortunate.

His first and greatest misfortune was the period of his birth, an absolute, or nearly absolute monarch, when the limits of royal prerogative and parliamentary privilege, of royal power and popular rights, were altogether undefined, among a people on whom were gradually dawning, through the medium of the Reformation, and the perverted views of the ultra-reforming and fanatical Puritans, the principles of constitutional liberty, and the fixed determination to uphold it, as the inalienable birthright of every Englishman.

His second was his false and detestable education under the doctrines of that subtle Scottish sophist, his abominable father, the first James, who instilled into him, from his earliest youth, his own favorite doctrine, that the best, the wisest, and most royal way of governing a people is by cheating them; a way of governance which he exultingly termed *kingcraft*, not in contempt as men now speak of priestcraft, but as term of high and honorable import. Added to this, he taught him, ever and anon, that a people has no rights, nor an individual member of the people; and that a king has no duties except to govern, well if it like him, if not, ill—only to govern *de jure divino*. The last, and most fatal of all his lessons, which he inculcated so steadily upon him, that it seems to have taken ineradicable root in his mind, was that no faith was required from a king to his subjects.

His last was his own infirmity of character. Principles, to use the term correctly, Charles appears to have had none—unless we may call his attachment to the Established Church, and his unquestionable religious character, by this title. Settled opinions and rooted habits he had many, and these, with many men, are apt to pass for principles; and of these, strengthened by his natural obstinacy, and confirmed yet further by opposition, we are inclined to regard his adherence to the church, through good report and ill, through life and unto death, as one, and undoubtedly the best and truest.

Sincere in his religion, in all things else he was habitually, by education, and we think by hereditary temperament, the most insincere of men. To friends and to enemies he was alike untrue and faithless. The former could never rely on his protection, the latter could never put trust in his most solemn asseverations.

Obtinate and unyielding to the last against the advice of the best and wisest of his friends, where concession would have been wisdom; wherever resistance to the end became the right and only course of conduct, he was invariably found vacillating, weak, infirm of purpose.

Had he been obstinate in the right, when the head of the noble Strafford was demanded at his hands, the only pilot who could have steered the

ship of royalty safe through the tempest of Puritan democracy, he never had lost his crown, or bowed his own head to that block on which he sacrificed the bravest and most able of his counselors.

Had he been timely wise, and listened to conditions, when the last fight had been fought at Long Marston, "never," to use the words of Sir John Berkeley, perhaps the wisest of his late advisers—"never would crown so nearly lost have been regained on terms so easy." But it was not so written; and the eye even of the most blinded follower of loyalty must perceive that it was good, both for the peoples and the princes, yea, and for the world, the human race at large, that King Charles I. should perish on the block; that his power, if not his crown, should fall on the head of that most royal-minded of plebeians, who swayed England's sceptre as none of her kings, save perhaps Elizabeth, ever swayed it; and who did more than ever man did for the development of that great race, then starting on its vast, sublime career of war and commerce, liberty and toleration, science in peace and victory in arms, which we misname the Anglo-Saxon; and which, so surely as the great sun stands still, and the earth travels round it, shall girdle the globe from east again to east, and cover it from pole to pole, until no prayer shall mount to God but in the accents of the English tongue.

If there be one man of men whom England and America should unite to venerate, it is that hard, morose, rude Oliver, who secured for the Ocean Isle that position among European nations which she still maintains, that pre-eminence upon the seas which secured to virgin America the glorious privilege of being Anglo-Saxon and progressive, rather than Dutch or Spanish, and degenerating still into the last abyss of inanition.

The limits of a magazine article preclude, of course, the possibility of our sketching, with the briefest pen, the consecutive events in council and in field which signalized the greatest and most durable of revolutions; the watch-cry and trophy of which were privilege of Parliaments and the Bill of Rights; and the effects of which still endure in the civil freedom and religious liberty, in the maintenance of governmental powers, and the independence of individual rights peculiar to the genuine free politics of England and the United States, as contrasted to the spurious and bastard combination of despotic and anarchical principles which signalize the sham republics of all other races.

In the first instance, perhaps, the Parliament, and the Commons more especially, manifested a want of confidence, and, still more, a want of liberality, in granting necessary supplies to the king, which circumstances, up to that time, would scarcely appear to have warranted. But, ere long, the king manifested his true intentions, and came out under his genuine colors. To levy taxes by his own arbitrary imposition, to govern England of his own will whol-

ly, dispensing with the use of Parliaments altogether, was the scheme of Charles I., ably carried into effect for a time by Thomas Wentworth, the able, haughty, and unhappy Earl of Strafford, and, as united to the suppression of all other churches save that of England only, comprehensively embodied by him in the singular term, "*thorough*."

How Hampden, Pym, St. John, the elder Vane, Eliot, and other noble spirits strove, suffered, and, in the end, triumphed, for the liberties of England, history has told trumpet-tongued with all her spirit-kindling echoes; but few know the fact that, in the House of Commons, even so early as the petition for the Bill of Rights, and the subsequent remonstrance, Oliver Cromwell was already a man of mark; in council, it is probable, not oratory; for he never became a fluent or powerful speaker, even when his accents were heard from the Protectoral chair; and he seems, like Talleyrand in after days, to have regarded language as a special gift for the concealment of thought.

On the eventful evening of the carrying of the Remonstrance, on which the debate was waged with such fury that many of the elder and sager members presaged an armed conflict and bloodshed—for gentlemen in those days habitually, as of their right, wore swords—when the members were leaving the house, a gentleman asked John Hampden, pointing to Oliver, who, by the way, was Hampden's cousin, "Who is that slovenly, ill-dressed fellow?" To which the great, pure patriot replied, "That sloven, should this controversy between the King and Commons be carried to the appeal of arms, which may God forbid, I say to you, that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

And John Hampden was no indifferent judge in such matters; nor, though he did not live to see it, was he mistaken in the issue. But he lived not to see it; and, had he lived, it is probable that he would have resisted, unto the death, the usurping ambition of the Great Independent, even as he resisted the usurped prerogative of the lawful king.

But John Hampden fell, shot to the death through the left shoulder with three bullets, at the head of his own regiment of Buckinghamshire volunteers, on the sad field of Chalgrove, the purest and most moderate of patriots.

And, shortly afterwards, at Newbury, fell Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland, of whom Clarendon has recorded that, although conscience and patriotism compelled him to take up arms and to do battle for the king, he was ever from that moment wont, even in the company of his most intimate friends, to fall into deep fits of melancholy musing, and to ingeminate, with shrill and touching accents, the word, *peace, peace*. He fell, the purest and most moderate of royalists; and, thenceforth, purity seemed dead, and moderation likewise, on both sides, and the mortal sword, as ever, was the arbiter.

It was to the great insight of Oliver Cromwell into

the minds of men—for he early discerned that some new spirit must be aroused in the minds of men to counterbalance the antique chivalry and loyalty, among the “decayed tapsters and pimple-nosed serving-men,” of whom, by his own allegation, the bulk of the parliamentary armies were composed—the ultimate victory of the Parliament must be ascribed.

To meet this spirit of chivalry, he awakened the spirit of militant religion; and, as ever must be the case when the religion of the masses becomes militant, as in the crusades, as in the Huguenot wars of France, and as in his own case especially, with it, his own creation, he overrode the oldest monarchy, the most sublime and stately hierarchy, the noblest and most puissant aristocracy of Europe; he overrode, secondly, the Parliament of England; he overrode, in the last place, though in our opinion wisely, justly, and for the preservation of his country from the worse curse of fanatical intolerance and social anarchy, the liberties of England herself, and made himself, all but in name, the mightiest and wisest of her kings.

Charles died on the scaffold, by the connivance rather than by the act of Cromwell. Prevented it, assuredly he might have done; but, preventing, must himself have perished; for Charles could not be trusted. Oliver would have spared him once, nay, but reinstated him; but the fatal discovery of a genuine letter, wherein the fated king assured his queen that, “for those knaves,” meaning Essex and Cromwell, “to whom he had promised a silken garter, he had in lieu of it a hempen halter,” sealed his fate thenceforth forever.

The scabbard was cast away between them, and in the strife of swords, as ever must be the case, the weaker went to the wall. Charles the First died to be pitied as a private man, to be deplored by the church of which he was a faithful son, but certainly not to be regretted as a king, for he was clearly in intent a traitor and tyrant; yet can it not be said of him, as it was of Julius Cæsar, “*Jure cæsus habetur*!”—Let him be held justly slain!—for, in the English constitution, from time immemorial, there is no rule or precedent by which a king can be brought to trial by his subjects.

Still, he had not much reason for complaint; during his whole life he had sacrificed to expediency only, not to justice, or to the rights of man, or to his oaths before God; and himself to expediency he fell a royal victim. He fell by the axe on the scaffold at Whitehall, and Heaven had no thunders by which to bruit aloud its indignation or its horror at his fall.

By his death, he aroused again the spirit of aggrrieved loyalty to arms, and fatal Dunbar, bloody Worcester, the great usurper’s “crowning mercy,” proved how gallant and true was the heart of the English gentry, proved how ineffectual and vain is gallantry or truth, is heart or hand, against the iron bands of discipline, against the leadership of a

leader competent to govern the energies and point the enthusiasm of his men.

When Cromwell flung his arm aloft, amid the sunburst through the mist which revealed his enemies rushing down at the bidding of their frenzied preachers to “do battle at Armageddon,” and shouted, in his massive tones, “Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered!” he showed himself a captain among captains. The far-famed “sun of Austerlitz” is trite and tame beside that glorious battle-word. When he drove, ignominiously, the “Rump” of the Long Parliament from the station which it had so long misused, from domination over a nation which it had so long misgoverned; when he bade his obedient Ironsides “carry away that bauble,” he proved himself a braver and more consistent patriot than when he thundered upon the flank of the half-victorious cavaliers at Marston, and conquered the reeling fight; than when he fought bareheaded in the van of the last deadliest *mêlée* of Naseby; than when he dared to sign the death-warrant of his hapless king.

When he once sat upon the throne—for which he had played, as some men will have it, so foully, though we cannot regard it as so altogether—he used that usurped power solely for England’s good and England’s glory; he wore, if not a crown, “a more than dictatorial wreath,” conquered, indeed, by might, but affixed by mercy.

The worst blot on his name is the deeds which have rendered that name, to this day, a curse in Ireland; but it must be remembered that he was dealing with men whom he regarded as murderers and heathen, and deeming himself probably the God-ordained avenger of Protestant and pious blood.

His greatest glory is Spain humbled, Holland overcome, Scotland and Ireland pacified, the colonies planted, the navigation act passed, the maritime glory of England, the Anglo-Saxonism of North America secured. These are his glories—glories enough for the greatest. They should secure him immortality among men—may they secure him pardon before God!

When he died, the greatest tempest on record—until that kindled tempest which scourged the earth when Napoleon, the second Cromwell, was departing from his scene of mingled crime and glory—devastated Europe from the Baltic to Cape Bon, from the Bosphorus to the Bay of Biscay, uptearing trees, upheaving hills, unroofing houses, killing both man and beast in the open field, with one continuous glare of lightning, one roll of continuous thunder.

And, as the death hours of these, the two greatest of usurpers, were thus similar, so were their last words strikingly alike. Cromwell, having laid senseless for above an hour, started to consciousness at a tremendous thunderclap, and exclaimed, “Ordinance!” Napoleon, transported by the din of elemental strife into the strife of men, muttered the words, “*tête d’armée*,” and passed into that world

where the drum hath no sound and the sword is edgeless.

Both were great in their day; both were guilty; but both were instruments of the God who made

them, not for evil, but unto good. It is for Him alone to judge them, as it is His alone to show mercy. *Requiescant.*

AMERICAN FEMALE AUTHORSHIP.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

THAT "the fashion of this world passeth away," is quite as noticeable in the change of domestic amusements as in any style of dress or equipage. The tapestry of the early ages that employed the busy fingers, and suggested the delicious reveries of maidens waiting with patience the return of the lover long exiled to the Holy Land—the embroidery and tent-stitch of our grandmothers, the sampler-making of the last generation, and the net-work and crochet of this—all are by turns the rage, copied, discussed, exhibited, and forgotten. But just now the needle seems to be for the first time threatened by a powerful rival; the work-box is replaced by the desk, and the portfolio has usurped the corner sacred to the tambour-frame. In other words, authorship is the mania of our ladies, and an ambition for literary distinction becomes even in childhood the *grande passion*.

We can remember the time when we gazed on proof sheets with awe, and wondered at the cabalistic characters traced on the margin. "Copy" was a word unknown to ears polite, and ladies had their portraits painted only for their friends. But now "proof-reading" forms a regular branch of education; the fairest fingers are more or less soiled with printer's ink—metaphorically, of course—and

"Touching verses
Take now the place of birthday purses."

Every country newspaper has its quota of "our charming correspondents," and the magazines shine in the steady brilliancy of a constellation of fixed stars—names conspicuous on the cover, and sure to be quoted in a notice of the number.

Well, and what is there to urge against it? Nothing, dear ladies, of itself; for we, too, have suffered *cacæthes scribendi*; and therefore can speak feelingly of its approach. Our school-girl days were haunted with visions of magazine covers, and a niche—in the appendix, we humbly said—of a collection of prose or poets. How eagerly we listened to every anecdote connected with those already made so glorious! how we longed to see their pictured semblances, and studied every feature when they came! And we can still remember the delightful flutter when a poem with our *nom de plume*—we won't say of our own—was actually in print, and we laid it by the bedside, as children do their dolls, to

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be conned over again at earliest day. And when one was copied—really copied, with a dozen printer's mistakes, and one line omitted—that was still more charming, and we wondered our classmates did not acknowledge the access of dignity attained, even though we gained the foot of the algebra class, and received black marks for Latin syntax.

It was a strange chance that made us, soon, very soon, co-editor of the very journal that had so befriended our youthful indiscretions; and it was in the exercise of the power, thus our duty, that we watched the rapid growth of the taste for authorship to which we have alluded. It was this experience which has led us to embody some of the rules we were so constantly called on to give, in an article that will reach most of those whose hopes, fears, and anxieties we have known. So, if you choose, we invite you to enter our *sanctum*, and go over with us the pile of communications that crowd the basket devoted to their reception, that, instead of a dry disquisition, we may have our criticism in a more chatty and sociable form.

In the first place, as we sort the documents into prose and verse, we remark that nine out of the ten poets expect to be paid for their verses, and all to have the publication gratis. Two tales have the modest request, "Please publish next week," and their notes inform you that the authors themselves have very miserable opinions of the article inclosed, but are over-persuaded to offer it by admiring friends. One modest little sketch has not even a word commending it to our ears; and another we welcome at the first glance, for we see by the broad margin, the separated pages, written only on one side, and carefully numbered, that there is experience, if not force of talent, in the hand from whence it comes.

Shall we commence with the prose, then, leaving the poetry by way of dessert, and see some symptoms of the mania now epidemic? The letter is dated "Rosewood Seminary;" it is in a fine crow-quill hand, with pale ink, on satin paper. Our eyes are strained to decipher it; and yet we do so, and find that "Mignon Mignonne"—the authoress of the tale submitted to our judgment—"has already a considerable reputation in local prints," conducts the "Rose-Bud," a manuscript school periodical, and writes letters for the "Home Journal," but forgets to mention whether accepted or not. She does not

write for money. "Fame," she tells us, "is all the reward she wants," and "ambition is her angel." So we are introduced to "her darling pet of all she has written"—Lilla Lenister: a Tale of Myrtle Dell."

"Come to me, my angel child," said Mrs. Lenister, on a warm, bright summer afternoon, when the sun was slowly sinking to its western couch, and the flowers bent languidly on their stalks, thirsting for the pearly, cooling drops of heaven; 'I am about to depart for "that bourne from whence no traveler returns," and I would fain give thee my parting counsel. Thou art too lovely for this cold, false world, dearest one; thine eyes droop to behold its agony, thy fair cheek pales at its ingratitude.'

"Oh, my idol mother! do not speak such cruel words of foreboding!" And the young girl clasped her hands in agony over her throbbing temples, until the blood seemed oozing through her waxen fingers."

So much for the first half page of "Mignon," and it is quite enough to make us certain that, whatever might be the interest or variety of the plot, the ambitious style would quite destroy its pretensions to our pages. In the first place, the description of nature has a redundancy of adjectives, a fault most common with young writers. Then, again, no person feeling the solemn realities of such a departure, would stop to quote the very trite line with which she prefaces her remarks, or talk blank verse at such a moment. Moreover, the "blood oozing through the waxen fingers" is certainly suggestive of a very delicate and beautiful hand, but one that certainly would unfit its possessor for the hard realities of this bitter world.

This brings us to the first element of tale writing, or, indeed, of any description—naturalness; forgetting this, the charm is destroyed, be the language ever so well chosen, or the thoughts daintily expressed. People in stories should talk, as much as possible, like people in real life. They are expected to be properly dressed, not in Cherubino's Grecian drapery, but as neatly and tastefully as their situation or position would require. The costume, language, and actions must be in keeping with the character intended to be portrayed, and the incidents should ensue in natural order. This is apt to be lost sight of by young writers, who consider imagination the only talent to be cultivated, and, laying the reins on the neck of their favorite hobby, neither know nor care to what cloud-land he takes his flight. We often find an admirable plot spoiled by this very "playing at stilts," in the conversation of the actors. This often results from a lack of observation on the subject, but too frequently from the mistaken idea that people in books should have a different vernacular from the well-bred in society around us. For instance, in a declaration which should express as much natural feeling as possible, how often we find the exalted language of Sir Charles

Grandison put in the mouth of a modern watering-place lover, who perhaps has never seen the lady but three times before in his life, and proposes for the same reason that he drinks wine at dinner—because every one around him does. Modern story writers—it must be understood that we allude entirely to novices—never allow the hero or heroine to think seriously upon what is involved in such a step. They meet a pretty girl in their morning walks, and propose without the slightest hint of the question Willis so thoughtfully propounds—

"Who is thy progenitor, fair girl?
What doeth he for lucre?"

Cruel fathers are overcome in a breath, and send a check for \$1000 for bridal expenses, and inexorable mamma faint, use a vinaigrette, and add their blessing to the naughty young couple. They are launched into matrimony with no hope of being taken into the firm, or the least hint to the reader as to how the housekeeping is to go on. To be sure, we would not have a dry detail of these important facts, but a blending of the real with the ideal should at all times be insisted on. Let us have enough of human nature to excuse the blind devotion in all cases represented.

But we forget to mention that this last disquisition on prospects has arisen from certain passages in the successor of "Lilla Lenister," a tale of twenty-five foolscap pages, in which the very novel incident of marrying a poor girl against the wishes of the hero's father, the elopement, and subsequent reconciliation on most honorable terms, is served up. However, we would first state that an equally novel incident disposes of the fair Lilla: A rich uncle arrives from India, seeks out the orphan child of his only sister, who proves her claims to his consideration by the possession of a certain locket, and protects her from "the agony and ingratitude of this cold, false world."

Therefore commonplace or stereotyped incident should be avoided. Hackneyed plots are as much out of favor with the public as unnatural language or positions. Think what you have known, if in real life—imagine what would be most probably said by people you are acquainted with, situated as your hero and heroine are, and do not give three pages of description to one of action. Remember that a most delicate touch and long practice are needed by every landscape painter, before he can produce agreeable pictures. Artists of eminence aim to copy nature alone, and those who approach most nearly stand highest in their profession. Suppose, for instance, they were distinguished for imagination, and choose to give us a red sky at noonday, bright yellow foliage in spring, blue trees, and pink cattle. It might be a very showy and striking picture, one that would arrest the attention, no doubt, but no delicacy of touch could harmonise or cover such deformities. Again, if all things wore their proper

huc, but the parts of the scene were patched together, an Italian sky with New Hampshire granite hills, tropical foliage and Swiss peasant girls, every one would cry out at the strange admixture, and turn with commendation to the modest delineation of a simple, unpretending landscape. A clump of trees well executed will receive more praise than the grandest sunset, and a cool, gray rock give more pleasure than Alps of ultra-marine hills with pink summits.

It is by these very touches that we judge of the "capabilities and improbabilities" of a young writer. Though the handling is rough, if they have preserved correctness of outline, even if they have chosen an artistic point without the least skill in its delineation, we know that there is real taste, and a true perception of the beautiful to be encouraged and fostered. And this we are ever ready cheerfully to do. For its own sake, the happiness which the power of expression confers, and for the good it may be the medium of conveying to others, real talent should never be neglected by its possessor. Not in vanity or self-seeking, but with a still thankfulness for the great gift Heaven has thought you worthy to receive, and a deep realization of the responsibility which attends it. Were talent thus regarded, and thus cultivated, we should have less flippant tales presented to our notice, and fewer poems to reject for their utter lack of novelty or thought.

Therefore, to sum up our simple rules, in tale-writing the plot and incident should be probable, at least possible, and arranged with a thought to the ordinary sequence of events; the descriptions of natural scenery few and delicately handled—we say few, because readers generally are not interested in a geographical description of mountains and valleys that never existed, and that do not increase the excitement of the plot, or hasten the development of character. It is a form of amplification that too often serves only as a cloak for poverty of material. The conversations should be spirited or thoughtful, as the case may be, but always remember that they are conversations, and in real life; one rarely moralizes a whole page without even a comment or ejaculation from the listener. Nor does a colloquial style often admit of sentences Johnsonian in length and finish. It is, more properly, characterized by abrupt transitions, terse opinions, or brilliant sallies. Look, for example, at the animated repartee of Beatrice, or the gentle thoughtfulness, the childlike simplicity of Miranda, or the eagerness of Ferdinand. There is a tenderness in the elevated and womanly thoughts of Portia naturally expressed, and the very trifling of Rosalind has more meaning than the most labored assurance of returned affection could convey.

To return once more to our parallel, as the painter goes forth to the woods and fields to study nature in its varied phases, and while reproducing with magic skill the broad sweep of the landscape, does not fail in most careful heed to its minutest detail, twining

carefully a tuft of foliage, or copying, with patient skill, the circles of the rough bark he intends to portray, or imitates with minute exactness the gray moss that drapes the fallen tree—so those who would represent social grace or human loveliness, or even trace the follies and weakness too often its startling contrast, must not neglect the most trivial point that can contribute to the air of reality which gives it the greatest charm.

Curb the ambition to go too fast or too far; be content with the power that develops gradually; do not force the imagination, or task unpracticed powers of description, and, our word for it, the gradual mental development and acquisition will be a sufficient reward for every such restraint. But there is one thing to be guarded against even here; fastidiousness will creep in, unless the balance between the head and heart is carefully preserved—an unacknowledged assumption of mental superiority over those less fortunate by circumstance or natural powers; an impatience of their narrower views, and a gradual distaste and neglect of ordinary social and domestic avocations. *This* is the stain that has heretofore sullied the literary reputation of our sex; it is the cause of "the lifting up of eyes and holding up of hands," which mark the entrance of a *bas bleu* in society; and yet it is, of all errors, most easy to be avoided by a well-balanced intellect, however brilliant or refined.

The time is gone past when literary tastes or pursuits are admitted as a stigma upon the social relation of any woman. That she can write an able review is no longer considered an excuse for a neglected household, and there is nothing inconsistent in a mind that can fashion a dainty lyric and trim a becoming cap. Let the needle and the pen lie side by side, they will not wrangle; for the one induces long, pleasant reveries, and the other can give them expression. Why should not its inspiration be as pure as that of a cigar, to banish the still less refined draughts in which some modern poets would seem to have discovered their Helicon? For the honor of our sex and our profession—for, with Tupper, "I magnify mine office"—let it be distinctly understood that good daughters, and wives, and mothers wield the pen of authorship in our very midst, nor are their domestic and social positions less graced because of so doing. There is one evil still to be corrected—the invasion of domestic retirement which now seems to be recognized as justifiable. But we hope the time will soon arrive when home-life will cease to be invaded by the busy tongue or pen of those who consider an authoress has no claim to her own identity, becoming essentially the property of the public, for fulsome flattery or base depreciation, as soon as her name appears in print.

But, after all, we have suspended our critical judgment upon the contribution basket. To be candid, our hobby has been cantering away with the

morning's occupations. But you will forgive us, dear ladies, and "our correspondents" are perhaps the gainers by the episode. Not that we ever allow a harsh or hypocritical judgment to go forth to those who confide in our editorial courtesy. Whatever be our errors, this is not one of them; for we know the extreme sensitiveness which is ever the accompaniment of real talent. The Golden Rule is the only one that can properly direct such a task, and even when correction is required, it can be gently as well as rudely administered. Therefore, if we say anything that can be interpreted harshly, we pray you give it the most favorable significance, the more so as we approach the practical points of our disquisition.

Authorship, in the absence of varied employment for our sex, is of late looked to as a means of subsistence by many whose naturally refined and well cultivated minds make them shrink from actual contact with business life. The belief has gone abroad that all who have acquired any reputation are winning fortunes as well, and that the harvest is still broad and waiting for reapers. Many, thrown by unexpected reverses upon their own resources, scarcely question the possibility of failure, to meet only with a bitter disappointment which they cannot comprehend, and which a wounded spirit construes into personal insult or neglect. But to look soberly at the fact. There are perhaps ten or twelve ladies in our own country who have adopted literature as a profession. Six of these—we speak of what we know—by giving all their time and energy to their labors, by an industry which few professional men dream of and few ladies can imitate, realise a comfortable, barely comfortable, income, as a reward of years passed in battling with disappointments and patient waiting upon the fancies of a capricious public. One of our most finished and elegant writers, quoted by European critics and upheld by our own, teaches for many hours of every day to supply deficiency of income, which ought not to exist where so much talent is displayed in books eagerly read, but meagrely paid for.

Besides those who have earned their position and established their claims to a magazine hearing, there are many writing equally well perhaps, but without the *éclat* of a name, who get a communication accepted now and then. This leaves but little opening for a new and utterly unknown author, who may have graceful fancies, but crudely expressed, and whose manuscript, carefully written and tied with a white ribbon, betrays inexperience at once to a practised eye. A hearing even is difficult to be obtained; and then is it natural that a publisher should reject a finished article by an author already well known, to make room for one that is mediocre, to say the least? Not until publishers have more unselfishness than distinguishes common mortals.

Book writing is even worse; the market, so to speak, being equally crowded, and the stamp of

magazine approval having come to be considered almost essential. It is an avenue closed to all but those who are content to serve a laborious apprenticeship, or who can afford to print as well as write, asking no remuneration. Of course, there are exceptions to all that we have here stated. "Friends at court" now and then gain audience for those who prove worthy of an introduction. Some there have been who at once, by force of originality, can adopt the standard of Miss Mary Maria Quigge, and "write at once for the greatest glory and the highest pay." But these exceptions only prove the general rule, that authorship, as a profession, is the last to be chosen, if speedy or ample remuneration is expected; for the salary of many a governess equals, if not exceeds, the largest income we have ever known an American authoress to receive.

We have said nothing of simple literary ambition, because we do not recognise it as a worthy motive. It savors too much of vanity, and its returns are too often only "vexation of spirit." We commenced a playful criticism upon a topic forced daily upon our consideration, but, if it has become subdued or practical, it is because the subject seemed to demand the transition. We gladly welcome to the sisterhood those who are earnest and trustful in their vocation, for we owe it to them as a debt of gratitude to those whose hands and hearts were so kindly opened to us; but we would also shield others from painful disappointments and harsh experiences which are almost inevitable.

MATIN ANTHEM.

BY E. T. CONRAD.

THE gloom hath its shapes and the silence its warning,
And dim terrors troop 'neath the banner of night;
But God guards our couch, and joy comes in the morning;
Our souls, like the Orient, exult in His light.

Oh, praise for the gentle Sleep, sitting in shadow,
And singing sweet songs to the worn heart the while;
Its balmy spell falls, as the dew on the meadow,
When low winds caress and the loving stars smile.

Forgive, if ill thoughts, o'er those slumbers so sainted,
Career'd, as night birds o'er the sleeping earth soar!
Oh, be all, my soul, like the crystal untainted,
Which, stirred in the font, is still pure as before!

The sun to his journey goes forth like a giant,
Enrobed by his Lord in the radiance of day:
Oh, thus be my pilgrimage, lofty, reliant,
As true in His service, as strong in His stay!

Vouchsafe to deliver from sin and from danger;
My loved ones, oh, cherish them, guide and defend;
Thy grace grant my foe-man, thy bounty the stranger;
And blessings, like fruit clusters, hang round my friend!

So pass be each day, that, when all days are over,
When the blind sun hath sunk, a spent spark, from the sky,
My soul shall—though darkness the universe cover—
Arise to that Sun where the day cannot die!



SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY HICKORY BROOM.

JASON THOMPSON chanced, by the aid of his uncle's market-wagon and horses, to be once in Philadelphia on Saint Valentine's week, and his bewildered gaze was charmed by the objects of barter which were displayed about. His shoes had always enjoyed the luxury of soft mud in their journeyings with their master in the country, where he and they had always sojourned, and the difficulties of locomotion which the hard bricks interposed in his city travels, enabled him to take a better survey than he perhaps would have done under other circumstances.

The Valentine shops attracted his attention most though he was at a loss at first to understand what many of the monstrosities meant; but he soon comprehended the purposes to which they were to be applied. In a measure, ignorant of city affairs, and in city ways, Jason had the reputation at home of being a mischievous youth, who was always ready to engage in any fun which was going on, and, in many instances, the originator of the best share of it. The pictures met his hearty approval, and furnished him with many a laugh afterwards.

The next day after his visit to the city, he was struck with the idea of sending a Valentine to Patsey Manly, who had inflicted a serious wound upon him under the left side of his waistcoat. He made a confidant of Robert Manly, a broad-brimmed, felt-hatted youth of fourteen summers, who rejoiced in corduroy pantaloons, casinet roundabout, and fun generally. Robert was two years the junior of Jason, and looked up to him as his superior from his fertility in fishing out fun. When the two met together, after the return of the latter from the city, a description of the thousand and one curiosities was centered into. The great display of Valentines at Zieber's had taken a firm hold upon the imagination of Jason, who, in the midst of his descriptions, and while Robert was eagerly, with eyes and ears, taking in all he was saying, exclaimed—

"I'm going to send Pats a Voluntine."

"What's that? Something good to eat?"

"Why, no!" said Jason, laughing at the ignorant simplicity of his companion. "It's a sheet of paper all pattered over with love fixins, with love verses underneath."

"Did you get one of the things?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't have but a shilling, and that I spent at the circus the night before I seed the Voluntines. I can make one of them though. I'm going to get a sheet of paper and draw one of the picters I seen, and send it to your Patsey through the post office."

"That'll be fun though, won't it? I'm in for that. She'll wonder who it comes from, until she sees your name at the bottom, and then won't she let out at you! Maybe she won't!"

"You don't put your own name on 'em at all. You just send 'em, and sign 'em Voluntine, and she'll have to guess who it is from."

"She won't think it's us. She'll think it's that stuck-up Ben Jones, who's been cantering round her of a Sunday ever since he got that long-tailed coat. Or else she'll think it's flax-head Bob Mitchell, who gave her that brass ring last Christmas."

"I don't care who she thinks it is, after we have had our fun out of it."

The truth of the matter is that Jason would have been sorely troubled if he could have known that any one besides himself would be suspected of sending the Valentine.

"Let's make one right away, Jason, and I'll take it up to the postmaster's store when I go after that spool of cotton and yard of tape she wants to finish her apron with, to wear to Tilly Henderson's carpeting party."

A sheet of paper was procured from the table-drawer in the parlor, without the knowledge of the owner, in order to prevent suspicion, and the two conspirators set themselves to work to manufacture a Valentine.

"What kind of a picter are you going to put on, Jason?"

"Why, I'm going to make a heart with a carving-knife sticking in it."

Many endeavors were made to draw a heart correctly on another piece of paper, before a venture was made on the sheet which was to be sent away. After various attempts, which produced as variously-shaped hearts, Robert left the room, with an exclamation of "I know what we'll do!" and returned, in a few minutes, with a heart-shaped cake-cutter, that he had taken from the pantry unperceived, and, laying it triumphantly on the table, said, "That's the how to do it!"

The heart was drawn upon the paper, when a new difficulty arose in the drawing of the carving-knife, which was soon obviated by the jack-knife of Jason, which was laid upon the sheet and its outline correctly taken. How to embellish it with poetry was a matter of serious consideration; but the genius that could overcome the obstacle of a heart was not at a loss to procure poetry, and the almanac that hung lazily above the mantel was jerked down and examined.

"I don't see nothing in here that will do for the poetry, Bob; it's all about the weather, and figurations for the days in the week."

"Let me see it, Jason; I'll find something that'll do. Why, what do you want better than this here?"

"The ring is round, and has no end,
And so is my love to Mary, my friend."

"It don't say anything about a heart. I've got a heart here, and must say something about it, of course."

"Well, here's another one that's just the thing—

"My heart is broke, and you have done it,
By them little eyes you carry under your bonnet;
And, if you don't mend it by loving me straight,
I shall die of the trouble, and you'll be too late!
So take me then quickly, and you'll be in time
To have a good-looking feller for your VALENTINE."

"That's first-rate, Bob. I'll put that underneath, and write Patsey on the heart, and my name on the knife."

"If you do that, she'll know it's you sent it."

"Oh yes! Well, then, I'll write, 'Guess who;' that will bother her a little."

The precious document, over which so much time had been spent, was folded up and stuck together with beeswax. Appearing before Patsey with a look which hurry alone prevented her from noticing, he signified his readiness to go down for the cotton and tape, on which errand he was dispatched. The missive was safely deposited with the postmaster, who, from the singularity of a letter being put in the office by Robert for his sister, was induced to make an inquiry about it; and, on learning the facts, made an imitation of the Philadelphia postmark to help the affair along.

Upon the next day, which was St. Valentine's, Patsey, and Tilly Henderson, who had "just run

over," and was assisting her in clearing away the dinner things, were surprised by a call at the door. On reaching the spot, they found the clerk of the postmaster, who handed Patsy a letter, saying "that he was going past up to Young's to carry a package, and thought he would bring the letter along, as they might want to know what was in it." Patsy took the letter and turned it over and over, and then, opening it, exclaimed—

"It's got a picture in it, I do declare!"

"Is it though, Patsy? Well, I declare, that's a Valentine!"

They were about to inquire further into the matter when Robert came into the kitchen, and the letter disappeared into the pocket of Patsy's dress. The manoeuvre was not quick enough to escape the eyes of Robert, who scampered off into the barn, and told Jason "it was all right; Pats has got the picture." They were debating what course to pursue in the matter, when they saw Patsy, Tilly, and the baby emerging from the house. A chink in the barn enabled them to watch their motions. They came towards the barn to see where the boys were, and found them very busy at a rat-trap, which apparently absorbed their undivided attention. The girls left the barn and the boys left the trap, and, through the chink, saw them go behind a large tree. The boys immediately came out of the barn and

cautiously approached the spot. When they got to the side of the tree, they found the girls busily reading the Valentine.

"I wonder who it was that sent this to me? It come from Philadelphia, for there's the name printed on it. I wonder if it wasn't Ben Jones? He was into the city three or four days ago."

"I should not be surprised if it was him; and I suppose you be glad of it, if it was!"

"Be done that, now; you know I wouldn't"—A smiling blush betrayed the fib. "It must be somebody that thinks something of me, or he wouldn't say his heart was breaking. Now, I wonder if it was Ben?"

"You know it was him, Pats. What's the use of your saying you don't? I'll watch him next Sunday, and see if he didn't."

"I'd just like to know if it was him. I'd give something to know who it was."

Jason, whose jealousy was worked up to the highest pitch, could contain himself no longer, and, jumping down from the seat around the tree, exclaimed, triumphantly—

"I sent it! What are you going to give me for telling?"

"A smack in the face for your impudence!"

Jason Thompson did not marry Patsy Mauly, and a Valentine is his abomination.

NOTES OF TRAVELS AND PROGRESS.

BY JOHN DUFFEY.

It is truly a great gratification to the American heart to have an opportunity of occasionally contemplating some of the wonderful improvements that have been made in almost every section of our prosperous country within the last twenty or twenty-five years. Look from what point we may, we behold on every side the most astonishing effects, produced simply by the hard hand of industry and the indomitable enterprise of our people, fostered and directed by the generous and liberal spirit of our republican institutions. So rapidly, indeed, have most of our improvements been made, that the pleasure of contrasting the present with the past appearance and conditions of things is by no means confined to the aged or infirm. It is a gratification which may be fully enjoyed by those who have not yet reached the middle age, and by those who are at present the most ardent and hopeful aspirants for fortune and distinction among their fellow-citizens. Many such, as well as the "oldest inhabitant," can very distinctly remember his village home, on the wild and secluded bank perhaps of some western river, or in the bosom of a dense forest, upon which the gradual efforts of laborious man had just begun to produce a

visible impression, and that only to make room for the sun to shine down upon a few scattered log cabins and garden spots. And yet, even now, while his locks are still dark and glossy as in his youth, or but slightly touched with the frosts of some thirty or forty winters, the rude hut in which he drew his first breath—nay, the entire village that was so familiar to him in his boyhood—has disappeared for ever. The humble home of his infancy has given place to a stately mansion, which occupies a commanding site in a beautiful and wealthy city. The almost unknown and unpretending village is no longer to be seen on the margin of the quiet and sluggish stream, surrounded by a dense and moaning forest—for the little river is now made to bear upon its bosom the products of industry and the arts, and its banks are crowded with the storehouses of commerce, and the habitations of prosperous men.

This, however, as every observing traveler well knows, is but a faint sketch of the rapid progress of improvements since the introduction of canals, steamboats, and railroads, but more especially since the introduction of the latter, as far as the interior of our country is concerned, and more especially still of

the interior of the States of New York and Pennsylvania. The writer of this article, who is not very old, has himself witnessed all the singular changes he has attempted to describe, in all their panoramic rapidity and perfection, and in many sections of the Union. Nearly forty years ago he was a young adventurer, a printer, and, *professionally*, an editor, and commenced his career in Winchester, Va. How long he was traveling to Winchester from Philadelphia, and what Winchester looked like at that day, in comparison with what Winchester is at this day, it might be worth our time to stop and inquire, had not the railroad been introduced so recently, that almost every one who knows what Winchester is now can remember what she was only a few years since. Will any one who can remember what Fort Cumberland, Md., was in 1813, compare its appearance then with what the City of Cumberland is now, and not acknowledge the triumphs of railroads over time and space, as well as over national roads and canals? We say nothing here, however, of those places on the shores of our great rivers, whose rapid progress from insignificant villages to prosperous and magnificent cities has been the results of steam navigation.

But, to come down to a period some twenty years later—how remarkable are the changes which have taken place in the wealth and appearance of certain villages at this time embraced in the line of THE NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD! Many of the towns which can now be found conspicuously displayed on the maps, at a much later period than twenty years had scarcely a local habitation or a name; whilst those whose names were only familiar to persons in their immediate vicinity, and to merchants in the east, as county seats and places of some commercial pretensions, are now become cities of wealth and importance, where learning and the arts are cultivated, and whose inhabitants are in the full enjoyment of all the comforts, luxuries, and refinements of civilization, and protected by all the moral and religious safeguards of the gospel. Such are now the happy and prosperous conditions of Elmira, of Binghamton, and of Oswego, the former of which, twenty years ago, had not more than one thousand of a resident population. It has now more than 3000 inhabitants; churches for the principal denominations of Christians; two splendid hotels, equal in their comfortable arrangements to the best in the city of New York; while the mercantile establishments, and the streets crowded with building materials, exhibit all the evidences of a thriving and prosperous business community. The same, however, is true of all the principal towns along the route to a certain extent, that have been brought into existence by the opening of the southern interior of the State, through the facilities afforded by the railroad.

But it is now time, agreeably to our first intention, that we should say something of the railroad itself, which, after twenty years of the most intense anxiety, labor, and perseverance, on the part of its pro-

jectors and friends, has recently triumphed over all opposition, and been completed from New York to Dunkirk, a distance a little short of five hundred miles.

We have now before us a copy of the "Elmira Republican," of December 30, 1831, which contains the proceedings of a convention held at Oswego ten days previously, at which it was unanimously resolved to apply immediately to the legislature of the State for the incorporation of a company to construct a railroad from Lake Erie to the city of New York, with a capital of \$5,000,000. What is somewhat singular, the same paper contains a long report and resolutions of a convention held in Lyeoming County, Pennsylvania, in favor of the Williamsport and Elmira railroad, which, very greatly to the detriment of Philadelphia interests, has never yet been completed.

And here an old editor might be permitted to drop a tear over the names and the memories of the excellent and public-spirited men who composed, in part, those conventions, but who have long since passed over the railroad of life to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns." The record of those who have gone before, and of those who survive, is now indeed before us, and we may have some other and more favorable opportunity to refer to them. We could, however, offer nothing more conclusive in regard to the confidence that was placed in their intelligence, individually and collectively, than the fact that the legislature of New York granted their request; and, on the twenty-fourth of April, 1832, the act incorporating the New York and Erie Railroad was confirmed.

Passing over the numerous reverses and incidents of the times which impeded, and even suspended, its progress, this great railroad now employs upwards of one hundred engines of the very first class, requiring the services of four hundred men, and forty furnaces. The great depot is at Piermont, where the different works of the company, including the machine department, the car shop, and every other species of employment connected with locomotives, passenger and luggage trains, is carried on with the greatest celerity and perfection. The rail used throughout the extent of the road is the T rail, weighing some 60 pounds to the yard. The rails are laid six feet apart. Consequently, the cars are unusually wide and comfortable, and, being set on springs, produce an easy and pleasant sensation when in motion.

We have now to regret that we cannot accompany the locomotive in its rapid flight, and, at the same time, present to the reader a lively and a minute survey of the road which lies before us, as we start either from Jersey City or Piermont, to the end of its fiery career at Dunkirk. We regret also that our pen, albeit unused to sketching glowing descriptions of the beautiful or sublime, the majestic or the awful, can impart to the reader but little of

that we feel, as the varied scenery suddenly opens to our view at every rise, descent, and curve of this most magnificent route. Twenty-two years ago, we traveled the southern stage roads from Eastern to Western New York; but what did we then see or comprehend of the great country that slept before us, covered up, as it were, by immense forests, and seemingly impenetrable, even to the sturdy and grasping hand of improvement? But now how changed! On every side we behold the most gratifying evidences of active life and teeming prosperity. Apart from the thriving villages and the little towns—the neat cottages and the noble farms, the wide-spread hill-sides and the deep and fertile valleys that sparkle in the sunshine and glow in the deep green of summer—the road itself is a work of art and labor combined which cannot fail to arrest the admiring attention of every reflecting traveler. From the numerous monuments of skill, durability, and safety which we meet in our rapid flight over hills, rivers, and ravines, we shall select but two at this time for the inspection of our readers. The first of these is the CASCADE BRIDGE, a stupendous wooden structure, 250 feet in width, and thrown over a ravine 134 feet deep. The span of the arch has a rise of 150 feet, and has been admired as well for its width, which is said to surpass that of any other wooden structure in the world, as for the strength, beauty, and gracefulness of its appearance from the chasm below. This bridge, it is said, cost \$70,000, and it was while viewing a heavy train pass over it that Gen. Scott was heard to say: "The man who could throw a cow-path over that gulf deserves a crown." But John Fowler, a very clever carpenter, whose

name alone has been given to the public in connection with the building of this bridge, was not the man who "deserved the crown." In justice to a worthy man, it should here be stated that JULIUS W. ADAMS, at present, we believe, the editor of "Appleton's Mechanics' Magazine," is entitled to the credit and the honor of designing and modeling the Cascade Bridge, and the Stnoducca Viaduct also, another stupendous structure which crosses the Stnoducca Creek about two miles west of the Cascade. The Viaduct, which we wish we could here represent, is 1200 feet long, 110 feet high, and has 18 arches, with spans of 50 feet; at the top it is 30 feet wide. The credit of all the work of this Viaduct has been given to Mr. Kirkwood, an accomplished engineer, but incorrectly, as we have already stated.

And now, alas! just as we were about to close our notes by recommending to our lady readers, who may have followed us in our ramble, not to forget to take the Erie Railroad in their jaunts of pleasure and recreation during the next summer, we find that we have not once alluded to the line of railroad which runs from Elmira to the princely village of Canandaigua, intersecting the main line of the New York and Erie Railroad at that point. This line will prove of great importance to the many enterprising towns, including Havana, Jefferson, at the head of Seneca Lake, Penn-Yan, &c. The view, from parts of this route, of Seneca Lake, and of the beautiful scenery that surrounds its blue waters, is alone worthy of a trip to Western New York, if not of a voyage across the Atlantic, as Mr. Jefferson once said of Harper's Ferry.

POETRY.

THE TIME TO DIE.

BY DAVID F. CABLE

I ASKED the child, whose prattling tongue
With sweet and silvery accents rung;
Who gambol'd through the livelong day,
And careless whiled the hours away—
"Tell me, sweet child, the time to die."
Thus did that careless boy reply:
"Oh! 'tis not time for one so young,
Whose race in life is just begun;
Whose hopes within the bud yet lie—
Oh! 'tis not time for me to die!"

I asked the youth, whose panting soul
Doff'd all bonds and spurn'd control;
Whose heart was fill'd with boyhood's fire,
And gushing o'er with chaste desire—
"Tell me the time when you would die."
Thus did the ardent youth reply:
"When I have bravely battled life,
And conquer'd all, and gain'd the strife;
When on Fame's lists I've mounted high—
Then, only then, 'tis time to die!"

I asked the man whom fleeting time
Bespoke as one in manhood's prime;
Whose thoughtful look and knitted brow
Proclaim'd him in life's warfare now—
"Tell me the time when you would die."
Thus did that hardy one reply:
"I would yet live, and have my health,
To grapple for the yellow wealth;
To guard my wife and family—
No, I'm not yet prepared to die!"

I asked the man whose careworn look
A weight of grief and age bespoke;
Whose slow and trembling accents gave
Tones borrowed from the silent grave—
"Tell me the time when you would die."
Thus did the hoary one reply:
"Though I am old, yet life is sweet,
And I am not prepared to meet
The monster Death; I know not why—
But still I'm not prepared to die!"

Ah me! 'tis ever thus with man,
Who hugs the life that's but a span:

Who, fleeing from Death's rude alarms,
Is quickly hurried to his arms.
When asked the time that he would die,
'Tis ever thus he will reply :
" I am too young, too fair, too blessed ;
Too weak, too old, too much oppressed ;
Too rich, too poor ; too low, too high—
And I am not prepared to die !"

— LINES TO —.

BY MRS. EMILY PIERPONT LEEDERNIER.*

I WOULD not in anger chide thee,
Though thy deeds have been my bane ;
Though the deluge fierce hath swept me
Filled my soul with hopeless pain :

Love's bright dream all rudely ended,
Wakened by a sable wing,
Shutting out the holy sunlight,
Folding the deep midnight in.

There I brooded in the darkness,
Till my scorching brain did swim,
And my heart swelled in the blackness
Till hope burst the surging brim !

Years have rolled since that sad parting,
And the dull gray thread of life—
Woven 'mid the fires of Etna,
Quenched oft by sorrow's strife—

Though its woof can ne'er be blended,
Still 'tis mingling with the chime
Of the vibrant chords that echo
From the murmuring harp of time ;

Music writ in burning letters,
Pleasure cadenced into pain—
Thou it was that forged the fetters—
Would that I could break the chain !

For the galling links of iron
Rust within the human heart,
And the soaring spirit's fettered
By the poison and the smart.

Yet there is one pulse still throbbing
With the old accustomed power ;
There 's one cord I would not sever,
Though the world were pledged my dower :

* The author of this spirited and most touching poem has lately become favorably known to the intelligent public by her "Select Readings and Recitations of Poetry and Dramatic Writings." She has adopted this mode of sustaining herself and her three children, left dependent on her exertions. Her own "Lines" tell the sad tale of wrong and desertion with such evident truth and deep pathos that we need not add a word. Every good and feeling heart must take an interest in the author.

Mrs. Leedernier—she has assumed her maiden name—was born in Maine; her mother was a descendant of the Puritans, her father a Frenchman. She seems to unite the vivacity and versatility of the one race with the steadfast purpose and persevering energy of the other. She evidently has a genius for the profession she is pursuing. We trust her talents will meet with warm encouragement. The cause should be her passport to public favor.—*EDITOR.*

'Tis the sweet parental cistus,
Binding in a mutual thrill
Buds of love our God did give us—
With our life their pulses fill.

They, the little tender nurslings,
Clustering at their mother's knee,
And, with faces full of wonder,
Ask, "Where can our father be?"

Yet, for their sake, I, in silence,
Hold my quiv'ring heart that bleeds,
That I cannot, for example,
Point them to their father's deeds !

Thou hast thrown aside thy duty ;
But a mother's heart is strong,
And to win life's fearful battle,
I will wrestle 'mid the throng ;

Brave the tempest clashing thunder
With unflinching soul and eye,
To hope's broken plank still clinging—
Stem the tide, or 'neath it die !

— LIFE'S SEASONS.

BY RICHARD COB.

THERE is a Springtime of the heart—
'Tis found in infancy—
When on its mother's breast the babe
First smiles in dimpled glee :
When, like the bud upon the stem,
Its life is but begun,
And pearly tear-drops flee the eyes
As shadows flee the sun !

There is a Summer of the heart—
'Tis found in early youth—
When life is full of joyousness,
Of innocence and truth :
When clouds but seldom intervene
To mar the sky so bright,
And all is but a fairy scene
Of exquisite delight !

There is an Autumn of the heart—
'Tis found in riper age—
When sorrow 's a familiar thing,
And grief an heritage :
When shadows thick and dark come o'er
The beauty of the sky,
And, by their dim obscurity,
Ere tell some danger nigh !

There is a Winter of the heart—
'Tis found in later years—
When life is full of bitterness,
Of vain regretful tears :
When stormy winds and chilling blasts
Blow with so fierce a breath,
That we would fain seek shelter in
The anchorage of Death !

When'er the Autumn of the heart
Shall cloud our lives with gloom,
And Winter's cold and chilling blasts
Remind us of the tomb,
If we but act our parts aright
On Time's uncertain shore,
Our souls may know, in purer climes,
A Summer evermore !

OUTWARD BOUND.

SUNSHINE and beautiful the night hours on the sea!
The sun hath sunk to rest in silent majesty.
In the pure blue above, mark now each radiant star—
Diamonds in Night's dark robe—glistening afar;
My mother gazes there, and thinks of me away,
Whose floating home they cheer: Then, mother, dearest,
Pray—
Pray Heaven to guide thy wanderer safely o'er the deep—
Pray Heaven to guard us all while we in quiet sleep!

Solemn and beautiful the night hours on the sea!
Slowly the moon ascends in silent majesty.
Mark how each silver wave smiles 'neath her gentle beam,
Leaving our bark's smooth side with fitful gleam;
Wide spread the waters round—in seeming mirth they play,
Sporting on unseen graves: Then, mother, dearest! pray—
Pray Heaven to guide thy wanderer safely o'er the deep—
Pray Heaven to guard us all while we in quiet sleep! D.

THE TWO STARS.

BY H. T. R.

As at night I wandered forth,
Came I where a mountain stream,
Rushing from the shaded woods'
Deep and lonely solitudes,
Glittered gayly in the beam
That from Dian's crescent crown
On the sleeping earth came down.

By the streamlet's grassy side
Sat a child of summers seven;
On her pale and upturned face,
By the moonlight, I could trace
Silent, wondering thoughts of Heaven.
"Stars that glimmer in the skies,
Are ye truly angels' eyes?"

"Why, dear one," said I, speaking low,
"Do you here unguarded lie?"
"My mother died last week," said she,
"And this promise made to me—
'Ever, dearest, shall this eye,
From amidst the stars above,
Watch thee with undying love.'

"My mother used to bring me here,
Before she went away—
And often I have heard her sigh,
As the bright bubbles hurried by—
But why, I cannot say.
Now I'm alone, I often dream
Among the voices of the stream.

"I hear her kind and gentle tones,
And there's one star, with tender beams,
So like my mother's loving eye
When the death-shadows gathered nigh,
And every night it nearer seems;
Not many nights, I think," said she,
"Before that star will come for me!"

Again at night I wandered forth,
And sought the streamlet's side;
In vain my anxious, searching look—
No form lay by the rushing brook;
But deep within the silver tide
Two stars, reflected, brightly shone:
When last I gazed, there was but one.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

BELoved and most beautiful,
I gaze upon thy face—
Upon thy slender form, replete
With every winning grace;
And, oh! I tremble when I think
How dear to me thou art:
Wert thou to die, how desolate
Would be my vacant heart!

I pass each evening in my walk
The little churchyard lone,
And I see the moonlight shining
On one white gleaming stone;
The lilies growing round that grave
Look fair in the moon's ray;
But she who sleeps beneath that stone
Was fairer far than they.

She was a lovely, gentle girl,
With eyes of heaven's blue,
And cheeks whose soft tint put to shame
The earliest rosebud's hue.
I loved her, wooed her; but she was
A treasure *lent*—not *given*;
And, ere we wed, her gentle soul
Fled to its native Heaven!

And sometimes, in the lonely hours,
When far away thou art,
I look into that sepulchre
Of buried joy—my heart.
And Memory brings back the face
Of her, my seraph bride—
And that sad morning in the spring,
That May morn when she died!

But, oh! I loved her not as I
Love thee, beloved one!
She was my life's sweet morning star,
Thou art its glorious sun!
Though long I wept when she fled back
To her fair home on high,
Wert thou to perish so, beloved,
I would not weep—but *die*!

GERTRUDE LEE.

BY W. FLETCHER HOLMES, M.D.

Drest thou not at twilight's glooming,
Gertrude Lee,
Where the dewy buds were blooming
On the lea.
And the hours of Joy's beguiling
Swiftly flew,
Vow to me, through glad tears smiling,
"O be true!"

As the springtime flowers at even
Thirst for rain;
As the stricken soul for Heaven
Sighs in vain;
As the tar on storm-lashed billow
Prays for rest—
So yearn I thy head to pillow
On my breast.

As the pilgrim wayworn, weary,
To the shrine,
In Arabia's desert dreary
Oft doth pine,
Whilst he toils across the mountain's
Rugged caves,
For the wayside sparkling fountain's
Emerald waves:

As the gallant hero, dying
On the plain,
Whilst his mangled form is lying
'Mid the slain,
Longs to hear his brave men shouting
Victory—
So my heart, thine own not doubting,
Longs for thee.

As the wand'rer lorn—when twilight
Deep'ning glooms,
And, still later, when the starlight
Heaven illumes—
Sighs for home, where household treasures
Garnered are—
Where thick cluster fire-side pleasures
Without care:

As the prisoned bird is pining
To be free—
So my heart, all else resigning,
Pines for thee.
To my home an angel blessed
Wilt thou be?
Be thy soul by mine caressed,
Gertrude Lee.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY GEO. A. MERRITT.

'Tis noon of night; yet balmy sleep
Soothes not her troubled breast,
Nor soaks those founts that wearied weep,
Though nature pleads for rest.
She mourns alone—but finds, too late,
What perfidy can prove;
As if to kiss the blow of fate,
Still cherishing her love.

Her raven hair neglected flows;
Her melting song is hushed;
And wan her cheeks, where once the rose
In mantling beauty blushed.
Upon her thin white hand she leans
Her pale, dejected brow,
Recalling blighted hopes and scenes,
E'en dear to mem'ry now.

More dim her midnight taper burns;
Now, faintly glimmering, dies;
Brief comforter! She, sorrowing, turns
To seek if in the skies
There is an orb whose friendly ray,
To sad reflection given,
Would pass not from her view away,
But steadfast burn in Heaven.

On yon lone stellar light afar,
Her eyes unconscious grow,
But little dreaming that bright star
Is hastening below.

The lawn awhile, and sylvan glade,
Bathe in its silv'ry tide:
Alas! how soon she sees it fade
Along yon bleak hill's side!

The cold moon looks upon her brow
With melancholy ray;
The dark winds moan around her now;
She languishes away.
Oh! chide her not! Blame not those tears!
Those drops unbidden spring
To melt the grief her bosom bears—
Forlorn and friendless thing!

Could she repress each rising sigh,
Each gushing tear restrain,
Her pent-up grief might smothered lie
Awhile; but soon again
The heaving bosom's swelling tide
Would spurn its weak control,
And pour, until its fount were dried,
In torrents o'er the soul.

Oh! who could bear, and bear unmoved,
The wrong that she has known?
To love, alas! and not be loved,
Would swell the heart alone;
But here a soulless wanton won
Affections to betray,
And left his victim, thus undone,
To pine and waste away!

TO NINA.

BY R. JAMES KERLING.

STARLIGHT upon the dark blue wave is trembling,
And mournful tones float on the evening air;
Starlight, the spirit's shadowy gloom resembling,
The wind's low tone—its murmuring voice of prayer.

Yet art *thou* with me! In the scene—the hour,
I see, I feel thy holy presence near;
And thoughts of thee, like dewdrops on the flower,
Lie on my heart, and tremble like thy tear.

Thy birdlike voice, with wild impassioned meaning,
Haunts like the memory of an olden dream;
That eye of thine, with its soft witch'ry beaming,
Will fling its radiance o'er the Lethan stream.

Once more, once more—and, hand in hand, communing,
We seek the trysting place—the hallowed spot—
Where Hope, the heart to softest joys attuning,
Woke its love-burthened tale—not yet forgot.

Once more, once more—the sunset's crimson glory
We watch fade o'er the distant mountain side,
While the young moon, just trembling with her story,
Wooes the bright bosom of the swelling tide.

Once more, once more—too sweet to last forever,
I hold thee trembling to my boyish brow;
Thus burst bright moments on life's path, and ever—
Like meteor-gleams by night—as soon depart.

Once more, once more—thine eyes to mine upturning,
I press the dark hair from thy Parian brow,
And wonder if the love within thee burning
Will laugh at Time and Fate—where art thou now!

No more, no more—for Mem'ry may not linger
Forever with the halcyon days that were;
Yet Time, that sweeps the heart with his dark finger,
Shall spare the name that Faith has written there.

PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



THESE fashions for embroidering the borders of cloaks, pelisses, sacques, &c., on merino, or fine cassimere, or flannel, with silk, are to be wrought with coarse or fine silk, or with a mixture of the two, according to the degree of intricacy or simplicity in the parts of the pattern.

To facilitate the work, we can furnish casts from the original wood-cuts of these designs. By chalking the raised figure on the cast, the design may be stamped on the cloth, and the whole trouble of tracing or drawing on tissue paper saved. One of our correspondents uses printer's ink, instead of chalk, in putting the design on merino. This requires skill and care to avoid soiling the cloth.

These patterns are equally serviceable for muslin, or any other material.



THE NURSERY

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



We have selected for our muslin and cambric department of the present month several of the most tasteful infants' robes that have been designed of late.

Fig. 1 is a christening robe, of the finest French cambric, and ornamented with rich needlework *en sablier*. The front breadth is composed of alternate tucks and scalloped needlework, and this is enclosed in a horizontal trimming to match. The waist is formed in the same way, and the sleeves correspond. The needlework should be set on in an easy fullness. The same style may be made of tucks alternated with rich lace, and even ordinary embroidered muslin edging. The tucks should be run with great care, or they will draw and spoil the effect. It is well to have a thick pasteboard or portfolio laid upon the knee to straighten them over.

Fig. 2 is a much plainer slip for a small infant. It is left in fullness from the band around the throat, and the skirt is simply ornamented by two rows of scalloped cambric edging. The same surrounds the neck and finishes the sleeves, which are intended to be looped up with ribbon of some bright and pretty color. It will be noticed that there is a narrow band, or gusset, upon the shoulder.

Fig. 3 is an expensive, but tasteful dress, also for a very young child, with a rich needlework front and corsage. We have now in preparation a cut of the most elegant christening-dress produced in England the present year. We publish it as much for its novelty as its elegance.

Figs. 4 and 5 are specimens of *Le Gilet*.

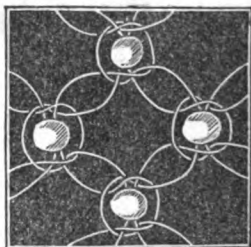
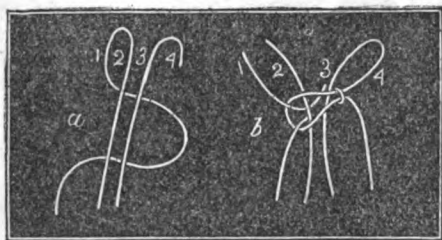
Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.



DRESS NET FOR THE HAIR.



Materials.—One ounce and a half of gold thread, about the size of No. 8. Three strings of rather large pearl beads.

Cut 10 lengths, of two yards each, and 20 lengths in pairs, each two inches shorter than the preceding. For instance: the first pair will be 70 inches, the next 68, and so on. Take a large hard cushion, or pillow, and pin on the 10 lengths, at the side furthest from you, exactly in the centre of the threads. There will thus be 20 strings of each a yard. You will then begin the knotting, which is done in the following manner: Take four threads at the left hand, and of these hold the two centre between the thumb and first finger, whilst you pass the left hand one so as to form a loop on the right hand side (dia-

gram *a*); take the right hand thread, pass the end under this loop, across the two centre, under the left hand thread and end, which are still on the left, and again down through the same loop in which you first inscribed it (diagram *b*). The knot is then complete, and only requires to be drawn up about half an inch from the pin. Before it is quite drawn up, slip a pearl bead on the two centre threads, and let it remain in the middle of the knot, as seen in the diagram accompanying this. As there are four threads for each knot, there will be five knots on this row. Now add one of the two longest pairs remaining, at each side of these, on a line with the knots. Repeat the process, and on this row there will be six knots; add another pair at each side, and

there will be seven knots on the row. Go on increasing until you have added all the pairs of threads, when half the net will be done.

Then, after each row, omit a pair of threads at both ends, until you have only the first number left. Do not fasten them off, but merely attach them, with a stout pin, to the cushion, as you proceed. When all are done, knot them strongly together, in pairs, and cut off the ends; the pieces of thread that are left forming part of the tassels.

FOR THE BORDER.—The net being thus completed, slip a thread of gold all round, under the knots of the last half, and the loops formed by the doubled threads of the preceding. Tie the thread so as to contract the net into a round shape, and, with Boulton's steel crochet hook, No. 14, work \times 1 d c under thread and knot; 5 ch, \circ 1 d c under next thread and knot; 3 ch, 1 d c under next thread and knot; 3 ch, 1 d c on thread; 3 ch, 1 d c on thread; 3 ch \times repeat all round.

2d round of border.—Slip on any 3 d c of last round; \times 3 ch, miss 1, d c on 2d; \times 3 times, 3 ch, miss 1, slip on 2d; *turn the work*, \circ 3 ch, d c under every loop of 3 just made, and then 3 ch, slip on chain before the d c on which you began this round *turn the work*, and repeat d c under every chain with 3 chain between; 3 ch, s c on chain of first round, and slip on this till you come to the place where the next shell is to be begun—namely, the 2d d c stitch, after 5 ch.

3d round.—D c under chain, \times 3 ch, d c under next \times , wherever the loop of 3 ch occurs, and missing two between the d c where it does not.

4th round.— \times d c under loop, 4 ch, d c under next, 4 ch \times repeat.

Plait a band of gold thread, with a tassel at each end, and let it be sufficiently long to run in the same line of holes as the single thread, and to allow the tassels to hang as represented in the engraving.

CHINESE SLIPPER.

(See Out.)

Materials.— $\frac{1}{2}$ a yard of rich black satin, of the wide width; gold bullion; 2 skeins of the purest gold thread, coarse and fine; and of China silk 5 shades of each of the following colors; blue, purple, green, yellow green, brown (shaded into orange), crimson, and a skein of the coarsest white crochet twist.

The pattern for the front of the slipper, which it will readily be perceived is genuine Chinese, must be enlarged according to the size of the slipper required. It should occupy the whole front of the foot. When accurately drawn on stout writing paper, the outlines and divisions must be traced by pricking them with a pin; then lay the pattern very evenly on the satin, with the smooth side of the paper upwards, and keep it in its place by means of weights. Rub some finely powdered flake-white over the pattern with a large flat stump, and on removing the paper the design will be found traced accurately on the satin. Take a fine sable brush, dip it in a solution of flake-white and milk, and mark the outlines carefully. The gold pattern on the sides of the slippers must be enlarged, and marked in the same manner.

All the outlines are then to be worked by laying a line of the coarse white crochet silk on the satin, and sewing it over with fine silk of the same hue. Those parts only which are marked *a*, have the outline and filling up in fine gold thread, laid on and sewed over in yellow silk. The whole of the filling up is done in the delicate and effective stitch we term the French knot, which is worked in the following manner: Draw the silk to the upper side

of the work, then catching it in the left hand, an inch or two from the satin, twist it round the needle twice, and then insert the point of the needle in the work exactly in the same place where you drew it out. Gradually draw it up, and a knot is formed. The great art in this style of embroidery consists in making the knots all lie very evenly, and in properly introducing the shades. In every color used, the lightest shade must be nearly white, to avoid any strong contrast with the white silk outline. The colors are indicated by letters, and the shading in the engraving denotes the shades of each.

- a. Fine gold thread.
- b. Blue.
- c. Purple.
- d. Blue green.
- e. Yellow green.
- f. Brown shaded through orange to yellow.
- g. Gold embroidery, worked with fine gold bullion
- h. Crimson.
- i. Thick gold thread.

The arabesque patterns of the sides are to be formed of the coarsest gold thread, laid on and sewed over. There is a slight error in the engraving, a single line being here and there substituted for a double one. This must be corrected in the work. The ends of the gold thread are to be drawn through the satin.

When made up, let the top of the slippers be trimmed with gold fringe, on the head of which a narrow *ruche* of ribbon may be laid. So many colors being used, almost any may be employed for the lining and *ruche*; but they ought to be the same.

COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.

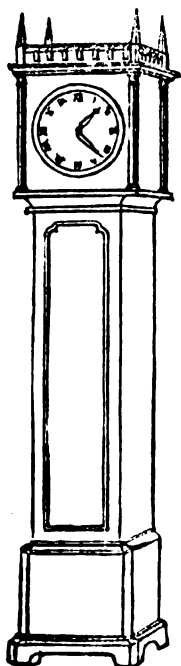


Fig. 2.

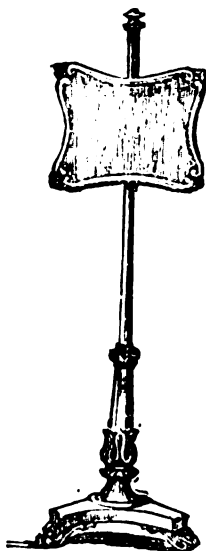


Fig. 3.

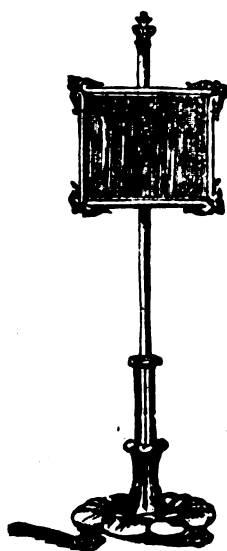


Fig. 4.

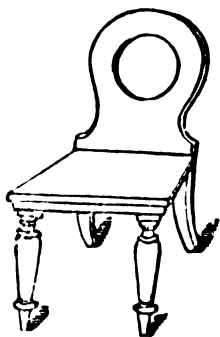


Fig. 5.

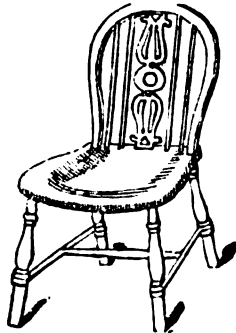


Fig. 6.

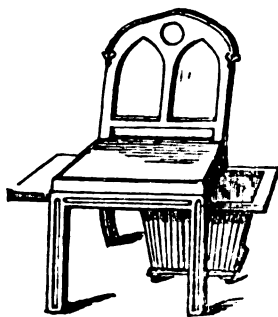


Fig. 1 is a clock-case in the Gothic style.

Figs. 2 and 3 are neat patterns for screens.

Fig. 4 is a lobby chair of wood in the Grecian style.

Fig. 5 is a Windsor chair of a highly approved pattern.

Fig. 6 is a Gothic parlor chair, with a work bag drawer under the seat.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We are often amused by the criticisms respecting magazine writers. People who wish to pass for wonders of wisdom, but who have little knowledge of general literature, usually condemn periodicals by the significant term, "poor trash." Addison they may have heard of, but think his papers must have been solid as statistics, and serious as sermons. Yet no magazine of the present day has more humorous stories, or tales and characters purely imaginative, than the "Spectator." Addison, no doubt, intended to make his work a manual of the real, the true, the noble, and the good; but the way in which these ideas were set forth and enforced was by showing, through the medium of fiction, how mean was the false, how miserable the selfish, how ridiculous the vain, and how hateful the wicked.

The "Lady's Book" has always been managed on a similar plan; nor is there any article admitted which is not intended to instruct either by example, sentiment, hints, or warnings. The lightest stories are never intended merely to amuse. Often the lessons of such are quite as impressive as that of the grave essays. Turn to the January number, page 7, and look over the excellent paper by Mr. Tuckerman. It teaches well and truly the littleness of human vanity, and the miserableness of the ambition "to be a shining character." Then turn to page 13, and read "The Old Cedar Chest." Does it not show the importance of education, and the improvement in schools, by the contrast between the language of the Aunt, who had no opportunities in her youth of learning grammar, and that of the children? And then the *letter*—will it not be a lesson to many a youth when penning a *bulletin*? And a lesson will, we hope, be taught young ladies by the story—that their youthful fancies are not always love—and that they will be happier in a single life than to marry a man they cannot respect as well as love.

VALENTINE'S DAY.—Some two years since, we suggested the present of a year's subscription to the Lady's Book as the most appropriate present a young gentleman could make to the lady of his heart as a VALENTINE GIFT. It will keep him in her mind the whole year through, if she knows his name, and keep her in a fever to find it out, if concealed. Try it, young gentlemen.

OUR TREASURY.

THOUGHTS CONCERNING ENGLISH WOMEN.

BY MRS. JAMISON.

In what regards government and politics, do we not find the interest of the many sacrificed to the few? while, in all that regards society, the morals and the happiness of individuals are sacrificed to the many? and both are wrong. I never can bring myself to admire a social system, in which the honor, rights, or happiness of any individual, though the meanest, is made to yield to a supposed future or general good. It is a wicked calculation, and it will be found as inexpedient as it is wicked.

We women have especial reason to exclaim against this principle. We are told openly, by moralists and politicians,

that it is for the general good of society, nay, an absolute necessity, that one-fifth part of our sex should be condemned as the legitimate prey of the other, predoomed to die in reprobation, in the streets, in hospitals, that the virtue of the rest may be preserved, and the *pride* and the passions of men both gratified. But I have a bitter pleasure in thinking that this most base, most cruel conventional law is avenged upon those who made and uphold it; that here the sacrifice of a certain number of one sex to the permitted license of the other is no general good, but a general curse—a very ulcer in the bosom of society.

The subject is a hateful one—more hateful is it to hear it sometimes alluded to with sneering levity, and sometimes waved aside with a fastidious or arrogant prudery. Unless we women take some courage to look upon the evil, and find some help, some remedy within ourselves, I know not where it is to come from.

It is a fact, upon which I shall take an opportunity of enlarging, that almost all the greatest men who have lived in the world, whether poets, philosophers, artists, or statesmen, have derived their mental and physical organization more from the mother's than the father's side; and the same is true, unhappily, of those who have been in an extraordinary degree perverted. And does this not lead us to some awful considerations on the importance of the moral and physical well-being of women, and their present condition in society, as a branch of legislation and politics, which must ere long be modified? Let our lords and masters reflect that, if an extensive influence for good or for evil be not denied to us, an influence commencing not only with, but before the birth of their children, it is time that the manifold mischiefs and miseries lurking in the bosom of society, and of which woman is at once the wretched instrument, and more wretched victim, be looked to.

THE MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

If the love of a mother be considered as an instinct which pervades all animated nature, it is not the less beautiful when exhibited in the human character, for being diffused throughout creation; because it proves that the Author of our being knew that the distinctive attributes of humanity would be insufficient to support the mother through her anxieties, vexations, and cares. He knew that reason would be making distinctions between the worthy and the unworthy, and prematurely consigning the supposed reprobate to ruin; that fancy would make selections, and dote upon one while it neglected another; that caprice would destroy the bond of domestic union; and that intellectual pursuits would often take precedence of domestic duties. And therefore he poured into woman's heart the same instinct which impels the timid bird to risk the last extremity of danger for her helpless young. Nor let any one think contemptuously of this peculiar capability of loving, because under the extinct it is shared with the brute. It is not a sufficient recommendation to our respect that it comes immediately from the hand of our Creator—that we have no power to control or subdue it—that it is

"strong as death"—and lastly, that it imbues the mind of the mother with equal tenderness for her infirm, or wayward, or unlovely child, as for him who gives early promise of personal as well as mental beauty? But for this wonderful provision in human nature, what would become of the cripple, the diseased, the petulant, or the perverse? Who would be found to fulfil the hard duties of serving the ungrateful, ministering to the dissatisfied, and watching over the hopeless? No. There is no instance in which the providential care of our Heavenly Father is more beautifully exhibited than in that of a mother's love. Winding its silken cords alike around every natural object, whether worthy or unworthy, it creates a bond which unkindness cannot break. It pursues the wanderer without weariness, and supports the feeble without fainting. Neither appalled by danger, nor hindered by difficulty, it can labor without reward, and persevere without hope. "Many waters cannot quench" it; and when the glory has vanished from the brow of the beloved one, when summer friends have turned away, and guilt, and misery, and disgrace have usurped their place, it steals into the soul of the outcast like the sunbeams within the cell of the prisoner, lighting the darker dungeon of the polluted heart, bringing along with it fond recollections of past happiness, and wooing back to fresh participation in the light and the gladness that still remain for the broken and contrite spirit.

If the situation of a wife brings woman to a right understanding of her own character, that of a mother leads to a strict knowledge of her own principles. Scarcely is any one so depraved as to teach her child what she conscientiously believes to be wrong. And yet teach it she must, for its "clear, pure eyes" are fixed upon hers to learn their meaning, and its infant accents are inquiring out the first principles of good and evil. How, with such a picture before her, would any woman dare to teach what she did not (implicitly, as well as rationally, and from mature examination, believe to be true? In a few days—hours—nay, moments, that child may be a cherub in the courts of Heaven. What if a stain should have been upon its wings, and that stain the impress of a mother's hand! or if its earthly life should be prolonged, it is the foundation of the important future that the mother lays. Other governors in after years may take upon themselves the tuition of her child, and lead him through the paths of academic lore, but the early bias, the bent of the moral character, the first principles of spiritual life, will be here, and here the lasting glory or the lasting shame.

There is no scene throughout the whole range of our observation more strikingly illustrative of intellectual, moral, and even physical beauty than that presented by a domestic circle, where a mother holds her proper place, as the source of tenderness, the centre of affection, the bond of social union, the founder of each salutary plan, the umpire in all contention, and the general fountain of cheerfulness, hope, and consolation. It is to clear up the unjust suspicion that such a mother steps forward; to ward off the unmerited blow; to defend the wounded spirit from the injury to which it would sullenly submit; to encourage the hopeless, when thrown back in the competition of talent; to point out to those who have been defeated other aims in which they may yet succeed; to stand between the timid and the danger they dread; and, on behalf of each, and all, to make their peace with offended authority, promising, hoping, and believing, that they will never willingly commit the same fault again.

THE LADIES' MEDICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.—The March number will contain an account of this important association.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Other Days," "Our Rector," "To the Mocking-Bird," "The Phantom of the Walash," "The Traitor's Doom," "Pause Not," "To Caroline," "Sonnet—Early Autumn," "My Sister," "A Comparison," and "Spring's Morn."

The request of G. W. C., of Alexandria, La., will be attended to.

A. F. B. will find in the "Lady's Book," for 1851, several articles such as she describes. But wait; we have something in preparation.

Literary Notices.

FROM JOHN P. JEWETT & Co., Boston:—

THE PIANO FORTE: A COMPLETE AND THOROUGH INSTRUCTION BOOK. *Selected, Compiled, and Arranged principally from the Works of Hummel, Burgmüller, Bertini, Beyer, Czerny, Hertz, &c., to which is added an extensive and Chaste Selection of Popular Airs, Waltzes, Polkas, Quick-steps, Marches, &c.* By Manuel Fenollosa. We give the title as the best exposition of the contents of this large quarto volume, handsomely printed, and worthy of attention by all teachers and learners of music. It appears to be an excellent work.

MR. JOB K. TYSON'S LETTERS TO THE BRITISH CONSUL ON THE COMMERCE OF PHILADELPHIA is one of the publications called forth by the wonderful progress of our country. So rapid is this advance that, when its statistics are carefully collected and fairly stated, they surprise even those most actively engaged in the movement. Who can suppress an exclamation of wonder when told that one hundred and seventy years ago the first settlement was made in Pennsylvania, and that, in 1840, the wealth of the State was computed at a total of "twenty-one hundred millions of dollars!" Since the last census it has greatly increased. But read the letters. Mr. Tyson is a warm-hearted Philadelphian, and has brought the rich stores of his historical and general knowledge to elucidate his subjects. The city could not have found a more able advocate.

From HENRY CAREY BAIRD (successor to E. L. Carey), Philadelphia:—

THE PRACTICAL METAL-WORKER'S ASSISTANT. Containing the art of working all metals and alloys, forging of iron and steel, hardening and tempering, melting and mixing, casting and founding, works in sheet metal, the process dependent on the ductility of the metal, soldering, and the most improved processes, and tools employed by metal-workers, with the art of electro-metallurgy to manufacturing processes; collected from original sources, and from the works of Holtzapffel, Bergeron, Leupold, Napier, and others. The original matter is purely American. The whole arranged, with numerous engravings on wood, to suit the American metal-worker. By Oliver Byrne, Civil, Military, and Mechanical Engineer, and author of a number of practical and scientific works. The title so explicitly details the contents of the work, that we need only say that it is neatly printed and bound, and contains nearly five hundred pages.

From E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia:—

AYLMERE; OR, THE BONDSMAN OF KENT, and other Poems. By Robert T. Conrad. The literary reputation of Mr. Conrad has been so long and so firmly established in the minds, and, we might add, in the hearts of his countrymen, that it would seem to be an idle attempt for us, at this late day, to eulogize his genius, or to portray the

chastened beauties or the manly energies of his imagination. The tragedy of *AYLMERE*, which forms the principal feature in the present volume, has fallen under the searching strictures of much sounder critics than we can pretend to be; and, although there may exist much diversity of opinion in regard to the original and historical character of the principal personage of the play, yet it has been over and over conceded that the author has brought to his aid some of the purest and bravest sentiments, and some of the loftiest flights of patriotism that have ever been uttered by the unshifting voice of freedom. As a play, its representation, under another title, has been witnessed with the most intense feeling, night after night, the hero, Aylmere, or Jack Cade, being performed by our native tragedian, Edwin Forrest, for whose peculiarly strong line of acting it was originally adapted. But, in its present form, divested of many of those peculiarities which were necessarily appended, in order to render it acceptable on the stage, it will be found a most worthy and a most agreeable companion of the poet and the philosopher; and, in the hands of the student of history, will awaken many new ideas, and may lead to new researches into the events and characters of the past which he has not yet dreamed of. The "dedicatory" sonnet to John Conrad, Esq., the father of the author, is beautifully and tenderly expressive of the love and affection of a son. Of the "other poems" which follow it is only necessary to say that they bear the same impress of genius, the same glow of sympathy for the wrongs and sufferings of humanity, and the same manly aspirations for the liberty and happiness of the world, which characterize all the writings of the gifted author.

From H. C. PECK & THOS. BLISS, N. E. corner of Third and Arch Streets, Philadelphia:—

THE YOUNG LADY'S MENTOR: a Guide to the Formation of Character. In a Series of Letters to her Unknown Friends. By a Lady. We may recommend this work to the personal and study of all young ladies, with a confidence in their improvement; for its teachings are founded upon a deep knowledge of the female character, and its standard of excellence is high, pure, and noble. The management of the temper, the choice of studies and amusements, the conduct in company, and in most of the situations within the sphere of woman, are touched upon in a manner calculated to awaken thought and infuse instruction.

THE LADY'S COMPANION; or, Sketches of Life, Manners, and Morals at the Present Day. Edited by a Lady. The universal thirst for variety has been consulted in the preparation of this work; yet there is a unity of design and a high purpose. Essays, sketches, tales, and poetry are gathered, like choice flowers, from the best gardens, to shed a fragrant, enlivening perfume for all who wish to partake. Precepts for the conduct of life, addressed particularly to females, assume every form of light and beauty to win the heart and strengthen the mind, while modes, manners, and customs are sketched with a truthful hand.

THE FLORAL OFFERING. *A Token of Affection and Esteem. Comprising the Language and Poetry of Flowers.* With colored illustrations from original drawings. By Henrietta Dumont. We know of no more beautiful idea than the construction of a language of flowers. How fitted to become the types of the hues of passion, and the bud, bloom, and decay of hopes, feelings, and even life itself! To the ladies, of whom a delicate taste is a distinguishing characteristic, the language of flowers is an important acquisition, opening to them a new field for the exercise of that taste as well as of the imagination. The "Floral Offering" contains a complete dictionary of all the flowers that are generally known, some account of the origin of,

and reasons for, their given meaning, and poetry, selected from the brightest stars in English literature, appropriate to their sense. The illustrations are beautiful, and the general appearance of the book very superior.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), corner of Fourth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

A METHOD OF HORSEMANSHIP, FOUNDED UPON NEW PRINCIPLES: including the Breaking and Training of Horses; with Instructions for Obtaining a Good Seat. Illustrated with engravings. By F. BAUCHER. Translated from the ninth Paris edition. The appearance of this book we hope will have a good effect in correcting the existing errors in horsemanship, and in establishing a more considerate and humane treatment of the noble animal than has heretofore prevailed in our country. In all the countries of Europe, where the system has been adopted, it has been acknowledged as more preferable and more successful than any that has been hitherto attempted. Kings and princes, soldiers, private gentlemen, and "the masters of the ring," have all attested its merits, and have joined in its unqualified recommendation.

Those who have witnessed the wonderful performances of Gen. Welch's horse, "May-Flv," a thorough-bred belonging to the racing stud of Baron Rothschild, will judge of the system of training when told that he was, before being subjected to the master hand, so vicious that he had to be brought upon the race-course in a van, so that he could see nothing till the moment to start arrived. The horses ridden by Derious, and by Caroline Loyo, with so much "grace, elegance, and majesty," as the translator of the work assures us, were also trained agreeably to the principles of Baucher. We are happy to state that the work has met with the rapid sale it so justly merited.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

FALL OF POLAND: containing an Analytical and Philosophical Account of the Causes which conspired in the Ruin of the Nation, together with the History of the Country from its Origin. By L. C. SAXTON. In two volumes. The historical reader will observe, by a single glance at the title of this work, that its contents are alike important in the complete education of the statesman and the philosopher, while they afford to every class of readers such lessons of patriotism, and such subjects for reflection, as cannot be without their salutary effects upon the minds of republicans.

NIGHT THOUGHTS ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY. By Edward Young, LL.D. With a memoir of the author, a critical view of his writings, and explanatory notes. By James R. BOYD, Editor of the "Paradise Lost," etc. This elegant edition of a great work by a Christian poet, who, though not equal to Milton in sublimity, was not inferior to him in sentiment or practical devotion, is highly creditable to the enterprising publishers. The printing, embellishments, and binding are equal to those of any book that has been presented to us this season.

From LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, at their New Store, No. 25 South Sixth Street, above Chestnut, Philadelphia:—

THE HEAVENLY RECOGNITION; or, an Earnest and Scriptural Discussion of the Question, Will we know our friends in Heaven? By Rev. H. HARBAGH, A. M., author of "Heaven; or, the Sanctified Dead." The author has brought a great many soothing reflections and sound arguments to prove the Heavenly Recognition, a subject which he seems to have studied with peculiar devotion. He has

also brought to his aid the opinions and the hopes of many eminent divines, whose names will have weight in settling the question, as far at least as human opinion can be made available on such a subject.

THE WOODBINE. *A Holiday Gift.* Edited by Caroline May. With illustrations. We regret that this very acceptable gift came too late, as well as many others of the same character, for a notice in the January number of the "Book." It is not too late, however, to say that the selections of the "Woodbine" would be a most acceptable gift in any season of the year.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM, OR STORIES FOR CHRISTMAS. With beautiful illustrations. By Rev. H. Hastings Weld, Rector of St. James' Church, Downingtown, Pa. As its title indicates, this is another of the elegant class of books intended for the holiday season. The good name and the good efforts of the reverend author are too well known, and too highly appreciated by our readers, to require any eulogistic notice of this instructive work from our pen. His zeal and his success in combining the useful with the elegant have long endeared him as a writer to the literary public.

A CATECHISM OF FAMILIAR THINGS: *their History, and the Events which led to their Discovery, with a short Explanation of some of the Principal Phenomena.* For the use of schools and families. By Emily Elizabeth Millement. Carefully revised by an American teacher. This will prove a very useful work among the younger members of every family, in the dissemination of useful and entertaining knowledge.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through LINDSAY & BLACKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HUMAN SPECIES, *its Typical Forms, Primeval Distinction, and Migrations.* Illustrated with numerous engravings. By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hamilton Smith, President of the Devon and Cornwall Nat. Hist. Society, etc. etc. With a preliminary abstract of the views of Blumenbach, Prichard, Bachman, Agassiz, and other authors of repute on the subject, by S. Kneeland, Jr., M.D. As will appear from its title, this work treats of subjects which have not yet been settled to the full satisfaction of any class of inquirers; and, as we know that there exist among them a great many doubts and opposing theories and speculations, it is not for us to decide as to the correctness or incorrectness of any of the views attempted to be established by the work before us. There can be no question, however, of their interest and importance to the development and progress of the natural history of man.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through DANIELS & SMITH, 36 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE IMPERIAL GUARD OF NAPOLEON: FROM MARENGO TO WATERLOO. By J. T. Headley, author of "Napoleon and his Marshals." Although the author says he lays no claim to originality for this work, it being a condensed translation of a popular history of the Imperial Guards by a French writer, the book has many illustrations, and is interesting.

From HARPER & BROTHER, New York, through LINDSAY & BLACKISTON, Philadelphia:—

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D. By his son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vol. 3. The numerous admirers of the truly great man, Thomas Chalmers, will be gratified with the appearance of this volume, which has been delayed some time in consequence of the severe illness of the author. It was at first announced that the memoirs would

be comprised in three volumes; it has been found necessary, however, to extend them to a fourth, in order to make them complete.

THE LILY AND THE BEE: an Apologue of the Crystal Palace. By Samuel Warren, F.R.S. This is a sort of poem, or rhapsody, with which the author was inspired during his visits to the late Crystal Palace.

MOBY-DICK; OR, THE WHALE. By Herman Melville, author of "Types," "Omoo," "White Jacket," etc. etc. This is what is called a compact volume of upwards of six hundred pages, all about "the whale," whalers, and whaling, being itself a perfect literary whale, and worthy of the pen of Herman Melville, whose reputation as an original writer has been established the world over.

SIXTEEN MONTHS IN THE GOLD DIGGINGS. By Daniel B. Woods. The experience of this author enables him to present a great deal of practical and amusing matter, which will doubtless prove of interest to the inquiring reader.

AIMS AND OBSTACLES. *A Romance.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. This romance commences "upon a dull, untidy night in the early spring," in a description of which the author compares the "Sunday Press" to the greedy house gutter "in a rain storm, collecting all the washings of other people's tiles to pour them forth again with additional filth of its own." It may be of some interest to know what the Sunday papers will say of Mr. James after this.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through DANIELS & SMITH, Philadelphia:—

A WREATH AROUND THE CROSS; OR, SCRIPTURE AND TRUTH ILLUSTRATED. By the Rev. A. Moreton Brown, author of "The Leader of the Lollards," etc. With a commendatory preface by John Angell James. This is an excellent little work, and ably commends itself to the perusal of every sincere Christian.

From TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, through WILLIS P. HAZARD, No. 178 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

FLORENCE, THE PARISH ORPHAN; and a Sketch of the Village in the last Century. By Eliza Buckminster Lee, author of "Naomi." The contents of this volume will gratify those readers who are fond of simple and affecting tales, when the moral is pure and the incidents within the bounds of probability. The first part has never before been published. The second has been out of print some time.

POEMS. By Richard Henry Stoddard. The author of this volume, we believe, is a friend, and, at the same time, a rival of Bayard Taylor. Without professing to have been very exact in the comparison, we think we discover a great deal of similarity in the style and sentiments of the two poets, and, of course, there is a great deal to admire in this collection.

A WONDER BOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. With engravings by Baker, from designs by Billings. A very neat volume, with many beautiful illustrations, the contents of which will be most acceptable to the younger class of readers, for whose amusement and moral instruction it has been prepared, but which even a "modern philosopher" might peruse with advantage.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLY. By the Spectator. Those who have admired the character, and been pleased with the eccentricities of Sir Roger de Coverly, as traced through the numbers of the Spectator, will be gratified to find that all the papers concerning him which have been deemed worthy of his reputation, will be found in this volume.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The poetry of Longfellow will always be popular with that class of readers who are fond of dreamy quietude

and mysterious speculations on the past and the future, to all whom this volume presents one of the richest treats, in that way, that has fallen from his pen.

From CROSBY & NICHOLS, Boston, through WILLIS P. HARRIS, 178 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

We have here a package of eight neatly printed and illustrated little volumes, intended for the instruction and amusement of the younger classes of readers. The contents of this juvenile library are all moral as well as instructive in their tendencies, and, by their variety, will greatly please and engage the minds of the little "progressives."

From BERKFOOT & CO., Astor House, New York, through the politeness of the AUTHOR:—

SCENES IN A SOLDIER'S LIFE. By J. H. WILTON, author of "Etheld," "The Outcast," etc. Having been a participator in the disastrous events which occurred in the British wars in Asia, particularly those of Siende, Beelvochriston, and Afghanistan, from the year 1838 to 1842, the author has been enabled to present to the reader a most thrilling description of his military adventures in a country, and among a people comparatively but little known.

DAN MARBLE: *A Biographical Sketch of that Famous and Diverting Humorist, with Reminiscences, Comicalities, Anecdotes, &c. &c.* By Falconbridge, author of "Provincial Dramas," "Scenes in Prairie-Land," &c. &c. We have received a copy of this amusing work from the author, a gentleman of excellent fancy, to whom the public is probably more indebted than to any other American writer for racy and humorous stories. This work will remind the reader of the "Memoirs of an Actor," but it is infinitely its superior in originality and sentiment; and, besides that, it refers to characters and to persons who, in their day, were universal favorites with the people. We hope the labors of our friend Falconbridge will be amply rewarded.

From JNO. R. THOMPSON, Richmond, Va.:—

NORMAN MAURICE; OR, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE. *An American Drama. In Five Acts.* By W. GILMORE SIMMS. This is a play of great merit and power, in which our friend has admirably succeeded in blending the dangers and quicksands of political life with the more refined and endearing sentiments of love and home.

From DEWITT & DAVENPORT, New York:—

GLANCES AT EUROPE: *in a Series of Letters from Great Britain, France, Italy, Switzerland, &c., during the Summer of 1851.* Including notices of the Great Exhibition, or World's Fair. By HORACE GREELLEY. The particular friends and admirers of Mr. Greeley have doubtless availed themselves of the contents of this work, as they were given to the public through the medium of the New York Tribune. To such as may desire to preserve his "Glances at Europe" in a portable form, the neatly printed volume before us presents an excellent opportunity.

From WILLIAM HALDREDGE, New York, through J. & J. L. GIBON, Philadelphia:—

WOMAN IN HER VARIOUS RELATIONS: *containing Practical Rules for American Females.* The best method for dinners and social parties; a chapter for young ladies, mothers, and invalids; hints on the body, mind, and characters; with a glance at woman's rights and wrongs, professions, costume, &c. &c. By MRS. L. G. ABELL, author of the "Grass on the Wayside," &c. A very sensible and a very useful book.

NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "The Lady and the Priest." An Historical Romance. By MRS. MABERLY.—"Spiritual Regeneration with Reference to Present Times." A Charge delivered to the Clergy of the Diocese of Ohio, on the thirty-fourth annual convention of the same in St. Paul's Church, Cleveland, October 11th, 1851. By CHARLES PETTIT M'ILVAINE, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese. The author is known as a pious and zealous Episcopalian, and his charge will, no doubt, be most acceptable to the people with whom he is connected in religious faith.—"London Labor and London Poor." By HENRY MAYHEW. Part 15. Price 12½ cents.—"Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." No. 18. Price 25 cents. This work continues to be highly interesting to the American reader. We observe, however, that, in speaking of the grave of Benjamin Franklin, the author says it is "overshadowed by the venerable church," meaning Christ Church, we presume; but the venerable church is in Second Street, and the grave of Franklin is in the burying-ground, and near the corner of Arch and Fifth Streets.

From J. B. RANDALL & J. N. LOOMES, editors and proprietors, Marietta, Georgia: "The Masonic Journal." Devoted to Masonry, Science, and Literature. Three dollars per annum. Well printed, and full of matter interesting to the "fraternity."

From WALKER & JAMES, Charleston, S. C.: "The Claims of Science." An Address delivered before the Euphemian and Philomathean Societies of Erskine College, S. C. (Due West Village, Abbeville District), at the annual commencement, August 13th, 1851. By CHARLES C. RICHARDS, A. M., Honorary Member of the Euphemian Society. Although there has been some delay in acknowledging the receipt of this able address, it may not be too late to speak either of its merits or of those of its author, in whom we are pleased to recognise our friend and cotemporary of the "Southern Literary Gazette." As an editor, Mr. Richards has long been favorably known to us, as well for his literary taste as for his efforts in the management of the arts and sciences, a hearty and patriotic regard for which he warmly inculcates and sustains in the address before us.—"Southern Repertory and College Review." Conducted by the Faculty of Emory and Henry College. Vol. 1.—No. 11. October, 1851. Emory, Virginia. This is a work of high literary, scientific, and moral character, and we hope that, as an energetic and enlightened auxiliary in the dissemination of knowledge, it will be ably and fully sustained by the public.

From HENRY CAREY BAIRD (successor to E. L. CAREY), Philadelphia: "Index to the Practical Calculator, for the Engineer, Machinist, Mechanic, Manufacturer of Engine-Work, Naval Architect, Miner, and Millwright." By OLIVER BYRNE, Civil, Military, and Mechanical Engineer, Editor and Compiler of the "Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine-Work, and Engineering." Illustrated by numerous engravings. This is the fourth number of a valuable scientific work now in course of publication, at twenty-five cents the number. The author has established for himself a high character among the mechanics and artisans of the country, and his works are relied upon with the greatest confidence for their accuracy and precision.

From the Office of the S. S. DEMOCRAT, Petersburg, Va.: "A Plain Treatise on Dental Science and Practice." By S. M. SHEPHERD, Dental Surgeon. A very valuable and comprehensive treatise on the various subjects connected with the science, and very useful in the hands of the operator, as well as of those preparing for an operation.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Messrs. Conenhoven, Scull & Co. the following new and excellent pieces, every one of which should be added to the musical library of our fair friends, viz. :—

I have Something Sweet to Tell You. A beautiful song by the lamented Mrs. Osgood; dedicated to and sung by Catherine Hayes.

Jenny Lind's Echo Waltz, and its companion, the *Bird Waltz*, introducing several of that artiste's most popular melodies.

National Guards' Polka Quickstep.

The music of the above is composed by Mr. Conenhoven, the talented and gentlemanly senior partner of the firm mentioned as the publishers, who are occupying the old stand at No. 184 Chestnut Street. Our friends will always find there an excellent assortment of music and musical instruments, and may be assured of the most gallant and gentlemanly attention.

They also publish Dr. Cunningham's beautiful song, *Bright Eyes*: the words by Freeman Scott, Esq. This is one of the most successful of the doctor's productions, and is worthy of its source.

Publisher's Department.

THE COTTAGE printed in tints in this number is from "Ranlett's" celebrated work on that subject—the best, probably, that has ever been produced in the United States. The publishers of the work are Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport, New York, who will furnish it in twenty numbers, at fifty cents each, or bound, royal quarto, for \$12.

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE.—A plate in imitation of a colored crayon drawing—a style now so very popular in these parts. We endeavor to keep pace with the times in the fine arts, not merely by mentioning them, but by giving illustrations of them. The "Figure Merchant" is a pretty picture. The other engravings are in the finest style of the arts. See the "Intercepted Letter," and our new style of Cottages, upon which we intend still to make an improvement.

VALENTINES TO EDITORS.—One of the prettiest we have ever heard of is a remittance for one or two years' subscription. Will some of our subscribers favor us with a Valentine of this kind? We shall ever remember it; and what is more, give them credit for it.

London.

MY DEAR MR. GODEY: Agreeably to the arrangement previously to my leaving home, I have now the pleasure to address you from this great metropolis of the world, and through your elegant "Lady's Book," to furnish to your fair readers some items of interest, which, probably, would otherwise escape their notice.

The Bloomer costume has not been so successful in this country as some of its warm American friends seemed to anticipate. Notwithstanding the lectures of Mrs. F. C. Foster, who made her appearance in a modified suit of the Bloomer costume, the virtuous public taste refuses to tolerate the innovation. There is a class, to be sure, in this country, as in every other country, and who, I understand, have partially adopted the dress; but it is not such a class as in this, or any other country, can have the least effect upon the moral defences and natural distinctions of society. It was rather fatal to the new dress that a Bloomer should have been burnt in effigy on Guy Fawkes' Day.

Mr. Samuel Beasley, the theatrical architect, died a few days ago, very suddenly. Independent of his great celebrity as an architect, Mr. Beasley was a successful dramatist and novel writer. So great was his success in the latter department of literature, that his "Oxonians" and "The Roué" have both been attributed to the pen of Bulwer, showing the high estimate placed upon Mr. B.'s talents and genius. He was liberal and generous, and yet had amassed a considerable fortune.

Miss Glyn, whose rapid advances as an actress was the theme of some wonderment not long since, has been creating equal surprise by her rapid improvement as a dramatic reader. She read "Antony and Cleopatra," at the Islington "Athenaeum," to an overflowing audience, to whom she imparted great pleasure by the extraordinary powers of her declamation, and her taste in unfolding the poetic conception of the author.

What will you think, by and by, of receiving a challenge for a game at chess, between Philadelphia and London, to be carried on through the "Ocean Telegraph"? But whether that shall happen or not—and yet it is not unlikely that it will happen—what do you think, for the present, of a game of chess between Paris and London, through the medium of the sub-marine electrical telegraph? The prize to be contested is 1250 francs. It was early alleged that gambling in stocks, and gambling in produce, in politics and war, would be among the evils of the telegraph. But this, I believe, is the first attempt to gamble by telegraph for money, either through the game of chess, or cards, or dice, to all of which it may be applied alike, we presume.

One of John Bull's engineers, at Dover, has been making some experiments in firing a cannon across the Channel by the Gutta-Percha Company's newly-discovered process. What has become of Queen Anne's pocket-piece, I do not know. She would be surprised, no doubt, to find it superseded by an India-rubber cannon.

The Spanish Government, it appears, has been providing a new home for the unfortunate Irish, by granting to emigrants two hundred and fifty square miles of country on the banks of the Guadalquivir, comprising 16,000 acres of the richest land, the same having been depopulated by the expulsion of the Moors. So goes the world. Indian depopulation in America, Irish depopulation in Great Britain, Moorish depopulation in Spain, and a most radical change and interchange of races everywhere. Guadalquivir! I like the sound of that word, for the sake of some dear associations with which it is connected with my own dear home. Has Anne Bishop been entirely eclipsed by the more recent acquisitions from Europe?

While Madame Kossuth was in this country, an address was presented to her by a deputation from the "Society for the Emancipation of Women." The request was that the wife of the Hungarian hero should express to these ladies her sentiments in regard to their efforts for the emancipation of the sex. In my opinion, the lady of Kossuth was more happy in her remarks than was her eloquent lord in many of his, in reply to the toasts of the populace. After thanking them for their personal attentions, she said that, with respect to the emancipation of women, she had in earlier years confined herself to the circle of domestic duties, and that latterly she had no leisure for speculations of that kind. She submitted herself, she said, to the guidance of her husband, and never thought of emancipation; having no idea, indeed, that she was enslaved. The reply was a good one, and will be the model of all good wives who have good husbands. I have curtailed it of some of its proportions; but there is enough left of the "little speech" out of which to form a good and wholesome argument. Adieu.

F. E. W.

ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND. By S. A. Godman and J. J. Lyons, Columbia, S. C.—This is a large and very handsomely printed paper, full of original and selected matter of the highest order of literature and usefulness, and warm in exertions for the development of the practical energies of the South. The columns of the "Friend" are adorned with a number of very elegant engravings. The Editor, S. A. Godman, Esq., is an able writer, and we heartily wish the enterprise success.

LECTURES ON GERMANY, FRANCE, ETC.—We attended a recent course of lectures delivered in this city by the Rev Morris J. Raphael, M. A., late of Birmingham, England, and confess that we were greatly pleased and edified by the minuteness of the lecturer's descriptions, and by the easy and unaffected style in which they were delivered. The course embraced lectures on Germany, France, Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Spain, their mountains, rivers, and people, and were the results of personal observation and impressions received on the spot. These lectures were preceded by a most excellent discourse on the geography and travels of the ancients.

MISS CATHARINE HAYES.—This charming and highly educated singer has made a professional visit to our city, and has delighted, by her simplicity and genuine pathos and feeling, all who have had the pleasure of hearing her. Of course, there have been different opinions in regard to the tones and the brilliancy of her voice, in comparison with the same powers as exhibited by Jenny Lind. Many have thought that Catharine Hayes greatly excels the Swedish Nightingale in the correctness and the sweetness of her higher efforts, and especially in the greater ease with which, in their consideration, she manages the versatile powers of her voice. But it is not for us to decide. We think them both excellent in their peculiar spheres, and are happy that both have been received with that respect which is the deserved reward of merit and talent the world over.

BOSTON EVENING GAZETTE.—One of the oldest weekly papers in the country. We are happy to know that its support at home is only equalled by the appreciation in which it is held by all New Englanders abroad. It has attained its fiftieth year, and presents no signs of decay. "Long may it wave."

ROOT'S DISPATCH.—We are gratified to learn that the proprietor of this great public convenience has greatly increased its facilities, and that it is now making five post-offices and four city deliveries daily. We are assured, also, that responsible and intelligent men only are employed as carriers, and upon each letter is stamped the date and hour of delivery. The energetic efforts of those connected with the office of the Dispatch to render it serviceable to our citizens, fully entitles it to their confidence and support.

ROOT'S DAGUERREOTYPES.—It was pleasant hearing from the World's Fair, that American ingenuity and skill had received at least some recognition; and this pleasure was enhanced by the triumph of Stevens' yacht. It is much to be regretted that Root was not there with his Daguerreotypes. For one, we are positive he would have gained the first prize, as he has never failed of a prize whenever he has exhibited in this country, which has been twelve times. These decisions, too, have been justified by the general acclamation of the public. Daguerreotypy ranks among the chief wonders of our wondrous age, and yet the improvement made in it by Root's indefatigable labors is hardly less marvelous than its first discovery. His pictures are

not merely exact, but exact copies of their originals. The counterpart is *scarce less life-like than the original*. His "crayon" or "vignette" Daguerreotypes, which he alone produces in our city, are lauded by artists to the skies. He offers to vend the right of making these exquisite pictures, and will also give instructions in the entire art of such painting. He has apparatus for taking the largest pictures producible in this country, and keeps for sale Daguerreotypic instruments of every size. The public are invited to visit his rooms, 140 Chestnut Street, and inspect his pictures.

SIGNOR BLITZ.—This ever-busy and kind-hearted little gentleman has been exerting himself most benevolently for some time past, in keeping our citizens in a good humor with themselves and with everybody else, by the exhibition of his wonderful powers of voice, and of his still more wonderful expertness in cheating people out of their eyes and their common sense. Blitz, owing to his kind and winning manners, is a great favorite with the younger personage of the family circle, but scarcely less a favorite with the mammas and papas, who love a good joke, or a well-performed sleight-of-hand, as well as ever they did. Old people cannot always be grave and solemn any more than the young and naturally light of heart, so they just go with the children to see Blitz, and to hear them laugh, and after awhile to join in the amusement.

MR. WILTON.—This gentleman, who accompanied Jenny Lind to this country from Europe, and who acted as the agent of the "Wizard of the North," during his recent visit to this city, is a most gentlemanly man, deserving of the confidence and respect, in a particular manner, of the editorial profession throughout the country. We make no apology when we offer a kind and grateful word in behalf of those engaged in public business, who have been kind and considerate in their attention to ourselves.

Receipts.

HALF-PAY PUDDING.—Four ounces of each of the following ingredients, viz., suet, flour, currants, raisins, and bread crumbs; two tablespoonfuls of treacle; half a pint of milk—all of which must be well mixed together, and boiled in a mould for three hours. It is an excellent substitute for Christmas plum-pudding; a small expense. To be served up with wine or brandy sauce.

SHORT-BREAD.—Rub one pound of butter, and twelve ounces of finely-powdered loaf sugar, into two pounds of flour, with the hand; make it into a stiff paste with four eggs, roll out to double the thickness of a penny-piece, cut it into round or square cakes, pinch the edges, stick slices of candied peel and some caraway comfits on the top, and bake them on iron plates in a warm oven.

SHAVING the head is always injurious to the hair, the bulbs being frequently destroyed by the process; and washing frequently with an alkaline preparation, such as soap and water, is decidedly objectionable, for that, as well as sea water, is very apt to change the color of the hair.

FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD, what is called a head-bath is useful. Fill a wash-hand basin with boiling-water, and add an ounce of flour of mustard; then hold the head, covered with a cloth to prevent the escape of the steam, over the basin as long as any steam arises.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Evening-dress of dark green brocade, over a slip of white satin. The corsage is open to the waist, the sleeves very short, and trimmed with broad blonde falls edged with a thread of gold. The dress itself has full raths of ivy and myrtle twined together, which form bands across the corsage and the front breadth of the skirt, contrasting beautifully with the satin. The head-dress is elaborate, consisting of ivy leaves and golden berries beneath a broad lappet of the same blonde which encircles the sleeves. None but a tall and elegant figure should venture on this costume.

Fig. 2d.—Dinner-dress of rich bouquet brocade. The sleeves are very large, of tropical patterns, as cactus, etc., and the only trimming bows of broad saffron ribbon from the corsage to the bottom of the hem. It will be noticed at the corsage is en *Marysue*, or opening square, instead of being pointed towards the waist. Chemisette and undersleeves of rich Valenciennes lace. Hair in plain bandeaux, with knots of black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 3d.—Child's dress of Mazarine blue French merino, with a coat of fawn-colored silk, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon. A hat trimmed with white, and blue gaiters, complete the costume. The child on the right of the picture is dressed more simply, in plain white. Apart from an interest as a faithful report of fashions, in the arrangement of the scene and its actors, our artist has displayed unusual good taste.

CHIT-CHAT UPON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

Of course, there is as yet little variation from the settled winter style; cloaks, bonnets, and dresses secured in January not having occasion to be changed. Evening-dresses are little variety, and furs are still the order of the day. It has occurred to us, in the dearth of incident, to give a few hints upon hotel-dress and etiquette, as our magazine catches many ladies who, though highly educated and refined, may yet lack an experience of the usages of society. We do not consider that dress alone makes the woman; but there are times when a lack of its fitness makes her very uncomfortable, and a little friendly advice would be warmly welcomed.

Let us suppose, then, that you suddenly determined to come with your husband, who is a Western merchant, to Philadelphia and New York for his usual supply of fall goods. Or perhaps you are just from school, and are travelling with a brother or an uncle who knows less of the proprieties of dress than you do of his cigars. Yet you are ready to all intent, and you do not care to appear awkward or out of, though watching to see what others do would destroy your self-possession. Well, then, you have your travelling-dress of dark merino, for it is winter now, and you should be careful to choose a color that will not easily spot or stain. The plainer this is made, the more convenient you will find it, though, if it is adapted to chemisette and undersleeves, the latter should be of cambric, and the former of plain linen, like the ordinary skirt fronts. Cambric undersleeves soil much sooner than muslin, but do not lose their stiffness so soon, and are much more comfortable. Buttons will be found more convenient than cuffs in a hurried toilet, and elastic bands will fasten them above the elbow. If they are tied in—a good plan usually—they cannot be so easily changed. Traveling dresses are sometimes made, the present season, with two

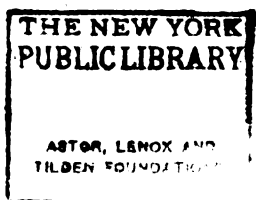
sets of sleeves, which can be changed by being tied in under the cap. Tight sleeves and cuffs can then be worn, which are really more serviceable than any other mode. But, however this may be, be sure you have a supply of clean articles out of your trunks, that you may be ready to effect the change at a moment's notice, if opportunity serves. Next to a face-bath, there is nothing more refreshing than a clean collar. Double dressing-gowns, of lined cashmere or mousseline, will be found very convenient in steamboat traveling, particularly upon the Lakes, where one is often too ill to pay much heed to dressing and undressing. We recently noticed ladies traveling in them in the night-cars on a southern railroad, the change being effected in the little room always attached for nurses and children. They were thus secured a comfortable night, so far as ease was concerned.

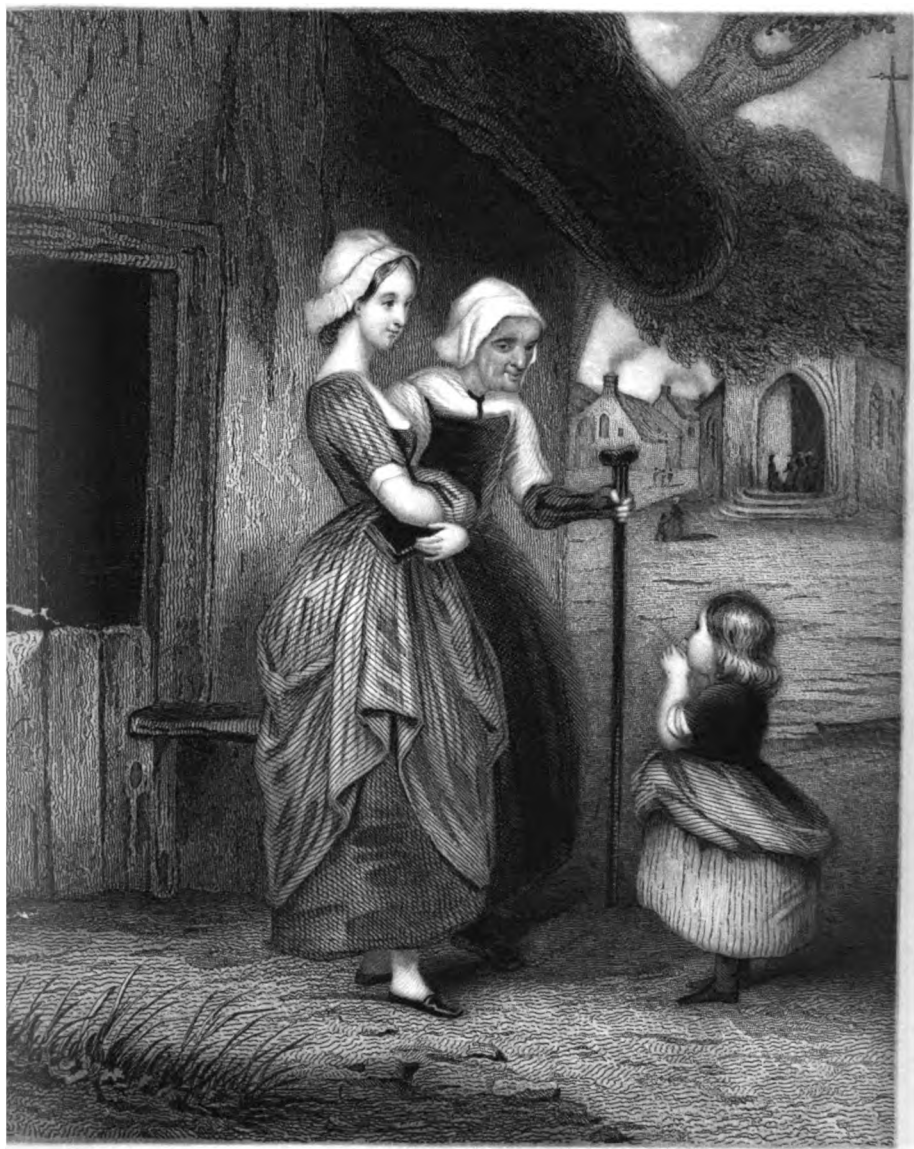
Arrived at a hotel—we will suppose it the Irving House—you are shown to a comfortable room, and are expected to dress for dinner. You would not find it comfortable to dine in the same costume you have worn for several days, perhaps nights, nor would you choose to go down in a chintz morning-dress. The other extreme is equally bad, although fashionable women not unfrequently are guilty of it. Only the past winter an attempt was made to introduce dress hats at the dinner-table of an up-town New York hotel; a fashion having neither comfort nor propriety to sustain it. Nor can we forget a bridal party that once made their appearance at a Chestnut Street house, coming down in a full evening costume, the bride in her veil and wreath even, which ought never to be worn after the ceremony, and all the party in white kid gloves. This was evidently intended to "astonish" the boarders and transient visitors, and certainly effected its object. Never was a party more quietly ridiculed, or sinning so blindly against propriety. We did not wonder when the gentlemen pronounced it "dull," and voted "a move;" and the poor bride, after being the source of amusement to the whole parlor, very unwillingly consented to the proposition.

We have already remarked upon the bad taste that would expose the neck and arms at a *table d'hôte*, in the full glare of daylight, and seated next to an entire stranger. Nor is a display of jewelry exactly consistent with good taste, diamonds, at least, looking almost as much out of place as a bridal veil. A plain silk or cashmere, with neat collar and cuffs, is all-sufficient. Pretty undersleeves add much to the effect of any dress. We must not forget to notice, in this connection, the fault that is often committed of mixing two kinds of lace; as in a costly dress we lately saw, a lady appeared with an expensive Valenciennes chemisette and application undersleeves! If possible, both collar and undersleeves should be of the same style, be it embroidery or lace. Unless you are going out, the dinner-dress should not be changed in the evening, even to receive calls in the parlor. We have before given general rules for the choice of evening dresses, and would only add that concerts at Tripler Hall, and usually Castle Garden, are not considered dress concerts, while those at the Musical Fund generally are. In no case, however, is a bonnet proper for a concert or opera, although many always wear them.

A morning-dress at a hotel may be of chintz, cashmere, or mousseline; never of silk, or made so as to attract the attention of strangers. Aprons are quite common, and expensive laces or embroidery are never good taste at a breakfast-table. To sum up all we have said, no lady need feel ill at ease in the most fashionable house, if she consults neatness and propriety in her dress, as regards time and material. Overdressed people are to be met with everywhere; but they should never be taken as guides or critics.

FASHION.





THE NO TRACERS SUNDAY MORNING.

THE NO TRACERS SUNDAY MORNING.

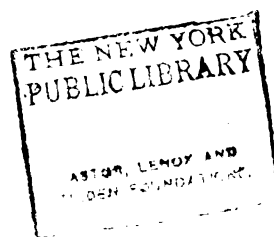
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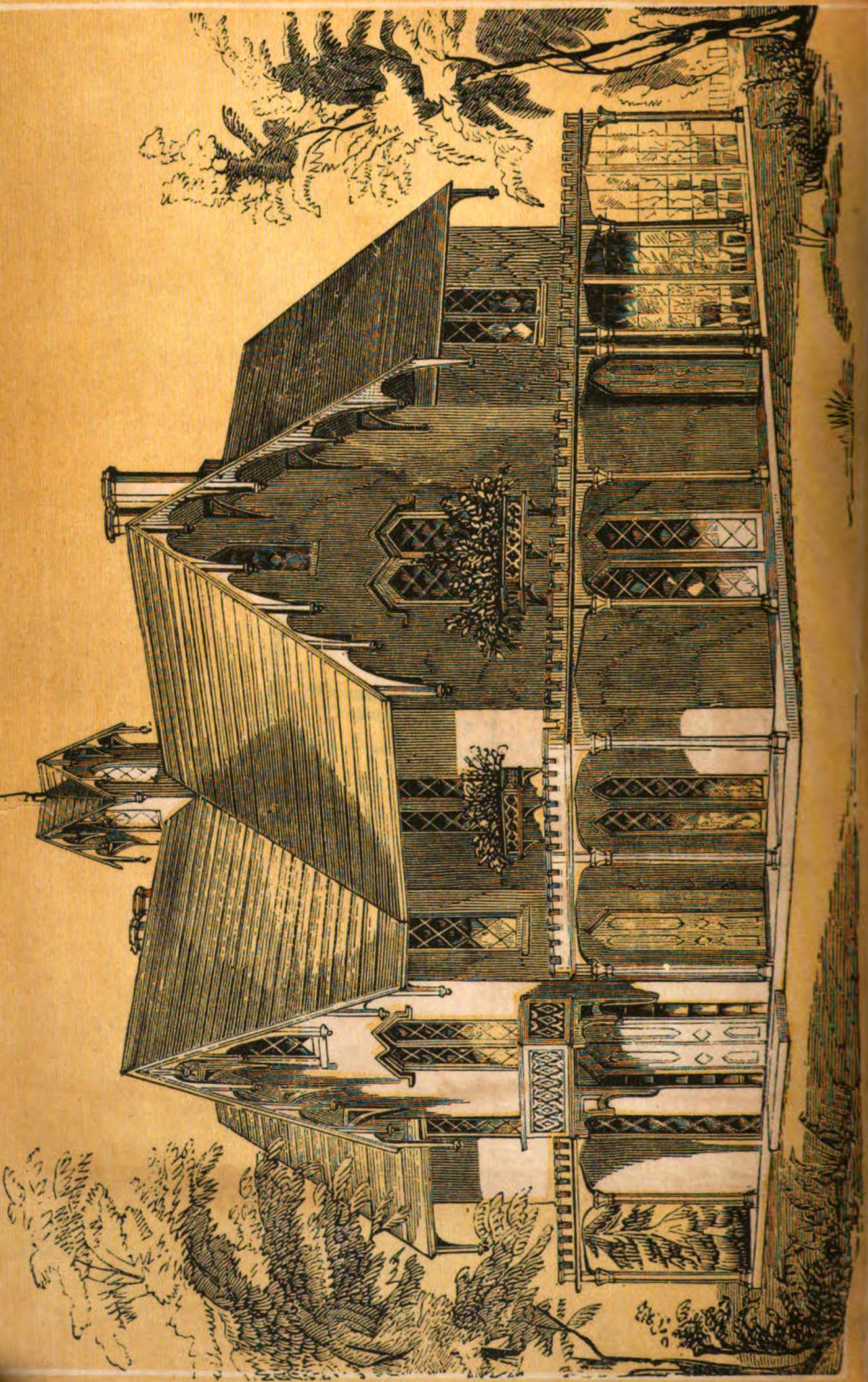
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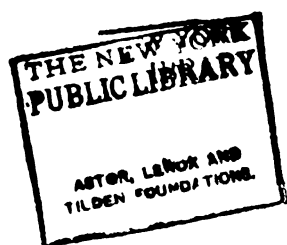








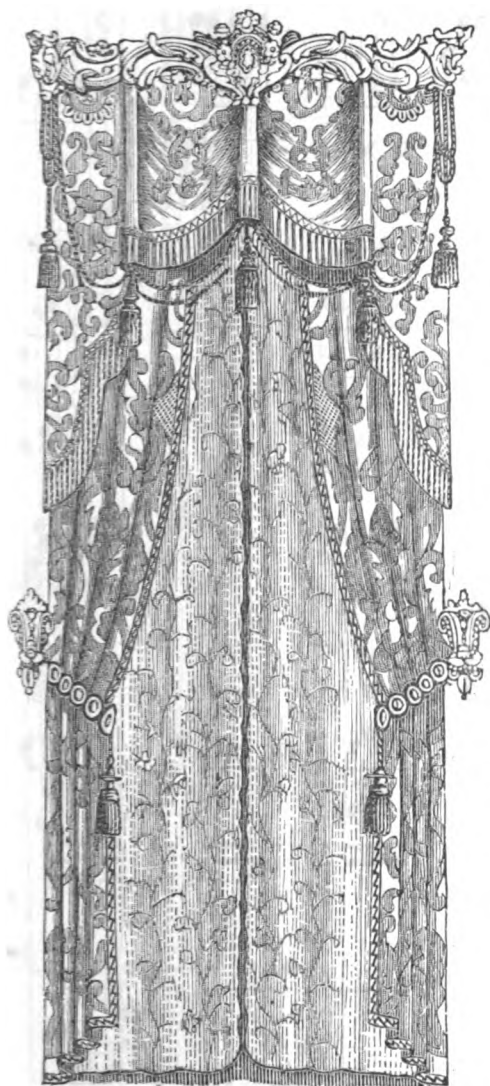
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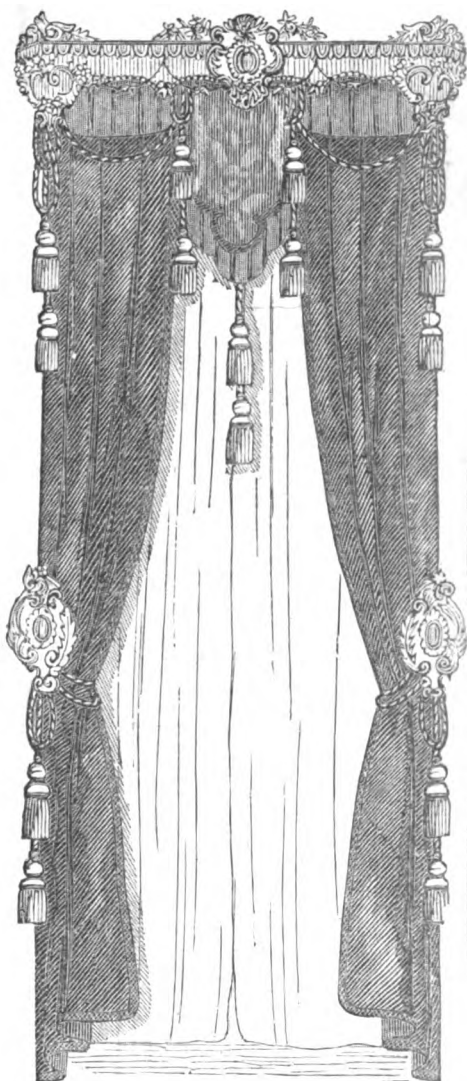
FASHION PLATES

FOR DECORATING PARLOR WINDOWS.

No. 1.



No. 2.



Curtains ready made, or materials for Curtains of the above and various other patterns, can always be had at W. H. CARRYL's fashionable Curtain Store, No. 169 Chestnut Street, corner of Fifth.

Mr. Carryl has promised to furnish us for publication the latest spring and fall Paris styles for Window Curtains. (For description, see page 227.)

RECORDS FOR THE RECORDERS.

WORDS BY "NILLA,"

MUSIC BY E. C. DAVIS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

ANDANTINO.

LEGATO.

1. Ye come to me in dreams, ba-by, In visions of the night; Thy blue eye full of

p

bless - ed - ness, is glanc - ing on my sight; The mu - sic of thy breath, ba - by, is fall - ing on my ear, In

those dear old ac - cus - tom'd tones, I lov'd so well to hear.

2

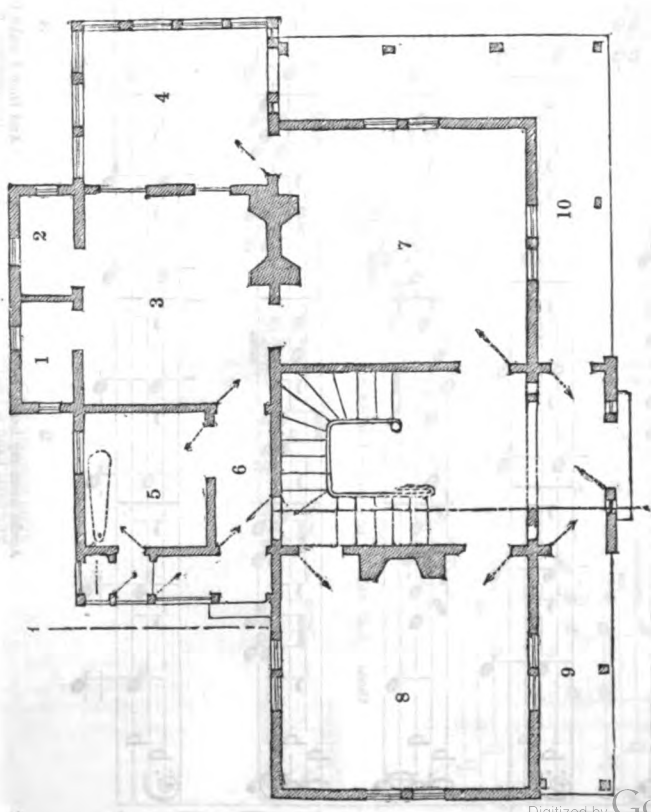
Again upon my heart, baby,
 Thy little hand is prest;
 Again thy little nestling head
 Is pillowed on my breast:
 Again my lips are murmuring
 Low words of love and prayer,
 I strive to draw thee closer yet,
But ah! when thou waken'st me—

3

And then I wake to weep, baby,
 Remem'ring thou art dead;
 And never more can my poor heart
 Pillow thy little head!
 Yet I am happy even now—
 This thought my grief disarms—
 A few short months I fondly clasp'd
An angel in my arms!

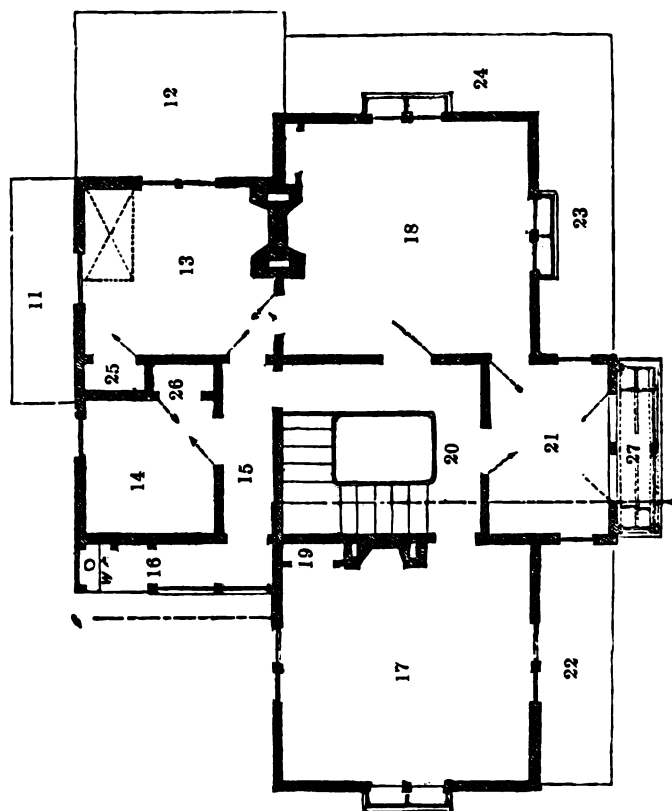
4

But loftier minds than mine, baby,
 Will now instruct thy youth,
 And holier hearts will point the path
 Of innocence and truth.
 Thou wert my blessing here on earth,
 And though tears dim my eyes,
 I feel that I am richer far
 To have thee in the skies!



PRINCIPAL STORY.

1. Store-room, 4 feet broad. 2. Pantry. 3. Kitchen, 12 by 13 feet. 4. Green-house, 12 by 10 feet. 5. Bath-room, 8 by 8 feet. 6. Passage, 3 feet 4 inches broad. 7. Dining-room, 15 by 16 feet. 8. Parlor, 15 by 16 feet. 9, 10. Veranda, 5 feet wide.



SECOND STORY.

- 11, 12. Roof. 13. Bed-room, 10 by 12 feet. 14. Bed-room, 8 by 8 feet. 15. Passage. 16. Gallery. 17, 18. Chambers, 15 by 16 feet. 19. Closet. 20. Landing. 21. Library, 11 by 7 feet 3 inches. 22, 23, 24. Roof. 25, 26. Presses. 27. Balcony.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1852.

THE COTTAGERS' SUNDAY MORNING.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Engraving.)

Age clings to earth. Can any question why,
Or ask the reason that, in slow adieu,
The aged eye, with retrospective view,
Looks down and earthward, rather than on high?
Children and children's children, gathering round,
Its tremulous vision to the present bound—
Affection's fair horizon. Not so bright
Is the gay beaming of day's coming light,
Fringing the clouds with purple and with gold,
As is the glory of fair childhood's dawn,
Affection's promises, their own second morn,
To the glad feelings of the happy old.
It hides all else. Oh! be the fault forgiven,
If, in our children's love, perchance we slight e'en Heaven!

And they who twofold joys and duties hold—
As children honoring the loved and old,
As parents guiding up the loved and young—
How may we wonder, with such feelings fraught,
The doubly blest are joyfully distraught,
Living and loving such fond claims among!
In the calm features of that dear old face
The deep-lined record of the past we trace;
Through the child's eye are future glances cast:
Between those two extremes, with thoughtful brow,
The middle-aged stand, whose day is now—
The bands between the future and the past.
Oh! earth is pleasant to such groups as this—
Then wonder not if such look for no higher bliss!

Earth's joys are fleeting. He who kindly gave,
May, in His wisdom, take the gift away;
What shall we rest on when our earthly stay
Lies in the silent slumber of the grave?
Oh! happy they, the humble and the meek,
Who love God's Sabbaths—"Heaven once a week!"
For in His house we learn, and from His Word,
That He the fatherless doth aye sustain;
To Him the widow looketh not in vain—
And, to the weary, rest doth He afford.
Let then our thoughts above the earth be borne,
And God will lift us earth's distress above,
As, with hearts gladdened in his heavenly love,
We hail, with reverend joy, His holy Sabbath morn!

To those who humbly toll for humble fare,
How sweet the respite of the Sabbath day,
In which, by higher aims, they drive away
The week-day thoughts of want and weary care,
While godless Dives liveth on, unblest
With the true pleasure of the Sabbath rest.
Then grant us, Lord, all else though Thou withhold,
That richer treasure than all stores of gold—
Content with godliness. In love with Thee
So pass our days, that we may ever see
Thy hand about us, and, whate'er befall
In the pure spirit of the heavenly poor,
Attain the riches which alone endure
And bless the smiling grace which made One Day for
all!

SONNET.—URANIA.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

The shining stars, "Heaven's Poetry," we see,
And read their characters of living light,
Writ on the ebon canopy of night:
Hearst thou, Urania! too, their melody;
Fw, on the lofty rock-based pyramid
Of Science thou, from age to age, hast stood—
On watchtowers, far and near, the great, the good,

Assistant sentinels. In Eden did
Our first forefather "gaze awhile" the sky;
On Shinar's plain, with thee, his vigil kept
The wise astronomer, nor wearied slept,
All else hushed in repose. The mystery
Of myriad million moving worlds, see him
Pry into still, as erst did morning seraphim.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

AN INCIDENT OF EGYPT.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

(See Plate.)

THE period had at length arrived when the disrepute and disfavor into which the English army had fallen with the nation at large, after the disastrous expedition to Walcheren—a disrepute so complete, that many bold and patriotic men did not hesitate to assert that no body of British troops could be brought to stand a conflict with the more numerous armies of the Continent—was about to pass away.

The English fleet had, for the second time, come to anchor in the famous Bay of Aboukir, whose echoes had resounded such a knell to the heart of France from Nelson's thunderous cannon; and, on the 8th of March, Lord Keith, who commanded the naval part of the expedition, embarked five thousand picked men, although without artillery or horse, in three hundred and twenty boats, and launched them against the enemy, who had prepared batteries along the sand hills, among which they lay covered from the artillery of the fleet, and ready to receive the invaders.

The morning was beautiful, the sun shining brilliantly, and the steel-blue waters of the Mediterranean breezeless and limpid as a vast azure mirror, in which were glassed the white and sparkling sand hills, and the few scattered palm trees, which were sprinkled at rare intervals along the low and monotonous coast.

The boats, drawn up in a huge semicircle of two lines stretching across the tranquil waters, moved on in unison, at first with a slow motion, the cannon of the English fleet roaring over their heads and scourging the shores with their tremendous fire, in order to cover their landing. At first, the French guns replied only with a few single shots, discharged to try the range; but, when the boats had come within grape distance, the water was torn up and swept by their prodigious cannonade, shattering the oars, sinking several of the boats, and wounding many of the sailors and the men. But it was all in vain against the impetuous audacity of the invaders. Chéering each other till the stunning roar of the ordnance was almost drowned in the joyous echoes of the English hurrah, they rushed on with increasing speed and emulation. It was, literally, a vast, well-contested boat-race, with a battle-field for the goal, and death or glory for the prize of the victors.

The whole mass now, as if propelled by one com-

mon impulse, drew near to the shore; now they touched bottom, and, leaping instantly into the sea, although it was above waist deep, the soldiers rushed forward to the sandy beach, cheering as they ran, formed before the enemy, harassed and ravaged by the fire of the English gun-boats during their advance, could molest them; and, hurrying rapidly to the intrenchments, were met by the French 75th and 61st regiments with a terrible fire, which they supported admirably, and, charging with the cold steel while the French were in some confusion, owing to the inequalities of the ground, threw them into confusion and carried the heights.

Here they were twice charged home by the French 18th and 20th dragoons, and, although they were not shaken by the first assault, which they repulsed with the loss of many men and horses, were subsequently much disordered by a second fiercer home charge, which failed, however, to extricate the 75th, as it was now falling back in great confusion. In the mean time, the 61st had gained some advantages on the right of the English lines, and had even forced back some of the men into their boats, when, the second line arriving, the 42d and 79th Highlanders rushed in with their Scottish slogan, their waving plumage, and gay tartans, gorgeous in the sunshine, and, emulated by the royal Irish, with their wild charging yell of "Faugh a ballagh!" re-established the action in an instant. The insupportable weight of their terrible and sustained fire and the impetuous dash of their bayonet charges soon made way through the French; and, though they fought well, and resisted obstinately, holding their ground to the last, they were compelled reluctantly to fall back; and with the loss of eleven hundred men killed or wounded in that brief but terrible encounter, the five thousand British soldiers, who alone had landed on the wild Egyptian sea banks, deployed their shattered but victorious bands along the summit of those well-disputed sand hills.

Thereafter, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of March, the English landed, and organized their whole forces, getting on shore their ordnance, ammunition, and provisions, the whole army amounting to sixteen thousand soldiers, with two thousand sailors, who were employed in dragging the artillery through the deep sand which composed the soil of the country over which they had to pass. Their

road lay along an extended embankment between the Lakes Mahadieh and Mareotis and the interior of Egypt, along which ran the great canal and the high road to Alexandria.

On the 12th, they set forward on their march, confident and in the highest spirits; for the events of the debarkation and the action of the sand hills had satisfied the English that they were capable at least of contending on equal terms with the best of the continental armies, and both officers and men were elated, and looked forward with eager anxiety to fresh contests and new victories.

The sailors cheerily, though not without vast toil and difficulty, dragged the artillery along through the deep sands, while the gunboats on the lakes and canal supported their flanks on the right hand and the left, and rendered them secure against all attack in that quarter.

On the evening of the 12th, they reached the junction of the embankment with the high grounds of Alexandria, and, in the following morning, debouched from the sand hills, among which they had been marching in three divisions, consisting of a great square flanked by two large bodies arranged in close column—a faulty arrangement as against cavalry, to resist which they were especially designed—with two other divisions to the right and left, marching along the lake-shore on the left, and the sea-shore on the right, where they were perfectly defended by their gunboats.

On the centre division, at daybreak, Lanusse and Friant launched the 22d chasseurs, supported by the 4th and 18th light infantry regiments; but, although the horse cut through a line of infantry which was in advance of the great square, killing many, and throwing the whole force into confusion, the infantry were unable to support the terrible fire of the English and Highland regiments, and were in the end compelled to retreat with the loss of six or eight hundred men. The loss of the English forces was even heavier; for, owing to the superiority of the French artillery and to their own want of cavalry, they had been ravaged by the shot from the heights, and had suffered fearfully from the sabres of the chasseurs. They were weakened by the loss of nearly fifteen hundred men, though still victorious and elated.

The bivouac on the torrid sea-sands followed, and soundly, sweetly slept the worn and wearied soldiers, a little way removed, and but a little from the red spot where many a trusty fere and many a gallant foe slept that long sleep that knows no earthly waking. But few thoughts such as these disturb the minds of men whose every faculty has been and is exerted to the utmost by the hard, actual realities of unrelenting warfare.

Few sounds disturbed the silence of the weary bivouac, save the wild, plaintive howl of the desert jackal, wandering, like an unquiet spirit, among the bodies of the slain, to which a wondrous instinct

snuffing the tainted gale had led it, by the roaring sea-banks of Aboukir, far from the depths and solitudes of its native wastes, and converted it, for the moment, from the tracker of faint and famishing caravans into the follower of conquering or defeated armies. At times, the deep and resonant cry, "All 's well," would rise mournfully upon the night air from the lips of some near sentinel, and would be taken up by another and another voice, farther receding into the glimmering distance, till it would die away among the remotest precincts of the guarded bivouac—and there would again, for a while, be night and silence, the very carrion-hunting wild dogs of the desert ceasing from their infernal chorus in the presence of the dread majesty of the human voice divine.

At length the hours of the night lagged slowly onward, the glimmering stars paled in the purple skies, a few faint streaks on the horizon's eastern verge announced to the watchers of the host the advent of the day—of the day fraught with fresh toils, perchance with fresh havoc, agony, and slaughter.

Brighter and brighter grew the distant flush of the pearly and cloudless skies, and with it grew a dull, increasing hum around the watchfires, a buzzing, indistinct, and tremulous murmur, as that

"Of bees aroused, and arming in their fires."

A ruddy glow shot upward to the zenith, and, like a ball of living fire, the great sun heaved his disk above the level sands, which glowed like gold in his awakening lustre. A heavy gun boomed out its salutation to the morn, drums rolled, and the bugles of the light infantry were answered by the braying pipes of the Highland regiments, and the long files of scarlet jackets faced the new-risen sun in regular and orderly array, and a full-hearted English cheer pealed far and wide over the lone and irresponsive sand hills, as a manly form rode along the front, followed by an aid-de-camp and an orderly officer, the greeting of a conquering host to him who had so nobly led them—the good and gallant Abercromby.

All that day was consumed in landing men and munitions, in organizing hospitals and depots; but, when the sun went down, its last rays shone upon the proud array of fifteen thousand British foot, exulting in the first dawn of victory, which never thenceforth turned her back upon their red-cross banners, until the sun of Austerlitz had set forever in the drear night of Waterloo.

On the day following, the march was resumed, slowly and wearily, through the deep scorching sands, where water was scarce and brackish, shelter none, and the toils and sufferings of the soldiery almost intolerable. Still on they went, resistless, though not unresisted. At the pass of Ramanieh, by the Lakes Mahadieh and elder Mareotis, by the time-honored camp of Cæsar—where once had rung

the brazen trumpets of the world-conquering legions, and marched that iron-disciplined, majestic infantry, the equal of which the world had never thought to witness, until the Anglo-Saxon roused him from the repose of centuries to build a vaster empire, and gird a mightier globe than ever filled the most ambitious vision of the antique Roman—At each and all of these the British army fought and conquered.

Nor, in the whole of that unrivaled host, was there one regiment that could outvie the kilted Camerons, the noble 79th, renowned from Hindostan to the New World beyond the western sea, and yet to win fresh laurels by the Pyramids of Egypt, the rocky ramparts of the Pyrenees, the bloody battle-grounds of Flanders.

Deeper havoc was not wrought amid the gallant ranks, sterner resistance was not offered to the fiery onslaught of the French Eagles, than by the solid and wall-like formations of the sturdy Highlanders, than by the murderous roll of the incessant volleys; and, when their arms were leveled to the charge, and Scotland's slogan replied wild and shrill to the deep and steady cheers of England, what earthly force could abide the brunt of their serried bayonets, what heart not bound and thrill to that fierce yell, the forerunner of certain triumph? Enough! It was upon their fluttering plumes and waving tartans that the last glance of noble Abercromby fell, as he sank in the arms of glory; it was their headlong charge that filled his glazing eye; it was their deafening cheers that burst upon his ear, and told him that he died not vainly, but victoriously, for England's—the world's freedom.

And Alexandria had fallen, and England's arms rolled onward, and still the solid columns of the plumed and plaided Highlanders were in the first wave of that onward, roaring tide, the sparkling of their bayonets the foam on its foremost billow.

The sun had sunk in the west, luridly crimson through the hot haze, and his last level rays had gilded the far-distant spires of the great pyramids, on which the sons of the stern north gazed with intelligent, yet wondering eyes. Night fell, and, in a long, long line, the watchfires gleamed in bright perspective over the level sands, stretching away into the endless distance. With guns unlimbered, and troop horses picketed, and muskets stacked beside them, and tall sentinels with shouldered arms gravely and silently stalking to and fro, their comrades off duty chatted round the fires, or, rolled in their checkered plaids, slept, all forgetful of past labors and coming perils.

It was a stern and solitary, but a glorious picture; for, far away on the very verge of the low horizon, the full moon was now setting with one thin streak of blood-red vapor—was that a sign of coming slaughter?—crossing her disk, and in her misty and

uncertain light, uploomed, awful in their stern majesty of forgotten ages, the immemorial pyramids.

In the front of that great world-wide picture—so vast appeared the bare expanse of the naked and almost treeless sands—blazed a small, solitary watch-fire, and, close before it, with his head and shoulders propped on a small sand bank, from which arose a single stunted palm tree, there slept, as tranquilly as though he had been dozing away the languid afternoon of a summer's day, a youthful Highlander, the chevrons on whose sleeve told that he had achieved his first step of promotion, and was already, scarcely more than a youth in years, a sergeant of the 79th. His firelock and his bonnet lay beside him; but war, or the implements of war, were not in the mind of the sleeper; for, as the fitful gleams of the fire played over his bold, sunburnt features, a bright smile gilded them.

Ah, far away, far away from the burned sands and level desert was the soul of the mountaineer, at home among the rocks, with his foot planted, in imagination, on his beloved heather! It was but a short space before, that he had arisen and heaped fresh fuel on the fire, and then, as he lay half waking, half asleep, his eyes dwelt, scarcely conscious, on the dense smoke wreaths which surged upwards. Then they seemed to assume strange and fantastic shapes, to assume new, unwonted hues, to tower into far blue crags and mountains, with heathery slopes between; and well-known forms of favorite goats browsing upon their purple bloom, and an all-unforgotten shieling, with the light smoke-wreath of domestic peace upcurling over it, nestled at the roots of the overtopping hills. The soldier slept—the soldier was at home.

The cheers of his neighbors filled his ears; their forms, hurrying down to meet the returning wanderer, met his eye; but there were sights and sounds sweeter far than these, about him. Soft arms were wound about his neck, a low voice murmured in his ear, a loved form filled his arms—his own, own Jeanie—and clinging to her skirts an infant Joan, unborn when its father left his far Caithness at loyalty's and glory's call, and, speeding fleet as the wild roe to greet his daddie, his first-born boy, the pride of his honest heart, his own wee Donald.

There came upon the silence of the night a musket shot, another, and another—the startled roll of the alarm drums—a rattling volley. The Highlander sprang to his feet, grasped his firelock, but never raised it to his shoulder more. A ball crashed through his brain, and he fell, scarcely conscious if this were not the dream, and the dream reality.

He never moved again. The soldier's dream of home was ended, unless, perchance, it was dreamed out in Heaven.

FABLES. 1900!

BY THE LATE WM. A. JONES.

THE fable is the earliest form of fictitious composition, a species of didactic allegory or moral satire, couched under the guise of an apologue. It is an illustrative method of teaching duty, by example rather than by precept. It reaches the difficult end of impressing principles by a vivid representation of sensible images, or the intelligent discourse and action of the brute part of the creation. In the society of beasts, we are taught the moral and social obligations of men, while in their characters we find the features corresponding to those of our own species. Qualities are thus strikingly and naturally set forth, that affect us more by a characteristic delineation of them than we would be affected by long lectures on the vices and virtues, or by the most elaborate analysis of the passions and affections. Bacon has declared in favor of the natural love for imaginary representations of realities, fair pictures of the shows of things, in poetry and the drama, and, indeed, in all the efforts of the imagination, from the innate desire of the soul to attain at least glimpses of something better, and beyond our ordinary sphere. The imagination paints thus in richer colors than the practical understanding, while invention is truer than experience, and the ideal is more real than our common ideas of reality.

The fable inculcates rules of moral prudence, by exhibiting the evil of neglecting, and the benefits that flow from observing, them. It teaches a direct and strict morality, yet a metaphorical morality rather than ethical dissertation.

The matter of fable is morality and fiction wisely and skillfully intermingled; the form is prose or verse. Hence this intermixture of the real and ideal, the probable (in fiction) and the true (in morality). Fable lies on the border land between prose and poetry. A fable may be written in plain prose, or embodied in agreeable verse. Yet the verse is not of the highest order; it falls, naturally, under the head of *meæ pedestris*, a humble, if not the humblest, class of poetical writing. The majority of fabulists have written in prose, probably from the greater facility of composition.

Fables are partly narrative, partly descriptive, admitting of humor of character and incident, and witty satire, more gay than grave. They allow rarely the display of passion or of pathetic situation; yet they admit, at times, of both. In general direct and circumstantial, they are occasionally dramatic in spirit, and include lively dialogue. As to the wit and humor of fables, we quote a sentence of one of the most sensible of living writers, Mr. Home,

to this effect: "All the great writers of fables—writers who are among the best instructors and noblest benefactors of their species—have been humorists rather than wits."* Because, as we infer, they are, for the most part, loving, genial instructors, and not harsh, arbitrary, censorious; philanthropists and not misanthropes. At least, this character applies to the masters, Pilpay, *Æsop*, Lafontaine, and Gay.

Thus much by way of preface and dissertation. We intend to occupy the remainder of the present paper with a series of sketches of the leading fabulists; all we may not hope to mention. Nor can we promise any deep philosophy of the matter, leaving that to the Herders and the learned German critics in a mass.

The East, the fountain of all wisdom and imagination, the mother country of sages and poets, the land of wonders and marvels in nature and art, the land of magic and monsters, of countless treasure and luxurious beauty, with debasing poverty and squalid wretchedness—the East, the glorious and degraded East, was, and in a sense still continues to be, the true land of fable, whence it originated, and where its greatest masters appeared: in Palestine, China, Arabia, Persia, and India.

The oldest fable in existence is Jotham's parable of the trees, which occurs in the ninth chapter of Judges: "The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou and reign over us. But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said all the trees unto the *bramble*, Come thou and reign over us. And the *bramble* said unto the trees, If, in truth, ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and, if not, let fire come out of the *bramble* and devour the cedars of *Lebanon*."

A most cutting satire. The absurd conceit and pitiful wrath, amounting almost to profanity, of the *bramble* is placed in a vivid light. This political

* New Spirit of the Age.

fable was too well founded, and too pat, to fail of practical application, and the ingenious author of it was forced to secure his safety by flight, from the vengeance of folly in power.

The Chinese Bilpai (Pilpay), or the Arabian Lokman, perhaps one and the same person, is the acknowledged father of Eastern fable—the source of the largest number of the apologues of that land of fable. With the Persian Saadi, he, or they, constitute the chief names in this department of Oriental genius—a form of composition essentially Oriental. Teaching by fable doubtless appears the most natural method to an Oriental, whose imagination finds metaphors everywhere, whose love of moral instruction seems instinctive—(all their writings have an ethical cast)—whose humanity to beasts is notorious—in no other part of the world do we hear of asylums for animals sick, aged, or maimed)—whose style of instruction is peculiar, in which you find united a patriarchal authority to a pastoral simplicity; and whose whole manner of life, comparatively quiet and thoughtful, begets a tendency to moralize on the beauties of nature and on the brute creation, no less than on the characters of men, and the prospects and probable destiny of the human race. If it were necessary, which we cannot think it is, to seek Divine sanction for any class of writing, we might find it for the fable, which closely resembles the parable, and is identical with it, except that the former has a wider scope, and reaches its end by more various means. Teaching by parable was the favorite mode of instruction employed by Him “who spake as never man spake,” and whose lessons were confirmed by living examples.

The very existence, no less than the individuality of Pilpay, is disputed. Some regard his name and that of Lokman as convertible; while others regard the body of fables passing under their names as belonging to a great common stock. The French writers are the fullest on this, as on most Oriental subjects; elaborate and exact. They give a probable history of Pilpay—a sort of *quasi* biography. The Persian was also a poet, and none the worse fabulist for that. Pilpay, alone, we can read. He is full of sense and penetration, and a capital moral satirist. Though often referred to, the translation of his fables is very scarce.

The next great name, the one universally known, and in popular estimation, the greatest of all the fabulists, is *Æsop*, of whom the brilliant critic speaks thus admiringly: “There is a wit of sense and observation, which consists in the acute illustration of good sense and practical wisdom, by means of some far-fetched conceit or quaint imagery. The matter is sense, but the form is wit.” “The ancient philosophers also abounded in the same kind of wit, in telling home-truths in the most unexpected manner. In this sense, *Æsop* was the greatest wit and moralist that ever lived. Ape and slave, he looked askance at human nature, and

beheld its weaknesses and errors transferred to another species. Vice and virtue were to him as plain as any objects of sense. He saw, in man, a talking, absurd, obstinate, proud, angry animal, and clothed these abstractions with wings, or a beak, or tail, or claws, or long ears, as they appeared embodied in these hieroglyphics in the brute creation. His moral philosophy is natural history. He makes an ass bray wisdom, and a frog croak humanity. The store of moral truth and the fund of invention, in exhibiting it in eternal forms, palpable and intelligible, and delightful to children and grown persons, and to all ages and nations, are almost miraculous. The invention of a fable is to me the most enviable exertion of human genius; it is the discovering a truth to which there is no clue, and which, when once found out, can never be forgotten. I would rather have been the author of *Æsop's Fables* than Euclid's *Elements*.”*

To this admirable criticism, we must add our hearty assent. The justness and nicety of the thought are only to be paralleled by the force and brilliancy of the style. Yet, though we admire the spirit of the judgment, we must correct a popular error into which the critic has fallen. *Haslitt* calls *Æsop* ape and slave; yet, from the best accounts, we conclude him to have been a freedman, the stories about whose deformity are probably as correct as those of Richard III., whose defects of nature appear to have been very slight, after all. *Æsop* may have been lame, but not deformed. He was a Phrygian, born about the middle of the sixth century before Christ, the oldest Greek fabulist, and the father of all the later European writers of fable, the source whence modern authors have universally drawn material, characters, and incidents, whose pictures they have only re-colored, whose landscapes and figures they have sketched, seldom without obscuring the original brightness of the first, or weakening the spirit of the last. The most popular translation into English by *L'Estrange* is a model of its kind, one of the most idiomatic versions ever put forth of any author. This volume, with *Croxall's* plates—no great things compared with later engravings—was the study and delight of our boyhood, as it ought to be of every schoolboy. Nor do we think that any elegance of type, or richness of illustration, or fineness of paper, can ever produce the impressions made upon us by the plain wood-cuts, coarse paper, and board covers of this unpretending little volume.

Æsop is the Pilpay of Europe, but more versatile, witty, and satirical.

Phædrus is *Æsop* in Latin and in verse. The *musa pedestris* is the muse of the Latin fabulist, who is a prose poet. We do not know this writer as we ought, but retain a certain feeling for him, as his volume happened to be our first school premium.

* Lecture on Wit and Humor. English Comic Writers.

The old German, from the earliest period, and down to Lessing, and later still, is rich in fabulous literature. The great Middle Age apologue of Reynard, the Fox, is the gem; a grand comic epopee, a humorous satire, worthy of the great German literature. Its author is unknown, or at least very doubtful. We do not know that the Italians or Spaniards have any fabulists of general reputation. Portugal boasts her *Yiarte*, of whom we are not competent to speak.

In modern times, France and England have produced the classic fabulists, Lafontaine and Gay. The former country has doubtless clever minor writers in this department; but Lafontaine's fame as a cosmopolitan writer has quite eclipsed theirs. The French have given true admiration to Lafontaine. D'Alembert used to say of him that he was the writer, of the great men of Louis XIV., whom Nature would find it the hardest to reproduce. Not that he was the greatest of them, but that his genius was the most individual. Much as we might say of Charles Lamb, of the present century, Wordsworth is the greatest writer, a grand poet; but Lamb's genius is peculiar and fine, to a degree unapproached by cotemporary writers. The same criticism may be applied to Prior and Sterne.

La Bruyère has left the best portrait of Lafontaine, whose simplicity of character, absence of mind, and conversational deficiency are well known: "A person who appears dull, sottish, and stupid, knows neither how to speak nor relate what he has seen. If he sets to write, *no man does it better*: he makes animals, stones, and trees talk, and everything which cannot talk. His works are full of nothing but elegance, easy, natural sense, and delicacy."

Mr. Wright's versions of the French fabulist, however faithful and spirited, do not give one so good an idea of Lafontaine as Gay in his delightful fables, and Prior in his graceful tales. The French writer appears to unite the sweetness, the simplicity, and *saute* elegance of the former, to the arch wit, bon-homie spirit, and delicacy of style of the latter. Mere invention neither can lay much claim to. Both Prior and Lafontaine borrowed largely their plots and the incidents of their tales from earlier writers, French and Italian—Rabelais and Boccaccio—who, in turn, derived their materials from still older writers.

"In wit a man, simplicity a child," Gay is intellectually, and was, we suspect, personally and socially, twin brother to Lafontaine, the idol of his friends, as well as one of the glories of the age of Anne—so much underrated just now, because inferior to that of Elizabeth, and because injudicious admirers had called it the Augustan age of our literature—and still is at the head of English fabulists. Good fables have appeared from other hands. Good old Doctor Cotton; and wise Johnson, with his oriental fancy and pomp of expression, so telling in an Eastern apologue; keen, penetrating

Franklin; and caustic Swift, have, at different times, written morality, worldly wisdom, prudential maxims, or severe irony, in the form of fables. Among the poets, from Chaucer to Cowper, and down to the latest versifier, old fables have been reproduced and translated into rhyme; but, though some of these writers are much superior to Gay in other respects, none so well and truly as he have hit the mark. His fables are often original in plan and matter, as in execution. The "Beggar's Opera" and the "Pastorals" place Gay much above the Frenchman; but these works do not come fairly into the question. Pope's correspondence shows Gay the darling of that most choice and picked society. He is spoken of, even by the saturnine Dean, with warmth and affection; and, from all we can learn of him, he fully deserves the admirable epitaph of Pope—a noble piece of eulogium, truly to deserve which marks the English Lafontaine as the possessor of one of the noblest hearts, as well as one of the finest heads of that brilliant era:—

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humor tempering virtuous rage,
Formed to delight at once and lash the age:
Above temptation, in a low estate,
And uncorrupted ev'n among the great;
A safe companion and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end:
These are thy honors! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY!"

With these fine verses, we conclude a brief and imperfect sketch. Since that day, we have had many able, fine, brilliant writers, some men of genius, and many more of talents; but, with all our intellectual opulence, we have still but one Pope, and but one Gay.

SONG.

BY JACK LEEWAY.

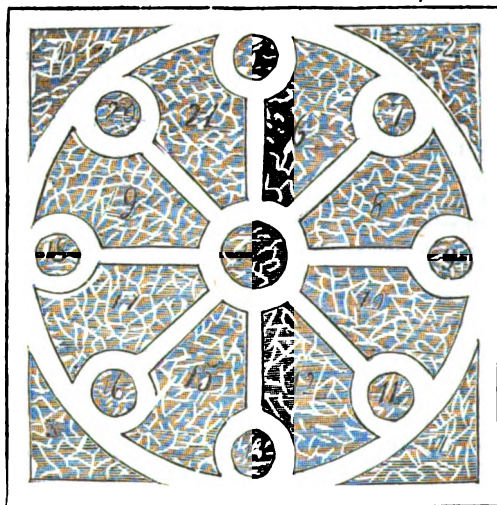
A song! a song of the calm clear deep!
The canvas flaps, the wind is asleep;
The last blue line of the coast grows dim,
Above and around the sea-gulls skim.

A song! a song of the wild young seas,
The white caps foam in the rising breeze;
The porpoise darts in his gay career,
The ship is out in an offing clear.

A song! a song of the mountain swell!
The straining ropes of a tempest tell
The barque flies on in a living gale,
Till a squall strikes down both mast and sail!

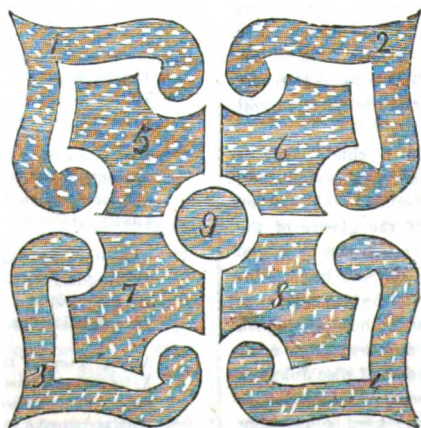
A song! a song of the roaring surge,
As its curling summits beachward urge!
Despair hath charged on that parting deck,
With earthquake voice—that ship is a wreck!

PLANS FOR FLOWER GARDENS.



FLOWER GARDENS are of two kinds: those which are planted with flowers indiscriminately in the borders are called mixed flower gardens; and those which are of a regular shape, as shown in the figures, and which are planted in masses of flowers of one kind, are called geometrical flower gardens. Mixed flower gardens require comparatively little care to arrange and keep in order, as the principal objects to be attended to are to have the tallest plants placed farthest from the eye, and to keep the plants sufficiently distinct to prevent them from being drawn up for want of room. The geometrical flower garden, on the other hand, requires great care in its arrangement; for, as the plants form masses of color, if the colors do not harmonize with each other, they

produce a very bad effect. It is, therefore, necessary to draw out a plan for a flower garden, and to color it before it is planted, as then, if the colors do not harmonize, they can be changed with little trouble. In a geometrical flower garden, the colors must be contrived so as to produce as striking effect contrasted with each other, and the plants must be so chosen as to be nearly of the same size, so that the garden, when seen at a distance, may have the effect of a Turkey carpet. The walks in a geometrical flower garden are either grass or gravel, but as in the latter case they must be bordered with box, the garden generally looks better when the beds are on grass.



AN APPEAL TO AMERICAN CHRISTIANS ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES' MEDICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY MRS. SARAH J. PALE.

A few ladies of Philadelphia have lately formed an association for the purpose of advancing educational and Christian improvement. The following preamble from their "Rules," &c., will best define their plans:—

"Believing that God, in committing the care of the young especially to woman, imposes on her the duty of preparing herself, in the best possible manner, for her important vocations, among which are the care of her own health, the physical well-being of her children, and tendance on the sick, suffering, and helpless; and finding, also, that the BIBLE recognizes and approves *only woman* in the sacred office of *midwife*, therefore we, who give our names to this benevolent association, agree to unite in the following purposes:—

"1st. To co-operate with the efforts now being made in this city of Philadelphia, to qualify women to become physicians for their own sex and for children.

"2d. To give kindly encouragement to those females who are engaged in medical studies.

"3d. To give aid and sympathy to any among them who may desire to become missionaries, and go, in the spirit of love, to carry to the poor suffering women of heathendom, not only the blessings of the healing art, which Christian men can rarely, if ever, bear to females in those lands, but also the higher and holier knowledge of the true God, and of salvation through his Son, Jesus Christ."

The propriety of admitting young women to the study of medicine, and qualifying them to become physicians for their own sex and for children, is now not only generally acknowledged in our country, but has, to some extent, been provided for. Miss Blackwell, the pioneer in this praiseworthy undertaking, after graduating with the highest honors from an American medical college, went, as our readers are aware, to Paris and London to complete her studies. Having won from the faculty in those cities the acknowledgment of her full qualifications to practice the art of medicine and enjoy its degrees of honor, she has returned to this country and opened her office in the city of New York. Several other female graduates are now in full practice in that city and in Philadelphia.

In Boston, "The Female Medical Education Society" was organized and opened its School in November, 1843. In April, 1850, the Society was incorporated by the Massachusetts Legislature. After a

protracted debate and severe scrutiny of the subject, only four votes were cast against it, which proves most conclusively the favorable opinion this respectable body of men entertained for female medical education. The School thus incorporated has received from sixty to seventy female students, many of whom have already gone into practice as nurses and midwives; but, as a full course of medical lectures was not given, none have graduated as physicians. The plan is now to be perfected,* and we may expect it to prosper greatly. The "Society" pledged to support this College numbers, we believe, nearly two thousand persons, among whom are found the names of distinguished statesmen, clergymen, physicians, merchants, and "honorable women not a few." New England has fully sanctioned the medical education of women. Indeed, the "physicians of Boston" deserve much respect for their liberal views† in regard to this effort to reinstate woman in the natural and Scriptural custom of tendance on her own sex, which must also include all necessary knowledge of the diseases of childhood.

But Boston is not alone in this great, because

* N. E. FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.—Arrangements having been made for a complete course of medical instruction by six Professors, in the different departments, the Boston Female Medical School is hereafter to be known by the name of New England Female Medical College; and, under this arrangement, is to commence in February, 1852.

† HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The Corporation of Harvard College, and the Professors in the Medical Department of the Institution, located in Boston—the Board of Instruction consisting of Drs. Walter Channing, Jacob Bigelow, John Ware, John S. B. Jackson, Oliver W. Holmes, Henry J. Bigelow, and E. N. Horsford—have recently given their testimony in favor of the Medical Education of Females, by deciding to admit a female pupil to that institution for the term of 1850-1.

The application was, however, withdrawn; the Students having, among other Resolutions (as published in the Boston Transcript), "*Resolved*, That no woman of true delicacy would be willing, in the presence of men, to listen to the discussion of the subjects that necessarily come under the consideration of the students of medicine. *Resolved*, That we are not opposed to allowing woman her rights, but do protest against her appearing in places where her presence is calculated to destroy our respect for the modesty and delicacy of her sex."

It must be obvious to every one that the students were correct in their views, and that propriety, and the "respect" of which they speak, require a separate School or Hospital for the professional education of women; and that much more do those considerations require that female practice among their own sex.

good, work. "The Female Medical College of Pennsylvania" was incorporated in 1849, and opened at Philadelphia in 1850. During these two years, it has numbered about sixty students in all, though a number were only attendants on particular branches. Its plan of studies and lectures corresponds with those of the male medical colleges in this city; its students are very assiduous, and give promise of much usefulness; and several are expected to graduate at the close of the present session.

The views and reasons which have led to the establishment of the two colleges thus briefly noticed, may be best understood by extracts from their own publications. The following is from the Introductory Lecture of one of the Faculty, who opened the "Female College" at Philadelphia:—

"The education of Females as Practitioners of Medicine is not the only aim or intention of the Trustees and Faculty; they desire, by a complete course of lectures in medical science, to show her the delicate and beautiful machinery which her Creator has formed, that thus she may be enabled to aid the suffering, make the path of the departing less rugged, and teach her associates to repel in advance the insidious approaches of disease, to which she now, from ignorance of their effects, too freely exposes herself and her offspring."

In April, 1851, the "Female Medical Education Society of Boston" asked the Legislature for aid. The committee to whom the petition was referred made a favorable report, from which we will quote—

FEMALE PRACTITIONERS IN MIDWIFERY.—Your committee have no hesitancy in expressing the opinion that there ought to be a class of thoroughly educated females for this department of professional duty. So far from being a departure of woman from the duties appropriate to her sex, it appears peculiarly her province. And it seems an unfortunate oversight, that this branch of female education has thus far been neglected in our country. In the countries of the Old World, women have filled this office from the days of the "Hebrew Midwives" to the present time. The governments of most of the European States provide institutions for the education and training of this class of persons, and allow none to practice but those who are properly qualified.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.—The education of females as physicians is specified as one of the objects of the society that petitions for aid. It is not, however, expected that they are to supplant the present medical profession, but rather be auxiliary to it, thus rendering it more complete and useful. There is at present a want in this respect that has been felt and expressed by many physicians; and, in reference to which, the testimony of an eminent medical authority will here be presented.

Professor Meigs, of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in his recent work on the Diseases of Females, thus speaks upon this point: "The relations between the sexes are of so delicate a character, that the duties of the medical practitioner are necessarily more difficult when he comes to take charge of any one of the great host of female complaints, than when he is called to treat any of the more general disorders. So great, indeed, is the embarrassment, that I am persuaded that much of the ill success of treatment may justly be traced thereto.

main, from any want of competency in medicines or medical men; but from the delicacy of the relations existing between the sexes; and, in a good degree, from a want of information among the population in general as to the import, and meaning, and tendency of disorders manifested by a certain train of symptoms.

"It is perhaps best, upon the whole, that this great degree of modesty should exist, even to the extent of putting a bar to researches, without which no very clear and understandable notions can be obtained of the sexual disorders. I confess I am proud to say that, in this country, generally, certainly in many parts of it, there are women who prefer to suffer the extremity of danger and pain, rather than waive those scruples of delicacy which prevent their maladies from being fully explored. I say it is an evidence of the dominion of a fine morality in our society."

In cases where these difficulties are nearly or quite insurmountable, Dr. Meigs recommends the call of a midwife, if one is to be found, to assist in the investigation; thus giving his testimony in favor of having a class of educated women of this description, if it be only to act as assistants to physicians.

It is obvious, however, that the evils in question may readily be removed by the education of females as physicians for their own sex.

To these reasons might be urged others equally important, and one of such serious magnitude as no Christian should overlook. It is proved by data* which cannot be questioned, that the practice of midwifery by men is not only injurious, but destructive of human life. In Boston, for several past years, out of 4000 annual births, the dead-born have averaged 300 yearly, or one in every fourteen. In the Hospital of Maternity, in Paris, entirely under a Female Superintendent, Madame Boivin, out of 21,502 births, only 783 were still-born, a fraction over one in twenty-eight; about half the ratio in Boston!!!

Let these facts be considered, and we do not see how any conscientious man or woman can withhold approval of this plan of female medical education and practice. It is not new. The intrusion of men into the department of midwifery was first permitted by the profligate Louis XIV., in the case of his mistress, Madame La Vallière, in order to conceal her shame. The unnatural and degrading practice has never been prevalent on the Continent of Europe; not even now in France, where there are, in the city of Paris alone, over six hundred licensed midwives, and several hundred are every year educated by Government for the provinces.

It is in England and the northern and middle portion of the United States that man-midwifery chiefly prevails. Yet it is but about eighty years since it was first ventured upon in America. It cannot long continue, now that public attention is called to the subject, and it is found that, in nine-tenths of the world, female physicians for their own sex are, and ever have been, employed successfully, and that there is actually less feebleness among women in

* See "Letter to Ladies in favor of Female Physicians for their own Sex." By Samuel Gregory, A. M. Published in Boston, 1780.

those countries than in our own, where constitutional ill health in the mothers is fast making us a nation of invalids. This is not directly the fault of the regular physicians, perhaps, but results, indirectly, from the increased ignorance of women respecting their own diseases and those of their children, since the practice has been monopolized by men. This ignorance leads people of both sexes often to employ quacks and resort to poisonous nostrums.

Ignorance and mystery always induce superstition, and the false is then worshiped for the true. Why else do we see, in this city of Philadelphia, the boasted seat of Medical Science, where six colleges for the regular training of doctors are located, that quackery lifts its head like a second tower of Babel, and steam-engines are driving onward the manufacture of pills and potions, as though these were to support the nation? The inventors and preparers of these medicines win the confidence of the people from the regular physician, and gain wealth while he studies in vain—because he has kept his art in concealment, particularly from woman, who is the real conservator of health, as of home. Let the good and learned physicians of Philadelphia open Schools for training female medical students, and permit any lady who pays the matriculation fee of five dollars to attend one course of lectures, and their halls would be crowded. The study of medicine belongs to woman's department of knowledge; its practice is in harmony with the duties of mother and nurse, which she must fulfil. It is not going out of her sphere to prescribe for the sick; she must do this by the fireside, the bedside, in the "inner chamber," where her true place is. It is man who is there out of his sphere. And now let the effort be to give all females that knowledge of the laws of health and of their own frames which will lead them to improve the modes of training children and preserve them from the need of medical treatment.

Then, when real diseases occurred, and danger was apprehended, the most worthy and eminent physicians would be employed, trusted, honored. Quackery would be swept away as superstitious notions are when the people are enlightened, and the learned Professor of Medicine would no longer be eclipsed by every pretender who can prepare a pill and pay for a puff.

But this Appeal, which "The Ladies' Medical Missionary Society" now makes to the Christian public, is mainly in aid of preparing the wives of missionaries to act as physicians for the women and children among whom their station, either Domestic or Foreign, may be found. And, more important still, we wish to aid in educating pious unmarried ladies who may be willing to go out as Medical Missionaries. What a blessing to a mission family to be accompanied by a competent female physician, who would be an adviser as well as comforter in the hour of sickness! She might act as Teacher till

called to her profession; and, though she would practice gratuitously among the poor in heathen lands, yet, when an entrance was gained to the more wealthy, she would doubtless receive rich presents, and be able to assist, materially, the cause of missions.

All heathen people have a high reverence for medical knowledge. Should they find Christian ladies accomplished in this science, would it not greatly raise the sex in the estimation of those nations, where one of the most serious impediments to moral improvement is the degradation and ignorance to which their females have been for centuries consigned?

Vaccination is difficult of introduction among the people of the East, though suffering dreadfully from the ravages of the small-pox. The American Missionary at Siam writes that thousands of children were, last year, swept away by this disease in the country around him. Female physicians could win their way among these poor children much easier than doctors of the other sex. Surely the ability of American women to learn and practice vaccination will not be questioned, when the more difficult art of inoculation was discovered by the women of Turkey, and introduced into Europe by an English woman! Inoculation is one of the greatest triumphs of remedial skill over a sure, loathsome, and deadly disease which the annals of Medical Art record. Its discovery belongs to women.* I name it here to show that they are gifted with genius for the profession, and only need to be educated to excel in the preventive department.

Let pious, intelligent women be fitly prepared, and what a mission-field for doing good would be opened! In India, China, Turkey, and all over the heathen world, they would, in their character of physicians, find access to the homes and the harems where women dwell, and where the good seed sown would bear an hundredfold, because it would take root in the bosom of the sufferer, and in the heart of childhood.

Such were the views and hopes of the ladies who formed this Association. We have been, thus far, greatly encouraged. Our Society was organized November 12th—not one month ago. Already we number over fifty members and donors; and, what is of more value than money, we have received the cordial approval of eminent clergymen belonging to each of the great denominations of Protestant Christians.

* What appears to be another great discovery in Medical Science has lately been made by Mrs. Emma Willard, viz., "The Theory of Respiration; or, how to Cure the Cholera." The Committee appointed by the "New York State Teachers' Association" to examine this discovery, have reported that they "believe the Theory to be TRUE." The New York State Legislature will have the subject again examined. Should this cure of the cholera prove efficient, it will rank next in importance to the discovery of inoculation.

The Rev. Dr. Malcom, who has visited the East, and knows the wants of Missions, gave the plan his warmest approbation.

Rev. Dr. Durbin, in his letter to the author of this Appeal, after expressing his sympathy with the movement to educate female physicians to take charge of their own sex and of children, adds, "If I were stationed in this city, I would give the effort my personal aid: now I send my own name, and that of Mrs. Durbin, as members of your Society."

Rt. Rev. Bishop Potter, in his letter, thus nobly cheers us on our way: "The importance of securing for women a larger sphere of usefulness, and the especial propriety and desirableness of qualifying them to practice the healing art among children and those of their own sex, will be admitted, I should hope, by all persons. If there are those, however, who think otherwise, I certainly am not of the number; and I shall rejoice heartily in the success of every effort which is calculated to promote such object."

Rev. Charles Wadsworth, after observing that he had "long entertained the opinion that Medical Science should, in all cases, form part of a woman's education," &c., thus concludes: "The design of the '*Ladies' Medical Missionary Society*' seems to me truly benevolent, and its constitution eminently wise. I need not say that it has my most cordial wishes for its entire success, and that I shall rejoice to be able in any way to further your wishes in a cause so good."

Rev. Dr. Stevens, who was for some years a physician, thus sanctions our plan: "Whatever will tend to give true, Christian elevation to woman, whatever will enlarge the sphere of her legitimate influence, whatever will give her more efficiency in raising her sex in heathen lands, and in spreading among them the life-giving truths of the glorious Gospel, is worthy of the attention and co-operation of all those who have at heart the true welfare of our race. 'The Ladies' Medical Missionary Society' aims to secure all these points, and is therefore deserving the support and encouragement of the Christian community."

Rev. A. D. Gillette has given his name as a member of our Society, and promised his valuable aid.

Rev. Dr. Howe, after noting the influence "medical knowledge possesses over the heathen," and how efficient it would be "combined with woman's piety and tenderness," adds, "I can but say, God speed an effort to bestow on those heroic Christian women who forsake all for Christ's sake and the Gospel, the knowledge of a science which may be a preservative of their own devoted lives, and a mighty auxiliary in the fulfilment of their gracious errand."

Rev. Dr. Brainerd, Rev. D. Ladd, and Rev. Lyman Colman, have each signified their cordial approbation of this benevolent movement.

Nor must we fail to record here the approval of an honored "Friend," Thomas P. Cope, who kindly sealed it by a donation of fifty dollars.

We hope soon to add to our list of approvers that

of every Christian clergyman in this city and in the nation. The noble-minded and wise-hearted physicians—will they not also lend their influence and assistance in carrying out this great reform? They will gain honor by every increase of medical knowledge in the community. Only pretenders and impostors need fear the movement. The opposition will come from these. But good men, husbands, fathers—Christians must approve. The PRESS will surely aid. We make our appeal to the common sense, instinctive feeling, and enlightened judgment of the People. Help us to establish our Society, and test its usefulness. Let Philadelphia lead the way in promoting the education of Female Medical Practitioners and Missionaries, and the centre of the movement will continue here.

We hope for much favor. We seek to unite all hearts in the good work, as the following from our "Constitution" will show:—

"RULE VI. As the objects of this Society are to open the way of improvement for their sex in the duties especially belonging to women, and also to offer a wider sphere of doing good to such as wish to work in the Saviour's cause, therefore we invite the co-operation of Christians in every part of our land. Any association of ladies formed for the same object, and paying annually into our treasury, shall receive an annual report; and these co-operating societies may each recommend a female student to the care of the Executive Committee, and designate the individual beneficiary to whose aid its contribution is to be devoted.

"Persons making donations may specify the particular religious denomination their bounty is intended to benefit. The Executive Committee will faithfully fulfil these trusts."

The New England and Pennsylvania Female Medical Colleges are now on a similar plan. A term is to commence in February at Boston. Our Society will be able to pay the tuition fees of that course for four female students—one from each denomination, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist—should suitable ladies be commended by the Missionary Boards. The wife of some missionary may desire to avail herself of this opportunity. In short, we are willing to begin now, and trust in the Providence of God for means to go on.

Those who are ready to aid us, we invite to send their names and offerings.

One dollar, annually, constitutes a Member.

Twenty dollars makes a Life-Member.

Five dollars constitutes a Benefactor.

Donations of fifty dollars or more give the rank of Patron.

Communications may be addressed to the Treasurer,

MRS. THOMAS WOOD, 323 Arch Street,
Or to

MRS. SARAH J. HALE, 297 Chestnut Street,
Secretary of the Ladies' Medical Missionary Society.
NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY G. L. BAKER, 1857.

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN THE ISLES OF GREECE.

CHAPTER III.

THE women in these Islands wear their beautiful long hair plaited in many tresses, and it often grows with such luxuriance that it frequently reaches to the ground; a handkerchief, folded cornerwise, generally covers the head. The gown is made like the vest worn by the men; it is of purple or maroon velvet, richly embroidered with gold, and with a very long waist. A beautiful girdle is worn under the vest, which always floats open; the girdle is fastened with an immense gold or silver ornament at each side, formed in the shape of a shield. The petticoats worn with this robe are of rich blue or pink silk, beautifully embroidered and spangled. In these Islands stays are unknown. The most graceful form of the vest is its fitting quite close to the waist; the female peasants also wear high heels to their shoes, ornamented with silver buckles.

Embroidery appears, from all the ancient authors, to have attained the greatest perfection in these Islands. It was first invented by the Phrygians, and we frequently find it mentioned both in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." Not only were the dresses of the ladies beautifully worked by their own delicate fingers, but they also appear to have embroidered pictures or stories. Thus, the lovely Helen, we are told, was occupied in this manner:—

"Meantime to beauteous Helen, from the skies,
The various goddess of the rainbow flies;
(Like fair Lædicië in form and face,
The loveliest nymph of Priam's royal race);
Her in the palace at her loom she found;
The golden web her own sad story crowned,
The Trojan wars she wove (herself the prize),
And the dire triumphs of her fatal eyes."—HOMER.

The warriors, also, of "olden time," wore girdles or belts covered with the richest embroidery:—

"Stiff with the rich embroidered work around,
My varied belt repelled the flying wound."—HOMER.

The women of Scio, who have always been celebrated for their beauty, have a very picturesque dress, which is thus described by Dr. R. Chandler: "They wear short petticoats, reaching only to the knees, with white silk or cotton hose; their head-dress, which is peculiar to the island, is a kind of turban of linen, so fine and white that it seemed like snow. Their slippers are chiefly yellow, with a knot of red fringe at the heel; some wore them fastened with a thong. Their garments were of silk

of various colors, and their whole appearance so fantastic and lively, as to afford us much entertainment."



In Cyprus the female dress is very becoming. The head-dress is modeled upon the kind of *calathus* which is often seen represented upon Phœnician idols and Egyptian statues: it is worn by all classes. Their hair, which they dye with henna till it becomes of a fine brown color, hangs down behind in a great many glossy braids or plaits. Round the face ringlets are arranged in a very graceful manner, and among the "hyacinthine waves" of these shining curls are placed the flowers of the jessamine, which are strung together upon slips cut from the leaves of the palm-tree. This coiffure, which is as simple as it is elegant and beautiful, is much admired by all strangers who visit the island.

In their dresses they are fond of displaying the brightest and most gaudy colors. The upper robe is generally of a rich crimson, scarlet, or green silk, profusely embroidered in gold; their yellow or scarlet trowsers are fastened round the ankles, and they wear yellow boots, or slippers. Their love of ornament is very great, and they adorn the head and neck with gold coins, chains, and various other trinkets. Around the waist also they wear a large and massive belt or zone, clasped in front by large and heavy brass plates; the waist of the robe is

made as long as possible. But, though very handsome, the women of this island are naturally rather corpulent; and, as stays are there unknown, they of course have no means, even if they wished it, of diminishing their size.

In *Casos* the women wear a bodice without sleeves, opening a little towards the top; a robe of the whitest and finest cotton, edged with a purple border four fingers wide, and elegantly embroidered, descends to their feet, and the waist is loosely girded by a sash, which floats gracefully around them.

The women of *Cephalonia* wear their hair wreathed in broad plaits over a small thin turban, which is fastened in a knot on one side of the head. The gown, which discloses the neck and shoulders, is closed at the breast, and confined at the waist by a shawl; it flows loosely from the girdle, and is open in front. Under it is worn a pair of loose white trowsers. The *bpdkz*, mentioned in a fragment of *Sappho* as being worn at *Mitylene*, are supposed to be fac-similes of these trowsers; they are drawn tight above the ankle, and leave to view the bare feet, on which are worn a pair of low light slippers that just cover the toes and heels.

The dress of the women of the *Isle of Ios* is simple and graceful. A light underdress gives the out-



lines of their elegant forms, without incommoding their movements. Their petticoats are short, and ornamented round the bottom and round the front of the bosom; they also wear loose jackets, and a kind of turban, one end of which hangs down upon the left shoulder.

It is the custom in some of the islands for a bride, on the day of her marriage, to wear a veil of red silk. This practice has been transmitted from the

ancient Grecians, with whom the *flamen*, or red veil, was in general use on this occasion.

The women of *Argentiera* have the singular fancy to admire clumsy legs, and those to whom Nature



has denied this perfection make up for it by wearing several pairs of very thick stockings; they also have velvet boots, either embroidered or ornamented with silver buttons. Their petticoat, which is very short, to show their legs, is white, with a red embroidered border; the rest of their dress consists of an enormous mass of linen, which hangs about them without much shape.

Their gala-dress is very picturesque. It consists of a short petticoat with a colored hem; very wide, open upper sleeves, and tight under ones; a velvet bodice, made rather low round the bosom, which is veiled by a full tucker of linen; and a kind of coiffure, between a turban and a hood, covering the head, and allowing but little hair to be seen.

The most curious part of the costume is a very short ornamented apron, which is sewn into the bodice, about half way between the neck and the waist, and quite conceals the symmetry and grace of the latter.

The costume on a *jour de fête*, or any great occasion, in the *Isle of Naxos*, is very curious. The head is covered with a turban of fine white muslin, edged with embroidery; a white linen vest is clasped round the throat; over it is an open bodice with a very broad ornamented girdle: the sleeves of this bodice are tight to the wrist, and the petticoat reaches below the knee. But the extraordinary part of this dress is a short upper robe, immensely full, and curiously arranged in close plaits and folds, in such a manner that, from the hips, it suddenly spreads out into two enormous wings or fans, giving

the wearer a most grotesque appearance. A short cloak, richly embroidered, and having holes through which the arms are passed, the short apron above mentioned, and shoes with very thick soles and large bows, complete the attire, which is ornamented with colored borders and embroidery in every part.

In Tinos the dress is very simple. It consists of a garment not unlike a chemise, which reaches to the neck and below the knee, and is frequently of white linen. At the height of the knee, from the bottom, is sewn a narrow-colored border. The sleeves of this robe are very wide and loose down to the wrists, and are edged round the bottom with embroidery; the head is enveloped in a kind of veil, which is twisted into the form of a very small turban, but the ends are brought round the face, crossed on the neck, and then allowed to float down the back; the stockings are neat, and the shoes have high heels. Altogether, it is a simple and elegant costume.

In Patmos the robe is confined at the waist by a girdle, from whence falls the narrow embroidered apron; the sleeves are nearly tight down to the wrists, and an open jacket is worn that reaches as low as the hips. The head is ornamented with a simple, but elegant turban of very fine white linen.

In some of the islands, and even in some parts of the continent, unmarried women braid their hair and ornament it with natural flowers; others adorn their heads with the most tasteful and elegant shaped turbans, formed of light-colored muslins.



FLORENCE SEFTON; OR, THE BORDER WARFARE.

BY MISS B. GARTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"Do not move the boat from under the shadow of these trees," said a tall figure, on a night in August, 1812, as he sprang lightly from a small boat on the waters of the Niagara to its high bank. "My stay will be brief, and this place seems too secluded to be in danger of attracting notice."

"I will keep her in the shade, sir, if you wish," said the person addressed, a man apparently about forty or forty-five years of age, with a cheerful, sun-burned countenance, a clear, piercing gray eye, above the middle height, his frame apparently combining great strength with elasticity. He wore the dress of an American rifleman; a green cotton shirt and trowsers of the same material, trimmed with yellow fringe, the upper garment reaching below the knee, and confined round the waist with a leathern belt, to which was attached a cartouch box. He was fully armed; for, besides his trusty rifle, which lay across the seats in the boat, he had a pair of pistols thrust into his belt. "I will keep her in the shade, if you wish; but, if we only had four or five of our good marksmen with us, I should not fear to be discovered by half a score of Brook's men."

"But you know, Gottlieb," was the reply, "that I

do not wish to be engaged in any skirmish to-night so you will do as I desire." And, folding a large military cloak round his person—for, although it was the middle of August, the night, as is often the case in our variable climate, was damp and cool—he pursued his way, keeping the path by the river, and was soon lost to the view of the marksman, who stood with folded arms gazing after him.

"Yes, there he goes," muttered he to himself, "a noble fellow as ever drew a sword for his country, if it was not for his folly in falling in love with that English gal. To be sure, she was born here; but what signifies that, when she is a relation of old Isaac's, and her father and all his kith and kin are rank Englishers! All but her brother. I had most forgot him. They say he is a fine lad; and, in spite of his father, has joined the army under Van; but if he does no better than old Hull, the poor boy might as well have stayed at home, for all the credit he'll gain under such a general. By Jabsers, it was too bad to keep us a whole month in Canada doing nothing, when we might have marched down to Malden, beaten the Britishers, and had the whole province by this time, instead of being led back to

* General Van Rensselaer, stationed at Lewistown.

Detroit like so many April fools. But, howsom-ever, if, as he says, he only wants to take Brock and his men at one stroke, when they follow us to De-troit, and let them see *then* what our brave boys can do, why mayhap it may all end well."

Then, after musing for a time, he added—

"As for the gal, it's more her misfortin than her fault that she has such relations. To be sure, she is a pretty crittur, and if Captin Howell will take to her, why there's no help for it as I knows on. Well, well." And, putting a large piece of tobacco in his mouth, which effectually stopped his soliloquy, he seated himself in the boat and continued to ruminate on the folly of young men falling in love with gals, particularly if they had English relatives.

Gotlieb Pretz was a confirmed old bachelor. He had been jilted in his youth by a girl to whom he was much attached, and, though the native goodness of his heart kept him from railing at all her sex—as so many under like circumstances have done—yet he never again thought of marrying. His family, though humble, had suffered much during the Revolutionary War from the British. They had subsequently removed from New York, where he was born, to Kentucky, and where, by listening to his father's and grandfather's tales of English cruelty and oppression, he had imbibed almost an hatred to the name of an Englishman. On the declaration of war with Great Britain, he had joined Hull's ill-fated army as a rifleman. The early part of his life had been passed in seclusion, and, being much alone, he had acquired a habit of talking to himself, which, after he had entered the army, frequently caused much amusement to his companions, who were not slow in discovering it.

We will now leave Gotlieb to his meditations, and, in the mean while, introduce the "Captin" to our readers. Howell Meredith was the only son of a wealthy merchant of New York, who had taken the greatest care that his son should receive a good education; an education not only of the *mind*, but *heart*. Yes, an education of the heart; for it is assuredly true that, although the mind be adorned with all the lore and accomplishments of the present and past ages, yet, if the *heart* be void of truth, honor, virtue, and charity for our fellow-creatures, if there be no moral or religious principle to guide us in the path of duty, even though that path be beset with difficulties and hardships, no restraining voice to bid us pause in the pursuit of pleasure and list to the hiss of the serpent hidden 'mid the flowers—alas! such a mind but resembles the apple of So-dom, beautiful to the eye, but filled with ashes and bitterness. Such was not the case with Howell Meredith. He had grown to manhood all that his fond parents could wish; he had finished his collegiate course in Germany, at the University of Gottingen; and had afterwards made a two years' tour on the Continent, accompanied by his tutor, Mr. Harvey. Mr. Meredith, notwithstanding his im-

mense wealth, thought it necessary his son should have a profession; and Howell was pursuing the study of the law in New York at the time of the rupture between America and England, which, how-ever, with his father's consent, he then relinquished, and repaired to the camp of General Hull, who was preparing to enter Canada.

Mr. Meredith had, some years previously, purchased a place on the Niagara, situated in a roman-tic and beautiful valley, about a mile above Lewistown. Here he built a princely mansion, and em-bellished it with works of art and all the elegancies and luxuries which wealth can procure, and here he had resided, in happiness and content, with his much-loved and still lovely wife. Colonel Sefton, his nearest neighbor, lived about half a mile above, on a hill commanding a magnificent view for miles. Lewistown and Queenstown appeared to lie at the foot of it. The Cataract of Niagara, a few miles dis-tant, rushing and leaping over its high rocky bed into the fearful abyss below, like a sea of molten silver, and the many bright rainbows blending their gorgeous colors in the mist, with the noble Lakes in their calm repose, the vast extent of forest land and fruitful valleys, and the blue hills of Canada in the distance, all, all combined to make the scene from "Sefton Hill"—as it was called—on a bright morn-ing, almost one of enchantment. It was here that Howell Meredith spent many happy hours with Henry Sefton and his sister Florence, on his visits home during his college vacations.

Colonel Sefton was born in England; his parents had emigrated to America while he was yet a boy; and he had many of the prejudices of an English-man, which were derived chiefly from his mother, who was a niece of General Sir Isaac Brock, who had just joined the British forces at Malden, at the time our story commences. The reader may sup-pose, from the title of colonel, that Gerald Sefton was in the army; but such was ~~not~~ the case. A long time before war had been declared, when he was still young, a number of the neighboring gen-tlemen about his own age had united to raise a regi-ment of cavalry in Lewistown and its environs, and had chosen him for the colonel. At first, the young men were delighted to show themselves in their military costume, on parade days and in sham fights, to the fair ladies of the place; but they soon began to tire of the play, so one by one the volun-teers dropped off, until, at last, the regiment was "out of service." But Sefton still retained the title of Colonel by courtesy. He had married an amiable and accomplished American lady, and Henry and Florence were their only children. Howell was two years older than Henry, whom he looked upon as a younger brother. As for Florence, she was the household pet, a lovely, prattling child of six sum-mers when the Merediths came to the valley—to which they had given the name of Arcadia. Howell, a fine manly boy of ten, loved, when he and

Henry went fishing, to take the little Florence with them, and see her open wide those deep blue eyes with wonder, not unmixed with fear, when she saw the poor fish dangling from the hook.

And when Mrs. Sefton brought her, as she often did, to the valley, on a visit to his mother—for the two families were on terms of the closest intimacy—he delighted to place her before him on his Shetland pony, and so ride up and down the avenue with her.

But time passed on, and Howell, during his visits to Sefton Hill, which were almost daily during the vacation time, frequently found himself disappointed in his plans of walking, boating, and fishing, by being told that "Miss Florence was with her governess, engaged at her studies." And, although Henry, who was his classmate in college, and his almost inseparable companion when out of it, was always ready to accompany him, he would generally say on such occasions, "Let us put off our excursion until Florence is at liberty, Henry; she will be disappointed if we go without her; besides, it will be so dull." And Henry, who dearly loved his sister, seldom demurred.

Sometimes, when her pupil had been particularly diligent, Miss Manvers would accompany them, if the evening was fine, a few miles down the Niagara, in a small yacht belonging to Howell; and, while he and Henry rowed with ease their light vessel, she would amuse them with Indian legends concerning the caves or the whirlpool in the river between Lewistown and the Falls; or, joining her rich, full voice with the sweet, girlish one of Florence, accompanied by her guitar and the deeper tones of Howell and Henry, "make the shores vocal with melody;" and then they would return delighted with all around them, with themselves, and with each other.

It was Howell's last year at college; he had taken leave of his companions for the last time, and had come home with Henry, who was to return for another year, to prepare for a voyage to Gottingen. Mr. Meredith preferred that University to an English one, as he wished his son, who was already something of a German scholar, to acquire a thorough knowledge of the language, and to become acquainted with the works of the mighty master minds of Germany. Florence, too, who had now attained her fifteenth year, was, for the first time in her life, to leave her happy home. Colonel Sefton thought it necessary that she should finish her education at a fashionable boarding-school in the metropolis, and the two families were making arrangements to go in company to New York—a journey that, in those days, was considered *something* of an undertaking, when there was no locomotive, as now, to pant and puff, and fly along with you at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, and the Hudson Canal had scarcely been thought of.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK or two previous to that decided on for their departure, on a fine, bright morning in August, Miss Manvers, Florence, Mary Aylmer—an orphan niece of Mrs. Sefton's, who, on the death of her sister, a few months before, had taken charge of her child—Howell, and Henry, attended by Thornton, a colored servant, crossed the Niagara a short distance below Lewistown; and, after walking about half a mile, they entered a wood, and in a short time reached a romantic glen, through which ran and sparkled a small stream of water, on each side of which rose large moss-covered rocks, which approached nearer to each other as the stream narrowed, until a narrow passage was formed, in which two persons could hardly go abreast, and then it opened on a smiling valley. In this sweet spot they intended to spend the day. It was a family picnic, and Thornton bore on his shoulders a large basket filled with cold fowl, ham, pastry, fruit, wine, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Colonel and Mrs. Sefton were to follow before dinner.

The preceding day, the gentlemen—that is, the two younger ones, assisted by Thornton—had formed a temporary arbor, where they were to dine and rest when tired of rambling. It was strictly a family party; for, although those who formed it had many friends both in Queenstown and Lewistown—for, as yet, the inhabitants of the border were still on a friendly footing—yet they knew many long months must pass before they could again meet in that sweet spot, and they wished not for the presence of any less dear friends to cause restraint.

Thornton deposited his load, Howell placed the cushions he had brought up from his yacht on the rustic seats put up for the occasion, Henry found a snug place for the flute, guitar, and flageolet which he carried, the ladies hung their small work-baskets on the branches above them, and then sat down to rest for a few minutes, and to consider what their next proceeding should be. Henry proposed fishing; their fishing-rods were in order, and the stream, though small, was full of fine fish. So off they went in fine spirits to the creek—all but Miss Manvers, who preferred remaining to finish an interesting work she had been reading; and Thornton, who, when he had procured a sufficient quantity of bait for the young people, began to work, or rather to resume his work, on a table-mat he was making of the bark of a tree, and adorning it with the most brilliant flowers made of stained quills. He had learned the art, from the Iroquois Indians, who had a village a few miles from Mr. Meredith's, and often brought fish, fowl, and game, with moccasins, mats, &c., to Lewistown and Queenstown to dispose of, and, in their way, never forgot to stop at Sefton Hill and Arcadia, and at both places they were treated kindly, and many purchases made from them. Thornton had become intimate with many

of them, and he occasionally, when he had an opportunity, went to their village, where he had learned many of their little arts. Being very fond of his mistress, whom he had accompanied, on her marriage with Mr. Meredith, from Virginia—for he was born on her father's estate—he took great pleasure, when he had leisure, in making many tasty little articles for her, and he was now engaged in making her a set of table-mats. While Thornton was busy at his work, humming, in the mean while, an old Virginia air, he perceived a man descending the hill on the west side of the valley, and coming towards them. He was rather below the middle height, and, as he approached nearer, you could perceive that his complexion was dark, his eyes and hair black; he was not stout, but still his frame looked as if he could endure much hardship. He wore a gray linen coat and trowsers, and a Manilla straw hat. Coming nearer, he accosted Thornton with—

"Is 'Colonel Sefton here?"

"No, sar; he hab not yet come ober. Young Massa Henry and Massa Howell is here; and de young ladies is here: down dar, near de creek, a fishin'."

The man turned, and, seeing Miss Manvers, bowed and said—

"I was asking the servant, madam, if Colonel Sefton was here?"

"He is not," she replied.

"But you expect him, madam?"

"We do, every moment."

"Then I may be so fortunate as to meet him," he said, and, again bowing, he continued on the way to Queenstown.

"It is very wrong," thought Helen Manvers to herself, "in me to feel such an aversion for that man. I may wrong him; and, were it not for his cringing, fawning manner to those above him, and his almost laughable assumption of dignity to those he deems his inferiors, and that sinister, snakelike eye of his, I should think I did." And she resumed her book.

"Ya! ha! ha!" was heard, in rather a sotto voice, from Thornton.

Miss Manvers looked up.

"I was only a tinkin', Miss Helen," said he, in answer to her look—"I was only tinkin' dat Massa Lazy O'Lear tink hisseff a great gemman, cause he talk so much wid Col'n Seftin."

"Why should you think so, Thornton?" she replied.

"O, cause he so little, Miss Helen; and he puff hisseff up so big, just like a bullfrog, when he ask for de colonel. But here come massa and missus, and Missus Seftin. I s'pose Massa Lazy cotech up to de colonel in de glen."

Thornton was right. Lazy O'Lear had met the rest of the party as they were entering the glen, and, after many apologies for the liberty, &c., had

begged a few minutes' private conversation with the colonel, who acceded to his request; and, having given Mrs. Sefton in charge of Mr. Meredith, remained behind to hear what he had to communicate.

"What, Miss Manvers!" said Mr. Meredith, as he approached with the ladies, and as Helen came forward to meet them, "not a book, I hope?" glancing at the one she held in her hand. "Why are you not fishing with the rest, who appear to be enjoying themselves very much? Were I Newton, I should become jealous of those books of yours, and lay a stricter embargo on them than Mr. Jefferson ever did on our vessels."

Helen smiled and blushed, and Mrs. Sefton replied—

"Helen loves books better than fishing; and Newton above all authors, I believe."

"Well, that is right," said he, laughing heartily at the *jeu de mot*. "Now I will walk down and see how many fish the youngsters have taken, and, when I return, you will all be sufficiently rested to take a stroll round this charming place." And, stopping a few minutes to admire Thornton's pretty mats, he proceeded to the creek.

"It is, indeed, a charming place!" said Mrs. Meredith, surveying the lovely landscape before them; "and I hope we may have the happiness of again meeting in it without the absence of one of the loved ones who make our party now."

"I know you laugh at presentiments," observed Mrs. Sefton; "but it appears to me as if I should never again see this place; or, if I ever should, it will be at a distant period."

"You are nervous and low-spirited this morning, Isabel, dear," replied her friend. "But here come Florence and Mary bounding along, and the boys with their fish. They will soon chase away your blues."

"Dear mamma, only think, Howell has caught three dozen of fish and Henry only seventeen!" cried Florence.

"Yes; but, Florence, you forget how much better Howell's fishing-tackle was; besides, Henry did not fish all the time," said Mary Aylmer.

Mrs. Sefton smiled and said—

"And how many have you and Florence taken?"

"Mary does not like fishing, mamma, so she and Henry went to gather flowers, and I had to help Howell to fix his line."

The mothers exchanged a meaning glance; when Mrs. Meredith, observing the color deepen in poor Florence's cheek, said, gayly—

"Well, here comes Colonel Sefton, the boys, and Mr. Meredith. He has joined them, I see; so now for our exploring expedition, girls. That wood yonder looks cool and inviting, and, if it be not enchanted, I should like to penetrate a little into its recesses."

"Oh!" exclaimed Florence, "if it only were enchanted!—if it only were, that would be so delight-

ful! Do you remember, dear Miss Manvers, the enchanted wood in 'Tasso's Jerusalem,' through which poor Rinaldo had to fight his way? How I wish the wood yonder was like it!"

"How can you wish anything so horrible, Florence?" said Mary Aylmer.

"We intend invading that wood, colonel," observed Mrs. Meredith, as the gentlemen came near, "in spite of wood-nymphs or satyrs."

"Bravely resolved on," he replied. "But I fear we will lead far more dangerous nymphs into it than any we will find there."

"*Nous verrons*," said she.

And Howell, having given the fish to Thornton's care, who was to remain to have dinner ready on their return—that is, to spread the white table-cloth on the temporary table, which had been put up for the occasion, and to empty and arrange the contents of the large basket on it—they were soon on their way to the wood.

"Come, Nestor," said Howell, as he was going, to a large Newfoundland dog, who had stayed quietly by Thornton all the morning; "come, sir, you shall go with us and catch some squirrels." And Nestor, wagging his tail, ran after his young master.

The entrance to the wood was clear from brush or underwood; but, after they had advanced some way, a thick growth of it rendered it difficult to proceed. They had gone but a short distance, when the report of firearms alarmed the ladies. The colonel and Mr. Meredith shouted loudly, observing, "There was no cause for fear, as it was only some hunter after game." Howell said, "The report sounded more like that of a pistol than a rifle." But whichever it was, it was not repeated.

The elders of the party, with Miss Manvers, seated themselves under the spreading branches of a large oak, while the younger ones rambled through the wood, picking berries; and, while they are doing so, permit me, gentle reader, to give a short history of Helen Manvers.

She was the daughter of an eminent artist of New York, who had endorsed to a large amount for a friend who failed, and Manvers was ruined. A small annuity of a few hundred dollars, settled by a relation on his wife, was all that was left to them. At the time, his health was declining, and grief and disappointment soon hurried him to the grave. His wife, an amiable, but delicate woman, did not long survive his loss, and Helen, at the age of seventeen, was left an orphan, *without money*, and, as a matter of course, *without friends*. They were many, it is true, who affected to pity her, and to deplore the extravagance and want of prudence, as they termed it, in her parents; and those were persons who had always been treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness by her family. Mrs. Meredith and Helen's mother had been dear friends and schoolmates when girls, and that lady no sooner heard of her situation than she immediately wrote to her to come and

make her house her home. Mr. Meredith himself came on to New York to bring her. She was talented and very lovely; her father had spared neither pains nor money in her education. After her arrival at the valley, she had become much attached to Florence Sefton, then in her eighth year; and, hearing Mrs. Sefton say they were trying to procure a governess for her, proposed to take the charge on herself, which was gladly accepted. Mrs. Meredith was very loth to have her adopted daughter thus taken from her, and, were it not that the two families were in daily communication, she would scarcely have consented to the arrangement. Helen had now entered her twenty-third year. She had been six years at Sefton Hill, during which time a young merchant of New York, Mr. Newton Leslie, paid several visits to Mr. Meredith, who had been a partner in business with his father, and had seen Miss Manvers and closely studied her character, and had become devotedly attached to her. As both families intended to remain during the winter in New York, they had houses taken in the same street, within a few doors of each other; and Helen, who was to accompany them, was to be married from the house of Mr. Meredith, as soon as convenient after their arrival. Mr. Leslie was expected daily, to conduct his future bride to New York in company with her friends, to whom, after this digression, we will now return.

"Mary! Florence! Howell!" cried Henry from a close thicket, in which he was almost concealed. "Come, do come, and see what myriads of fine, large blackberries are here!"

Howell approached, with Florence and Mary on each arm, and a small basket, which he held in his hand, nearly filled with berries, while Nestor kept bounding and frisking round them.

"They are, indeed, very fine, brother!" said Florence, as he held up a branch laden with the rich, ripe fruit. "But we are too tired to gather more; and hark!" said she, listening; "I hear papa's voice calling us. It is time that we join them."

At this moment, Nestor, who had strayed further up into the thicket, came leaping and barking furiously towards them.

"Down, Nestor! down, sir!" said Howell.

But, instead of minding his master, he again ran to the thicket, and, in a few moments, returned again, barking violently; but, as he came near, he put his head to the ground and commenced a low whining, looking up piteously into Howell's face, and then returned again to the thicket.

"He has seen some animal in the bushes," said Howell. "I will place you in safety, dear girls, and then return to see what it is."

"There is no occasion for that," said Florence. "Only call the dog back, and let us join papa. Nestor! Nestor!" she cried; but Nestor did not come.

"It is, perhaps, only a fox," Howell remarked.

"I do not think a bear would venture so near the town."

And, hurrying the young ladies forward to the rest of the company, he called Henry to follow; but Henry, who was arming himself with a good stout club of hickory, was like Nestor; he did not choose to follow, notwithstanding Florence kept calling on him to do so.

"He will be in no danger," said Howell, seeing how faint and pale Mary Aymer looked; "the dog will keep the animal at bay until we can assist him."

On hearing Howell's account, Colonel Sefton broke a large branch from the tree above him, saying—

"I will leave you to guard the ladies, Mr. Meredith; and, with Howell and Henry to help me, to say nothing of Nestor, we shall soon dislodge the enemy."

"Do be careful, Gerald," said Mrs. Sefton.

"Do not fear, my love," he replied; and then added, laughingly, "We will soon return, ~~for~~ Mr ladies, like valiant knights, to lay our trophies at your feet." He then followed Howell at a quick pace towards the thicket.

"In the mean time," said Mr. Meredith, "let me, too, find a sturdy piece of oak, to give the enemy a salute, should he be driven this way." And he began stripping the leaves from a large stick he had broken off.

It was needless, however; for, a few moments after, they saw Henry running down to the valley, where they had intended to dine, and presently Howell appeared, beckoning them to approach; and, as they met, he said—

"Do not be alarmed; it is an Indian that has been badly wounded. Poor fellow! I fear he cannot live."

"A wounded Indian!" they exclaimed, hastening as fast as they could to the spot.

They found Colonel Sefton supporting the man, and trying to stop the effusion of blood, which came from a wound in the shoulder, with his handkerchief.

"He has fainted from loss of blood," said Mrs. Meredith. "His heart still beats," she continued, laying her hand on his side. "Help me to make some lint, ladies." And she tore her handkerchief into shreds.

The lint was soon made, which Mr. Meredith, as he understood something of surgery, applied, and then bound up the wound.

"He is a Knisteneaux," said Colonel Sefton. "I know the features of the tribe; and, though a fine, noble-looking fellow, I do not think him to be a chief."

"His age would hardly permit that," replied Mr. Meredith. "He is probably one of their young braves; his moccasins are prettily worked, and his blanket fine."

Henry, at this moment, came running along with a bottle of wine he had gone for, and Thornton followed. The news of the "wounded Indian" did not prevent the latter from staying a few minutes to cover up and place in safety the good things he had spread for the party. A little of the wine was forced into the Indian's mouth, which he seemed to swallow with much difficulty; some more, and he began to revive. Colonel Sefton now administered a larger quantity, while the ladies applied their smelling salts. In a few moments he opened his eyes, gazing wildly around; but he soon again relapsed into a sort of stupor, from which no exertions they could make had the effect of arousing him.

"He is the same Indian," said Howell, after gazing for some time earnestly on him, "that I saw yesterday at the Queenstown Ferry, in a canoe nearly filled with buffalo, otter, and deer skins, when a little boy, about seven or eight years old, pressing too far forward to see the baskets, moccasins, &c., which were likewise in the canoe, lost his footing and fell into the water. His head striking the edge of the boat as he fell, he did not rise. The Indian, throwing off his blanket, sprang into the stream after him. After remaining under water for some time, he came up, but without the child. He again went down, and so long did he remain that we began to fear both were lost; but, after some moments more of suspense, he appeared with the child in his arms, from whose head a stream of blood was oozing. The mother of the boy, hearing of the accident, was standing on the wharf weeping bitterly, when the Indian rose the second time; and, though many pressed forward to relieve him from his burden—for he appeared exhausted—he retained it until he reached the mother, when, putting the child in her arms, he said, 'White squaw, no weep; her papoose is safe!'"

"A noble act!" they exclaimed.

"Who, after hearing that," said Florence, "would say that the Indian character is void of fine feeling?"

"Many of them possess it in a high degree, my dear," replied her father. "But what are we to do with the poor fellow? The best plan I can think of is to send Thornton down to Queenstown for a handbarrow and some stout men, and have him conveyed to the poor-house. He will receive surgical assistance there, and be well attended to, I think."

"I do not know *that*," said Mr. Meredith, after musing for a while; and, looking at Howell, he observed, "He is about your age, my son, I should suppose, and I think that, if he could be taken to the valley, he might be done better for than at the poor-house."

"Yes, so I think, too, massa," said Thornton, who had stood silently by surveying the Indian with looks of pity—"yes, so I think, too; poor-house had place for sick Ingin."

"Well, then, Howell will take Thornton with him to Queenstown, and engage men and a settee, or handbarrow, and he can be easily taken over in a boat from the ferry to Arcadia, where Dr. Baldwin's skill will soon extract the shot, if possible. Does the plan meet your approbation, my dear?" turning to Mrs. Meredith.

"Certainly," she replied. "Nothing can be better: so hasten, Howell—there is no time to lose."

And Howell and Henry, taking Thornton with them, were soon out of sight.

"It is singular," said Helen, "that there appears no sign of a scuffle; and he must have received the shot when his back was to his foe."

"It is probable—indeed, almost certain—that treachery was resorted to," said Colonel Sefton. "The Indian is too quick of eye and ear to be easily stolen upon unawares. He may have been intoxicated; but this stupor appears to me to be the effect of some drug, rather than liquor. Do you not think so, my friend?"

"I do," replied Mr. Meredith. "There is some mystery in the case, I have no doubt. The wound was inflicted by a white man, it is evident; no savage foe would have left his enemy's scalp."

The ladies, in the mean while, kept bathing the poor Indian's brow and temples with cool water, occasionally giving him a little wine to keep up his strength. In a shorter time than could have been expected, Howell appeared with Henry, followed by Thornton with four men and a large handbarrow, on which there were a pillow and blanket. The Indian was soon placed comfortably on it, and the men carried it towards the ferry. Mrs. Meredith gave many charges to Thornton as to his accommodation, desiring him "to go immediately for Dr. Baldwin, and to have Milly—her trusty old nurse—in attendance, and to return to them when he had done so, and had heard what the doctor said of the case."

Our party now returned to the valley, conversing, as they went along, on the customs and manners of the Indians, and conjecturing the probable cause of this poor fellow's misfortune. When they had reached their shady retreat, the ladies set about rearranging the good things which Thornton had covered up, and which they were all soon discussing with a good appetite, which the adventures and exercise of the morning had sharpened. The Indians were still the principal theme of their conversation.

"The Knisteneaux," said Colonel Sefton, "are the most intelligent and gentle of the Indian tribes. I have known some of them to be almost as good improvisors as the Italians. By the by, Howell," he continued, "you have a touch of that gift, I believe; so pray favor us with a little of it."

"It is, indeed, but a touch of it that I possess, colonel," he replied; "so I beg you will excuse me."

But the colonel would not excuse him; and, the

rest of the company joining their entreaties, he rose, and, taking down his flute from where Henry had placed it, observed, laughing, "Remember that what I inflict on you is at your own request," and commenced a plaintive prelude to a simple air, in which Henry joined with the flageolet, and sung the following words:—

"Tis sad to part from those we love—

"Tis sad to say adieu—

"Tis sad to leave those scenes so dear,
When life was fresh and new!

"Tis sad to dream on Ocean's bed,

Rocked by the waves to sleep—

That loving eyes upon us smile,
Then wake the *cheat* to weep!

"Tis sweet when, from far distant lands,

We reach our much-loved home,

To meet the dear, the household band,
No more from them to roam.

"Tis sweet when love and friendship give

A welcome warm and true!

Let such be mine when I return
From distant lands to you!"

If, at the conclusion of the last stanza, Howell's eye rested for a few moments on Florence, and if Florence blushed, and stooped to look for something she had not dropped, as no one chose to observe it, neither will we; but, as Mrs. Meredith's eyes filled with tears, which Colonel Sefton *did* observe, and that the spirits of the party were saddened, he cried—

"Bravo, Howell! You must show the Italians, when you visit that country, a little of your talent, lest they should fancy they alone possess it."

"By attempting to do so, I should only confirm them in that opinion," he replied.

"When Howell is in Italy," said Mr. Meredith, "I hope his attention will be taken up with acquiring more valuable knowledge than that of improvising."

"Is it not a blessing, my dear sir," said the colonel, "that he can go to Italy, or that he can go to Gottingen at all, and that the wisacres of the land have had at last the good sense to see the necessity of repealing the embargo law?"

"The passing of that law was a very necessary measure," replied Mr. Meredith; "and I sincerely hope the repealing of it will lead to an adjustment of difficulties between England and America. The searching of our vessels and impressment of our seamen were outrages that called for much severer measures."

"England," replied the colonel, with warmth, "does but maintain her own dignity in asserting her right to take her subjects from under any flag that waves on the wide ocean."

"No politics, gentlemen, no politics!" said Mrs. Sefton. "You certainly must have forgotten that we were present, or you could not have been so un-

gallant. We came here for amusement, and not to hear a discussion on the affairs of the nation; and, to punish you for your offence, Helen and Florence shall sing an Italian duet, of which you do not understand a single word."

"We are much obliged to you," said Mr. Meredith, bowing, "for so delicious a punishment. It is enough to tempt us to renew the offence."

"Do not think of it," replied she, "or it will call for much severer measures," quoting his words.

They all laughed but the colonel, who looked moody, and

"Still the angry spot did glow on Cæsar's brow."

But it could not long retain its place, listening to those sweet voices, accompanied by the flute, guitar, and flageolet, which formed the "grand band" of our young amateurs. They afterwards sang one or two English songs, in which even the colonel joined.

Thornton now made his appearance. He brought a good account of the poor Indian. Dr. Baldwin had extracted several shot from the wound, which he did not think would prove mortal. The stupor, he said, was the effect of some strong opiate which had been given him. They had, according to Mrs. Meredith's directions, placed a cot in the barn, covered with a buffalo skin, and a pillow of cut straw to rest his head on, as she well knew from his nature that, so situated, he would be much easier than if he were shut up in a palace on a bed of down.

They now made preparations for returning home, and were soon all safely on board the yacht, bound for the valley. The Seftons were to sup there, and then return home by moonlight; and, as Mrs. Meredith perceived still a restraint of manner, or coolness, between her husband and Colonel Sefton, she tried, by her lively sallies of wit and good humor, to restore harmony, and was quite successful for the time. Both Mrs. Sefton and Mrs. Meredith much feared that the friendship which united their families would be interrupted, if not destroyed, by their husbands' political differences.

Mr. Meredith was a true, warm-hearted American. "Our country, right or wrong," was his motto; and Howell inherited his enthusiasm. Henry, too, was ardent in his love for his country, and indignant at the many insults now offered her by her proud rival. The ladies shared the same sentiments. Indeed, the members of both families were all devoted Americans but the colonel. He, as we have said before, was born in England, and came with his parents, when a boy, to America. His father was a warm admirer of our country and its laws, and had become a naturalized citizen of the United States. Gerald, when he had reached his majority, was also naturalized. It is most likely he might not, even to have pleased his father, have been in any haste to take his oath of allegiance to the United States, had he not at that time

been much captivated with the lovely and accomplished Isabel Danvers, the elder of the two daughters of a staunch republican—one who set little value on rank or title, unless they were accompanied by qualities of head and heart intrinsically valuable. Captain Danvers had fought as an officer under General Washington, and was on terms of intimacy with that great man, to whom, also, the father of Gerald was much attached. Mr. Sefton had arrived in this country shortly after the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, and was never so proud, or happy, as when visited at Sefton Hill by the general. Gerald's mother, however, partook not of his sentiments. She, it is true, received her distinguished guest with a ladylike and apparently a cordial welcome, but her heart went not with it; she could not like, though compelled to admire, the man, who had been the instrument in humbling her proud country. Her own family was noble, and she looked upon anything republican with contempt. These opinions were, unfortunately, imbibed by Gerald; and, though his mother died, from the effects of an illness she had been long suffering under, before he had reached his nineteenth year, the impression was made that high birth, rank, and wealth were the most invaluable of all blessings, and that Great Britain ought to be, if she was not, the mistress of the world.

But Gerald well knew it would not advance his interest with the fair Isabel, were her father to know the political creed of his daughter's suitor, so he wisely kept aloof from politics; and Captain Danvers, having no suspicion that the son of so democratic an Englishman as the elder Sefton *could be anything* else than a republican in principle, gave his consent to the marriage, and Isabel became Mrs. Gerald Sefton. Shortly after, Captain Danvers died, leaving his large fortune to be equally divided between his two daughters, Mrs. Sefton and Mrs. Aylmer; and the father of Gerald did not long survive him, being carried off by an epidemic shortly after the birth of Henry, who was born in New York, where his parents were on a visit at the time. They had now been married for eighteen years, and lived very happily; for the colonel was a devoted husband and a kind father; but we cannot add a good citizen. After the removal of the Merediths from New York to Arcadia, Mrs. Sefton and Mrs. Meredith had become much attached to each other, and both deplored the anti-American opinions of the colonel, who took part with Great Britain in all her aggressions against the United States, and both ladies endeavored, as much as possible, to prevent any political discussions between their husbands; but this they could not always accomplish.

On the night of the picnic, at the conclusion of supper, Colonel Sefton spoke of the government having substituted the "non-intercourse law" for the "embargo" in a satirical manner, and insinua-

sted, as if he were feeling his way before he could venture to speak plainly, that perhaps the time might come when the Northern States would form a political union with Great Britain.

"Take care, sir," said Mr. Meredith, "that you do not speak treason. You stand on slippery ground, colonel."

Sefton laughed, and replied, "It was only a conjecture as to what *might*, at some *future* time, take place."

"Never! never, sir!" said Mr. Meredith; but an imploring glance from the eye of his wife caused him to say no more. He filled his glass, and proposed, "The memory of Washington." This was drank; but even a casual observer might have seen that Gerald Sefton was acting a part.

It was long past midnight, on that same night, that a light was burning in the library at Sefton Hill; and, a short time before dawn, that the muffled forms of two men might have been seen issuing from a small door that opened on the lawn, and, by a private staircase, led to that apartment. As they descended the winding avenue, the shorter of the two said—

"Well, Captain Henry, I think we've done a good night's work," laying an emphasis on the word *we*.

The taller of the two answered, "You shall be rewarded, sir," and strode on, as if he cared not how little communication he held with his companion.

But the little man was not to be so easily baffled, and he managed, between a half run and a long stride at intervals, to keep up with the laconic captain.

"I think," he said, "*our* friend, *Sir James* Craig, will be much pleased with *all* the letters *he* gave you to these rich merchants in New England; and, if *he* did fail in winning over old Meredith, why it's no great loss. *We* can do without him."

"I was not aware, Mr. *Lazy O'Lear*," said the person he addressed, "that *Sir James* Craig was a friend of *yours*. As to those letters which Colonel Sefton has trusted me with, the least you say of them the better. And, as I before observed, your services shall not go unrewarded."

The little man fell back, saying, "Oh, I only thought"—but, as his companion did not wait to hear what he thought, but continued rapidly to descend the hill, poor *Lazy* did not express what the thought was, but muttered something about "pride and arrogance."

They soon reached the boat which they had left a little above the town. The captain seated himself, and, *Lazy O'Lear* taking the oars, they were soon on the Canada shore.

Nothing occurred to prevent the departure of the Sefton and Meredith families for New York. Mr. Leslie had arrived. Minesto, the wounded Indian, was fast recovering from the effect of his wound, under the skillful treatment of Dr. Baldwin and

Milly's good nursing. He could give no account of how he had been wounded, or by whom. It appeared he had disposed of his skins, baskets, &c., and had afterwards gone to the sign of King George, where he had some brandy. Many persons were drinking there at the time, many of whom spoke to him, and some offered him drink, which he had accepted. Feeling the liquor was beginning to intoxicate, he strolled up to the wood, where the party found him. He did not wish to be seen tipsy in the streets of Queenstown, and had lain down to sleep the effects of the liquor off. This was all the account he could give of the affair, except that he had been robbed of his money, which he had in a deer-skin pouch his sister had worked for him. He was intelligent, and appeared deeply grateful to all his new friends, particularly to the "great medicine"—Dr. Baldwin—and his "white father," as he called Mr. Meredith.

That gentleman had engaged Gottlieb Pretz, whom we have already introduced to the reader, to overlook the plantation, with two or three men, during his absence. They occupied a snug building about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the mansion. Thornton and his wife were likewise to remain, and to take charge of the Indian until he was perfectly recovered.

CHAPTER III.

We will now pass over a lapse of nearly four years. Four years! what an amount of joy and woe, of deep, bitter, heartfelt anguish, and of almost delirious joy, may be felt in that short space of time! How many of those we loved and cherished in our heart's core may not have passed to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns!" And, alas! how many may not have become estranged or changed by the cold, calculating spirit of the world! Those four years had not passed to the Merediths and Seftons without many changes.

Florence, now an extremely beautiful girl of nineteen, had, with her friend and cousin, Mary Aylmer, spent the most part of two years at Mrs. De Lisle's excellent school. The cousins vied with each other in acquiring useful knowledge and many graceful accomplishments, though cherishing and loving each other as sisters. No two persons could be more dissimilar in person and character than Florence Sefton and Mary Aylmer. Florence, in person, was tall, full, and rounded, her figure approaching to *embonpoint*; her eyes of deep, very deep blue; her complexion fair as "unsunned snow," tinged with a beautiful tint of the rose; her finely-arched brows, in which lay a world of expression, were some shades darker than her hair, which was a very light brown; her nose something of the aquiline; and her small mouth, when the red, full lips were parted, disclosed two rows of the whites

pearl. In disposition, she was affectionate and open; too noble and generous herself to be suspicious, she still possessed an almost intuitive knowledge of character that was uncommon in one so youthful, and, under the instructions of Miss Manvers and those of her gentle mother, had acquired a good share of self-possession and firmness of character. Miss Aylmer was her opposite in many respects. She was timid and sensitive as the plant that shrinks from the touch, and, though her heart was filled with deep, warm affection for her friends, yet still many thought her manner too reserved, and approaching too much to coolness; but those that knew her intimately thought *not so*. A more tender, gentle, loving heart than that of Mary beat not in the breast of woman. Her mother, on the death of her father, which took place when she was but five years old, had retired to their seat in the country, excluding herself from all society, except that of a few cherished friends. Mrs. Aylmer could not bear the thought of parting with her only child by sending her to school. A governess was procured, who was worthy of the trust reposed in her, and who tried and succeeded in implanting virtues, as well as accomplishments, in the mind of her pupil; but the retirement in which her childhood had been passed, and the subsequent death of her mother, tinged her manner with a sort of sadness and reserve. She was about the middle height, with dark hazel eyes; her complexion, though very fair, had no tinge of color when in repose, but, on the least emotion, the eloquent blood would rush up and bathe the fair neck and brow with a flood of crimson; her hair, when disheveled, would fall in thick, rich wavy masses nearly to her feet; and her features were of the Madonna cast of character, the pure, white, lofty brow, the soft hazel eye, with its deep fringes resting on the fair cheek, as if it would hide beneath them the expression of love and purity which dwelt there, the rose-bud mouth and rounded chin, with the light, graceful, springy figure, all combined to form a picture of loveliness rarely excelled.

Florence was one year older than Mary. They had both "come out," as it is called, the second winter of their stay in New York, when Florence had attained her eighteenth and her cousin her seventeenth year. Both young, lovely, and wealthy, they had created quite a sensation among the *haut ton*. It was the year preceding the declaration of war, and several British officers of high rank were spending the winter in the American metropolis; among others, Sir Edgar Lee, a distant relative of Colonel Sefton, who was much pleased with the marked attention he paid Florence. He was about twenty-eight years old, possessed of rather a handsome countenance, with a splendid figure, an insinuating address, and the unmistakable manner of man of *bon ton*; but, what was of far greater importance in the estimation of the colonel, he could

trace his ancestors as far back as the Conquest, and was, in prospective, heir to an earldom. To be brief—for we cannot enter into detail, and follow our two young friends through all the gayeties of a New York season—he was deeply captivated, offered hand, heart, title, and fortune to the fair Florence, and was firmly, but respectfully rejected. In vain her disappointed father pointed out to her the advantages of so splendid an alliance, of the brilliant and lofty circle she would adorn, and begged her not to disappoint his fondest hopes of seeing a coronet grace a brow it would so well become, and all for the sake of a girlish passion—for Colonel Sefton knew, before Howell had sailed for Europe, young as they were, they had exchanged vows of constancy—which perhaps was now forgotten, if it was not laughed at, by its object, from whom they had received no letters for several months. "But it was scarcely to be expected that Howell could find time to think of the mere school-girl he had left behind him, when in the company of the most beautiful women of the Continent."

It was all in vain that he thus strove to raise her pride and jealousy. Florence would reply—

"My dear father, I cannot love, nay, I can scarcely respect, Sir Edgar Lee. I will never marry against your will; but do not compel, do not persuade me, to become the wife of a man with whom I *never* can be happy!"

This was generally all the answer Colonel Sefton could elicit from his daughter; when, fortunately for her peace of mind, her importunate suitor received letters to return immediately to England, as the earl, his uncle, was dangerously ill. When taking leave, he expressed his intention of again returning, as soon as it was possible for him to do so, and try if his deep and ardent love would not eventually soften the heart of his fair mistress.

Mrs. Sefton, who, as well as Mrs. Meredith, had for years cherished the hope that Florence would one day become the bride of Howell, was well pleased at the departure of their noble guest; for he had been spending some weeks with them. Her health had become very delicate. She had taken a severe cold at the beginning of winter, which her physician feared had affected her lungs; and every remedy had been resorted to, yet she appeared to grow weaker daily. Mrs. Meredith was much with her; although the colonel and Mr. Meredith were on very cool terms, caused by their difference of opinion in politics, she would not allow that to keep her from her friend. Florence and Mary were also her devoted attendants; and, on Dr. Baldwin—who had been sent for to Lewistown, as the colonel thought he understood his wife's constitution better than the physicians in New York, having attended her for years—having given his opinion that she could not long survive, Henry, who was at Harvard University, Cambridge, was immediately written for; and, a day or two after, a package of letters

was received from Howell. They had been detained by some accident, and were all forwarded together. That of the latest date stated that he would sail for America in a few days; so they were in hourly expectation of his arrival. But, alas! he only arrived in time to be present at the funeral rites of one he had loved almost as he did his own mother.

We will not speak of the deep grief and anguish of those by whom she was so much beloved. It softened the colonel's feelings towards Howell, whom he permitted to visit Florence as formerly, and the two families again appeared to be united in the bonds of love and friendship. But this pleasant state of things did not long continue; the war of politics waged high, not only in New York, but throughout the Union. Great Britain's aggressions and insult would no longer be suffered, and war was openly talked of. Colonel Sefton had joined those who called themselves the "peace party." Mr. Meredith was for a war that would teach England a lesson she would not soon forget. The former now made immediate preparations to return with his family to Sefton Hill. Howell had, according to his father's wish, commenced the study of law, hoping, at the end of the year of Florence's mourning for her mother—in spite of political differences—to obtain the consent of the colonel to their union.

It was in the latter part of April, 1812, that the Sefton family left New York for their home in the west. Mrs. Meredith shed many tears in parting with her young friends, and Helen Manvers, who, shortly after her arrival in New York, had become Mrs. Leslie, wept bitterly at parting from her former pupils. Howell had intended to escort them at least part of the way; but, as the colonel seemed moody and irritable, Florence persuaded him to forego his intention, and to come to Sefton Hill in July, when his parents proposed returning to Arcadia, when, with her sanguine disposition, she hoped that the differences existing between the two countries would be amicably settled, and, with the settlement, would end the coolness between her father and Mr. Meredith. But she was destined to be disappointed.

It is known to most American readers that, on the 20th of May, the sloop *Hornet* arrived, bringing the news that no change of measures with regard to the United States need be expected from the British government; and, on the 18th of June following, war was declared by Congress against Great Britain. It was not an unlooked-for event, and preparations had been actively making for it. In the January previous, Congress had directed a force exceeding twenty-five thousand men to be added to the army; but this law had been passed so short a time previous to the declaration of war, that perhaps six thousand were not yet enlisted. Volunteers were accepted, and militia called for

from all the States; and Howell, as we observed at the commencement of our tale, obtained his father's permission to join the army under Brigadier-General Hull. Howell accordingly raised a company of volunteers, consisting of about one hundred and fifty men, and hastened to join Hull at Detroit, before his invasion of Canada.

Henry Sefton had, about the same time, wrung, indeed, almost extorted, a reluctant consent from his father to join General Van Rensselaer, who commanded the centre division, as it was called, of the troops who were to invade Canada, and was stationed then at Lewistown. The British had already established a fort at Queenstown, immediately opposite. Henry, who was enthusiastic in his love for his country, and anxious to distinguish himself as one of her defenders, had prayed and pleaded, and reasoned and talked his father into giving him a sort of permission to join a company of volunteers under the command of Captain Bolton. Colonel Sefton, though possessing much pride and ambition, had but little decision of character, particularly as in *this case*, when his almost doting fondness for his son would not permit him to thwart him, in what he saw evidently his whole soul was set on, even to gratify the ambition that whispered to him that, *if Henry would but espouse the cause of England*, his relative, Sir Isaac Brock, would soon procure him a lieutenantancy in the royal army, and *if Florence would but accept the hand of Sir Edgar Lee*, whom he knew had accompanied General Brock's army to Canada for the purpose of renewing his attentions to her, if possible—if *they only would do so*, instead of the former being led away by his foolish notions of freedom and democracy, and the latter being so silly as to love a man without a title, when the coronet of a countess was laid at her feet. It was very provoking that they would not; and, though his affection would not permit him to attempt to compel them to adopt his views, yet it was a source of great annoyance, and he could only hope that some change would take place that might alter the position of things.

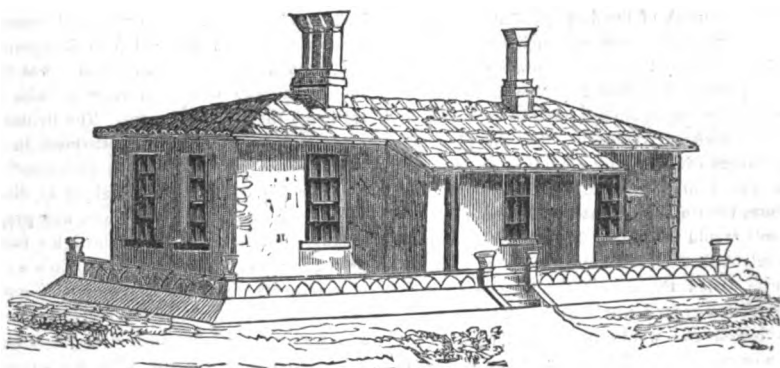
(To be continued.)

SPRING'S MORN.

BY ROBERT G. ALLISON.

SPRING'S sweetly blushing morn,
 "Waked by the dawning hours,"
 Which hill and vale adorn
 With freshly-blooming flowers,
 Diffuses mildly-beaming light
 Where reigned stern Winter's night;
 Extends her beauteous rosy hand,
 Through Nature's works, o'er sea and land:
 Her birds hear her inspiring voice,
 "They move, they waken, they rejoice!"
 And suddenly, from each verdant tree,
 Discourse in sweetest melody.

MODEL COTTAGES.



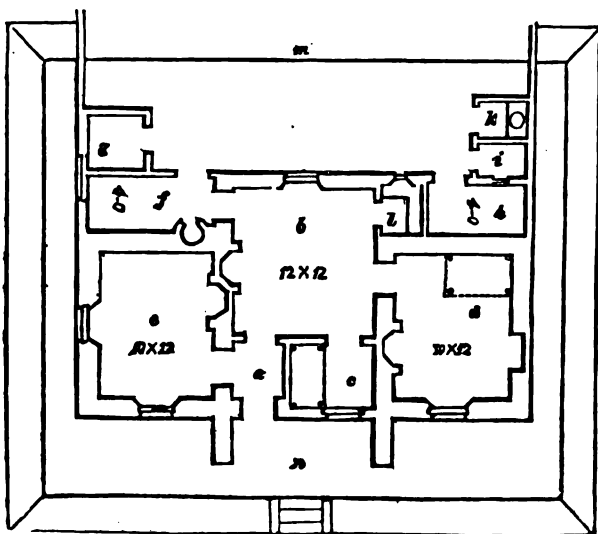
A Cottage Dwelling of three rooms with back kitchen, cow-house, and other conveniences.

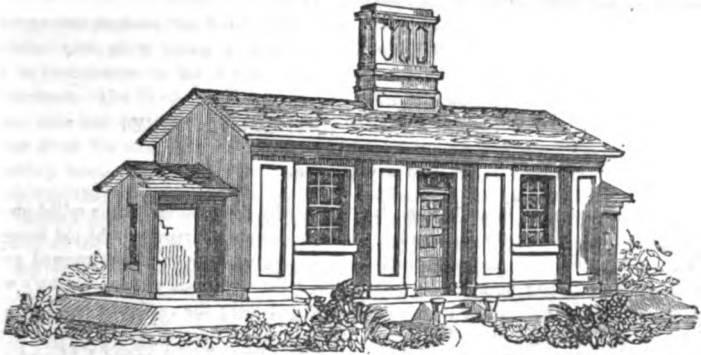
Accommodation.—This is a commodious cottage, and, all the accommodation being beneath one roof, with the exception of a small lean-to, it must be considered as promising to be economical in its erection. By the ground-plan, it appears to contain an entrance, *a*, from under a projecting porch; a kitchen, *b*, with a bed-room, *c*, for a child; principal bed-room, *d*; parlor, *e*; back kitchen, *f*; shed for fuel, *g*; cow-house, *h*; dairy, *i*; water-closet, *k*, with a cistern of water over it supplied from the roof; and pantry, *l*. If the cow-house and dairy

can be dispensed with, or removed to the yard, then *g* and *k* may be got out of *h*, and the whole building included under one roof, always a desirable object.

Construction.—The walls are, for the most part, shown thick, as if built of earth or stone, and the roof is covered with tiles. These being heavy, require considerable strength of timber in the rafters; but their durability we believe to be greater than even that of cast iron.

General Estimate.—Cubic contents, 13,904 feet; at ten cents per foot \$1,390 40, at five cents \$695 73.



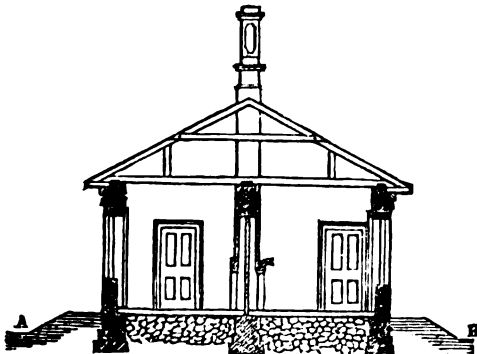
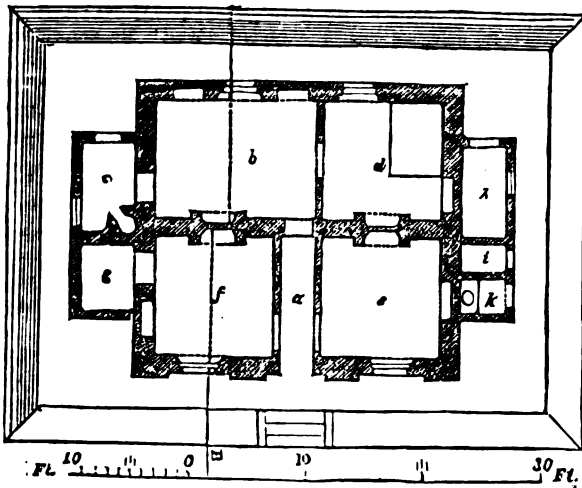


A Dwelling of four rooms with back kitchen and other conveniences.

Accommodation.—From the entrance passage, *a*, a door opens to the kitchen, *b*, which is connected with the back kitchen, *c*, on the one hand, and with the bed-room, *d*, on the other. There is a parlor, *e*, and another bed-room, *f*, with a closet, *g*; and, in a lean-to, we have a cow-house, *h*, pig-sty, &c., *i* and *k*. Should use be made of the cow-house and pig-

sty, it would be necessary to have a yard joined to that side of the house, and to alter the shape of the platform within it, as in similar cases. Some use may be made of the roof by a trap-door in the ceiling of the kitchen, and the whole may be heated from a fire-place in the back kitchen.

General Estimate.—Cubic contents, 13,700 feet; at ten cents per foot \$1,370, at five cents per foot \$685.



"MOVING" IN THE COUNTRY.

BY A VILLAGER.

THERE was a great sensation at Elmvale when it was noised through the village that the Bartons had "sold out." Who would have thought of their quitting the old homestead which had been in the possession of the family for the unheard-of length of forty years? It was odd, indeed, that such fixtures as they were supposed to be could possibly think of "moving." If the lovely stream which flows along just south of the village—that river whose romantic windings could scarcely be made more interesting even by the glowing verse in which they have been immortalized by the sweetest bard of modern times—had, of its own accord, changed its course, and, making a channel through the intervening meadows, run up the principal street, there might have been more astonishment; but nothing among the bare possibilities of life had seemed so unlikely to occur as for the Bartons to sell. Amid all the wonder caused by this event, the universal opinion was that they had made an excellent bargain—in fact, had done uncommonly well.

But you shall hear all about it. The way they came to sell was this: The Bartons are an *old family*, by which I do not mean that they are any better than their neighbors, or have a longer string of ancestors—for they never tried to trace their descent beyond the days of Queen Bess; but what constitutes their antiquity shall appear as we proceed. At the period of the remarkable selling out, the family consisted of three maiden sisters and a niece of seventeen, whom they had reared from babyhood. The marriage of her mother, the sole one of them all who had achieved matrimony, was the great epoch in their modern history. This or that event took place before or after "poor Sarah's wedding." She, the fairest of them all, died just as life's prospects grew brightest, leaving the infant Sarah to the care of her aunts, from whom her father, with a second wife and large troop of children, had never cared to separate her. A humdrum sort of household it would have been if the young girl had not dwelt with them—a genuine sunbeam in that musty old place.

It was a rambling, tumble-down house, full of great echoing rooms and dark passages, built at different eras and for various purposes. An aspiring two-story front had been the hotel of the early days of the settlement; then a wing had been added for a "store;" and, finally, the Bartons filled up a large angle with some snug family apartments. This mossy-shingled, weather-beaten domicile, shaded by magnificent elms older than itself, comprehended nearly the whole of the inheritance left the spinster

sisters by their father. Time rolled on—and, as his ravages were not repaired, the old house grew more ruinous year by year. Rats gnawed great holes in the cellar walls, and ate the spinster's winter apples and potatoes; the roof grew sadly treacherous, and admitted the intruder, rain. Often, in the stillness of the night, a crash would be heard which scared the youthful Sarah, but which her aunts unheeded—for it was only the plastering falling from the chamber ceilings, and they were used to that.

Their brothers, "the boys," as they called them—though one was fifty years old, and the other but a little younger—had long been from home, except for an occasional visit, one being a farmer in Wisconsin, and the other a merchant in a not far-off city.

"Come and live with me," wrote he of Wisconsin to the "girls."

"What! give up our home! And, of all things, to go to the West! No, never!" answered his sisters.

"Sell out and buy a city lot, or all of you come and accept a home with me," urged the generous merchant. But they had as great a dislike to the city as of going westward—and neither invitation was heeded.

"We will decay with the homestead," said the three sisters. "Let us stay in peace where our parents died, where the very walls are old friends, and the portraits look at us from the same places where they have always hung. Let us stay under the shelter of the trees where we played when we were children."

So time rolled on. The spinsters' raven locks showed here and there a silver thread; the old roof leaked more copiously, and more industriously gnawed the rats. Still the Bartons clung to their decaying house, from which they seemed decided that their only removal should be that which laid them in the silent enclosure of the family graveyard, where the parents who fell asleep in a good old age, and the sister in her young beauty, slumbered side by side.

But the march of improvement will do what nothing else can. It made the spinsters "sell out." Elmvale "took a start and grew"—a catastrophe which the Bartons had often contemplated with dread. A new store was built, a manufactory put in operation, a plank road was laid through the very street where they lived, and a locomotive thundered by a dozen times each day, just back of the old dwelling. But what mainly contributed to cause an advantageous sale for the Bartons was the circumstance of a village quarrel. Elmvale, from being a most

quiet and peaceable community, became, by various causes, divided into two factions, the North Enders and South Enders—each party trying to build up the interests of its own quarter to the detriment of the rival neighborhood. The North Enders declared that the opposite side had had all the business in their quarter ever since the settlement of the town, and they "wouldn't have it so" any longer; and, being in the majority, they succeeded in getting the post-office, the railroad depot, and the academy removed and located at the North End. The South Enders, being the wealthiest, revenged themselves by speculating, and, among other things, resolved to have a grand new hotel, which should carry all before it, and make that part of the village famous. It was determined to buy out the Misses Barton, their house was so large and so conveniently situated "on the corner," remodel it entirely, and get an experienced hotel-keeper from the city to take charge of the new establishment.

The spinsters heard of the proposed plan before a formal offer was made them, and they trembled in their shoes. They were denied to all visitors, especially two or three new-comers with black whiskers and driving gay horses, who, so their excited fancies suggested, resembled speculators or fashionable inn-keepers. Brother Tim, the merchant, got wind of the matter, and posted over in hot haste to Elmvale.

"Sister Betsey," said he, slapping his fist emphatically on the great dining-table, "are you a sensible woman, as I used to think you were, or are you not? There isn't the least necessity for letting the old house rot down over your heads, though you haven't the means to repair it. Why, just think, they'll give you four thousand dollars for it—and then, if you are determined still not to come and live with me, you can build a cottage, plenty large enough and much pleasanter than this, on your own lot across the street, for half that sum, and have something left to invest."

Betsey heaved a sigh, looked at the faded paper on the walls and at the grim black mantel-piece with a glance of affection, and remained silent. But her more voluble sisters Ann and Margaret eloquently remonstrated. "Why, brother Tim, it's home to us, what no other place can ever be. It is a shame to sell it, for its very walls are sacred."

"Sacred?" cried Tim, with a hearty laugh; "and the rats are sacred too, I suppose, for you never kill them; and so is the old plastering that tumbles about your ears. Girls," he continued, more earnestly, "I am fairly out of patience with you. I only ask you to think the matter over, and not reject the offer in a hurry."

Tim loved his sisters, and had their interests at heart; but he had early left the family roof to fight his way, unaided, to a competence, and he could not understand the feeling of mere local attachment, which seemed to be a part of their very natures. However, they were not, after all, unreasonable, nor

could they avoid knowing that, in this working-day world, old associations cannot be depended on to furnish food and raiment, or render walls either rat or rain proof. So they followed Tim's advice, and, taking the subject into consideration, made up their minds to sell, being not a little influenced by their affection for Sarah, who thought it would be fine fun to move, and longed for a new house above all things. In short, the bargain was made, the papers drawn up and brought to be signed. The spinsters seldom went beyond the shade of the elm trees, except to church—they had a horror of making new acquaintances, and were especially possessed by a nervous dread of signing a paper. But this ceremony could not, on the present occasion, be dispensed with—so, when the official dignitary came to "take their acknowledgment," though he was an old neighbor of twenty years' standing, they put on long-fronted, antiquated bonnets and great shawls, walked silently into the parlor, and, having affixed their names to the necessary document, hurried away in the same mysterious manner, leaving their mischievous niece giggling behind the sideboard. Well, they were to give possession in three weeks, and it was needful to hire a house till their own should be completed. House-hunting was a queer business for the Misses Barton; but, fortunately, a tenement was soon found almost as large, rather more ruinous, and considerably less comfortable than the old homestead, which the parish minister, having just been turned away, had vacated, and which they hired for six months. It was the only one in the vicinity, among rented dwellings, which they deemed capable of holding their great quantity of household stuff, and it was near the home they were to leave—two good reasons for selecting it.

And now were heard the notes of preparation for moving. The old house had not been the scene of such upturning and confusion since the time of sister Sarah's wedding—nearly twenty years before. Ye dwellers in the city, whom May day witnesses changing your residence of a twelvemonth as a matter of course, and with as much unconcern as you walk from parlor to bedroom—little do ye know of the labors of such a fitting as this! Just think of the old barrels and bottles and other trumpery which fill the cellar, "too good to throw away," and yet not fit to bestow on a beggar; the indescribable and heterogeneous mass which lumbers the garret, and the furniture of all kinds, old and rickety, used and long past using, which crams the remainder of the dwelling—furniture, some portions of which are so massive and seemingly immovable, having occupied the same stations year after year, that the mere attempt to stir it appears futile! Articles long since laid aside were dragged forth from dark closets and dingy corners of the garret.

"What under the sun is this, Aunt Betsey?" said Sarah, hauling after her, down the precarious attic stairs, a strange-looking affair of iron, a great round

pan with a handle six feet long. "For mercy's sake, be careful of it, child," cries Aunt Betsey from the hall, where she is emptying the contents of a book-case into a two-bushel basket; "it's our old frying-pan." This obsolete utensil had not seen the light since the Bartons were induced, through Tim's arguments fifteen years before, to introduce a cooking-stove into their kitchen, and shut up the great cavernous fireplace, with its crane and pothooks. But they still cherished it, like many other things whose day was past, for the double reason that it was old and associated with the memory of their parents.

"And what's this?" asked Tim, who had brought a carman from the city to transport their goods, and was directing the important business in hand. He was carrying another incomprehensible thing resembling the frying-pan, but more elaborate in construction, having a carved wooden handle terminating in a capacious brass vessel with a highly ornamented cover of the same metal, on which he played an impromptu tune by banging it up and down.

"Stop that racket, do," said Margaret; "that's the warming-pan our folks have had these forty years; we wouldn't have anything happen it for the world."

The vocation of warming-pans was no longer held in esteem, modern comforts having superseded the necessity of their use, particularly in brother Tim's opinion—for he very well remembered how, when he came home one bitterly cold January night, they put him to sleep in the large north chamber, with its great fireplace, whence the heat of the blazing wood all rushed up the chimney, and the wind roared down into the room; and how, to prevent his freezing to death, his kind-hearted sisters had brought the warming-pan into requisition; how a mass of bed "fuzz" and feathers adhered to it, and, getting scorched, made a most offensive "smudge;" and how some of the coals were shaken out and set the sheets on fire—and he was so irreverent as to pronounce this utensil a useless thing, advising the girls to convert it into a "soap dipper." Most cruel Tim!

While the garret was yielding its treasures, from the dim lumber-room, where superannuated furniture led an easy life, a cradle was brought to view—not one of your modern willow affairs that lasts only long enough to carry one baby through the rocking period, but a substantial wooden structure, painted red, in which two generations of the Bartons had slept away the first months of their existence, and still sufficiently strong to endure the nursery buffetings of many generations to come. Sarah laughed, and clapped her hands at sight of the old cradle. "Won't it be funny, aunty," she exclaimed, "to see a family of spinsters parading along with a cradle when they move?"

But Tim put it carefully on the cart, for he thought of the gentle mother whose soft eyes had watched over him when he lay there, a helpless infant—and

as carefully he bore out the two rocking-chairs, a small and a large one, that had stood so many years beside each other in the little sitting-room, just where their venerable occupants had been accustomed to use them. If Tim had small love for the fast decaying old house, it must be said that the tenderest corner in his heart of hearts was filled with a most reverential regard for the memory of those parents, to whom he had been the best of sons; and more than all his father's worldly possessions he valued his dying father's earnest blessing.

For a whole week, the cart "might be seen," as novelists say, standing at the Bartons' door, or slowly traversing the street to their new abode, now with a mass of feather beds piled alarmingly high—anon creaking under the weight of unwieldy cupboards or antiquated bureaus. Tim objected to the great clumsy presses. "What can you want with all those cupboards, sister Betsey?" he asked. "Why not dispose of them to the new owner here, and save the trouble of moving such heavy things? You can have plenty of clothes-presses and china closets built in your new house, and havn't the least possible use for all these."

But the girls were unanimous in refusing to part with even one. "You don't understand it at all, brother Tim," said they. "This long blue closet is for Sarah's dresses; that cherry one we always keep blankets in; this red one, with so many shelves, always stands in the kitchen; we couldn't live without it; and, as for the others, why, you know they have been in the family ever since mother began housekeeping, so there is no use in saying anything about them."

Tim acquiesced, and made no further propositions of a similar nature. But finally, as one load after another was dispatched, and still "Alps on Alps" of rubbish, the accumulations of many years, were revealed to view, there were some things that even the sisters pronounced "in the way;" among which were two or three casks full of "old iron," the results of kitchen breakages and of the wear and tear of time—cracked kettles, broken skillets, smoothing irons without handles, metal teapots noseless and bottomless, with other articles "too numerous to mention." The Bartons were not what is called "keen at a bargain," and—partly from their knowledge of this deficiency, partly because they inherited from their father, who, though residing in "York State," was far from being Yankee-born, a suspicious dislike of traveling merchants in general and tin peddlers in particular—they seldom indulged in a "trade," and, when they did, had reason to regret it afterwards. But on the present occasion, when the stirrings-up consequent on their expected change of residence brought out such quantities of trash, they became anxious for an opportunity to barter.

"I really think," said sister Betsey, "that, if a peddler should come along, we might venture to trade these things off, for it would be no great matter if

we should get cheated, and even one tin pan will be more useful than all this old stuff."

And it so fell out that just at this juncture a peddler did "come along"—one of those miscellaneous dealers whose cart contains a little of everything in the tinware and drygoods line, from a pepper-box to a blanket shawl, and who in exchange takes articles infinitely more multifarious. His vehicle presented a striking appearance, moving forward to the music of clattering tins, many of which were bang outside, forming an ambulatory advertisement that glittered brilliantly in the sunlight, while, lifting their well-stuffed bodies through various crevices, were visible many plethoric-looking bags, the nature of the contents of which might be guessed by rags thrusting themselves through rents in some, and feathers poking from others. The Bartons hailed his approach with satisfaction; the "old iron" and all the rag-bags in the house were exhibited, and their pecuniary value, when weighed and summed up, was by no means of small amount.

"Well," inquired the peddler, "han't you got anything else you want to get rid of? I'll take old India rubbers, hens' feathers—no matter what."

Old India rubbers and hens' feathers? Could it be possible that they were salable commodities! How fortunate—for they had half a bushel of worn-out overshoes, and standing in the carriage house were two barrels of hens' feathers, the pickings of the fowlyard for several years, saved there by the spinsters' directions, yet for what purpose saved they themselves hitherto knew not, though doubtless with a vague idea that they would come in use some time or other. These desirable relics were added to the rags and old iron; and now, from the peddler's stock, began the selection of such articles as the Misses Barton wished—several milk-pans, quart and pint cups, water dippers, and things of corresponding nature—and, in particular, a small vessel brilliantly painted in red and green, with the words "molasses cup," by way of inscription, in gilt letters directly under the spout. The drygoods came in for a share of patronage also; a bright handkerchief for William, the serving-man, thread, needles, tape, and cotton hose not only made the traders "even," but brought the ladies a few pennies in debt.

"We'll soon make that right," said the peddler; "han't you got no eggs? I take eggs too."

Eggs and overshoes, feathers, and broken teapots—funny enough, thought the Bartons—and a dozen of eggs speedily made them "square." Meantime, Sarah, who looked on with much amusement, and was delighted to see how readily the old iron was disposed of, called William to a dark recess under the back stairs, and bade him haul out an immense black pot, a "five pail" vessel at the least, and two antiquated teakettles, minus covers and handles. The man came lugging the pot along with both hands, looking very much like the picture of "Greedy Gut" in Mother Goose's Melodies—while Sarah bore the

teakettles. No sooner did the big pot appear on the scene than there was an evident consternation among the sisters, as though the peddler, beholding such rich booty, would take it perforce, and Miss Betsey in haste told William to carry it back directly, for it was once her great-grandfather's, and could not be sold on any account. Sarah laughed slyly, and produced her burden, which her aunts speedily consigned to the state tomb they had so long occupied with the pot; "they were grandmother's and great-grandmother's kettles, and should always be kept in the family."

"That's right, girls," put in brother Tim; "those things are useful, in a certain sense, as relics of our forefathers; and I approve of such keeping, in fact of keeping most old things, except great cupboards and crazy, leaky houses," he added, with a smile.

The great trade being concluded, it was surprising to see how the peddler stuffed his additional stock into the already crammed wagon. There seemed no end to its capacity of holding. In went the eggs too—and where they were put to escape crushing remains a mystery to the Bartons to this day. To their astonishment and delight, the tinware proved to be, as represented by the peddler, "first-rate and no mistake, and warranted not to leak;" so they have set it down that there is at least one honest peddler in the world. A single circumstance, however, casts a cloud on his reputation. His dealing in hens' feathers was certainly suspicious. "He must either," they believed, "mix them with goose feathers, or steam them up to make them sell for such, and one would be as unfair as the other." Therefore, after canvassing the whole matter, they concluded that, though he did well by them, "there must be cheaters somewhere about him." As for the peddler, he went on his way, and they saw him no more; but he was reported to have said, at his next stopping-place, that "he never made such a great docker in his life as he did with them women folks in that 'ere old house down street."

To return to the moving—which the peddler's appearance has interrupted. There was one matter which weighed heavily on Miss Betsey's mind, and that was in relation to their domestic fowls, for they had an extensive "hen dairy," as brother Tim called it—and the contemplated task of ousting its members from their convenient quarters and gathering them for removal, presented not only serious difficulties, but its accomplishment appeared prospectively to be attended with considerable risk. A disused smoke-house, the sole appurtenance of their new residence that could be made available for such a purpose, having been prepared for the reception of the fowls, William, the serving-man, set himself to catch them, and after great exertions, secured the fluttering community. They were confined in two large coops, which, being mounted on a wheelbarrow, were trundled off by the captor—the imprisoned birds struggling impotently, while their squallings rose with a

muffled sound through the bars of their temporary cells. Brother Tim walked on one side, wholly engaged in steadying the precarious load—an air of intense earnestness pervading his entire man. Miss Betsey's apprehensions were not ill founded, for several of the hens began directly to pine away, and came to an untimely death, a few days after removal, from being pinched and roughly handled by William in his eagerness to catch them—which broke their hearts; an interesting fact—going to show that hens, like other bipeds, sometimes die of broken hearts. And their surviving companions, that had before moving made arrangements "to set," mostly relinquished the idea in the novelty of their abode, so that the Bartons "raised" but two chickens the ensuing summer. This was the only serious disaster that attended the moving, which was signalized by no broken crockery or cracked mirrors. The spinsters themselves went to and fro, carrying small baskets containing their choice China and glass ware, which they would trust to no other hands. And, with their own individual eyes, they steadily watched the transit of the old-fashioned looking-glasses—those time-honored bequests of their grandfather—long and narrow, and encased in dark frames, where dim gilding and carved wood flourished antequely together.

Whatever sad thoughts and tender memories connected with the home they were about to quit rose in the minds of the sisters, there was little opportunity for indulging or expressing them, when fairly engaged in the perplexing tasks in which the final tearing-up and constant supervision of departing goods and chattels involved them. But at times, when by themselves, and busied in the old rooms, as they sorrowfully realized, for the last time, they would give way to the indulgence of childish reminiscences. "Oh, sister Maggie," said Ann, on such an occasion, as on her knees, hammer in hand, she was taking nails from the carpet of the apartment which had been their nursery and playroom in the far-away period of childhood, "do you remember our 'acting' in this dear old place—how you and I used to stand in that corner and make up plays as we went along?"

"Indeed I do," said Maggie, as she folded the ancient and somewhat faded window curtains of green moreen; "and just how we always ended off too—one going out at the hall door here, and the other at the kitchen entry, saying '*exeat omnes*' as we went." Then they laughed and cried together—though the tears predominated.

"And this," continued Maggie, as she reached, in the employment of taking down curtains, an "end window," which afforded a view far along the pleasant street, "this is where sister Sarah used to sit and watch for Julius in the summer evenings, before the fall when they were married;" and Maggie sighed at the recollection of those bright, mirthful-looking eyes, that closed so early on all their

possessor loved in this world. Then came the often-recurring thought of those parents whose earthly cares and exertions for their children this enclosure of home had witnessed through their course and to their termination; but over the hidden, cherished recollections of the dead—those memories so often filled with "bitterness" which alone "the heart knoweth"—we draw a veil.

Well, the last day of their stay in the house no longer theirs arrived, though they would willingly have deferred it, and "kept moving" another week. Even Sarah arose that morning with a load at her heart, and their breakfast was a sad and silent meal. There remained but the cooking-stove and the bedsteads which they occupied to be taken down, and this was speedily accomplished; then they made ready to depart—lingering a few minutes to take a last look at the familiar rooms. It was one of those chilling, bleak days which so often come in the latter part of May after a period of bright, balmy weather, and dampen our hopes of approaching summer. The wind whistled drearily down the open chimneys, and the rooms, empty of all else, were full of dismal echoes. A few bits of string and pieces of torn paper were scattered on the dusty floors, and on one of the mantels stood some cracked vials—and this was all, where lately had been so much of the warmth and happiness of life. The sisters looked at each other, but did not speak, for they knew the effort would only make their tears burst forth. Small would have been the comfort, then, had any one said "it is wise to leave here—you will be much better off in a new house"—which, indeed, they felt to be truth; yet none who quits the home of a lifetime fails to realize the utter fallaciousness of such consolation when the hour of departure is at hand. They would not allow themselves to wait long, but presently passed out in slow procession from the shelter of the old roof-tree, to return no more; Sarah following her aunts with a subdued countenance, carrying a geranium in one arm and the little white house dog in the other. And, by the way, small "Tom," the funniest and most knowing of quadrupeds, and the barn-door fowls did not constitute all the live stock of the Bartons, which also comprehended a cow, a trim Durham of invaluable qualities. Just at the mournful moment when the spinsters issued forth, came William also from the rear of the house, leading "Bossy" by a rope tied to her horn, at which the man vigorously tugged. The cow, not understanding why she was driven from her usual resting place, and not desiring a strange stable or unfamiliar milking ground, pulled as violently in the opposite direction, rolling her eyes and tossing her head in a manner entirely at variance with her naturally submissive ways. There are times when little circumstances, which ordinarily would be unnoticed, seem fraught with peculiar meaning, and such was the present, when the behavior of the cow appeared

very inauspicious. Maggie, always alive to portents, and somewhat superstitious, set it down in her own mind as a bad omen—an ill-defined indication of some equally ill-defined misfortune to result from the "moving"—and, looking back anxiously on reaching the gate of their new residence, she felt relieved to see that "Bossy," though her eyes still glared with the light of suppressed rage, had submitted to her fate, and was advancing in unresisting dignity. "Poor dumb thing!" said Maggie; "I can sympathize with you." As for the ill luck foreshadowed by these ominous shakings of the head, it is yet to come, thank Heaven!

Tim stood waiting to receive his sisters, having seen that one room at least was made comfortable for their induction. He wiped some tears which rushed unbidden to his eyes as they approached, for he did not like that they should see him giving way so, and welcomed them in a hearty voice. They had need to be met with smiles, for all but this one room, where the old family clock stood ticking away so homelike in one corner as to give the place a natural aspect, looked unpromising enough. The carpets had been put down, and, so far, all was well; but everything besides was pitched in helter-skelter. And what a place the kitchen was! for it had been made the receptacle of whatever could not be stowed anywhere else—a pyramid of chairs and tables in the centre, and the doors blocked up with all sorts of things—parlor, kitchen, and bedroom furniture in most admirable juxtaposition. Not only did the idea of having anything to eat that day seem preposterous, but to the sisters so faint was the prospect of ever "getting settled" at all, so unused were they to the discomforts of "moving," that they were thrown into a state of absolute despair. Maggie seated herself on an inverted wash-tub and began to cry outright, partly at the dismal scene before her, and partly because the tears which she had been checking down all the morning could be kept back no longer. Good brother Tim busied himself in flying about, giving directions, and trying to compose "the girls"—while Sarah, who was too buoyant to be long weighed down, was not inactive; so, through their cheering influence, the others gathered resolution to do what all who feel despair under similar, or indeed any circumstances, had best do—bestir themselves.

Before dark, a passage having been cleared to the cooking-stove, and a good fire kindled, the teakettle began to sing, announcing that a meal was in prospect; and what can make people feel so at-home-like as sitting down to a cosy cup of tea? The table was not, though, truth to say, there was little on it, for nobody knew where anything was to be found in either the crockery or eatable line; but Miss Betsey had taken care to send for a loaf of "baker's bread" (home-baking had been out of the question in the confusion of the last week), and they were now of a refreshing draught of tea, for Ann had

brought the caddy in her own hands. Alas for human expectations! When the tea was tasted, no one could drink it; in fact, it was not "tay-tay," as the Irishman called the real China product, but an undisguised decoction of spearmint leaves, which Miss Betsey, who was famous for curing herbs, had dried the previous fall, having heard they were "good for some complaint," she didn't know what, and which had, in the turmoil of moving, got into the "wrong box"—in what way, the Bartons cannot tell to this day. They were in great tribulation, as they saw no remedy, and particularly on Tim's account, he so relished a good cup of tea—but Tim, sympathizing with the perplexity into which he saw their novel surroundings had thrown them, protested that it was quite drinkable, kindly following up the assertion by swallowing a cupful—an effort it cost him too, for the stuff was villanous. Considerate Tim! Then he bade them an affectionate good-by, and, springing into his buggy, drove off very fast towards town. What made him check his horse at the gate of the deserted homestead?—and did anybody hear footsteps in the lonely house that evening? Surely, there stood a man under one of the elms and leaned his head against the rough bark, as night threw its shadows over the silent spot. Tim never told his sisters that he stopped there that evening; but he said to his wife, "I didn't think I should feel so bad as I really did at last." They have not re-entered the old house, and most probably never will.

The spearmint tea was but the first of many similar trials and mistakes which attended the Misses Barton's efforts at "getting settled." Not the least of their troubles arose from the awkwardness accompanying the explorations of a strange abode—a serious undertaking to people who had spent all their days in one spot. They ran headlong against each other in passages with the windings of which they were totally unacquainted; and many hard bumps were the result. And then, what a fuss they had to find anything! Books, table linen, sweetmeat and pickle jars had been put in most unsystematized array on the same shelves; hunted articles "turned up" in the least expected places; pocket handkerchiefs and dish towels, hastily thrust away, were discovered crammed into pillow cases; and wearing apparel emerged from wooden water pails. By degrees, everything looked for made its appearance, and, as perseverance and industry can smooth the most rugged difficulties, so, in a week's time, matters began to go on with somewhat of their accustomed good order and system.

But, among the consequences of the "selling out," a new trial, and a different one from those which had followed the event hitherto, now awaited the spinsters. It remained for them to be made acquainted, how unwillingly soever, with the total overhauling which took place at their old home. They had been not many days established at their temporary residence when Maggie, who sat near an open window

enjoying the first balmy breath of June, heard a great clatter and crash, and, throwing a glance, as she often did, down the street where the weather-beaten walls of the old house were plainly discernible, she beheld men on the roof, and discovered that the process of demolishing the chimneys was begun. The sound of the falling bricks, as they rattled over the shingles, smote on her ear like a knell; she shut the window, and retreated to her bedroom. But regrets and sighs could not stay the work of reform; every fireplace was removed—"they took up so much space," the new proprietors said. The great vacancies thus made were walled and plastered, while more modern chimneys, to accommodate stovepipes, were constructed. The demolition of the kitchen chimney, which of itself occupied as much room as any moderately-sized apartment, hurt the feelings of the Bartons most of all. That pleasant old corner where they used to sit, a knot of brothers and sisters, when they were children, in the long winter evenings, enjoying the blaze of the immense "backlogs," and listening to their grandfather's funny stories; and the adjoining brick oven, where the Christmas cakes and pies had, ever since they could remember, been baked, and from which not even the innovation of stoves in later years had drawn their patronage, for in its capacious depths their bread was baked to the last—to know that all vestiges of that brick oven and ancient chimney-place were gone, was sorrowful enough. But the change did not end there. The partition walls were torn away, and the very landmarks that distinguished different apartments were entirely destroyed. A staring piazza was built along the front, extending quite to the paternal elms which waved their arms protectingly before the house; and, to crown all, the whole was painted of a dark-brown color.

In due time, the new hotel was opened for the reception of visitors, under magnificent auspices. Brilliant red and embroidered muslin curtains occupied the place of the sober, old-fashioned hangings of the Bartons; where their parlor and dining-room had been was now a long counter, displaying many bottles and decanters; and the windows that looked out from a little western bedroom, which had been a sacred spot where they had closed the eyes of their beloved dead, now lighted a public resort, where men waited for the stage, and which was always full of loungers and cigar smoke. Sarah, who reported progress to her aunts, came in from a walk one day, exclaiming, with an air of disgust, "And what do you think, aunty, I saw at the old place to-day? A horse-pail right at the front door! Just think of it!"

But a new object was rising on the spinsters' vision, to divert their thoughts into a more pleasing channel. From the windows of their present residence they could observe a modest cottage advancing into being, which, in the course of a few months, appeared complete; its walls of cream color prettily contrasting with the young elm and fir trees which

embellished the court-yard, and a terraced garden occupying a graceful slope at its eastern end. Thither was the second sitting of the spinsters, when November winds piped loud and shrill, and as they went they blessed kind Providence for such a snug home as awaited them the coming winter. Nor did they neglect to praise brother Tim, whose good taste and judgment had assisted in planning the new house. But now, alas! they were forced to give up some of the cumbrous furniture that had never before seemed to be "in the way," for there was absolutely not space enough for it at the cottage—obtaining in its stead other of more appropriate size. High-post bedsteads it was necessary to curtail of their dimensions, to which fate some were subjected, while others were exchanged for modern ones; even some of the vast cupboards were dispensed with; but there were many other articles with which nothing could induce the Bartons to part, and among these ranks the long mahogany clock. There is one story high enough to accommodate at least that faithful monitor, and it still ticks away in the cottage dining-room as vigorously as it has been doing for the last forty years, while its clarion-like bell rings out the passing hours clearer than ever. The reason of which last improvement is that the Bartons consented, during their final moving, to commit it to the hands of an experienced clockmaker to be cleaned, and, the dust of twenty-five years being brushed away, the husky voice of age has been replaced by the animated notes of its early existence. Miss Betsey says she would rather have it than a dozen French clocks, and would as soon think of selling Sarah, for it is quite as much one of the family. In keeping with its honest face, stand those two ancient rocking-chairs, more prized than the most luxurious of modern seats, as helping, with other articles of furniture no more elegant than these which are disposed about the house, to keep "green the memory" of those who owned and used them once, but who have left behind all earthly possessions.

In fact, the inanimate belongings of the cottage, blending old and new—with more, however, of the former than the latter—may be compared, not unfitly, to its human occupants: the spinster sisters quietly but surely going on in the vale of years, the brightness of their early youth forever passed; and their sprightly niece, on whose round cheek age and care have not yet come to set their lines, and whose golden locks have not been touched by the gray blight of time.

"What a pretty place the Bartons have," say the neighbors; "and what a good bargain they made in getting the cottage for their large, inconvenient old house." While the Bartons, grateful and contented as they are in their new and cheerful abode, look back at times with fond regret even to the discomforts of the homestead, and Miss Betsey has been heard to declare that "it is well we don't know to what we are coming in this world."

New, kind reader, if it so happen that you belong to the sex masculine, suffer a word of advice. Perhaps you will pause at Elmvale while on a deer-hunting excursion, in the cold winter months, for it lies not far from great hunting-grounds, and you may repose yourself at that famous hotel where the gas lights gleam with such a comfortable air through the crimson-curtained windows. If so, give not way, we beseech you, to boisterous mirth in those gayly-furnished rooms, neither indulge in the potations which those decanters so temptingly display; but remember that the spot you occupy was once the scene of quiet, domestic comfort, of the mingled griefs and joys of home; and that, perchance, on the very spot where you stand the bride assumed her marriage vow, or the dead was laid out for burial. Or, in the warm days of summer, while seeking a refuge from the city heats, you may stumble upon Elmvale; and I am sure you could not find a more charming place, for, notwithstanding the rival factions of North and South Enders have caused scowls and hard words among the inhabitants, yet Nature, undisturbed by man's quarrels, wears here a pleasant aspect, and speaks in sweetest tones from echoing wood and rolling river. On the gently sloping hills at whose base the village nestles, you may wander, finding new views of loveliness at every step, for to their calm, green summits no sound of strife rises, and they smile on in the glancing sunlight as beautifully serene, whether the Academy, justice's and post office be at one end or the other of the broad street below. If from the piazza of that same hotel, as you sit in one of those once-inviting arm-chairs, enjoying the soft summer

twilight and the flavor of your Havana, you note at a little distance the cream-colored cottage with its verdant terraces, we advise you to take a closer view of its beauties. Don't be afraid of the maiden sisters, for they were never known to "set their caps" at any of your race; while, as for Sarah, her aunts think her yet much too young to "have beaux," and the contented country girl divides her time between the little garden and the smaller library of the cottage—so, if you happen to espy her in the first, she will probably retreat to the second, not caring to bestow a look upon yourself. But, if you have the least wish to make a good impression, be careful not to strut, and remember to throw away your cigar on approaching those precincts, for both Sarah and her aunts have a horror of city airs and tobacco.

And here, good reader mine—whom I have carried through a "plotless tale," which yet may not have failed to interest, if you are tired of the heroes and heroines of Broadway and Chestnut Street, and would fain enjoy a whiff of country air, albeit redolent of rusticity and haystacks—we will leave, so please you, the cottage and its inmates. For, as the sisters say most emphatically that "they shall never move again," it is unlikely that anything so eventful as their first flitting will make any part of their future life worthy of record; and certain I am you will join with me in hoping that life will be—what they themselves most wish—quiet and serene, unfretted by anxieties, and yet not so intensely comfortable as to cause forgetfulness of that last narrow home whither all alike are tending.

THE "WRONG PASSENGER."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," "PLEASEING THE PARISH," ETC. ETC.

Mrs. WILLIAM AUGUSTUS FLANDERS was going to pass a winter at the South.

It was quite an event in the life-history of the lady, a resident of 2 Hancock Court, Boston. It had always troubled her that it was only a court over which she reigned. It was not orthodox, but she would have preferred to govern a street; to be the observed of a place, at the least. Mr. Flanders was particularly obstinate in some few points, one of which was that the house he and his father before him occupied was good enough for his wife and children; nor did it avail that new dwellings, with bow fronts, and "hot water in every story," were unusually cheap at the south end, and that his old partner, Moses Sanborn, occupied one of them. "What Mr. Sanborn chose to do was none of his business," he often pertinently remarked; he had chosen to leave the firm of Flanders & Sanborn because it did not make money fast enough, and, if he chose

to live fast, he only hoped he had made enough to pay for it. You might as well have tried to remove Old South as Mr. Flanders, when his foot—no very small one, it is true—was once put down.

However, Mrs. Flanders had always one refuge, into whose impregnable fastness she invariably retreated, under all social attacks. If Mrs. Potts, at No. 4, hired a third maid-servant, she could tell of the two her cousin, Mrs. Jessup, always had about her. If Mrs. Himes bought the first strawberries in market, Mrs. Jessup's last letter had said "green peas were over with them for the present." Mrs. Moses, an assistant officer in the Mite Society, went to pass a few months in New York, and Mrs. Flanders observed, "her duties as a wife and mother had led her to decline at least fifty invitations to pass a winter in Charleston; Anna Maria was always urging her to come out."

Whether it was that her "duties as a wife and

mother" interfered no longer with her social relations, or that Mr. Flanders, after six months of coaxing and teasing, had heroically given up his new chaise for the present, and appropriated the money drawn for its purchase to his wife's use, we cannot say; but certainly Mrs. Flanders had been induced, either by a more pressing invitation than usual from Anna Maria, or the rapture of possessing a new velvet cloak, and having no place but the church, and that only once a week, to display it in—to forget her usual self-sacrificing disposition so far as to consent to pass a winter in Charleston. It was put on the plea of her health. Of course, no one ever went South in the winter without that certificate to the kind attentions of those they meet. To be sure, Mrs. Flanders had not passed an entire day at home, much less in her own room, for the last five years; but then, as she told Mrs. Potts, "many and many 's the time when a sense of duty alone kept her up." A sense of duty, be it remarked, is always the brace and supporter which ladies of Mrs. Flanders' active benevolence chiefly patronize. For once, therefore, "she really *was* going to be self-indulgent." Johnny was able now to relieve his father from a great deal of business care, and to see that he took the omnibus on a wet day. Minerva could overlook the servants, and hear Martha Washington's lessons for school. In fact, if she ever did expect to travel, *now* was emphatically her time. Two weeks before Anna Maria's last letter arrived, she had stepped into Bedlock's to look at a hat-box and traveling trunk. She wanted them very strong, as they were for a *sea voyage*. The foreman politely assured her those in the first row would be just the thing for going to the World's Fair with. Indeed, one of that very pattern was to be exhibited there, and it was but natural the rest should take the same road.

Mrs. Flanders did not attempt to explain the construction he had evidently put upon her remarks, neither did she resent it. She had on her velvet cloak, though it was early in October, and carried a silver *porte-monnaie*. Why should she not be suspected of a right of *entrée* to the Crystal Palace, especially as Anna Maria once went to the same school with Mrs. Lawrence? and no doubt she would be presented at court, if she chose to go, on the strength of that early attachment. Therefore the first purchase, after the trip had finally been decided upon, was the sole-leather trunk, including bonnet-box, of the same pattern that has since taken a medal at the Great Exhibition, and has made the name of Bedlock famous in the annals of travelers from all nations.

The cup of Mrs. Flanders' enjoyment brimmed during the next two weeks. There were shopping, and farewell calls, and announcements to make; and her hands—she wore *sevens* and a half—were emphatically full. Her milliner was informed that she would have a brown trimming upon her straw

hat, because the spray would take the color out of green, her usual choice. She did not wish a tulle-ton lining, as salt water so soon took the stiffness out; neither must it be too expensive, for she should only wear it for a hack—in—Charleston! And then she looked for the expression of surprise which this announcement called forth, and was amply rewarded by the expressive "You don't say!" which Mrs. Brown's upraised hands, eyebrows, and voice united in.

Mrs. Potts was equally struck. With almost heroic calmness, Mrs. Flanders had withheld the precious information from her opposite neighbor during the first three days. She had intended a grand *coup de théâtre*, when the time for her parting visit drew nigh. But a twenty dollar sole-leather trunk, with "A. F., BOSTON," in large letters, could not proceed the length of the court, and stop at Mrs. Flanders' door, without notice. No wonder Mrs. Potts was cut down when she learned the truth. Mrs. Moses, too—what a triumph over her paltry New York trip! It was all a triumph, from commencement to close; from the foreman at Bedlock's to her last Sunday in the Meeting Street Congregational Church, where everybody shook hands in the lobby and wished her a pleasant *voyage*.

That was the principal thing of interest in the journey itself. She forgot to admire the elegance of the boats on the Fall River route, the beauty of a first glimpse of New York Bay, or the stately elegance of the city itself. She passed by Trinity with a "quite sweet," and did not give the Astor a second glance; they were quite too near home for any ecstasies. Besides, Mrs. Moses had seen them. Stewart's was the only thing which she condescended to admire; and then "a feeling of sadness and longing" came over her, as she saw a still later style of velvet cloak displayed in his superb shawl-room—later than that reposing in yards of clean towel in the topmost tray of the new trunk.

So she was very glad to find that the Marion would sail exactly at the hour specified; and it was with great satisfaction that she found herself deposited in the saloon at three o'clock of the same day. Here she parted with Mr. Flanders, who had made a business-pleasure trip, thus far escorting his wife, "as a man and a father should do"—we quote Mrs. F.—and, at the same time, getting a large order for shoes and palm-leaf hats, the principal commodities in his line, which more than repaid him for the loss of time and both steamboat tickets, supper included. The adieus were not very sentimental; for all the romance Miss Minerva Flanders was distinguished for "came from the mother's side of the family," and this, as may easily be understood, was somewhat faded in the light of nineteen years of matrimony. Besides, she was too much interested in the novelty of her situation to indulge in any unreasonable grief. The red eyes and swollen face of a

steerage passenger, a young Irish girl parting with her betrothed, quite excited her disgust; nor could she understand the "ochone! ochone! acushla machree!" which the girl muttered as she rocked backwards and forwards, after he had gone, with tears in her eyes, I am bound to say, as being the evidence of anything more than a perverse desire to make the spectators uncomfortable. On the contrary, Mr. Flanders' "take care of yourself, Angeline," with a hearty squeeze of the hand, and the "good-by, Mr. Flanders, and don't forget those shoes for Martha," was quite a lesson to all beholders on the propriety of avoiding family scenes in public.

Mr. Flanders was not of the crowd who stood upon the deck to wave parting signals with hand and handkerchief. The Irish girl's lover leaned out, with his arm clasped around a beam, far over the dirty tide of chips and sea-weed that was washing into the slip, and waved the old tattered beaver that she knew so well; but Mr. Flanders had a business engagement with one of his correspondents at four, as high up as John Street, and no one ever knew him to be unpunctual. His wife did not mourn this seeming inattention on his part, but stood on deck wrapped in a new Bay State shawl, and the contemplation of her own newly-acquired dignity as a traveler. Two California steamers were moving down the bay at the same time. The signal guns, and the crowds attending their departure, were placed solely to the Marion's account. It was really much more than she had anticipated. Quite a triumphal progress as well as departure. But, after all the excitement was over, and the vessel moved steadily down towards the Narrows, the forest of masts lessening in the distance, and Governor's Island floating like a skiff upon the water, Mrs. Flanders had "no more use" for the scenery of New York harbor, but returned to the saloon to reconnoitre, or, to use her own phrase, "look about her."

There were fewer passengers than usual at this season of the year; but then the Savannah packets were now established and patronized, as well as the land route, by those who included a passing glimpse of Washington in their flitting north or south. However, the bustle and confusion that reigned there were delightful to Mrs. Flanders, and her enjoyment was furthermore heightened by finding that one of the most eligible berths had been secured to her. She did not at all like the large provision of white basins which the proprietors of the line had generously furnished, for she suspected the use they might be intended for; but she did not betray her inexperience as did the young lady from Vermont, who had never even seen the sea, and inquired if every lady was expected to make her toilet in her berth. Besides this unconscious maiden, there was the usual complement of ladies in every style of traveling costume, from chenée silks to

"shilling calicoes," or "levy chintzes," according to the latitude, and some who, more experienced, or more provident than our heroine, had already assumed comfortable dressing-gowns, and were stretched upon the lounges with a book or paper, taking everything as a matter of course.

Among the last, Mrs. Flanders particularly remarked a lady of twenty-five, or it may be thirty, whose unusually fine hair, as she carelessly twisted it into the most compact form she could devise, had attracted the attention even of the stewardess, who does not usually condescend at first to acknowledge the existence of her temporary guests. She had a plain printed flannel dressing-gown, which Mrs. Flanders at first took for a mousseline-de-laine, and had exchanged her gaiters for comfortable slippers. Mrs. Flanders still sat in the dignity of her plaid dress, made in the latest Boston fashion, stiff linen collar and cuffs, and a gold chain at least a yard long, with a large gold pencil and a thick gold watch attached. The lady wore no jewelry but a cameo brooch, which fastened her collar, and a little child she had with her was dressed quite as plainly, having only a ruffle in the neck of her dress. The child was too young to talk very plainly, but she called the lady "nana;" while the stewardess, after a little time, addressed her, with a smile of recognition, as "Miss Fanny," and made many polite inquiries for various relations, which she remembered in turn, which were as politely replied to.

Mrs. Flanders could not account for it, but she was deeply interested in her, although she could see at once—discerning Mrs. Flanders!—that she was by no means wealthy. So she took a private opportunity to question the stewardess as to her name, and was informed that she was Miss Fanny Page, and known to the yellow mistress of ceremonies in her schoolgirl days, for she had been educated at the north. So it was settled in her mind that Miss Page had the misfortune never to receive an eligible offer, and was situated as a kind of head governess in some more fortunate relative's family. This explained her taking such excellent care of the child, and the family resemblance which she fancied she had detected. She resolved to extend the protecting ægis of her position as a matron, and the wife of a Boston merchant, to the unprotected Miss Fanny.

However, there was little time for any extension of courtesies at the present moment. The Marion had already entered the long rolling swells beyond Sandy Hook, and the promenaders were fast disappearing from deck. Mrs. Flanders began to find her situation in the large rocking-chair, which she had appropriated, extremely uncomfortable, to say the least; and, at last, was forced to take to her berth, still in the glory of her plaid *laine de Saxony*, which troubled her not a little at first, as might be seen from her frantic attempts to relieve herself from it. Even in the agonies of approaching sea-

sickness, it distressed her to think of the creases and rumpling it might sustain ;—

"For, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind,"

as is related of the wife of the celebrated equestrian, Gilpin.

Little aid could be hoped from the stately lady who was responding to at least fifty calls of "Stewardess!" "Stewardess!" "Oh, stewardess!" She did what she could; but her attentions had, of necessity, to be divided. She could not be holding the head of the lady in No. 3, spreading a mattress for the cottage bonnet and dark merino dress in the upper saloon, bringing a towel to the weak request of berth 7, getting cologne for the pale face in No. 9 from the bottom of a deep hand-basket, picking up the child whose mother had taken to the sofa, talking to the captain at the door, endeavoring to convince the husband of No. 12 that *she* would take care of his wife, but *he must not* come into the ladies' cabin, assuring the Vermont young lady that *she was not* going to die, this time, at any rate, and be unfastening the tight *laine de Saxony* for Mrs. Flanders at the same time.

No wonder, then, that our heroine returned a grateful look—speak she could not—to Miss Page, who most kindly volunteered her services. She was accustomed to the voyage, and never suffered from it. "Stewardess" found her aid invaluable, and most freely it was given to any who needed it, through all the horrors of the evening, resting only when the pathetic moans and exclamations had, in some sort, subsided, and the sufferers sank into uneasy slumber by the

"Lantern dimly burning."

"To be sure, it's no more than she's accustomed to, poor thing!" thought Mrs. Flanders, as she composed her exhausted self to sleep; and so she fell into a dream that Mrs. Potts had bought a traveling dress exactly like hers, notwithstanding she had evaded all her inquiries on the subject, but that her own had been ruined completely by being left in a bath-tub of salt water by a chambermaid with a face like Miss Page's.

I cannot, as a faithful chronicler, record that much spirited and congenial conversation passed among the lady passengers of the Marion the following morning. Mrs. Flanders insisted that she was not at all ill, but always preferred to keep quiet on Sunday; the Vermont young lady, who, by the way, was going out as a teacher, had not yet been reassured as to reaching land in safety; No. 12, who was a bride, and could not raise her head from the pillow, was principally occupied in sending messages to her husband, who did not seem to move from the cabin-door; and No. 9 was fretfully denouncing all chambermaids, sea-sickness, and steamers in a breath. No. 7, who proved to be a

very dashing lady of thirty-five, passed most of the morning at a trunk, which had been brought into the cabin for her accommodation, or in making a magnificent dinner toilet that would have been quite sufficient for a Saratoga *table d'hôte*. Mrs. Flanders was particularly struck by No. 7, who had her own maid; and, from their conversation, not at all in a minor key, she learned that her name was Humbert, and that she had been at every considerable watering-place at the north during the summer. She was now returning to her children, whom she had not seen for five months, and had her husband as well as her maid with her, a diminutive-looking man, who now and then came to the door to see if she would be pleased to call on him for anything.

Miss Page was neatly dressed at the usual hour, and was occupied principally with her little charge, who seemed very fond of her. The two were in company with a lad, who called Miss Page "Aunt Fanny," and the child "Gertrude;" but, as they did not choose to go on deck, they needed little attention.

Sunday is not exactly the day to introduce "poms and vanities" into conversation, but, somehow, Madame Humbert and Mrs. Flanders grew very confidential towards evening, telling each other a great deal about their families and position as regards society. Madame Humbert told of her town house, that it had lately been refurnished direct from Paris; that southern servants were such plagues, they having about thirty-five on their home lot, though she troubled herself very little about the plantation people. Indeed, she hated the plantation, and would willingly consent to have it sold, only it had been in Mr. Humbert's family for ever so long—from the time of William the Conqueror, she believed, or Pocahontas, or some of those people—and he couldn't be induced to part with it. For her part, she detested the very sound of cotton; there was sure to be a bad crop when she particularly wished to give a large party; though, as for that, she always would give parties, never mind what happened, or what Mr. Humbert said. "One must keep up one's visiting list, and mine is perfectly *immense*, and always has been since I persuaded Mr. Humbert to buy a house in town," she remarked.

Mrs. Flanders was delighted with her new acquaintance, and informed her, in turn, that her own family was quite as old as Mr. Humbert's; they had come over in the May Flower, as could be proved by a chain now in her possession as the oldest daughter. It had been a great trial to her family—Tufts was their name, distantly related to the Otises and Hancocks—when she consented to become Mrs. Flanders; but, then, his family was one of the very best in New Hampshire, related to Governor Hill's, on his mother's side. Hillsborough was named for them. However, he was a fine business man; business talent was appreciated in Bos-

ton, and he had already been spoken of for alderman in their ward. Mrs. Flanders coughed a little, and added she was going out for her health, their climate was so severe; and, since Mrs. Humbert knew so many people in Charleston, she must have met Mrs. Henry Morton Howard.

Mrs. Humbert's manner grew several degrees more tropical at the mention of this name. "Mrs. Howard! Oh yes! one of the most fashionable women in Charleston, and very exclusive. Was Mrs. Flanders to be her guest?"

"No—that is, not exactly. Her cousin, Mrs. Jessup, visited her intimately, and, of course, she should expect a great deal of attention from her."

"Mrs. Jessup?" Mrs. Humbert placed her finger in a meditative manner beside her very fine Roman nose—"Mrs. Jessup? She couldn't recollect the name; but no doubt she was one of the exclusives, too. Indeed, she must be, if she visited Mrs. Howard. She should be delighted to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Flanders' cousin, and hoped their acquaintance would not stop here. This was unusually fine cologne, direct from Lubin's, Paris; would Mrs. Flanders try some?"

It so happened that Miss Page dropped her book just then; she was sitting very near them. Indeed, she could not help overhearing the conversation. However, as Mrs. Humbert went to the mirror a few moments after to adjust her hair and bracelets, for the tenth time at least, Mrs. Flanders remembered how serviceable Miss Page had proved the evening before, and she had quite forgotten her intention to patronize and patronize the solitary lady, to whom no one but the stewardess seemed to pay any attention. Miss Page very politely closed the book, as she saw her kind intentions, and responded modestly to Mrs. Flanders' acknowledgments.

She started, at first, at hearing herself addressed by a stranger as Miss Page, but seemed to recollect, in an instant, that the stewardess had probably mentioned it.

"I suppose you have a pretty dull time of it?" said Mrs. Flanders, who had the popular idea of governess oppression, derived principally from modern English novels.

"Yes, rather dull on the plantation; but we are gayer in town."

"The family, I suppose. You haven't got many children to see to?"

"Only two: this little girl, and a brother almost old enough to go to school."

"Boys are dreadful unruly!" sighed Mrs. Flanders, who remembered three among her household jewels.

"Yes, a little spirited now and then; but I like spirit."

"I suppose you walk a great deal in town. Did you ever meet Mrs. Howard in?"

"King Street?" suggested Miss Page.

"Yes, King Street, like our Washington. Mrs.

Henry Morton Howard. You wouldn't be likely to meet her anywhere else, I suppose?"

"Not very," said her listener.

"Then you know about her. Do governesses mix much in society? I'm told not, however. Southerners are all so aristocratic, I'm told. My cousin, Mrs. Jessup, thinks so. She's very intimate with Mrs. Howard."

"Indeed!" Miss Page seemed more interested than before.

Surely there was magic in the name of her cousin's stylish friend. Mrs. Flanders' manner unconsciously acquired a new self-importance. She was more condescending than ever to the quiet, unfriended Miss Page.

"Oh yes," she continued; "and I expect to see a great deal of her this winter. She was north this season, and stopped at the Revere. I did not call on her, for Anna Maria's letter came just after she was gone; but I heard of her visiting the Winthrops and the Spragues, though we did not happen to meet."

Mrs. Flanders forgot to mention the reason they had not met—that she did not visit in either family.

Miss Page had frequently seen Mrs. Howard, indeed, she might say every day; but she had never spoken to her.

"Oh, of course not!" Mrs. Flanders had not expected that. She only wished to impress the humble governess with her own dignity as having a cousin who *did* speak to Mrs. Howard. The effect anticipated had been produced. Miss Page certainly regarded Mrs. Flanders much more attentively than before, particularly the next morning, when the captain politely escorted them to the deck, where the Vermont young lady and our heroine executed sundry involuntary polkas, to the edification of those who had learned to walk a plank more steadily. Mrs. Flanders prided herself on her benevolence and good feeling. She came up to Miss Page, when the captain had left her side, to say that to be sure it was very kind in him to walk so long with her, but unmarried, and particularly unprotected ladies, ought to be very careful, when so many eyes were upon them. Miss Page kept her eyes steadfastly upon the tip of her gaiter during this lecture, with an expression of becoming gravity, as if she at once saw and acknowledged the propriety of Mrs. Flanders' remarks, and was rewarded by an hour's conversation with her kind protectress, in which the great cost of housekeeping, Minerva's expensive education at the Abbott Female Seminary, the enormous charges of her milliner, and the number of new dresses she considered necessary for her southern campaign, formed the principal items. Miss Page was an excellent listener, and Gertrude was with the lad who called Miss Page Aunt Fanny. The bride sat near the flag-staff, with her husband's arm around her, and her head upon his shoulder, most of the day. The young lady from Vermont

cried over Jane Eyre, and imagined herself being carried away from a lonely country-house by some devoted Rochester. Mrs. Humbert walked up and down, overshadowing her meek and attentive husband, as she displayed a toilet outshining that got up the day before expressly for the cabin. The weather was unusually mild, the passage especially fortunate. The intimacy between Meadames Humbert and Flanders increased at a similar progression, that is, nine knots an hour. Miss Page was patronized by both ladies, and did not at all presume upon their kindness. "Very proper in a governess," said Mrs. Humbert.

It is astonishing how soon one gets accustomed to faces on a steamer. There was quite a parting scene in the cabin next morning, as the tall spires of Charleston rose clear and gracefully before them. Mrs. Humbert said she should come very soon to see Mrs. Flanders, and took Mrs. Jessup's direction upon an ivory tablet with a gold pencil in the form of a cross. They were not on deck to see Miss Page drive away in an elegant private establishment, sent for her by the family; but Mrs. Flanders had previously parted from her with the advice to be particularly careful as regarded her conduct towards gentlemen, and the consolation that industry and humility were always rewarded sooner or later.

Mrs. Jessup and her cousin were having a confidential talk on the back piazza, as relatives who have not met for some years are apt to have. Mrs. Humbert's card had been left for her dear friend, Mrs. Flanders, the day after her arrival; since when, nearly two weeks, nothing more had been heard from her. But Mrs. Howard had sent invitations for a party that very morning, which was even more than Mrs. Flanders had expected. Mrs. Jessup was really surprised. The truth was, her acquaintance with Mrs. Howard was very slight, a talking acquaintance; that is, one to be talked about, though held on little more than speaking terms. In her own mind, she was quite convinced that her cousin would see no more of Mrs. Humbert from the moment she should discover Mr. Jessup was only manager for the great house of Gadsden & Brothers, although his salary was sufficiently ample to allow of their living in excellent style, and her relatives had always been given to understand he was "taken into the firm;" a vague, but suggestive post, occupied by the husband of many a lady anxious to get on in society otherwise than as the wife of a confidential clerk. It was to this last situation the clever Boston boy had risen since he first came south, as so many Yankee boys do, to seek his fortune.

Mr. Jessup, who did not share in the ambitious views of his lady, was sure there was some mistake about Mrs. Howard's invitations, though warned not to continue the subject, by an admonitory nod from his wife, before their cousin. However, Mrs. Flan-

ders was settling in her own mind what she should wear upon the grand occasion, and had not heard them. Mr. Jessup could not deny that the cards were very distinctly written. And so to return to the back piazza. The ladies were about to separate for their all-important toilet.

"So you saw the governess in at Kerison's to-day. Did you notice whom she was with?" asked Mrs. Jessup.

"A tall gentleman, with a moustache; and she was talking as confidentially as possible with him. I gave her such a look! Girls are so careless. By the way, I was almost certain I passed Mrs. Humbert in a carriage as I came out; but it could not be, I saw in a moment; for, though I looked directly at her, she did not bow."

Mrs. Jessup, in her own mind, did not consider this at all conclusive. However, she did not say so, but called "Vic" to a little black damsel that was hurrying across the lot, and bade her come directly to attend Mrs. Flanders. Mrs. Jessup's fifteen servants, be it remarked, included three babies, four boys just old enough to get into mischief, and two old crones that kept the lot in a perpetual broil with their disputes and exactions.

Mrs. Flanders grew quite nervous over her toilet. She could not decide whether she had better wear her chenée silk with four pinked flounces, or a Mazarine blue poplin with very wide sleeves. The silk was finally decided upon, with the addition of a collar and undersleeves of showy application work—a *à la* window curtain—a throat ribbon and bracelets, of cherry velvet, the first being wide, and having the air of a flannel cold-curer. Also white kid gloves, with a deep finish of lace, the indispensable watch and chain, and a collection of flowers in her hair that would have puzzled a botanist, had they not been so evidently composed of silk and muslin; nor must we forget a small marabout feather on the left side.

Mrs. Jessup was scarcely more collected. It was a grand event for her, a party at the Howards! She had told her visitors of it for the past three days—Mrs. Howard was to give the party to her cousin, Mrs. Flanders, from Boston; neither did Mr. Jessup feel exactly comfortable as he offered his arm to the ladies in the hall. He held a high position for integrity and enterprise in Hague Street; but he did not know whom he was to meet, apart from his employers, who were the cousins of Mrs. Howard.

No wonder Mrs. Flanders' head grew giddy as she entered the brilliant rooms. The decorations were so admirably disposed, the lofty ceilings, the pictures, the statuary, the crowd of well-dressed people, and in the centre of the most prominent group stood the lonely governess of the Marion, receiving her guests as Mrs. Howard! She did not know this until they stood before her, or she never could have found courage to approach. As it was, she knew not what to say; but the calm self-possession

sion of Mrs. Howard cured the too perceptible embarrassment of her late patroness, as she introduced her husband, the tall gentleman with the moustache. Poor Mrs. Flanders! it was quite too much, and she was very glad to escape to a recess and think over her mistake; and there she sat quite miserable, the very artificial flowers writhing with her mortification, when she was joined by her hostess.

"You must forgive my little *ruse*," said Mrs. Howard, blandly. "When I found that the stewardess had given you my maiden name, I understood your conclusion of governess-ship, particularly as Gertrude always will call me 'nana' for mamma."

"But you were alone," faltered Mrs. Flanders.

"Yes. I could not wait for Mr. Howard, who arrived only yesterday. My son—we had left him at his aunt's—was not well. I was under the charge of the captain, however, who is well known to Mr. Howard."

"And no servant?"

"I had left the Irish nurse, who had been a perfect annoyance all summer, in New York. Gertrude gives very little trouble, and has her own 'manner' here. You will find that we do not make servants of our governesses. That young lady in blue, talking with Mr. Graham Howard, teaches my sister's children. We consider her quite one of ourselves. There is one thing, though, that must seem strange to you—Mrs. Humbert's professed intimacy. I do not think she knows me by sight. She is one

of our new people, and, I confess, we of Charleston do not take kindly to them."

Fortunately, Mrs. Flanders was not yet aware of Mr. Jessup's exact relation to Gadsden & Co., or she might have fancied her polite hostess personal.

"I must once more beg your forgiveness for keeping you in the dark," said Mrs. Howard, after a pause not exactly comfortable on either side; "but I hope to make amends by showing you anything in our city or neighborhood you would like to see. Miss Page, you find, is grateful," she added, laughingly. "And I must beg you not to tell Mrs. Jessup our little adventure until the evening is over. Mr. Howard has a great respect for her husband."

Mrs. Howard had not intended to be unkind; but the measure of her guest's mortification was full when she heard some ladies speak of *that* presuming Mrs. Humbert taking one of the front pews of St. Michael's." The drooping artificials could not be made to revive.

It was in vain that the really kind-hearted Mrs. Howard paid Mrs. Flanders every attention during the remainder of her stay. She never could feel quite at ease with the *ci-devant* Miss Page, or forget that she had boasted to her of expecting these very attentions.

Mr. Flanders seems to have got hold of the story in some way, for he invariably says, "Don't forget waking up the wrong passenger, my dear!" when his wife enlarges, to Mrs. Potts and Mrs. Moses, on her last winter's trip to Charleston.

POETRY.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PAST.

BY MYSTERIA.

THAT night of gorgeous beauty, and my thoughts had swept afar,

'Mid regions of bright dreams and hopes, where fairy visions are,

When a cloud seemed hovering o'er me, and a mist around me cast—

Dark figures rose before me, and I dreamed upon the past.

Methought I followed Caesar 'mid a dark and bloody war;
I crossed the seas and stood with him on Albion's rocky shore;

But soon, alas! I saw him fall, a corpse, at Pompey's feet;
His dying groan, and "Brutus, thou!" my listening ear did meet.

And next I saw Zenobia—Palmyra's beauteous queen—
In all her regal splendor, and in proud majestic mien;
Ambition written on her brow—pride sparkling in her eye,
As, in its splendid majesty, her gorgeous train swept by;
And then again I saw her great Aurelian's triumph grace—
Deep sorrow, too, had cast its blight upon that lovely face;
She's brought in wondrous beauty to adorn the victor's feast;

Oh! where has all thy glory fled, fair sovereign of the East?

21*

By valiant Cœur-de-Lion's side, I—naked sword in hand,
And England's banner waving high—fought for the Holy Land;

The battle o'er, I soon to Berengaria's tent depart,
And saw that love could conquer e'en that monarch's "LION HEART!"

With William Wallace then I led the gallant Highland band,

Who strove to save their country e'en from Edward's grasping hand;

I saw his high and noble head upon a scaffold fall—
And I wept for that brave spirit who, for Scotland, lost it all!

And next I gazed with burning eye, my heart o'ercome with dread,

On a fair girl in armor clad, and sword waved high o'erhead;
I followed that bright youthful form to dark and bloody scenes,

And saw the hard and cruel fate of Joan of Orleans!

With Christopher Columbus I sailed across the sea,
And on "the dark blue ocean" rolled in vague uncertainty,
Till my spirit leaped with rapture for that adventurous band,
When, almost yielding to despair, they heard the cry of "land!"

And then, with Queen Elizabeth, I sat on Britain's throne,
And saw the homage thousands paid—but to her power
alone;

For soon my vision showed, alas! a dark and bloody stain,
That tarnished all the glory great of her illustrious name—
That all its splendor and renown, each brilliant action,
blots—

The death of her the beauteous yet hapless Queen of Scots!

With Bonaparte's victorious troops to Moscow I did go,
And with them traversed Egypt's plains, and crossed the
Alpine snow;

And when the Duke of Wellington the hero overthrew,
I heard the shout that rose upon the field of Waterloo!
I wept with Josephine in grief and solitude alone—
Her noble spirit would not stoop to sorrow for a throne;
Her tears fell not because she saw her glory all depart—
For what did aught avail when she had lost Napoleon's
heart?

And, last, a vision fair and clear arose before my sight—
I saw a brow with laurel crowned, a form with glory bright;
'Twas he who fought to set his bound and shackled country
free;

'Twas he who gave unto his land the boon of LIBERTY!
Whose patriot nobleness engraved his name our hearts
upon—

The Father of his country—the godlike WASHINGTON!

The dream was past—my thoughts returned back to the
earth once more;

Too soon the bright illusion fled—too soon the vision's o'er;
But many other dazzling scenes their lustre round me
shed,

And many other forms I saw—*now numbered with the dead!*

THE CROWNED.

BY CAROLINE CHESBRO'.

WHEN, through th' expectant stillness, "Lo, I come!"

Broke, with a sudden gladness, on the ear,

That, but for faith, had grown too dull to hear—

Few hearts replied, "Hail, Master! hail, our own!"

And when He said, "My Father's work is done,"

And took for throne the cross He erst while bore,

The people, turning, looked, as they'd of yore,

To throne of pride, for *their* Redeeming One.

The Meek and Lowly was no Lord for them,

Their sceptre not for Him—the Sorrow-bowed;

And so they led him from Jerusalem,

And never saw God's anger through the cloud.

In bitter, jesting mood they crowned His head,

And only women wept when He was dead.

Since He, to whom all crowns are subject, won,

From man's appreciation, but a wreath

Of thorns, entwined by mocking unbelief,

Why look for man to judge what thou hast done?

Yield thy account, O striver! unto One

Whose wisdom knows not an obscuring cloud,

Whose life is doomed not to the funeral shroud;

To Him, whose mind is brighter than the sun,

Self-crowned with faith, strive to thy utmost strength

In thine own field, and yet another crow

Around thy spirit shall be laid, at length,

No shadow from its circle drooping down.

Only thy faith and deeds for tribute bring,

And He will never ask, "Wert thou *acknowledged* king?"

LORD BYRON.

BY THE "BARD OF BALTIMORE."

THINE was a mind of most unearthly cast,
Which held no kindred with its fellow kind,
But, soaring on the pinions of the blast,
It towered amid the clouds—while, far behind,
Earth's humbler millions, wond'ring, shrunk aghast
From sights which strike the weaker vision blind—
While *thou*, like eagle soaring to the sun,
Hidst deemed thy giant race but scarce begun!

And hadst thou still maintained such dizzy height,
And dreamt thy dreamings out amid the skies,
Thou mightst have shone, a bright unfading light;
But, like the setting sun, thou didst but rise
To lose thy peerless splendor in the night
Which set its seal of darkness on thine eyes;
And, blind and tottering in its moral gloom,
Thy traitor Genius shaped its master's tomb!

Life is a cup—its surface sweet to taste;
And he who would enjoy must learn to sip;
For, quaffing it with much too eager haste,
Its dregs soon turn to "ashes on his lip,"
And leave his soul a bleak and wintry waste,
With all the visions of his fancy nipped
E'en in their bud: and thus it was with thee,
Poor Byron! fallen child of poetry!

With bold and fearful power thou didst tear
The mystic veil from all life's hidden things,
And then thy rebel soul was doomed to bear
The penalty which too much knowledge brings:
Life's brighter lights to thee grew dark and drear—
The mortal drooped, though perched on angel's wings!
And now, with all the gifts of Genius blest,
Thou didst but ask of Death the boon of—*rest!*

"I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH."

BY MARY A. FAY.

I SLEEP, but my heart waketh—it waketh to dream
Of joys that have vanished like the sun's parting beam;
Of hopes that, like flowers, in life's springtime were gay,
But withered like flowers in the sun's fervent ray;
Of friends, the true-hearted, the constant, the dear,
Whose soft tones and sweet smiles no more bless me here,
But who bend o'er me still from their bright home above,
And watch me and guard me with unfailing love.

I sleep, but my heart waketh—it waketh to sigh
O'er the visions that gladdened the hours gone by;
When life was all sunshine, and care but a name,
And my bosom ne'er glowed with passion's wild flame;
When I walked forth with Purity, Innocence, Truth—
Those guardians and guides of the heart's early youth;
Alas! that such guardians should ever depart,
And leave all unsheltered the tempest-tost heart!

I sleep, but my heart waketh—it waketh to muse
O'er love that just dawned, then fled like the dews;
O'er friendship I deemed till life's evening should last,
But faded away ere its morning was past.
When memories like these glide over the heart,
Its quiet is broken, its sweet slumbers depart;
Such memories e'en the sleep of the senses oft break,
And thus, though I slumber, my heart is awake.

A PORTRAIT.

BY MISS E. E. CABLE.

SHE was fair in maidenhood,
Very beautiful and fair;
With a tender, loving smile
Shrined 'mid clustering golden hair;
And an inward grace of soul
Into all her motions stole:

And a stately dignity,
Like a statue's velling fold,
Hung around the polished stone,
In the temple's perfect mould,
To preserve from aught too rude
The beautiful similitude.

Charity had holy work
In her ever-gentle heart;
Patience was perfected there,
Waiting was her kindly art
For she knew the paths astray
More tempting than the perfect way.

Pity, like a soft dew, fell
From her ever-open soul,
Soothing the weak, wearied ones,
More than all her daily dole;
Almonies thus doubly given
Sent her to the store of Heaven.

And she learned another part—
Or 'twas woman's native skill—
But she'd power a shrunken heart
With her precious love to fill:
Who the joy had never known
Thrilled to hear her magic tone.

And another love she cherished,
Growing ever holier;
By the altar of her prayer
Grew it, casting out her fear:
So in peace and perfect love
Passed she to her home above.

MY BOOK.

BY ALPH OF THE MANOR.

Come out, old honest friend—"my book,"
This winter night, so drear and cold;
Come out—from out thy dusty nook—
And talk to me as wont of old:
My lamp, grown dim, I will retrim;
My fire shall be renewed, I trow;
For this is meet when two friends greet—
And such two friends as I and thou.

My life has changed since last we met;
Thou'lt mind, I think, that summer time
When, every hour, my heart was set
To music breathed in thy sweet rhyme:
My life has changed—yet still a place
My heart has sacred kept for thee;
And, of all other friends, no face
Than thine to-night would welcome be.

Nor is this strange, when I reflect
How thoughtless late I've been of thee,
Who always, spite of my neglect,
Has proved so true a friend to me;

Who always had a word of cheer,
Just fitting for my mood of mind,
And one that I believed sincere,
As it was ever warm and kind.

Then leave, old friend, thy dusty place;
Come, bring to-night back "other days,"
And, sitting here, thus face to face,
Rechant to me thy charming lays;
For they have power, thou know'st, of old,
To take from me all fear of ill,
And, by their tenderness, to mould
My stubborn passions to their will.

OUR SEAT BENEATH THE BOWER.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

There is a little rustic seat
Beneath our garden bower,
Around which light and nimble feet
Have pressed full many a flower
Into the green and golden turf,
That, like a carpet spread,
Glows 'neath the silver rays that creep
Softly from overhead.

A large old elm is just behind,
With thickly clustering leaves,
And boughs that cross and intertwine;
And their deep shadow weaves,
Over the mossy ground beneath,
And with the bright-eyed flowers,
A trembling wreath of light and shade,
Fit for a princess' bowers.

The sky peeps through the quivering crown
At morn and noon and even,
Throwing its glances meekly down
Like a blue eye from heaven;
And stars gleam through the parted leaves,
Like diamonds on the brow
Of Beauty, and the soft wind sighs
In murmurs sweet and low.

That little rustic seat—oh! there
We've gathered, many a time,
To listen to the humble prayer
That, with melodious chime,
Stole on the quiet eve. For he,
Our aged, holy friend,
With eye of faith and heart of love,
Would on the green meads bend.

And with his calm and furrowed brow,
So meekly raised above
That shaded seat (I see him now,
And hear his tone of love),
Would ask that Heaven's rich gifts might shower
Upon each youthful head,
And that a bright and flowery way
Our feet might ever tread.

I see him now—on his white hair
The dewdrops brightly glowing,
And from his thin cheek, pale with care,
The long gray tresses blowing.
But he has gone to rest: no more
Will his slow trembling feet
Press heavily the moss that grows
About our rustic seat!

THE FIRST BORN.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

LIKE the sweet snowdrop 'mid its sheltering leaves,
 So lay my babe within its cradle bed;
 Its little hands were folded on its breast,
 And calm as angels' brow its quiet sleep;
 One tiny foot from 'neath the mantle's folds
 Had strayed, all stainless from the dust of earth.
 I hushed the song that hung upon my lips,
 For voice like mine wrought not such blest repose
 But music, such as cherubs chant in Heaven,
 Had lulled the slumberer in the arms of peace.
 I bent me o'er the couch of this sweet babe,
 And all the gushing tenderness of love
 Came welling up from my fond, happy heart;
A mother's pangs were all forgotten then,
 All lost in the o'erwhelming tide of love.
 Just then the babe awoke, and turned its soft
 Blue eyes up to my own, and smiled. It was
 His first bright smile, and to my spirit seemed
 Like Heaven's blessing on the holy bond.
 Oh! there are moments in this fleeting life
 When every pulse beats love, and the soft air
 Is full of fragrance from a purer clime.
 And then how sweet it is to pray—far better
 Than to praise—that is the voice of gladness;
 But deepest joy doth vent itself in prayer—
 And thus my o'erfraught heart found sweet relief.
 O God! I thank thee for this precious gift;
 Oh! make me pure, my spirit fresh baptize,
 That I may guard my precious treasure well,
 Nor dim its brightness by a breath of sin;
 But, with a sleepless vigil in a world
 Of guilt, be faithful to the holy trust,
 And bear it back to thee when thou shalt call
 A polished jewel for my Maker's crown.

EVENING.

BY CATHERINE.

DAY declines—

The last bright tinges of the setting sun,
 That robed in splendor the empurpled clouds,
 And gilded the surrounding scenery
 With streaks of crimson and of burnished gold,
 Have gently faded from the western skies.
 The soft reflections from the greenwood side,
 Seen in the bosom of the clear blue waters—
 They too have vanished like a morning dream.

The winds are hushed;

The shades of Evening are gathering fast,
 And o'er the Highlands floats a shadowy cloud;
 Soaring away above the distant hills
 The feathered songster seeks her downy nest—
 While wild birds skim the surface of the deep.
 On yon tall tree that bends above the river,
 Whose boughs seem shattered by the wintry storm,
 Sits the lone night owl, looking o'er the brake
 Where the mute partridge and her timid mate
 Stand ready to hide their little heads
 Under the sedgy grass.

Time moves apace—

Night's sable mantle now hangs o'er the scene,
 Wrapping the forest trees in deeper gloom.
 No moon breaks forth, no twinkling stars appear,

To guide the weary traveler on his way—
 But all is settled into dark'ning night,
 Though soon the morn will burst her golden gates,
 And gladden nature with her cheerful beams.

Thus ends the Christian's life:

He slowly journeys on his homeward way;
 His sun goes down; the night of death comes on;
 Breathing a prayer, he calmly sleeps the sleep
 That knows no waking in this mundane sphere—
 But his freed spirit soars on angels' wings
 To realms of light, where peace and glory reign:
 There, in the mansions of eternal day,
 He joins the music of the heavenly choir,
 To praise the Saviour in more lofty strains.

THE HEART'S PICTURES.

BY ANN D. W. SWEET.

THOUGH some may boast of pictures rare, from ancient
 cities brought,
 Instinct with all of beauty, that the limner's eye hath
 caught
 And traced upon the canvas, with a skill almost divine,
 I envy not their gems of art, nor wish to call them mine.

Yet think not that unto my soul the joy hath not been
 given
 To prize each gleam of beauty as a radiant beam from
 heaven;
 Oh no; for to my heart belongs, coeval with its birth,
 To almost worship, when it meets, the beautiful of earth.

But safely ranged in memory's halls, all free from cost and
 care,
 Are lifelike portraits to my soul, a thousand times more
 fair
 Than aught enriched by softening time, the work of mas-
 ters old,
 Stamped with Italia's gorgeous grace with genius rare and
 bold.

And first among the treasured group, the crown of all the
 rest,
 Stars of my earthly pilgrimage, the dearest and the best,
 Are they who blessing first invoked upon my infant head,
 Whose changeless love I pray to God may soothe my dying
 bed.

You 'd almost wonder could you see how truly they are
 traced
 Upon the tablets of my heart, each dear and absent face;
 My brothers' looks of earnest truth, which speak the soul
 as fair—
 The same sad smile my sisters wore at parting—all are
 there!

And one, a sweet and aged face, in saint-like beauty drest,
 Unerring transcript of a soul, now entered into rest—
 All holy are the thoughts that sweep, the chords of memo-
 ry's lyre,
 As reverently o'er this I weep, the mother of my sire.

Many are there, besides my kin, friends of my early youth,
 'Twas when my heart received each word, and smile, and
 grasp, as truth;
 But some are gone, and some estranged, and many with
 the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
 are at rest."

No feudal towers, nor lordly halls, nor splendor there I trace—

Oh no! such gorgeous glittering things would ill besecm the place;

But in their stead a picture rich, with earth, and flowers, and sky—

A scene of quiet beauty, which an earldom could not buy.

The willow near the door was sketched with a likeness true as fate—

Nor less the two large locust trees, that guard the "old farm gate;"

The rose-trees and the creeping vines, the maples on the lawn,

With white walls gleaming through the leaves, by a skillful hand are drawn.

Would ye know from what mysterious source its wealth and worth arise?

For to me it has a beauty that I prize above all price;

Why oft my heart to its peaceful haunts, like a weary bird has flown?

Oh! that spot is sanctified and blest with the hallowed name of home!

SPEAK TO THAT YOUTH.

BY ROBERT JOHNSON.

SPEAK to that youth; thy timely warning
May save him many years of pain;
Though he appears all counsel scorning,
One gentle word may him restrain.

Check that young man—but do it mildly,
Nor pass him by with cold neglect;
While now he seems to rush on wildly,
Thy voice may make himself respect.

Speak kindly, sister, he's thy brother;
Throw round love's fetters when he'd roam;
Thy voice, thy smile, so like none other,
May win the wayward to his home.

Frown not, but smile, whene'er you meet him,
For sorrow's cloud may dim his day;
Sweet words of kindness, when you greet him,
Will cheer him on life's gloomy way.

Speak to that youth, with prospects blighted,
And soul debased by hoarded store;
Thou, *parent*, art the cause he's slighted—
And shouldst thou turn him from thy door?

Stop that young man, thy friendship proffer;
Let confidence his feet restrain:
Should he, in haste, reject thy offer,
Forsake him not, but try again.

Speak to that boy, ere sloth has given
Its giant power to chain his soul,
And idleness her car has driven
Beyond the power of man's control.

Teach him respect for good behavior;
Show him that vice engenders strife;
And, most of all, make the world's Saviour
A pattern for his future life.

While here, keep trying—never falter;
Do good in every way you can;
For, if you cannot wholly alter,
You may improve the state of man.

TO AN EAGLE.

BY A GOTHAMITE.

SOAR on, imperial bird, nor check thy flight—
No storm-clouds roll above yon mountain's height;
There speed thy course—there stay thy pinions wide;
The storm but beats against the mountain side.

Soar upward still, and cleave the stormy sky;
Rise on broad wings, and o'er the tempest fly:
There, on yon lofty mountain's beetling height,
Furl thy swift pinions—stay thy rapid flight.

Above the storm 'tis calm as summer's morn,
When dewy tears the blooming flowers adorn;
There thou canst spread thy "wet wings to the sun,"
And watch thine eyrie till the storm be done.

Go—lest the serpent, seeking for his food,
Strike, with envenomed fang, thy callow brood;
Go—watch thine eaglets; on yon craggy peak
The wheeling vulture whets his murderous beak.

Soar on, soar on; the lark that mounts the sky
Is large as thou, so distant from mine eye;
A spot—a speck; thou 'st faded from my view,
To soar at will through fields of azure hue.

Oh! could my mind, unfettered as thy wing,
Soar through the clouds, an unembodied thing,
I'd leave the earth to visit worlds unknown,
And skies, with glowing stars, should be my throne.

There the bespangled vault of heaven I'd tread,
With circling rainbows arching o'er my head;
Not he at Chindara's* fount such music hears
As I, when listening to the chiming spheres.

But no; earth's fetters chain my spirit down,
As men are governed by a despot's frown;
But more like thee when struggling hard to soar,
And, harder struggling, sink to rise no more.

* A fabulous fountain, where instruments are said to be constantly playing.

THE CONTENTED WIFE.

BY NILLA.

I WOULD not change this happy scene
For all the earth calls proudly great;
I would not change my humble home
For kingly rank or queenly state.

I would not change my husband's love
For all that earth can give of fame;
Nor barter his approving smile
To wreath a halo round my name!

I would not change my child's sweet glance
For all the love earth's wealth could gain;
Nor change the certain bliss I feel,
For all ambition might obtain.

What blessings, great and numberless,
My God with sweetest hopes hath blent—
A happy home, endearing friends,
With health, and love, and true content!

THE NURSERY.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



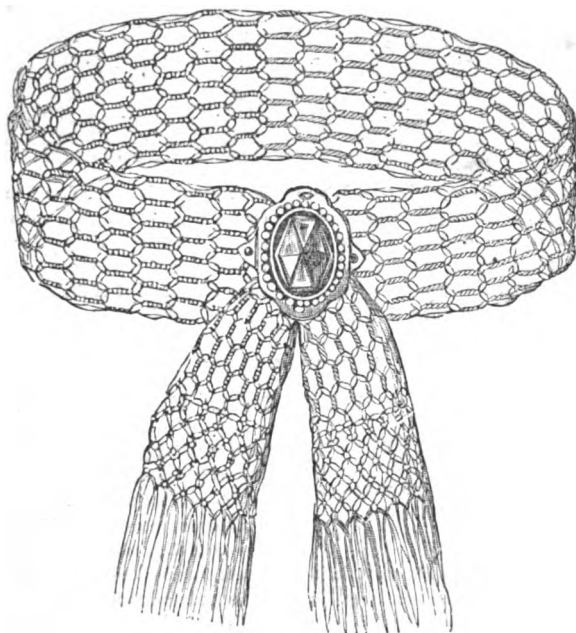
Fig. 1. An infant's robe intended for great occasions, as it would be quite too expensive in the getting up for the daily routine of nursery life. The skirt is of fine French cambric, very full and long, and ornamented only by several narrow tucks near the hem. The corsage has a small *basque* attached, which is quite a novelty in an infant's robe. This, as well as the sleeves, is finished with narrow tucks, and a very fine edging of needlework. The richly embroidered insertion of which the waist is composed is beautifully given in our cut, the front of the corsage being inclosed by insertion placed *en tablier*, or lengthwise. The broad cambric strings are intended to tie sashwise. This is not the christening-robe of which we spoke in our last, being, elegant as it is, far inferior.

Fig. 2. Dress for a young child of richly ornamented needlework, the skirt being of tunic fashion, and edged by heavy scollops, put on in easy fullness. The waist is separated from the skirt entirely by a belt, but is made to correspond with it in fashion. The sleeves are also very pretty, while the corsage is *en chemisette*. The sleeves of infants' robes are looped with ribbon, or gold bracelets, as the mother may choose.

Fig. 3. Child's drawers, with pantalettes of ornamental needlework, in scollops, as all the cambric patterns now are. It will be found an excellent pattern, the pointed waistband in particular.

We shall, from time to time, give other articles suited to the nursery.

KNOTTED NECK-TIE.



Materials.—Of two shades of pink floss silk, four skeins dark, and three light skeins of brown ditto.

For the mode of knitting, see the diagrams and instructions for the hair-net in our last number.

For this neck-tie the floss silk is cut into lengths of $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard each; 4 lengths of brown, 16 of the darkest pink, and 8 of the light. They are arranged thus: 2 brown at each border, then 8 dark pink, and 8 light for the centre. To give the ends a richer appearance, the strands are used double, short extra pieces, 8 inches long, being used with the others, and a short and a long used together as one. Begin

by knotting the ends together, in one firm knot for every pair, that is, 2 short and 2 long, leaving a fringe $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; then proceed with the usual knot, working alternately with the outer (No. 1) strand, and the inner (No. 4). Where a succession of knots are made, they are always thus reversed: Do 4 knots with the same set along the row, then 4 with the intermediate, omitting altogether the two pairs at the edges: allow half an inch of silk between the rows of knots. When the short pieces are used, secure the ends by an ordinary knot that will not slip, and continue with the single strands, work-

ing a length of 10 knots (5 on each side with every four), until only 8 inches of silk remain, when add short strands, and make an end to correspond with

the first. This neck-tie would be very pretty if made with cerise and black chenille, or any other colors suitable for winter wear.

WORK-BASKET.



The foundation is formed of fine wicker-work, on which flowers are embroidered in pink and cerise-color chenille; the leaves in different shades of green chenille. To produce the raised effect which is observed, the flowers and leaves are previously worked in white Berlin wool, over which the chenille

is drawn in long stitches like what may be called coarse embroidery. The ground is worked in the gobelin stitch with straw-colored Berlin wool. The basket is lined with green satin, and finished at the edge with chenille of the same color.

KNITTING FOR THE NURSERY.

INFANT'S LACE SOCK.

KNITTED ON TWO NEEDLES, NO. 20; AND TAYLOR'S PERSIAN THREAD, NO. 10.

Cast on eighty stitches.

Knit one plain row, then knit thirty rows, knitting two plain and two purl stitches alternately.

First row.—Knitted. *Second row.*—Purled.

Third row.—Knitted. *Fourth row.*—Purled.

Fifth row.—Knit fourteen, knit two together, † make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, † repeat seven times, finish with—make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit thirteen.

Purl every alternate row until the twelfth.

Seventh row.—Knit thirteen, knit two together, † make one, knit three, make one, knit three together, † repeat seven times, finish with—make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit twelve.

Ninth row.—Knit fourteen, † make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one,

knit one, † repeat seven times, finish with—make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit thirteen.

Eleventh row.—Knit fifteen, † make one, knit three together, make one, knit three, † repeat seven times, finish with—make one, knit three together, make one, knit fourteen.

Twelfth row.—Purl thirteen, purl two together, † make one, purl one, make one, purl two together, taken at the back, purl one, purl two together, † repeat seven times, finish with—make one, purl one, make one, purl two together at the back, purl fourteen.

Thirteenth row.—Knit fourteen, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, † make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit one, slip one, knit one, pass the slipped stitch over, † repeat seven times, finish with—make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit thirteen.

Repeat the twelfth and thirteenth rows twice more, purling the alternate rows as usual.

Eighteenth row.—Repeat the twelfth, then commence again at the seventh row, and work until the eleventh row is completed. Now purl the twenty-fourth row, knit the twenty-fifth and purl the twenty-sixth rows.

Twenty-seventh row.—Knit fifteen, † make one, and knit two together twenty-six times, † knit thirteen.

Twenty-eighth row.—Purled.

Twenty-ninth row.—Knitted.

Thirtieth row.—Purled.

Thirty-first row.—Knit fourteen, knit two together, † make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, † repeat, finish with—make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit thirteen.

Thirty-third row.—Knit thirteen, knit two together, † make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, † repeat, finish with, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit twelve.

Thirty-fifth row.—Knit twelve, knit two together, † make one, knit five, make one, knit three together, † repeat, finish with—make one, knit five, make one, knit two together, knit eleven.

Thirty-seventh row.—Knit thirteen, † make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, make one, knit one, † repeat, finish with—make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, make one, knit twelve.

Thirty-ninth row.—Knit fourteen, † make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit three, † repeat, finish with—make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit thirteen.

Forty-first row.—Knit fifteen, † make one, knit three together, make one, knit five, † repeat, finish with—make one, knit three together, make one, knit fourteen.

Forty-second row.—Purled. Repeat the pattern, commencing at the thirty-first, and ending at the thirty-sixth row, which will be purled, and will make after the repetition forty-eight rows.

TO FORM THE HEEL.

First row.—Knit thirteen, make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, make one, pick up a stitch, and knit it. Leave the remaining stitches on the needle, and purl back; every alternate row to be purled until the seventeenth.

Third row.—Knit fourteen, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit two.

Fifth row.—Knit fifteen, make one, knit three together, make one, knit three.

Seventh row.—Knit fourteen, knit two together, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit two.

Ninth row.—Knit thirteen, knit two together, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit one.

Eleventh row.—Knit twelve, knit two together, make one, knit five, make one, knit two together. The five next rows to be purled and plain knitting, purling the first and last rows.

Seventeenth row.—Knit two, knit two together, knit the rest plain.

Eighteenth row.—Purl sixteen, purl two together, purl two.

Nineteenth row.—Same as the seventeenth.

Twentieth row.—Purl fourteen, purl two together, purl two, cast off. Take off on another needle forty stitches for the instep, which will leave twenty for the other part of the heel, join on your cotton, and proceed as follows:—

First row.—Knit one, make one, knit two together, knit three, knit two together, make one, knit twelve, every alternate row to be purled until the seventeenth.

Third row.—Knit two, make one, knit two together, knit one, knit two together, make one, knit thirteen.

Fifth row.—Knit three, make one, knit three together, make one, knit fourteen.

Seventh row.—Knit two, knit two together, make one, knit one, make one, knit two together, knit thirteen.

Ninth row.—Knit one, knit two together, make one, knit three, make one, knit two together, knit twelve.

Eleventh row.—Knit two together, make one, knit five, make one, knit two together, knit eleven.

The next five rows to be plain purling and knitting, purling the first and last rows.

Seventeenth row.—Knit sixteen, knit two together, knit two.

Eighteenth row.—Purl two, purl two together, purl fifteen.

Nineteenth row.—Knit fourteen, knit two together, knit two.

Twentieth row.—Purl two, purl two together, purl thirteen, cast off.

Pick up twenty stitches at each end of the needle, from the inside of the two heel-pieces; you will then have eighty stitches on your needle, join on your cotton, and knit the thirty-seventh to the forty-second rows, purling the alternate rows; then knit the thirty-first to the forty-second rows three times, again purling the alternate rows; you will then have five perfect diamonds up the front.

FOR THE TOE.

First row.—† Knit seventeen, knit two together, knit two, knit two together, knit seventeen, † repeat. Second row, and every alternate row purled.

Third row.—Same as the first, but knitting sixteen instead of seventeen; the fifth as the third, but knitting fifteen. Continue in this way, decreasing the number of plain stitches until the fifteenth row, which will work thus:—

Fifteenth row.—† Knit ten, knit two together, knit two, knit two together, knit ten, † repeat. Take another needle, and purl twelve stitches, and with

EDITORS' TABLE.

It is curious to note the contempt for woman's intellect expressed by men generally, with the compliments, or confessions rather, of her wonderful sagacity, which are implied before the scene described or incidents recorded are concluded. We were amused by a recent specimen of this inconsistency. In a work lately published—*"Correspondance entre le Comte De Mirabeau et le Comte De la Marck, pendant les années 1789, 1790, et 1791,"* &c.—the Count De la Marck says of Marie Antoinette, "The queen, so far from having any taste or desire to meddle in public affairs (before the Revolution), had a positive repugnance for doing so—probably arising from the usual levity of the female character." We have marked this last profound observation, to make it more emphatic. The *levity of the female mind or character* is set down as an established fact! Yet, in this same "Correspondence," as it progresses, are brought out the true strength, steadfastness, and sagacity of each character mingling in that awful drama; and the queen, by the united testimony of the most eminent men, attests the loftiest part of all. De la Marck acknowledges her superiority and the natural power of her mind, to unravel the dark intricacies of deceit and danger around her. Mirabeau, commenting on the royal counselors, says, significantly, "*Le Roi n'a qu'un homme, c'est sa femme.*" The king has but one man—it is his wife.

But there is a testimonial of her great abilities more sure and solemn than the acknowledgments of men: it is the emanations of her own mind. In this "Correspondence" is a letter of the queen to Comte De Mercy, dated August 16, 1791. The British reviewer says of this "remarkable letter," that "it far exceeds in interest any letter in the 'Mirabeau and La Marck Correspondence.'" On reading it, it is difficult not to come to the conclusion that, if Marie Antoinette had been sovereign, either royalty would have perished in her hands, or she would have died in the field, and not on the scaffold."

The result of the opinions of these men is this: La Marck and Mirabeau acknowledge the talents of Marie Antoinette to be far superior to those of Louis XVI., or any man of his court and cabinet; while the British reviewer places her in sagacity above both La Marck and Mirabeau. Yet, while these confessions are extracted from men by facts which they cannot but admit, they still persist in stigmatizing the female mind as "frivolous," "weak," and unable to comprehend the general principles of philosophy and science. The aim of female education, when any mental culture at all is permitted, has been to keep the mind of women engaged in frivolous pursuits—the accomplishments, as these are called—besides then, because they devote themselves chiefly to what they have been taught to value as most befitting their talents and station, they are accused of "natural levity of character."

Give women some pursuit which men esteem important, and see if their work is not well done, provided they are suitably trained. Now, we do not desire to change the station of the sexes, or give to women the work of men. We only want our sex to become fitted for their own sphere. But we believe this comprises, besides all household care and domestic duties, *three important vocations*, requiring that female education should be as amply provided for,

and conducted on a scale as liberal, as that of the other sex.

Women are the teachers—they should be qualified for this great department, and employed in it; if not entirely to the exclusion of male teachers, yet certainly in a tenfold proportion.

Women are the preservers—they should be instructed in medical science, and become physicians for their own sex and for children.

Women are the helpers—they should be intrusted with the management of all charities where their own sex and children are concerned. They might manage Savings Banks, and they would do this to better advantage for the poor depositors than is now the fashion. The idea of Savings Banks was originated by a woman, Mrs. Friedlla Wakefield.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.—We have just enumerated *three pursuits* that we call truly *feminine*. The first, that of *teaching*, is happily progressing in our land. We will treat of it more at large in a future number. The second, *female physicians*, is rapidly gaining ground in public favor. Our "Appeal"—see page 185—will demonstrate this. Since that was written, the first public Commencement of a Female Medical College ever held in the world was witnessed in Philadelphia. It was a proud day for the true friends of moral progress, which can only be attained by placing the female sex where God has ordained their power—as conservators of home, health, and happiness.

The graduating class, consisting of *eight ladies*, deputed themselves with that modest, womanly dignity commanding admiration and respect from the immense assemblage. Probably fifteen hundred persons were present, and witnessed with approbation the conferring of full degrees of Doctor of Medicine on these young women. And such is the call for female physicians that, had the number, instead of eight, consisted of eighty, or even eight hundred, we believe they would all succeed in finding places open for their practice. We advise every young woman who has a taste for the profession, and wishes for the means of supporting herself and doing good, to enter on the study of medicine without delay.

THE TROUBLES OF A POET.—A popular poet relates that one of his friends expressed great anxiety to obtain a sight of a new work of his, just then publishing. Accordingly, he took some pains, and went to some expense to gratify so laudable and flattering a curiosity. Having procured a copy, he hastened with it to his friend; and, not finding him at home, left the precious volume on his table. They met some weeks afterwards, and the critic began to upbraid the poet for not complying with his request. An explanation ensuing, it appeared that the new book had lain, during this interval, not unseen, but unopened on the table. "Truly," says the critic, "I heard you were at my chamber, but it never occurred to me that you had left the book; for which I am sorry, as it was but yesterday that I suffered Betsy to take it: she complained so grievously of wanting paper to put up her hair with." The poet's mortification was heightened by having filled a blank leaf with

an epigrammatic dedication to his friend, which he intended as a prodigy, not only of wit, but of penmanship. The volume was forthwith reclaimed from the toilet; but the epigram, and one of his choicest episodes, had descended from the lady's brows to some receptacle of dust and ashes, from which they were irrecoverable.

FEMALE WRITERS.

"Soyez plutôt maçon si c'est là votre talent,
Ouvriers estime dans un travail nécessaire,
Qu' auteurs méprisé on prête vulgaire."

Thus speaks a judicious critic, and with him we fully concur. Such women as Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. More, who instruct nations and delight successive generations, are to be prized above all stitchers and knitters, as far as spirit is beyond matter; but a good pair of stockings, or a well-made petticoat, is a much better thing than a feeble attempt at literature. Many persons mistake a desire, for the ability to perform; pale reflections of the brilliancy that has dazzled in the writings of others; exaggerations of common ideas; incidents that have been *rechauffé* a thousand times; a tyrannical father, an angel for the lover, a mercenary and defeated speculator, a triumphant heroine—stories are every day produced from such materials. But will these be read? Will they bring as much satisfaction, credit, or reward to the manufacturer as might be obtained by the despised NEEDLES?

OUR TREASURY.
WONDERFUL CHILDREN.

BY LADY MORGAN.

"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."

RICHARD III.

It is a curious fact that, in the present times, we have none of those precocious prodigies so numerous in the olden time. It seems to have been one of the peculiar privileges of the wisdom of our ancestors to produce those infant miracles of learning and science, the "admirable Crichtons" of the nursery, who studied in cradles and lectured from go-carts. "I was not," says the quaint, but most amusing Mr. Evelyn, "initiated into any rudiments *till* I was four years old; and then one Friar taught us at the church door of Wotton!" This—"till I was four years old"—marks his conviction of his own backwardness, in comparing himself with other children of his age and times; but it was more particularly in reference to the superior wit, talent, and learning of his own son, at that early period of his brief existence, who was, to use his afflicted father's words, a "prodigy for wit and understanding." A prodigy, indeed! for, "at two years and a half old, he could perfectly read any of the English, French, Latin, and Gothic characters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly," &c. &c.

The termination of this most short, splendid, and unnatural career is worth marking: "He died," says Evelyn, "at five years, after six fits of quartan ague, with which it pleased God to visit him; though, in my opinion, he was suffocated by the women and maids who tended him, and covered him too hot with blankets, as he lay in a cradle, near an excessive hot fire (in a quartan fever)! I suffered him to be opened, when they found he was what is vulgarly called, *livergrown*!" What a picture! what a history of the times, the state of science, and the wisdom of our ancestors! In the first instance, the attributing an inflection to the Divine visitation, which was, at the same time, assignable to vulgar nursery maids and hot blankets. In

the next, the vain father not perceiving that the genius of his child was but disease, and his supernatural intelligence only the unnatural development of faculties, most probably produced by mal-organization, which the style of his rearing and education was so calculated to confirm. "Before his fifth year, he had not only skill to read most written hands, but to decline all nouns, conjugate the verbs, regular and irregular, learned out 'Puerilis,' got by heart almost the entire vocabulary of Latin and French primitives, could make congruous syntax, turn English into Latin, construe and prove what he had read, knew the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, ellipsis, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's 'Janua,' and had a strong passion for Greek."

This is too frightful—it makes one shudder to transcribe it. Such, however, was the education by which an accomplished and really knowing parent—knowing for the age in which he lived—hesitated not to hurry his wonderful child to an untimely grave.

Such, however, were the times, when learning was dearly prized and knowledge little diffused; when monastic universities, founded by the church, through the influence of its royal and noble dependents, were the sole depositories of the little that was known worth the labor of acquiring; and when the most learned of the community had less solid practical information than the operative mechanics of the present day. Such were the times when plague, pestilence, and famine were events of ordinary occurrence; when corruption in morals and baseness in politics flourished, even to the extent of surrounding a king, at the altar of his God, with the ministers of his vices, and converting the "brightest" and the "wisest" into the worst and meanest of mankind. These were the times of the most brutal ignorance in the people, and the greatest profligacy in the nobility; and these were the times that produced such learned little prodigies as young Evelyn, under a system of education calculated to make such prodigies; but not to form citizens for a free state, nor legislators for a great nation.

Whatever may have been the natural abilities of this poor child, to have made such a progress in the learned languages at five years old, he must have been the object and victim of a very laborious system of study, all applied to the exercise of his memory. He must therefore have submitted to close confinement in warm rooms, to the privation of air and exercise, and to a sedentary and cramped position; and he was probably much injured by the gross habit of eating and the want of personal purity, so remarkable in an age when meat was devoured three or four times a day, even by the most dainty, and when general ablutions were resorted to more as a remedy than a daily habit.

The overworking of the brain at the expense of all the other functions, must also have had a fatal effect even on children of robust temperaments; and the Indian practice of flinging their offspring into the sea to sink or swim, as strength or feebleness decided, was humanity and civilization to the system pursued in times quoted with such approbation—a system by which infant intelligence was tortured into intellectual precocity, and hurried to an early tomb under the precipitating concurrences of "maids, women, hot blankets, and excessive hot fires."

What is most notable in all this is that Mr. Evelyn, the father of the unfortunate infant, was one of the cleverest and most advanced men of his time, and much celebrated for his translation of, and his essay prefixed to, the "Golden Book" of St. Chrysostom, "concerning the Education of Children."

SORROWS AND THEIR USE.

BY FREDERICK BREMER.

It is the time of sorrow and care, souls draw near to one another. When outward adversity storms around us, we gather together, and the most beautiful flowers of friendship and intimacy spring up and grow beneath the tears of sorrow. In the family circle, a common source of grief destroys all little dissensions and disagreements, and brings all hearts, all interests to one point. Especially if the death of one of the family is threatened, then all disorders are silent; then all hearts throb harmoniously, though mournfully; all thoughts agree and form a soothing garland of peace, in whose bosom the loved invalid rests.

And yet earthly cares, wasting sorrow, those sharp words that pierce the inmost soul, do not kill! The wonderful germ of life can draw nourishment from sorrow; in, like the polypus, be cut apart, grow together again, and live, and suffer. Mourning mother, wife, bride, daughter, sister; hearts of women, which care ever crushes and pounds the deepest, bear witness to it! You have seen your beloved one die, have longed to die with him, and yet live, and cannot die. What do I say? If you can resign yourself to live, is it not true that a breath from Heaven will pour consolation and strength into your soul? Can I doubt of this, and think of thee, noble Thilda R., mourning the loss of the noblest of husbands? Thou didst receive his last sigh, thou lost with him thy all upon earth; thy fortune was dark and joyless, and yet thou wert so resigned, so gentle, so kind, so good! Thou didst weep, but saidst, trustingly, to thy sympathizing friends, "Believe me, it is not so very hard to bear!" Ah, that was a peace which the world cannot give. And when thou saidst, to dissipate thy grief, "I will not disturb this peace with my sadness," he believed that he from his grave cared yet for thy happiness, encompassed thee still with his love, and strengthened and consoled thee—"And there appeared an angel unto him from Heaven, strengthening him." Patient sufferers, blessings on you! You reveal God's kingdom on earth, and show us the way to Heaven. From the crown of thorns we see eternal roses spring.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: Helen and Bella: a Leaf from Life," "March," "Song—the hearth was piled," &c., "A Sabbath Morning in October," "Single Solitude" and "Single Blessedness," "Softly enter my Spirit Stealing," and "The Sunny South." No letter accompanied the article entitled, "Glimpses of the Life of our Minister."

Literary Notices.

FROM LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg & Elliot), No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

THE LADY KILLER. By Rebecca Hicks. The author of this modest-looking little volume is already widely known as a contributor to the "Lady's Book" and other periodicals. A sprightly vivacity marks the story, and some of the characters are sketched with spirit and power. Miss Frances Penn, the maiden aunt, is the most conspicuous personage, well drawn and sustained. We are glad to see the gifted daughters of the South contributing thus to the literature of their country. Miss Hicks deserves a warm welcome.

A GUIDE TO GERMAN LITERATURE. By Frantz Adolph Moschzisker. Published in London, 1850. 2 vols.

This excellent work is, we are happy to learn, soon to be republished in the United States. The author, a German scholar, has come to reside in our land, where his brilliant talents and great acquirements will, we trust, soon be appreciated. His work, now before us, is highly praised by the British press, and received many warm commendations from the most eminent British writers. Among other distinguished names, Mr. Carlyle has thus given his testimony to the merits of the author, after highly praising his "Guide," &c.: "I am bound to acknowledge a good service done, on your part, to the whole English world." We trust its republication here will prove a "good service" to the American world, and to the author of the book.

FROM BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia:—

A HISTORY OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE. By R. W. Browne, M. A., Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London. Greek Literature. This work, as its title plainly indicates, will be valuable in the hands of the literary, as well as in those of the historical student. It abounds in facts in relation to men and principles, once the moving and impulsive directors of a great and warlike people, which should be reflected on by those who are now, perhaps, running the same race of glory, to be lost in the same mists of obscurity. The facts which have been preserved in this volume of the classical literature of Greece, are presumed to be the most authentic that have ever yet been compiled.

ECLOGUE EX Q. HORATII FLACCI POEMATIBUS. This volume of the classical series, edited by Drs. Schmitts and Zumpt, contains nearly all the poems of Horace, those only being excluded which cannot be applied to educational purposes.

FROM GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through DANIELS & SMITH, Philadelphia:—

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN, AS DESCRIBED BY THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. With an introduction by Wm. B. Sprague, D. D., author of "Letters to a Daughter," "Letters to Young Men," &c. At a time when there are so many temptations offered to induce women to throw off the modesty and the dignity of their sex, and to seduce them from their natural sphere of duty and usefulness, the appearance of such a book as this should be received with more than common interest. We think it better calculated than anything we have read for a long time to elevate, adorn, and Christianize the female heart and character.

NOVELTIES OF THE NEW WORLD; or, the Adventures and Discoveries of the First Explorers of North America. By Joseph Banvard, author of "Plymouth and the Pilgrims." With illustrations. We understand from the publishers that the first volume of Mr. Banvard's series of American histories met with a rapid sale. We anticipate for the volume before us a reception equally flattering to the author, whose style is peculiarly adapted to fascinate, while it instructs the youthful mind.

THE ISLAND HOME; OR, THE YOUNG CASTAWAYS. Edited by Christopher Romaunt, Esq. We have here another work for the amusement and instruction of youth, in which the author has been very successful. Also for sale by Daniels & Smith, 36 North Sixth Street.

YOUNG AMERICANS ABROAD; or, Vacation in Europe. Travels in England, France, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, and Switzerland. We have still another work of the same character as the above, and from the same publishers and agents. It has numerous illustrations, which, with its contents, will render it most agreeable to those who are just commencing their "travels." Also for sale by Daniels & Smith, 36 North Sixth Street.

From HENDERSON & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia:—
THE BIZARRE. *A Serial for Fireside and Wayside.* Conducted by Joseph M. Church. The editor of the "Bizarre" is not only universally known as a man of business, but universally esteemed for his rare and versatile literary attainments.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through LINDSAY & BLACKSTON, Philadelphia:—

WINTER IN SPITZBERGEN. *A Book for Youth.* From the German of C. Hildebrandt. By E. Goodrich Smith. This book is written in a very familiar style of dialogue, comprising ten evenings or chapters, and abounds in highly interesting incidents and descriptions. It contains a number of handsome illustrations, and, altogether, will form an agreeable fireside companion for the family during the long winter evenings.

THE SOVEREIGNS OF THE BIBLE. By Eliza H. Steele, author of "Heroines of Sacred History," etc. This is an elegantly printed book, and contains a number of memoirs of the principal characters of the Scriptures, collected from the books of Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, and the Prophets. It is very beautifully illustrated.

SELECT POETRY FOR CHILDREN AND YOUTH. With an introduction by Tryon Edwards, D. D. First American from the twelfth London edition.

THE FIRST WOMAN. By Gardner Spring, D. D. This is an essay on the education and duties of woman, which makes home her proper sphere.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

DREAM LIFE: a Fable of the Seasons. By Ik. Marvel. Most of our readers will probably recollect the entertaining stories of Ik. Marvel. Well, here is a very curious and a very interesting volume from that same Ik., which we think will be received with as much pleasure, and, we hope, with as much profit, by our young friends, as anything that has preceded it from the same source.

HOMOEOPATHY. *An Examination of the Doctrines and Evidences.* By Worthington Hooker, M. D., author of "Physician and Patient," etc. It appears that this is one of the "Fiske Fund Prize Dissertations of the Rhode Island Medical Society," and embraces a most searching investigation of the merits of the new system of Homoeopathy.

EXAMPLES OF LIFE AND DEATH. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Like everything that has fallen from the pen of Mrs. S., the work before us is eminently conducive to the elevation of the human heart to the highest degree of moral and Christian excellence.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZIESS, Philadelphia:—

CLOVER NOOK; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE WEST. By Alice Carey. The contents of this volume comprise many faithful and beautiful sketches of humble life in the West.

DREAM-LAND BY DAYLIGHT. *A Panorama of Romance.* By Caroline Chesbro'. The name of the author of this volume has long been familiar to American readers, and, as it ought to be, is cherished as that of one of the most gifted female writers of our country. We have here, in a compact form, all those beautiful sketches which have, from time to time, given so much pleasure, and imparted so great an amount of moral instruction to her readers, and are perfectly sure that no person, who has not already become acquainted with the purity of sentiment and the glow of feeling which pervade the entire volume, will peruse it without forming an elevated idea of the character and attainments of Caroline Chesbro'.

From TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

GREENWOOD LEAVES: a Collection of Sketches and Letters. By Grace Greenwood. Second Series.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD, AND OTHER STORIES. By Grace Greenwood. This is a very neat little volume, containing a number of entertaining stories, which cannot fail to have their effect upon the gulleless hearts of the little readers for whom they were prepared, and flowing as they do, most evidently, from a heart that truly appreciates their innocence. The embellishments are very beautiful and appropriate.

THE SNOW-IMAGE, AND OTHER TWICE-TOLD TALES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. This volume contains many of the author's earliest productions, as well as many of his latest, all of which have been heretofore published in the periodicals of the day, and upon which the literary reputation of the author was first established.

A BOOK OF ROMANCES, LYRICS, AND SONGS. By Bayard Taylor. The author of this volume of poetry is well known to the public, with whom, whether deservedly or not, he has been, and perhaps still is, a favorite. We opened the "book" with a consciousness of this fact, without being particular as to the page, and commenced reading the seventh verse of "Mon-da-Min; or, the Romance of Moile," as follows—

"This boy, by nature, was companionless;
 His soul drew nurture only when it sucked
 The savage dugs of Fable!"—

"Stop there!" said a friend, who had taken a seat near our book table. "I never before heard of the dugs of Fable. But, even though Madam Fable, who, it appears, suckled the boy, had dugs, what reason is there to suppose that they were 'savage dugs'?" We could not answer, and turned to a distant page, where we met with "a savage beauty," which turned out to be a wild cat, with whom the author, or somebody else, notwithstanding her "brutish nature," had lain down, and "slept at last," his "arm was on her neck." Here our friend stopped us again, with the remark that he did not think there was so much of the savage in Taylor's poetry; whereupon we laid the "book" down for a perusal hereafter, at our leisure, when we shall doubtless be recompensed by the discovery of innumerable beauties, worthy of the fame and better society of the author.

We hope, however, that this will not be looked upon as a criticism of the "book." Bayard Taylor is a man of genius, and, of course, a man of deep thought and of deeper feeling. There are, doubtless, many beautiful and rare poetic gems within the leaves of the "book," many noble and sublime sentiments expressed in chaste and animated diction, which will entitle the author to a high and honorable distinction among the best poets of his country.

From SAMUEL S. & WILLIAM WOOD, New York, through DANIELS & SMITH, Philadelphia:—

THE GRAMMAR OF ENGLISH GRAMMARS. *With an Introduction, Historical and Critical.* The whole methodically arranged and amply illustrated; with forms of correcting and parsing, improprieties for correction, examples for parsing, questions for examination, exercises for writing, observations for the advanced student, decisions and proof for the attainment of disputed points, occasional strictures and defences, an exhibition of the general method of analysis, and a key to the oral exercises; to which

are added four appendixes, pertaining separately to the four parts of grammar. By Gould Brown, formerly Principal of an English and Classical Academy, New York; author of the "Institutes of English Grammar," "The First Lines of English Grammar," etc. We have copied the entire title of this work, which we presume will be a sufficient guide to those who may desire to possess a complete work in the subject of English grammar. It contains upwards of a thousand closely printed pages, and, for the rest, must depend upon the author's well-earned reputation for success.

From JOHN TAYLOR, New York, through T. K. COLLINS, Jr., S. E. corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia:—**SALANDER AND THE DRAGON.** *A Romance of the Paris Prison.* By Frederic William Shelton, M. A. A second edition of a very pleasant allegory, which we have before favorably noticed, intended to illustrate the danger and the wickedness of slanderous and unkind insinuations.

From BUNCE & BROTHER, and H. N. SKINNER, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—**HOME AND ITS INFLUENCES.** *A Story for the Home Circle.* This is a very interesting tale of its class, written in an agreeable and natural style. It is from the pen of Maria Sidney, who, it may be as well to state, is the daughter of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley.

NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From Henry Carey Baird (successor to E. L. Carey), Philadelphia: "The Practical Calculator." No. 5. Price 5 cents. A valuable work for engineers, mechanics, etc.
From the Publisher, Carlisle, Pa.: "The Temple: devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Science." An interesting and popular work, ably edited by B. Parke and F. Bismuthal.

From Dewitt & Davenport, New York: "The Rifle Rangers." By Captain Mayne Reid. Price 50 cents.

NEW WORKS IN THE PRESS OF H. LONG & BROTHER, NEW YORK.—"Marian Withers," by Miss Jewsbury; "Wan Nanee: a Romance of the War of 1812;" "The Seven Brothers of Wyoming;" "The Guerilla Chief;" "The Shabby Family," by Henry Mayhew, a sequel to the "Greatest Plague of a Life;" "Kenneth," by G. W. M. Reynolds; "A New Ethiopian Song Book;" and "Life and Adventures of Michael Armstrong."

Publisher's Department.

OUR FASHION PLATES.—Some persons, of whom it may be added that they possess a peculiarly nice appreciation of effects without a peculiarly nice appreciation of causes, are in the habit of condemning our fashion plates, because, in their judgment, the female form is represented in what they deem to be a "wasp-like shape," or in that of an "hourglass," an "inverted cone," etc. And, having satisfied themselves that their premises are correct, they proceed to enumerate the awful consequences that will inevitably result to the health and happiness of the rising generation, from the contemplation and imitation of the loathsome and demoralizing fashion plates. These good people, however, do not seem to reflect that the fashion plate is simply a picture of the human form enveloped in certain robes, or outward dress and covering, and that the effect, whatever it may be, is produced by the ingenious and artificial arrangement of the said dress or costume, more than by any compression, contortion, or expansion

of the living and moving human form itself. It is not our fault, therefore, if the ladies, in the exercise of their own good taste and discernment, wear skirts of such wide and flowing dimensions that a fair representation of them in our fashion plates reduces the apparent size of their waists to what may seem, to the uninitiated, to be an unnatural, an uneasy, or an unhealthy slenderness.

We could, indeed, wish that such benevolent persons as entertain these sad apprehensions of the effects of the fashion plates, would take the trouble, in order to render themselves more happy in regard to the health and comfort of their female relatives and friends, to make a fair mathematical comparison between the dimensions of the busts and upper portions of the female form, in our plates, and the length and ample dimensions of the lower part of the dress. We think they would discover more ingenuity than iniquity in the device, which presents a delicate human form, not, as they apprehend, by lacing and screw, but by simply enveloping it in full and flowing robes. We have never, by example or precept, been the friends or admirers of tight lacing. Something, however, is due to personal neatness, and to a pure and refined taste, which may not be referred to here.

MEZZOTINTS.—Our readers have an opportunity in this number of comparing the styles of two rival artists—"The Cottagers' Sunday Morning," engraved by Welch; "The Soldier's Dream of Home," by Walters. Both are admirable engravings. This number, it will be perceived, contains three model cottages: another of our new style of model cottages, and two in the ordinary way. "It is a Secret," our subscribers may call a fashion plate, or what they please. They must say it is a beautiful engraving.

THE COTTAGE in the present number is from "Ranlett's" incomparable work on architecture, which can be procured of Messrs. Dewitt & Davenport, New York.

OUR LITERARY MATTER in this number is worthy of commendation. There are several articles that may be specially mentioned: "Moving in the Country," by a Villager; "The Wrong Passenger," by the author of "Miss Bremer's Visit to Cooper's Landing," a lady who writes for no other publication than the "Lady's Book;" and "Florence Sefton," by Miss B. Gardland.

APPLICATIONS FOR AUTOGRAPHS.—We are frequently asked for our autograph. There is one certain way of procuring it: Remit us three dollars, and we will send it, affixed to a receipt, in our most flourishing style.

We have been forced to reprint the early numbers of this year. They are now ready, and orders received in the morning are mailed the same day. We cannot insert the very favorable notices we have received, both written and printed. Our "Book" would not contain them all. Indeed, we are doing very well, for our subscribers know that they will receive a good work the year through; and they also know that there is but one "Lady's Book" published in the United States—but one work that caters exclusively for American ladies—and that is "Godey's Lady's Book."

We make a few more extracts from our London correspondent's letter, a portion of which was published in our last number.

London.

MY DEAR MR. GODEY:—

On the death of great personages, but especially of those of royal descent, there is generally displayed, in countries politically constituted as this is, a great amount of hypo-

critical sorrow and ostentatious testimonials of affected regret. Such, however, I do not think was altogether the character of the testimonials paid to the memory, the virtues, and the sufferings of the late Duchess of Angoulême, who deceased at Paris a short time since. This lady, Maria Theresa Charlotte de Bourbon, was the only daughter of Louis XVII., and Marie Antoinette, of Austria. She was born on the 19th December, 1778. Through her mother, she was the granddaughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, whose names she bore. The whole course of this noble woman's life, from the execution of her parents to the last moments of her eventful career, has been, as has been feelingly expressed, one entire course of misfortune—one long martyrdom. But I cannot follow that eventful career, from the breaking out of the French Revolution, through all the changes and vicissitudes of the various governments of the people, without doing violence to the restrictions imposed upon my pen. In all of them it may be justly said that the Duchess of Angoulême was interested and intimately connected. But throughout all of them, whether in exile or in the palaces of her forefathers, she maintained the character of a pious woman, of much amability of disposition, of great charity and patience, and of great good sense.

The princely munificence of the American Minister, Mr. Lawrence, forms a new era in the diplomatic representation of the United States at the Court of St. James. What ever might have been thought of "republican simplicity" fifty years ago, people here have now quite an exalted opinion of republican wealth. It is gratifying to find, however, that all its displays are not made exclusively for the gratification of aristocratic tastes. The American Commissioners and Jurors of the Great Exhibition were recently entertained by Mr. Lawrence and his lady, at their residence in Piccadilly. There was quite a number of the American Exhibitors from the United States present.

The National Gallery, on its re-opening, presented three new pictures: One, a little portrait of an old man, by Van Eyck; second, a portrait of Rembrandt, by himself; the third is "De Ruyter and his Officers Embarking," by Backhuysen. The first was purchased from Lord Middleton's collection for £366, and the second from the same collection for £400. The third was bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Bredel, lately deceased.

You must caution our American authors and compilers, Mr. Godey. It is understood here that a treaty "for the suppression of literary piracy" has been actually signed between Great Britain and France. The nature and extent of the punishment are not named. Death is the usual punishment for piracy on the ocean. But that would be too severe for petty larceny. Besides, it would take a very learned jury to determine to whom the various small literary articles in circulation at this late day, in the progress of letters, originally belonged.

F. E. W.

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, of Ohio, at Cincinnati, have awarded their DIPLOMA to "*Ayer's Cherry Pectoral*," the widely celebrated remedy for colds, coughs, and consumption. This honor was richly merited by the inventor of that invaluable medicine, which has secured not only the above commendation, but also that of the most eminent physicians in this, as well as the highest medical authority in other countries. And what is a far greater encomium on its usefulness is that it has won its way to almost every fireside of the American people.

MR. BROW has shown us a beautiful piece of penmanship—"The Declaration of Independence"—done by himself, in a most masterly manner. It is intended as a present for Kossuth.

We promised, in a late number, to give a description of the manner in which Honiton Lace is made. This kind of lace is a great favorite with our fashionables.

HONITON LACEMAKING.—This lace has, within the past few years, gained such favor with the ladies that it bids fair to supersede the use of all others. Two points which may explain the reason for this preference are, the very great utility and durability of the Honiton lace, and its capability for producing the most elaborate and the richest patterns. The method of making all laces is fundamentally the same; and, in describing the mode of operation in the one case, we at the same time show how all others are made. The difference in the Honiton being that the pattern is produced separately, and then transferred to the fine ground net, while in most of the other laces pattern and grounding are produced at the same time. This gives the Honiton lacemakers the greater facility in the production of elaborate designs; and, as it admits of the constant retransfer of the pattern from one grounding to another when the original is worn out, conduces to its durability, and to the esteem in which it is held by ladies who, though they like to wear only good and rich laces, are still careful enough of their husbands' purses to choose those which will wear the longest.

In former days, lacemaking was a favorite employment even with ladies of rank and station; and, in some rural districts, there are yet found many ladies who practice the art for their amusement; but perfection in it, as in every other handicraft, can only be attained by constant practice. and therefore these amateurs are never very formidable rivals to their more humble sisters to whom this labor is a source of gain. The work is by no means an ungraceful one; and, though trying to the eyes, not nearly so injurious to the health as the stooping over and leaning the chest against a hard frame, a practice in which many of our fair young friends unfortunately persist in indulging. The lacemaker has on her knee a large cushion or pillow, covered with black or dark green material, and on this cushion the pattern for the lace is transferred by pins from the paper design, the pins being placed close to, or more distant from, each other, according as the pattern is close or open. The material for working consists of marvelously fine flaxen thread wound on reels, and these threads are thrown round and between the pins with such unerring exactness that the most graceful lines and minute effects of shading are carefully given. In making a comparatively narrow pattern, several hundred reels are required, and when the design is more elaborate the number increases in proportion.

THE following notice of "Arthur's Home Gazette" we take from "*Graham's Magazine*," for February:—

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of this valuable literary journal; and we do it with the more heartiness as we have known its editor intimately for many years, and have known him as one of the most upright, consistent, laborious, talented, yet modest of our literary men. Mr. Arthur is an earnest, good man—practically the moral editor he pretends to be—there is no sham or flummery in his composition; but, truthful and fearless, he conducts his journal as much as a matter of conscience as a matter of dollars. He is totally free, too, of all small jealousies of other people's success; but, with a keen eye to life and its surroundings, he attends rigidly to his own concerns, and labors to embody his observations and experiences, so as to make men wiser and better.

To his well-known ability as an author, Mr. Arthur unites the rare gift of a capital writer for a journal, seizing

with happy tact upon the passing occurrences of the hour, and so combining them with his own manly reflections as to give us just views of life, and of its responsibilities, too, at the same glance. In the management of his journal, Mr. A. has had the sagacity to enlist brains—the best writers are among his regular contributors; and, without any parade or pretence, he quietly issues his sheet each week, brimming with thought, and overflowing with the generous sentiments of a thorough Christian gentleman.

If any of our readers desire to see a copy of the "Gazette," he will furnish it upon application; if they desire to subscribe, they can have this magazine and that paper for \$4, or Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Gazette for \$4. We have spoken frankly of Mr. Arthur and his paper—we have spoken what we believe.

THE "London Medical Gazette" gives the result of numerous experiments with roasted coffee, proving that it is the most powerful means not only of rendering animal and vegetable effluvia innocuous, but of actually destroying them. A room in which meat in an advanced degree of decomposition had been kept for some time was instantly deprived of all smell on an open coffee-roaster being carried through it, containing a pound of coffee newly roasted. In another room exposed to the effluvia occasioned by the clearing out of a dung-pit, so that sulphureted hydrogen and ammonia in great quantities could be chemically detected, the stench was completely removed, within half a minute, on the employment of three ounces of fresh roasted coffee, whilst the other parts of the house were permanently cleared of the same smell by being simply traversed with the coffee-roaster, although the cleansing of the dung-pit continued for several hours after.

The best mode of using the coffee, as a disinfectant, is to try the raw bean, pound it in a mortar, and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it assumes dark-brown tint, when it is fit for use. Then sprinkle it in sinks or cess-pools, or lay it on a plate in a room which you wish to have purified. Coffee acid or coffee oil acts more readily in minute quantities.

WE have frequently given accounts of royal balls at the court of England's Queen. We now give another of one in very different and distant part of the world.

"A ROYAL BALL AT TAHITI.—On the first of May, I witnessed a most interesting scene. Mr. Bruat, the French agent, made every effort to entertain the Tahitians. In the morning, the French sailors enacted a little sham fight on the water. Several boats were brought out, manned by skillful rowers, and at the bow of each boat was placed a kind of step or ladder, on which stood a combatant armed with a stick. The boats were steered very close together, and the combatants tried to throw one another from their landing-places into the sea. A May pole was erected, at the top of which fluttered colored shirts, ribbons, and other articles of finery, the prizes of those who could fetch them down. At noon, the chiefs and other important personages among the natives were feasted. Salt meat, bacon, bread, roast pork, fruits, &c., were piled up in heaps on the lawn in front of the governor's house; but the guests did not content themselves around these as might have been expected: the chiefs divided everything into portions, and each person carried his share home. In the evening, there were fireworks and a ball. This was one of the most interesting things I met with. I here saw the most abrupt contrasts between art and nature—elegant French ladies beside coarse, brown, native women; staff-officers in full uniform among half-naked Indians. Many of the natives, indeed, wore, for this occasion, wide white trousers and a shirt over them; but others had no further garment than the

pareo and the short shirt. I, this evening, saw Queen Pomare for the first time. She is a woman of six-and-thirty, of large and coarse figure, but still in her prime. (I found, generally, that women do not so soon become *passée* here as in other hot climates.) Her face is not bad, and an extremely good-natured expression played about the mouth and chin. She was dressed in a gown, or rather a kind of blouse, of sky-blue satin, which had a double border of expensive black blonde. In her ears she wore large jasmine blossoms, in her hair a wreath of flowers; in her hand she carried, very elegantly, a lace pocket-handkerchief beautifully worked. For this evening, she had confined her feet in shoes and stockings—usually going barefoot. The complete dress was a gift from the King of the French. The queen's husband, younger than herself, is the handsomest man in Tahiti. The French, jokingly, call him, 'Prince Albert, of Tahiti,' not merely on account of his good looks, but also because, like Prince Albert, of England, he is not called king, but only the husband of the queen. He was dressed in the uniform of a French general, which suited him very well; the more so, that he knew how to deport himself in it; only his feet were not to be looked at, being very coarse and ugly. There was more royalty in the company besides these two high personages, namely, King Otoume, lord of one of the neighboring islands. His appearance was most comical: over very short, but broad pantaloons, he wore a coat of sulphur-colored calico, which certainly was not the handiwork of the Parisian artist—it was a complete pattern-card of misfits. This king went barefooted. The queen's *dames de compagnie*, four in number, and the wives and daughters of the chiefs, were mostly dressed in white muslin blouses. They also had flowers in their ears, and wreaths in their hair. Their demeanor and behavior were, in general, wonderfully good; nay, three of the young ladies danced French quadrilles with the officers, without erring in the figure. Only I was constantly in fear for their feet, for none besides the royal pair wore stockings. A few old married women appeared in European bonnets. Young matrons brought their children with them, even their infants. Before supper, the queen withdrew into another apartment to smoke a cigar; her husband, meanwhile, killing time with a game at billiards. At supper, I found myself between Prince Albert, of Tahiti, and the canary-colored King Otoume; both were sufficiently advanced in their education to show me the usual attentions of the table, to fill my glass with water or wine, to hand me dishes, &c., and it was evident they took as much pains as possible to master European manners. Nevertheless, some of the guests forgot their parts now and then: thus the queen, for instance, asked for a second plate, which she heaped with sweetmeats, and put aside to carry home with her. Others it was necessary to restrain from devoting themselves too fondly to the champagne; but, on the whole, the entertainment came to an end with great gayety and propriety."

Receipts.

THE TOMATO is an excellent purifier of the blood, and the following is a very simple mode of preparing it: Place the tomatoes in a Dutch oven for a few minutes before the fire, adding a little vinegar. When they are warmed through, the rind is easily peeled off, if it be preferred so to do. In this way they may be eaten with every kind of roast meat.

A GOOD PLAN OF PRESERVING APPLES is as follows: Into the bottom of a glazed jar, well dried, place some pebbles, just to cover the surface; fill the jar with perfectly sound apples, rubbed dry; cover the fruit with a piece of wood

made to fit exactly, and over that lay some fresh mortar. The apples are thus preserved from the pressure of the air, and will keep good for a length of time. Apples may also be kept the whole year by being immersed in corn, which receives no injury from their contact.

In dwelling-houses lighted by gas, the frequent renewal of the air is of great importance. A single gas-burner will consume more oxygen, and produce more carbonic acid to deteriorate the atmosphere of a room than six or eight candles. If, therefore, when several burners are used, no provision is made for the escape of the corrupted air, and for the introduction of pure air from without, the health will necessarily suffer.

MILK OF ROSES is made thus: Put two ounces of rose-water, a teaspoonful of oil of almonds, and twelve drops of oil of tartar, into a bottle, and shake the whole till well mixed.

TO GET RID OF FLIES.—The most harmless way of getting rid of flies is to expose in a plate a strong solution of quassia chips and brown sugar. The fly-papers sold for the purpose are made by smearing melted resin with a little sugar on paper.

The preparation used for wetting linen, previous to marking it with ink, is a drachm of salt of tartar in one and a half ounce of water.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Morning, or home-dress, of plain stone-colored grape mousseline; the skirt is made very full and quite plain, the corsage low, and ending in a long bodice. The sleeves are quite a novelty, being made full at the wrist, and gathered in two frills, the edge finished by a cording of crimson silk. The undersleeves of lace are also finished in deep frills. Over the corsage is worn a pelerine of crimson dotted muslin, made in Grecian fullness, and crossing at the points. Small apron of thick brown silk, finished by puffs of the same around the hem and the pockets. A broad crimson velvet ribbon, tied in a careless bow, encircles the throat. Hair in plain braids and bandeaux.

Fig. 2d.—Carriage-dress of plain green silk. The skirt is full, and finished by frills, or narrow flounces of white lace, the edge in a broad scallop pattern. The sleeves, demure long, are trimmed in the same way, and a pelerine of rich white lace is made to correspond. White chip bonnet, with lace and ribbon mixed in the trimming, and small brides of white ribbon inside the brim.

THE NURSERY.

Our chit-chat this month has been suggested by seeing a beautiful child sent out to pay morning calls, in a dress that we will describe to our lady readers. There was no excuse, so far as the means of the parents were concerned, as will be seen from some of the articles described. The embroidered cashmere cap and cloak were in excellent taste; but beneath this was flannel too coarse for ordinary skirts; and, while the petticoats were of exquisite dimity, the underclothes were of cotton instead of linen lawn. The inconsistency was so glaring, that one could but remark upon it, and the discomfort which the delicate little limbs of the child must have been subjected to. It is often a subject upon which young mothers are entirely ignorant,

or, if they have experience, they are thoughtless, rather than neglectful. As no one is more dependent upon dress for comfort than the little helpless babe, and as an infant's wardrobe is a matter in which unusual taste may be displayed, we have prepared some hints with regard to it.

In the first place, it is an essential of comfort, as well as a matter of economy, that all the materials should be of the finest quality. Coarse flannel washes thick directly and becomes discolored easily; cotton should never be suffered to touch the delicate skin; and, as far as trimming is concerned, if neat thread lace or cambric edging cannot be afforded, it is better not to use any. Indeed, this last rule holds good for every article of dress in use. There is another thing to be considered. It is much better to have plenty of good neat clothes than a few expensive dresses. We have known ladies to save an expensive christening robe out of the proper allowance for ordinary articles, very much diminishing their neatness or quantity. As to the last particular, as frequent changes are essential to health as well as comfort, it is very bad policy to have a child in state to be admired once a week, and the rest of the time an object of aversion from its untidiness. Embroidered cambric dresses, when the little thing is sent to pay visits will never compensate for finding it not fit to be seen when you go to return them. The first rule, then, should be to have everything neat, good, and in abundance. Neatness, however, should be observed in the trimming and cut of every article. A large pattern of embroidery, for instance, is not suited for an infant's slip, neither are wide ruffles nor a coarse pattern of lace, and, however rich the material it may be ruined by "botching," either in fit or stitches. There is nothing in which the accomplishment of fine sewing can be so well displayed as on an infant's wardrobe. Every stitch should be set with neatness and regularity, the hems and falls as narrow as possible, as a large seam even causes irritation.

To come to our list, then, of a complete infant's wardrobe, and to commence with the article of bands: they should be of the finest possible flannel, as they are worn next the skin; a half yard will make four. Robins, or knitted shirts, are to be had in any trimming store; but for those not in cities we will give plain and excellent directions for them, as well as knit boots or socks, in our next article. Those of linen—not cotton—should be of the finest lawn made plainly, and edged with narrow lace or "tetting"; and here we once more advise our lady friends against having any great difference in the style of them. All should be equally good and neat. A yard and a half of lawn will cut six, and a quarter of a yard of linen cambric ruffles them about the arm. The ruffles may be made with a very narrow hem and two tucks, or with only a narrow lace on the edge of the hem. Then we have a waist-blanket three-quarters of a yard in length, and the full width. The waist should be of linen, and a half yard in width. Four of these are sufficient. The flannel skirts should be three-quarters of a yard long, and the edges buttonholed in scoops with linen floss, as it washes better than silk. A plain hem, with a chain stitching of silk, is also very neat. Dimity or cambric skirts come then, and should come nearly to the bottom of the dress skirt. Seven-eighths of a yard is a good rule, for ordinary dresses a yard in length. It is quite necessary to have a dressing-gown of a saque form, of flannel in winter, and double fine plaided gingham in summer, the sleeves long and loose. Add to these articles six little slips of dimity or cross-barred muslin for night wear, and we have the set complete, with the exception of dresses, which, being an ample subject, we reserve until our next, together with directions for washing and preserving flannel, etc., and the worsted knitting receipts before spoken of.

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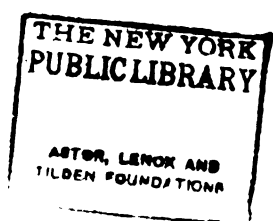
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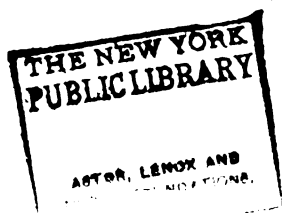


THE END OF THE WORLD

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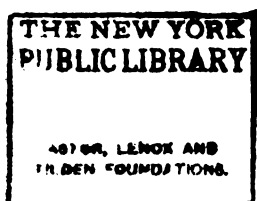
TAKING TEA IN THE ARBOR.

Engraved by J. A. Leavelle, Boston. Digitized by Google





TAKING TEA IN THE ARBOR.






SUPERB CHRISTENING ROBE.

SEE DESCRIPTION.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, LL.D.

The Music of Pan.

Musical score for the song "Come back, come back, thou youth - ful time, When joy and". The score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked "Slow." The lyrics are: "Come back, come back, thou youth - ful time, When joy and". The score consists of three staves. The first staff is the vocal line, the second is the piano accompaniment, and the third is a continuation of the piano accompaniment.



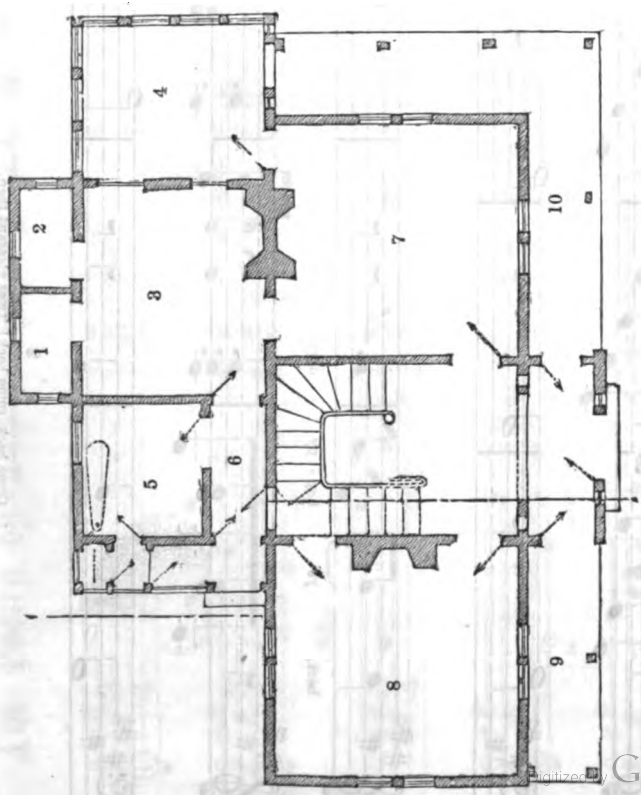
in - no - cence were ours; When life was in its ver - nal prime, And earth was bright with bud - ding flow'rs. Come back, and

let us roam once more, Free-heart-ed, through life's pleasant ways, And ga-ther gar-lauds as of yore— Come back, come

back, ye hap-py days.

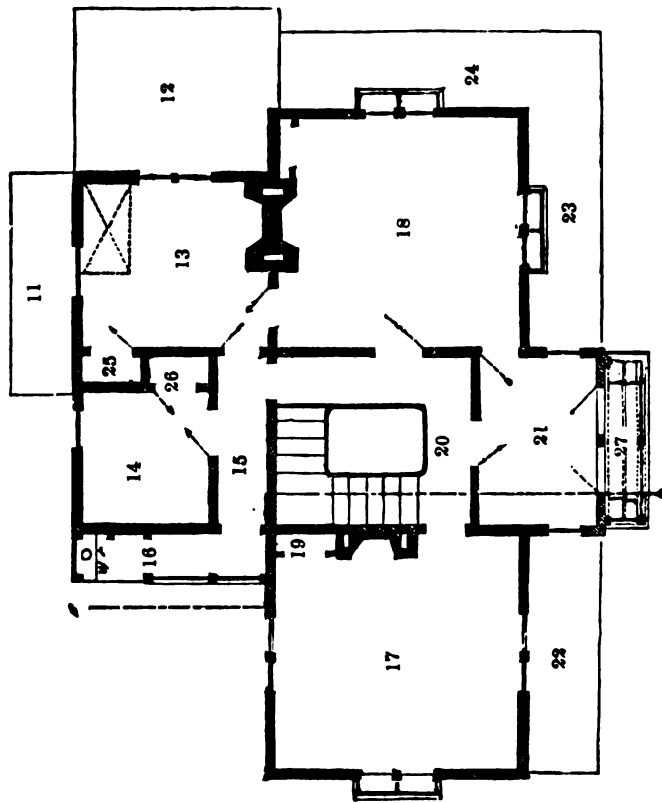
back, come back! 'twas pleasant then,
To cherish bath in love and truth
When nothing in disparage of men
Had sour'd the temper of our youth.
Come back, and let us still believe
The gorgeous dream Romance displays,
Nor trust the tale that men deceive—
Come back, come back, ye happy days.

back, oh, freshness of the past,
When every face seem'd fair and kind;
When sunward every eye was cast,
And all the shadows fell behind.
Come back—oh, ye! true hearts can turn
Their own Decembers into Mays;
The secret be it ours to learn—
Come back, come back, ye happy days.



PRINCIPAL STORY.

1. Store-room, 4 feet broad.
2. Pantry.
3. Kitchen, 12 by 13 feet.
4. Green-house, 12 by 10 feet.
5. Bath-room, 8 by 8 feet.
6. Passage, 3 feet 4 inches broad.
7. Dining-room, 15 by 16 feet.
8. Parlor, 15 by 16 feet.
- 9, 10. Veranda, 5 feet wide.



SECOND STORY.

- 11, 12. Roof.
13. Bed-room, 10 by 12 feet.
14. Bed-room, 8 by 8 feet.
15. Passage.
16. Gallery.
- 17, 18. Chambers, 15 by 16 feet.
19. Closet.
20. Landing.
21. Library, 11 by 7 feet 8 inches.
- 22, 23, 24. Roof.
- 25, 26. Porches.
27. Balcony.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1852.

JAMES WATT,
IMPROVER OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

(See Plate.)

It will probably be considered a superstitious fancy, in the present enlightened century, to attribute to an overruling Providence any of those mysterious triumphs of genius which, from time to time, have ennobled and benefited mankind. Many men, we fear, have become so entranced on the subject of human reason, that it may be asserted with some justice that they are far more inclined to worship humanity, on account of the blessings that have been bestowed upon it, than to manifest their veneration, or their gratitude, for the holy and transcendent Source of power from whom all the graces and all the perfections of humanity have emanated. In our proneness to adore the creature, we, in a great measure, neglect the Creator, and may therefore be charged with being guilty of a species of idolatry scarcely less degrading than that of Paganism. But shall we therefore cease to encourage men of genius—cease to emulate the virtues, the graces, and the labors of the great and good—cease to record the patient struggles of the generous benefactors of mankind—cease to cherish the fame of those who have been the recipients of good and perfect gifts? By no means. And yet it behooves us to be careful that we do not, in the pride of humanity, encourage a disposition to pay an undue amount of homage to one another, rather than humbly acknowledge the power that first called humanity into existence, and which can alone sustain it in its legitimate career of manifesting the glory of God.

We are not ashamed, dear reader, to confess that such were the reflections that pressed on our mind while contemplating the beautiful picture to which your attention has been invited at the head of this article; and we are sure you will confess that, though it is extremely simple, it is wonderfully touching. The fair, quiet face of the boy, childlike,

but thoughtful and studious withal; his calm, steady eye attentively watching the boiling and foaming of the tea-kettle on the fire before him, the lid alternately rising or falling, as the power within either gains or loses its strength—present us at once with a lively idea of that peculiarly precocious inspiration, which only a life of arduous application and incessant anxiety was destined to develop and perfect. It was well, indeed, for the artist to place the musing cat also in the front ground, apparently as greatly interested, as profound, and as sedate, but still unconscious of the reflective powers of the boy. We say it was well to place the animal there, to form a contrast between instinct and spirituality, and to show the higher attributes, and the more glorious aims and ends of human reason.

In the back, or side-ground, it was also strikingly appropriate in the artist to depict, on the countenance of the benevolent aunt, that intense anxiety for the sanity of her little nephew, which she so expressively indicates by placing the point of her finger on her forehead, the region of the mental perceptions. Neither is the sympathizing countenance of the female, to whom the aunt is relating her apprehensions for the soundness of the child's mind, wanting in the lessons which it was intended vividly to convey to the imagination. But, as we shall have occasion to refer again to this interesting picture in the course of our article, we shall, for the present, proceed in another direction.

In the following sketch, we propose to present to the reader, in connection with the life of James Watt, a condensed history of the steam-engine, from its earliest inception to the latest improvements effected by his genius. In this effort, we shall only aim at a faithful compilation from the best authorities at hand, introducing only such matters as may be easily rendered familiar to the understanding

by plain descriptions, or by the help of engraved illustrations.

With regard to the great and almost inconceivable power of steam, it may be asserted that it is no longer a mystery, or a subject of wonderment, even to our children. Its extensive introduction into almost all the mechanic arts, in propelling every description of machinery, in the navigation of the great ocean, and its application to steamboats passing to and fro on our beautiful lakes and rivers, and to railroad trains pursuing their devious courses throughout a great portion of our country—these everyday occurrences having rendered the power of steam so evident and so familiar to all, it would seem that any attempt to illustrate it would rather have a tendency to weaken our subject. Still, however, all those who have witnessed the force of steam may not be so familiar with the energies of the human intellect, which have been so long and so anxiously employed in adjusting the application of that force to safe and useful purposes in the hands of man. Many persons, perhaps, are not acquainted even with the names of those who have been made eminent by their labors to perfect the machinery of the engine, which at once confines, controls, and renders the power of steam efficient. It is true, indeed, that the mere fact of a mechanical force being produced when water is evaporated by heat, was known nearly two thousand years ago, having first been pointed out by Hero, of Alexandria. But it was not until a century and a half ago that any successful attempt was made to apply that power to practical purposes. About that time, a steam-engine, constructed on an imperfect principle, was first used to raise water out of mines; and, though greatly improved during the subsequent eighty years, was never applied to any other purpose. Indeed, as we shall presently see, it is only from the time of the grand discoveries of Warr, that the application of steam power to the extensive and varied uses to which it is now adapted must date its commencement.

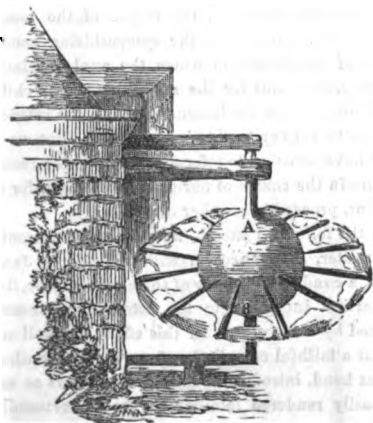
But to return to Hero, of Alexandria. The annexed cut has been given as a pretty faithful repre-

sentation of the machine invented by him as a mere toy, and which, after the lapse of nearly two thousand years, appears to have been recently revived, and rotary engines, constructed on the same principle, and resembling it in some respects, are said to be now at work in this country.

This machine is described as a hollow globe, or ball, placed on pivots at A and B, on which it was capable of revolving: steam was supplied from a boiler through the horizontal tube at the bottom of the machine, which tube communicated with the pivot B. This steam filled the globe, and also the numerous arms attached to it; while a lateral orifice, at the end of each of the arms, allowed the steam to escape in a jet. The reaction consequent on this produced a recoil, and drove the arms round; if, therefore, there had been a pulley, as represented at the upper part of the machine C, and a strap passing round it, the effect would have been to set the machinery in motion, to which the other end of the strap might have been attached.

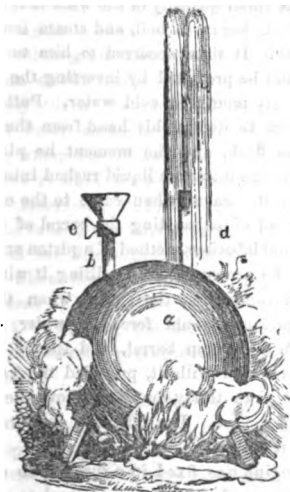
There are many evidences on record that the ancients perfectly understood the mechanical power of steam, and some anecdotes, going to establish the fact, are very amusing. One of these relates to Anthemius and Zeno, between whom a feud existed for a long time. It seems they were neighbors, and that Anthemius, desiring to annoy Zeno, placed several boilers supplied with water on the ground floor of his own house, under which he lighted a fire, and the steam thus produced rushed in such quantities through flexible tubes into an aperture previously made in Zeno's walls, that his floors were made to heave with all the usual symptoms of an earthquake. It is told, also, of an idol erected on the banks of the Wiser, and formed of metal, that its head was hollow, and inclosed therein was a small stove, and also a pot of water; the stove was filled with charcoal, which, being lighted, gradually heated the water in the head, and, when the vapor acquired sufficient force, wooden plugs, which had previously stopped up the mouth, and a hole in the forehead of the idol, were ejected with a loud noise, followed by two jets of steam, to the great consternation of the worshippers.

But, passing over these, and similar experiments of the ancients, we come now to the first attempt, which we find recorded, to render the power of steam a practical agent. In the year 1543, during the reign of the Emperor Charles V., of Spain, a naval captain, named De Garay, made propositions to that monarch for the trial of a machine by which, he said, he could carry ships out of and into harbor against wind and tide. The experiments were ordered to be made in the port of Barcelona; and, on the 17th of June, De Garay appeared on the quay with his apparatus moored along-side. The experiment answered in every respect. The vessel was found to progress at the rate of a league an hour, or, according to some, at the rate of three leagues in two hours, and was found to be easily controlled, and



turned with facility to any point to which it was directed. Favorable reports were made to the emperor and his son, Philip II.; but an expedition, in which they were at that time engaged, prevented the carrying out of the design to any practical extent. De Garay appears to have kept his invention perfectly secret, and thus the world was deprived for two centuries of the immense advantages that would have resulted from the adoption of steam navigation.

It appears also, in the history of the progressive attempts to render steam power subservient to practical purposes, that a work was published in the year 1615, at Frankfort, written by Solomon De Caus, from a passage in which, M. Arago, a French philosopher, claims for the author a share of the honor of the invention of the steam-engine. The invention of De Caus, upon which this claim was founded, is illustrated and described as follows:—

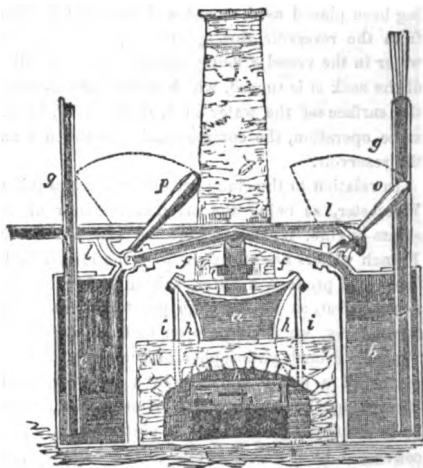


Let there be attached to a ball of copper, *a*, a tube *b*, and stopcock *c*, and also another tube *d*; these tubes should reach almost to the bottom of the copper ball, and be well soldered in every part. The copper ball should then be filled with water through the tube *b*, and the stopcock be shut, when, if the ball is placed on a fire, the heat acting upon it will cause the water to rise in the tube *d*, as indicated in the engraving.

A few years later, an Italian engineer, named Giovanni Branca, published a book, in which he pointed out various novel applications to which steam power might be directed; but they have no resemblance to any application of steam power in use at the present day.

It appears, however, that to the Marquis of Worcester, a follower of the fortunes of Charles the First, belongs the honor of being regarded as the chief inventor of the steam-engine. On account of his devotion to the royal family, he was greatly harassed

by their opponents, and was finally imprisoned in the Tower. One day, while cooking his own dinner, he observed that the lid of the pot was continually being forced upwards by the vapor of the boiling liquid contained in the vessel; and, having a taste for scientific investigation, he began to reflect that the same power which raised the iron cover of the pot might be applied to a variety of purposes. On obtaining his liberty, he constructed a machine, which he described as "an admirable and forcible way to drive up water by fire." "One vessel of water," he continued, "rarefied by fire, driveth up forty of cold water; and the man that tends the work has but to turn two cocks, that one vessel of water being consumed, another begins to force and refill with cold water, and so successively; the fire being tended and kept constant." The boiler of this machine, or engine, as represented in the following figure, was composed of arched iron plates, with



their convex sides turned inwards, fastened at the joinings by bolts passing through holes in their sides, which also pass through the ends of the rods *i, i, i*, a series of which rods extends from end to end of the boiler, being a few inches apart. The ends of the boiler are hemispherical, and are fastened on the plates *h, h, h*. Thus, each plate being an arch, before the boiler can burst, several, if not all the rods *i, i, i*, must be torn asunder from the bolts at the point of conjunction; and, as the strength of the rods and boiler may be increased to any extent without interrupting the action of the fire, there can be no doubt that a boiler might be so constructed as to be perfectly safe under any pressure that could be required for raising water in a given height; because the pressure in such a boiler will never exceed the weight of a column of water of equal height to the cistern. *b, c* represent two vessels which communicate with the boiler *a*, by means of the pipes *f, f*, and waycocks *m, n*, and

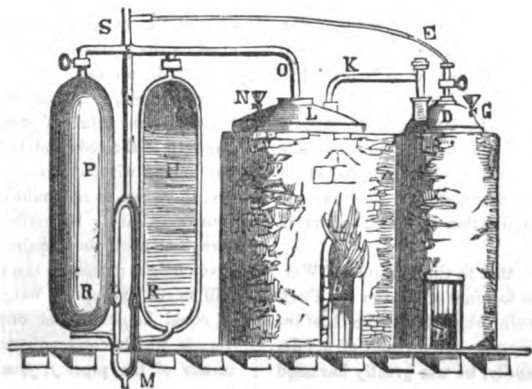
with the reservoir from which the water is to be drawn by the pipes *l, l*. *g, g* are two tubes, through which the water is elevated to the cistern; they reach nearly to the bottom of the vessels *b, c*, and are opened at each end. The pipe *b*, as well as *f, f*, communicate with the vessels *b, c*, by means of the waycocks, *m, n*, which, by moving the handle *o, p*, can be so placed that either the steam from the boiler, or the water from the reservoir, shall instantly have access to the vessel *b, c*. Fire having been kindled under the boiler *a*, in the furnace *d*, the cock *n* is placed in the position represented in the drawing, when the water will have free access from the reservoir to the vessel *c*, which being filled, the handle *p* is turned back, so that the cock shall be relatively in the position shown at *m*; the steam then fairly enters through the pipe *e* into the vessel *c*, and, having no other mode of escape, presses on the surface of the water, which it forces up through the pipe *d*. During this operation, the pipe *m* having been placed as shown at *n*, the vessel *b* is filling from the reservoir through the pipe *l*, so that the water in the vessel *c* being consumed, the handle *o* of the cock *m* is turned, which admits the steam on the surface of the water in *b*, shutting off, by the same operation, the communication between *b* and the reservoir.

In relation to the claim set up for the Marquis of Worcester, as being the original inventor of the steam-engine, it should here be stated that the French writers assert that he took the idea from De Caus, and produce a letter, written in 1641, in evidence. But, as we have no great interest in the controversy, we shall pass on to the discovery by Papin, a French philosopher, of a moving power, by means of a piston working in a cylinder, to be effected by the condensation of steam into water. It is generally known that a pint of water, when converted into steam, swells to the extraordinary amount of two hundred and sixteen gallons, filling seventeen hundred times more space than it occupied in its liquid form. Of course, when the steam is reconverted into water, it subsides again into its former dimensions. Papin's plan was, after having

raised the piston by the elastic force of the steam beneath it, which filled the cylinder, to condense this steam into water, and thereby create a vacuum. On this being accomplished, the piston was pressed down again by the force of the atmosphere above. Papin constructed a model, but no steps were taken to carry out his important discovery.

In 1698, Thomas Savery devised a machine for the purpose of drawing off the water which continually accumulated in the Cornwall mines. This was a combination of the machine suggested by the Marquis of Worcester with Papin's discovery, an apparatus for raising water by suction into a vacuum produced by the condensation of steam. Savery, however, claimed it independent of Papin's discovery, having formed the idea from an incident which happened to him in Florence. Having drunk a flask of wine at a tavern, he flung the flask into the fire, and called for a basin of water to wash his hands. A small quantity of the wine that remained in the flask began to boil, and steam issued from the mouth. It then occurred to him to try what effect would be produced by inverting the flask and plunging its mouth in cold water. Putting on a thick glove to defend his hand from the heat, he seized the flask, and the moment he plunged its mouth into the water the liquid rushed into the flask and filled it. Savery then came to the conclusion that, instead of exhausting the barrel of the pump by the usual laborious method of a piston and sucker, it might be accomplished by filling it with steam, and then condensing the steam, when the atmospheric pressure would force the water from the mine into the pump barrel, and thence into any vessel connected with it, provided the vessel was not more than thirty-four feet above the level of water in the mine. The following is a drawing of Savery's machine.

The engine was fixed in a furnace, so contrived that the flame of the fire might circulate round the boilers. Before the fire was lighted, the two small gauge-pipes and cocks, *O* and *N*, belonging to the two boilers, were unscrewed, and the large boiler *L* filled two-thirds full of water, and the small boiler



D quite full. The pipes were then screwed on again as tight as possible. The fire *b* was then lighted; and, when the water boiled in the large boiler, the cock of the vessel *P*—shown in section—was thrown open. This made the steam rising from the water in *L* pass with irresistible force through *O* into *P*, pushing out all the air before it through the cock *R*. When the air had left the vessel, the bottom of it became very hot; the cock of the pipe of this vessel was then shut, and the cock of the other vessel *P* opened, until that vessel had discharged its air through the cock *R* up the force-pipe *S*. In the mean time, a stream of cold water—supplied by a pipe connected with the discharging pipe *S*, but not shown in the cut—was passed over the outside of the vessel *P*, which, by condensing the steam within, created a vacuum, and the water from the well necessarily rose up through the sucking-pump—cut off below *N*—lifting up the cock *M*, and filling the vessel *P*.

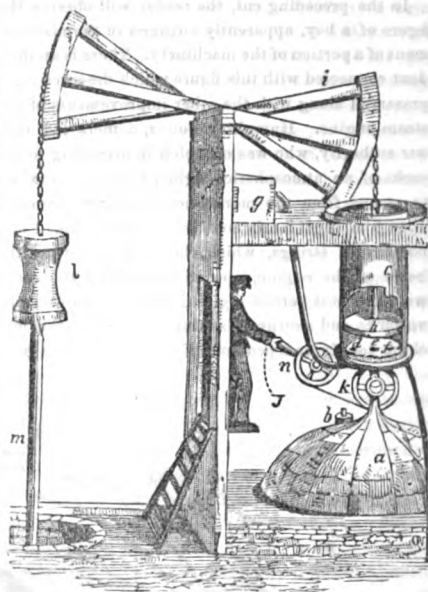
The first vessel, *P*, being emptied of its air, the cock was again opened, when the force of steam from the boilers pressed upon the surface of the water with an elastic quality like air, still increasing in elasticity till it counterpoised or exceeded the weight of water ascending in the pipe *S*, out of which the water was immediately discharged when it had once reached the top. The wood-cut represents two reservoirs, *P, P*, designed for alternate action; the tube *E* was for the purpose of conveying water from the discharging pipe to replenish the boiler *L*, when the water began to get consumed; this was done by keeping the boiler *D* supplied with water, and, by lighting the fire at *B*, generating a sufficiency of steam to press the water into *L* through the pipe *K*.

In this machine, we have, in reality, the germ of the steam-engine as we have it at the present day; the principle being manifest through all the changes and improvements that have been made. It was not, however, until the alterations made by Newcomen, in 1705, that it was brought into extensive use. Nevertheless, it was rather an atmospheric than a steam-engine, although it was the grand connecting link between the old and the complete machine afterwards improved by the hands of the immortal James Watt.

The following is a representation of the engine as improved by Newcomen:—

In this engine there was a cylinder *c* open at the upper end, through which a piston *h* worked. The end of the piston was fastened to a beam, *i*, resting at the middle on a pier or shaft, and weighed at both ends by a curved piece of iron, something like a small portion of a rim of a wheel, in order to give a greater effect to the pump with which the beam was connected at the other end. At the lower part of the cylinder there was a chamber, which, by means of a steam-pipe *e*, communicated with a boiler *a*. In order to preserve it air-tight, the upper part of the cylinder was kept about six inches deep

in water. On each side, at the bottom of the cylinder, there was a cock—one communication—with a



reservoir of water *g*, and which, when opened, allowed a jet of water to enter the cylinder through the pipe *d*; another which allowed the condensed steam and air to escape through *f* down the pipe *o*. In the accompanying diagram of Newcomen's engine, the interior of the lower part of the cylinder is shown for the purpose of representing this portion of the machine. The safety-valve *b* was raised when the steam produced by the boiler exceeded the pressure of the atmosphere by more than one pound on the square inch, and the steam escaped through it. The water being boiling, the cock *k* in the steam-pipe *e* was opened by the attendant, who pushed down the handle to *j*; this gradually filled the lower part of the cylinder with steam, but the power of the steam, being only sufficient to equal the pressure of the atmosphere, would not of itself raise the piston and beam; this was therefore effected by means of the weight or counterpoise *l*, and the elevation of the piston forced down the pump rod *m* into the pump below. The attendant then returned the handle to its original position, which prevented the admission of more steam from the boiler, and, at the same time, opened the cock *n*, which, communicating with the reservoir *g*, threw a jet of cold water into the cylinder. This instantly condensed the steam, and the piston, as it descended, in consequence of the pressure of the superincumbent atmosphere, drove out the water and air from the bottom of the cylinder, and raised the pump-bucket in the mine. The steam-cock was again opened, and the piston again rose; again the steam was condensed, the piston descended, the water and air were driven

out, and so the process went on so long as the services of the engine were required.

In the preceding cut, the reader will observe the figure of a boy, apparently engaged in the management of a portion of the machinery. There is an incident connected with this figure which deserves to be preserved along with the other improvements of the steam-engine. Humphrey Potter, a mere lad, says our authority, who was occupied in attending to the cocks of an atmospheric engine, becoming anxious to escape from the monotonous drudgery imposed upon him, ingeniously contrived the adjustment of a number of strings, which, being attached to the beam of the engine, opened and closed the cocks with the most perfect regularity, as the beam moved upwards and downwards, thus rendering the machine totally independent of manual superintend-

ence. The contrivance of Potter was soon improved upon, and brought into complete working order, in 1718, by an engineer named Brighton. Newcomen's engine, improved in several ways by Brindley, Smeaton, and others, continued in effect the same until the days of Watt, and, until his time, was almost entirely employed in the pumping of water.

But we have now arrived at a point in our narrative, the most appropriate, in our opinion, for the re-introduction of the little boy whom we left seated by the fire, anxiously contemplating the fury of the boiling tea-kettle. We present him here an experienced and an honored man, after having elevated himself, by his industry and application, to the very highest rank among the mechanical geniuses, if not among the greatest benefactors of the world.

James Watt, says Dr. Lardner, was born at



Greenock, in Scotland, in 1736. From his birth, he was extremely delicate in constitution. Being too sickly to submit to educational restraint, he was permitted to choose his own occupations and amusements. It appears, however, that he made the best use of the freedom allowed him. One day, a friend of the father found the boy stretched upon the hearth tracing with chalk various lines and angles. "Why do you permit this child," said he, "to waste his time so?" Mr. Watt replied, "You judge him harshly. Before you condemn us, ascertain how he is employed." The observing father, after this,

placed at his disposal a set of tools, which he soon learned to use with the greatest skill, taking to pieces and putting together again all the children's toys he could procure; and, subsequently, in constructing a little electrical machine, the sparks proceeding from which became a great subject of amusement to all the playfellows of the poor invalid. He had, however, a great repugnance to repeat, like a parrot, anything which he did not understand, and the natural tendency of his mind was to reflect on whatever came before him, which gave him, to superficial observers, the appearance of dullness.

The following incident is probably the origin of the beautiful plate to which we have referred in the commencement of this article. One day, Mrs. Muirhead, the aunt of the boy, reproaching him for what she conceived to be his idleness, desired him to take a book and occupy himself usefully. "More than an hour has now passed away," she said, "and you have not uttered a word. Do you know what you have been doing all this time? You have taken off and put on, repeatedly, the lid of the tea-kettle; you have been holding the saucers and the spoons over the steam, and you have been endeavoring to catch the drops of water formed on them by the vapor. Is it not a shame for you to waste your time thus?" Mrs. Muirhead, continues the biographer, was little aware of the splendid career of discovery which was subsequently to immortalize her little nephew. She did not see, as we can now, in the little boy playing with the tea-kettle, the great engineer preluding to those discoveries which were destined to confer on mankind benefits so inestimable.

At the age of nineteen, Watt was apprenticed for three years to a mathematical instrument-maker in Finch Lane, Cornhill; but remained there only a year, when he returned to Glasgow. This incident in the career of Watt is thus related by Sir R. Kune: "A young man," says our authority, "wanting to sell spectacles in London petitions the corporation to allow him to open a little shop, without paying the fees of freedom, and he is refused. He goes to Glasgow, and the corporation refuse him there. He makes acquaintance with some members of the university, who find him very intelligent, and permit him to open his shop within their walls. He does not sell spectacles and magic lanterns enough to occupy all his time; he occupies himself at intervals in taking asunder and re-making all the machines he can come at. He finds there are books on mechanics written in foreign languages; he borrows a dictionary, and learns those languages to read those books. The university people wonder at him, and are fond of dropping into his little room in the evening to tell what they are doing, and to look at the queer instruments he constructs. A machine in the university collection wants repairing, and he is employed. He makes it a new machine. The steam-engine is constructed; and the giant mind of Watt stands out before the world—the author of the industrial supremacy of this country, the herald of a new force of civilisation. But was Watt educated? Where was he educated? At his own workshop, and in the best manner. Watt learned Latin when he wanted it for his business. He learned French and German; but these things were tools, not ends. He used them to promote his engineering plans, as he used lathes and levers."

It was about the year 1762, or 1763, that Watt's attention was first practically turned to the principles of the steam-engine, and his sagacious mind soon perceived that the ill-working of Newcomen's

machine was owing to its demand for two almost irreconcilable conditions—the requirement of water at a high temperature, and a perfect vacuum, which could only be obtained by an injection of cold water. This laid the foundation of his discovery, in 1765, of his plan for a separate condenser, which he afterwards carried out so successfully, and the effect of which was a great saving in the cost of fuel, as it prevented a great waste of steam power. During the progress of this invention, he found that steam of only forty-seven or forty-eight degrees of heat was sufficient to make water rise to the boiling heat of 212° Fahrenheit's thermometer. Another great improvement was the employment of steam instead of atmospheric air to drive down the piston to the bottom of the cylinder. This was effected by letting the steam from the boiler enter above and below the piston alternately, the vacuum below the piston being also produced by the property of steam. Three years afterwards, a patent was taken out, in partnership with Dr. Roebuck, and an experimental engine was constructed on a large scale, the success of which was most complete. Dr. Roebuck, however, becoming embarrassed, Watt formed a partnership with Mr. Matthew Bolton, of Soho, and, under a new patent, granted in 1775, applied himself vigorously in the perfection of his invention in all practical details; the result of which was the construction, on a large scale, of what is now known as his single setting steam-engine. Meantime, several other ingenious contrivances were invented to remedy the irregularity of action caused by the suspension of power during the ascent of the piston-rod; but these inventions were afterwards superseded by the flywheel.

To remedy the irregularity of motion produced by the unequal supply of steam from the boiler, Watt invented the throttle-valve, which, being placed on the pipe through which the steam is conveyed from the boiler to the cylinder, the opening and partial closing of it, by means of a lever, increased or reduced the supply of steam, according as it was required. This improvement had the effect of enabling the engineer at all times to regulate the monster of motion under his care to such a nicety, that, although there is the power of some millions of horses now continually engaged, an accident is an unfrequent occurrence. Such a degree of security, indeed, has been obtained, that it is said to be by no means uncommon, on the presence of visitors, for the director of an engine at the Cornish mines, where the most powerful engines in the world are employed, to step on the valve of his vast machine and stop it, until, perhaps, if checked one moment longer, it would blow him and all around into ten thousand atoms—a foolish feat, which no one, with a proper regard to the lives of others, would venture to put in practice.

Thus we have seen that Watt's improvements of Newcomen's engine, the first of which was an alter-

ation of the mode of condensing the steam, have been of incalculable importance to the world. Instead of using the method for condensing the steam which had been adopted by Newcomen, he had a condenser attached to the cylinder; and he still further improved upon it by surrounding his condenser with a tank of cold water, which was drawn from an adjoining well, or reservoir, by the pump of the engine. Another of the early improvements effected by him was the custom which he adopted of closing the top of the cylinder, the piston being made to work through a sort of neck, called a *stuffing-box*, which was rendered steam-tight by being lined with tow saturated with grease, which greased the rod and made it move easily. By this alteration, as we have already seen, the elastic force of the steam was used as it now is, to impel the piston downwards as well as upwards. Before this, no means had been provided to enable the piston to move upwards as well as downwards; and, when it had reached the bottom, the counterpoise at the pump-rod raised it up again. To obviate this, Watt contrived a means by which the steam, after having served its purpose, was allowed to go under the piston, and to pass thence into the condenser, through a passage opened at the proper moment, something on the plan devised by the boy Potter. The machine, hence, became a *steam-engine*, instead of an atmospheric one, and all that continuous action, from which so much benefit has been enjoyed, was attained by this simple device.

We might still prolong our narrative, but find it necessary to conclude, which we do with the gratifying fact that, unlike most men of rare genius, Watt retired from business with an independent fortune; and, until the close of his valuable life, resided on his own estate of Heathfield, Staffordshire, enjoying the company of a large circle of friends, by whom his amiable qualities were appreciated as they deserved to be; but, as may be imagined, to the last devoting his mind to intellectual pursuits.

J. D.

THE OLD FARM GATE.

BY RICHARD COE.

(See Plate.)

I love it! I love it! and oft pass it by,
With a sigh in my breast and a tear in my eye,
As backward I gaze on the days that are past,
Too sunny and joyous and happy to last:
Oh! my life was young and my spirit elate
In the time that I dwell by the old farm gate!

How oft have I mounted that old gate astride,
With a rope and a stick, for a frolicsome ride;
And, when it would open with slow gentle force,
"Gee! whoa!" would cry to my gay mimic horse!
Who so merry as I, as I fearlessly rode
On the broad topmost rail of the old farm gate?

And by turns we would ride on a "real live horse"—
We called his name "Raven," so black was his gloss;
And our plump little pony, so frolic and wild
When he carried a man, was never so mild
If he knew my sweet sister, the pert little Kate,
Was to ride on his back from the old farm gate.

And Trowler, our little dog Trowler was there,
With his bark of delight sounding loud on the air;
And if we were happy as happy could be,
Little Trowler, I'm sure, was as happy as we:
We wept when he died, and we laid him in state
At the foot of the tree by the old farm gate.

Long before we grew up my kind father died,
And soon my dear mother was laid by his side;
Then Tommy, and next my sweet little sister;
Oh! how we did weep as we bent o'er and kissed her!
And Willie will have it he saw little Kate
Pass homeward to God through the old farm gate!

I love it! I love it! and still pass it by
With a sigh in my breast and a tear in my eye;
As backward I gaze on the days that are past,
And wonder if I may yet rest me at last
With father, and mother, and sweet little Kate,
In the churchyard back of the old farm gate.

MARCH.

Inscribed to *Funny Fules*.

BY MISS N. E. HUBBARD.

No wintry winds are here,	Sings, by his love's warm nest,
With wallings loud;	With wild, sweet will!
No snow-sprite weaves for us	A death-like shroud!
No cold skies o'er us bend,	Gay birds and flowers, tho' sweet
With cloud and gloom,	Your song and bloom,
Taking Old Winter from	I'd leave you all to see
His new-made tomb.	My northern home—
The lilac's sweet perfume	To list thy walling winds,
Scents all the air;	O wild, bleak March—
Buds and flowers are spring-	To see the changeful skies,
ing	That o'er thee arch—
Everywhere.	
Soft air, like summer's breath,	To gaze upon those hills
Comes wand'ring by;	And mountains old,
To yon deep blue looks up	Wearing their winter crowns,
The violet's eye.	Like burnished gold—
	To sit beside the hearth
Emerald robes now wear	With loved ones dear—
The forest old;	Though kind, true hearts,
Crocus' bedeck our bowers	and warm,
Like stars of gold;	I've found me here.
The "lily of the vale"	
Looks meekly up,	But none so near as those,
Kisses the light, then hides	Far, far away,
Her waxen cup.	O'er whom thy dark skies bend
	Unlovingly
Upon this sweet rose-bower,	However bleak the hills,
The livelong day,	The vale how cold,
The mocking-bird pours forth	To all there's one bright
His thrilling lay;	spot—
Or, by the moon's pale beam,	Home's shepherd fold.
When all is still,	

SOME THOUGHTS ON LETTER WRITING.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

IN clearing away an accumulation of old letters, business, friendly, and miscellaneous, the hasty securing of their contents has suggested some thoughts which we are tempted to put upon paper. So various is the character of such a medley, that a human crowd could not show more faces; and yet there are prevalent errors running through nearly all, which constitute a family likeness, and show that "The Art of Letter Writing," as they say of some other venerable things, is "yet in its infancy." Some of these blemishes we purpose to notice. In doing this, we expect not originality. Certain essays which we have read from time to time, linger, in shreds, in the garret of our memory; and if they chance to become woven in, they will improve the texture rather than otherwise. Neither do we think to say anything which has not occurred to our readers before. But, if we succeed in putting their own ideas in form for them, it may enable them to carry out the suggestion of our amiable friend, Capt. Cuttle, "When found, make a note on."

Many a person, clear, ready, collected, and fluent in conversation, is put in a perturbation by the idea of writing a letter. Words which flow from the lips appear to congeal at the point of the pen; and he who converses best is oftentimes among the very worst of correspondents. Some put off the evil day of writing; others draw up a most formal and even enamped epistle. And others, conscious of inability, or rather underrating themselves, knowing that they cannot be excellent, and fearing that they cannot even be tolerable, set elegance, and even correctness, at defiance, and make an intentional burlesque of the thing, in order to disarm criticism. David Crockett, when he discovered that he could not compete with adepts in the elegancies of the drawing-room, exaggerated his wild-wood eccentricities, and masqueraded as a bear. As his artifices was readily seen through, so is that of letter-writers who adopt the same expedient. Others again are always "Yours in haste," as if that sentence, like the "E. E." at the foot of an account of mercantile items, apologized for all deficiencies. If you are really in haste, and must write notwithstanding, it is allowable to say so; but haste without reason, like other negligence, unusual contractions, and slipshod sentences, is disrespect.

There must be a reason for the disgust and aversion with which many people look upon pen and ink otherwise employed than upon their day-book and ledger. And this reason, we take it, may oftenest be found in the fear of falling short of what

others can do. But few hesitate to speak, when they desire to be heard, because others can talk better than they—though to this observation there are some exceptions. Those who are too modest to speak are sometimes too ready with their pens. Of such persons, more anon. It is indeed a rare accomplishment to write letters *well*, but to write *respectably*—that is to say, fairly to represent your mind on paper—is within the power of every person who has received a common school education. And here, by the way, we may remark that letter writing should occupy a much more prominent place among school exercises than at present. Instead of working upon themes for "composition," which would defy the imagination of a poet to invest them with any possible interest, the pupils should be accustomed to letter writing. The school-boy theses, commencing with some such startling proposition as that "salt is an article of general use," might thus be superseded by something of real utility.

In these days of thousands of newspapers, there are frequent inducements and occasions to write for the Press. This being a matter which touches the interest of printers and publishers, there has been no lack of advice and suggestions upon the subject, addressed to the scribbling public. Everybody knows that the correspondent of a newspaper or magazine should pay his own postage; that he should write on but one side of the paper; and that he should write *legibly*. If a man should pride himself upon talking indistinctly, we should consider him either insane or idiotic; yet we have met some persons who boast of their illegible scrawl as a mark of the eccentricity of genius. There are thousands who could write distinctly, by a habit of painstaking, which would soon admit of expedition. Yet comparatively no trouble is taken to obtain so desirable a result—so necessary an accomplishment, if we would avoid blunders, and not be continually charging printers and proof-readers with the faults of the vile penmanship of writers. We cannot understand why a gentleman should not feel as much ashamed of illegible writing as of ungrammatical speech. Ladies are sure to write both neatly and in a readable hand. So much for the mechanical part; now for a few words on the style. There is no need whatever of commencing an article upon the last shower, at the Flood, or of beginning everything where Diedrick Knickerbocker commences his History of New York—at the creation of the world. The long, irrelative, and verbose prefaces which unpracticed writers make are even more

troublesome to editors than bad manuscript is to printers. "Come to Heecuba" as quick as possible, and reach the pith of your argument without any waste of words. If you must write a long introduction to a small affair in order to warm yourself into a writing mood, cut it off before you send your article to the printer, and it will never be missed. Very many newspaper articles, and magazine contributions, with their pompous beginnings, and most lame and impotent conclusions, remind one of the cry of the Mohammedan huckster—"In the name of the Prophet!—*Ag's!*"

Business letters should be as brief as is consistent with perspicuity, but minute and clear in specific directions, except where it is intended to allow something to the discretion of the person addressed. And even in such a case the discretion should be well defined and limited. In no case should desultory or complimentary matter, or relations and discussions foreign to the subject of the letter, be introduced and intermixed with business. Business men have often no leisure to read discursive correspondence in business hours; and where they are required to glean the true purport of a letter from amid a mass of useless words, they are liable, if not to errors and misapprehensions, at least to a failure in the attempt clearly to understand the intention of the writer. And, indeed, the writer himself, if he interlards a business communication with witticisms, politics, or other extraneous matter, will most probably fail in making himself understood, though his correspondent spend a day over his letter. In business correspondence, the *old forms* are the best. If you are answering, commence with a notice of the date, and the date of your receipt of the letter to which you reply. Then give an abstract of the contents—or an indication of *your impression* of the contents of the letter you are answering. In this way you will advise your correspondent of your own position, and enable him to correct you at once, if you have misapprehended him, and you will also recall to his mind the contents of his own letter, by your rejoinder. Then, having settled those preliminaries, answer the points clearly and definitely; state, so as not to be misunderstood, what you have done, or shall do, in compliance with your correspondent's request; what you decline; and what you defer until you receive further instructions. If information is asked for relative to markets, &c., or to the standing of third parties, be sure that, in giving it, you state nothing that is not of a perfectly reliable character, unless you give the evidence upon which it rests; give nothing as of your own knowledge which you do not personally know, and always cite your authority. In writing of the standing of others, think first, with yourself, whether your correspondent has a *right* to examine you as a witness. If his business relations with you, or his connection as a friend, do not warrant him in making such a demand upon your time and your discretion; and if it farther

appear that you may make yourself liable by your answer, decline the service promptly, giving your correspondent your reasons. And in all cases, even with friends, be very careful how you speak of a third party. If the person in question has given you as a reference, then you are at liberty to state honestly what you know, for he has authorized it. And you are bound to give the exact truth, if you say anything—by which we mean that you must convey a correct impression of your opinion, or of your knowledge, stating clearly what is *opinion*, and what is *fact*; unless, indeed, from prudential motives, you decline to write on the subject. A letter is likely to be preserved. If its business contents are important, it is sure to be.

At the close of your letter, after your business is treated, you may add any general matter of friendship, or of business information, which you think may prove useful or acceptable to your correspondent. But remember always the important rule, that a business communication is to be kept clear and unumbered. In these days of cheap paper and cheap postage, reserve familiar letters for separate sheets from business communications. More enmities among business men have arisen from the careless admixture of compliments with figures than from any other cause, or all other causes.

If you are writing a letter, either upon your own business or upon that of the person you are addressing, not in answer to him, but opening the subject between you, follow the rule we have already alluded to, of clearness and of business brevity. Come to the point at once, in order that the person addressed may easily comprehend you. Put nobody to the labor of *guessing* what you desire, and be careful that half instructions do not lead your correspondent astray. If you have so clear an idea of your operation in your mind, or if it is so simple a one that it needs no words, except specific directions, or a plain request, you need not waste time, but, with the proper forms of courtesy, instruct him at once to buy, sell, or negotiate for you. In whatever you write from your counting-room desk, remember that time is valuable; and that embarrassing or indefinite letters are a great nuisance to a business man. We need hardly remark that punctuality in answering correspondents is one of the cardinal business virtues. Where it is possible, answer letters by return mail, as you will thus save your own time, and pay your correspondent a flattering compliment. And in opening a correspondence, or writing upon your own business, let your communication be made at the earliest proper date; in order that your correspondent, as well as yourself, may have the benefit of thought and deliberation. Remember the mail is always open, and that any new information, or after thought, may be written in a second letter. In matters which pertain solely or chiefly to yourself, or in proposing a joint operation, pay your own postage. At the present rates this may seem a small item. At

so much cheaper price, then, do you purchase the reputation of a gentleman.

We have said that, in business letters, the "old forms" are the best. This recommendation does not apply, however, to certain phrases, in general epistles, which have formed a portion of the style of persons unaccustomed to writing from time immemorial. Some of these appear almost too puerile even to be mentioned; but will still be found in the letters of persons who, to hear them converse, one would fancy might write respectably. Avoid them. It is to be presumed that you do not write without a quill pen, or a metallic substitute, and there is therefore no particular necessity for informing your correspondent that "you take your pen in hand." Nobody, except the remarkable personage without arms who was exhibited a few years since, takes the pen between the toes. Neither need you tell your friend that your letter "comes hoping." It may leave you "hoping;" but that any emotion of hope or of despair can be predicated of a sheet of paper is hardly to be asserted. And, in the use of this phrase, an extra "p," or a mispronunciation on the part of the reader, implies a slander on the gait of the epistle; a slander which, if the contents are "precious," identifies the letter in some respects with the poet's notion of a toad. If your ink is pale, that is a fact which speaks for itself; and, if the pen is poor, he must be a good penman who hides that deficiency.

These are among the most absurd of letter blemishes. But those less palpably ridiculous are only comparatively less intolerable in a class where all are bad. Current bywords—for which in modern days there appears to be a passion—should be rigorously excluded, except indeed when, in a very familiar letter, such a phrase can be introduced with the appearance of being an apt and witty quotation. To say enough, and not too much; to avoid careless negligence on the one hand, and, on the other, too painful precision; to escape discourteous reserve, and still withhold improper confidence—all these considerations are to be borne in mind. Too much study gives an epistle an air of stiffness and restraint which destroys all pleasure in receiving it. It may even suggest a suspicion of the sincerity of the writer. And, on the other hand, neglect of etiquette in writing is still more offensive than neglect of courtesy in personal intercourse. Practice only can teach the proper medium, and every one's discretion must guide him between too great formality and too careless ease.

Many people write what they have not confidence to speak. The most modest and reserved in conversation pour out their souls in a cataract of words upon paper; particularly where love or friendship is imagined to be the animus. We need not refer to the cases, in this world of changes, in which ink and paper stubbornly retain the expressions which have long been effaced from the heart, if indeed the inscription there was ever more than "sympathetic,"

requiring a strong heat to make it legible—but paling out entirely when cold or absence removes the glow. When these declarations are spoken, the party to whom they are addressed cannot, even after an estrangement, repeat them without sharing in the ridicule which, in this mocking world, they are sure to provoke. But letters can be shown. Letters are sometimes shown, even when there is no quarrel; and, therefore, while all proper confidence is felt and shown, it is as well always to write as one would speak if conscious that he might be overheard. *Overseen* is quite as embarrassing, and much more likely to happen.

Nor are love-passages the only correspondence in which people run into extravagance. Warm friendships—school-girl attachments for instance—provoke the writers into hyperbole. Many a matron has blushed over the letters she may have preserved from the correspondence of her teens—blushed at the thought of what her own epistles must have been, to call forth such rejoinders. Some people, at all ages, go into minute confessions on paper, which were better unwritten, being partly imaginary, and often exaggerated. They are things which they would not speak—and could not, indeed, with the listener looking them in the face. Why then write them? The tongue is a very good guide in this respect. The pen is insensible, and must obey the fingers; but when it expresses what the tongue refuses to say, and the ears would redder to hear, it transcends its proper province. Lamartine was twice the man in the esteem of the world before he published his "Confidences." If we are to take them as *truth*, he has exposed his weak egotism. If they are affectation, he is weaker still. We cannot wonder that he could not keep his place amid the turmoil of French politics; for it required sterner stuff than that amid which this "weak, washy, everlasting flood" could spring.

Beware how you trust your own secrets or another's to paper. The mischief such records may do is incalculable. And especially avoid any save the kind mention of third persons in your correspondence. Under what has been said of business letters, this caution has been urged; and, in your familiar correspondence, it is even more necessary. Written words have a weight which spoken ones do not possess. They are conned and examined, and oftentimes an occult meaning is discovered in the most meaningless things. Unfounded or uncharitable rumors or statements have lain perdu in drawers and boxes, to be drawn out, after the death of writer and receiver, to the prejudice of innocent persons, or the revival of obsolete facts, better forgotten than treasured. Perhaps the posthumous fame which had hitherto stood fair is impaired or blasted. The statement of a letter thus preserved stands uncontradicted; for, though in a subsequent one the writer corrected the error of the first, the two letters may never meet the same eyes. It is a good rule not only

ourselves to forbear writing ill of people, but to destroy what letters of a personal character we receive. There is no predicting what social carrion vulture may devour their contents; or what panderer to evil tastes may circulate them in manuscript, even if they are not found of public or malicious interest enough to publish. Such a collection of letters as those of Horace Walpole, read with avidity and widely circulated, is enough to ruin the character of the correspondence of an age. Flippant, gossiping, and mendacious, their evil characteristics are easily imitated; and, without the wit of the author, many affect his audacious disregard of truth and of the rights of others. Well to this sort of posthumous publication will the line of the poet apply,

"The evil that men do lives after them."

An open attack has some magnanimity in it; a volume of mischief, published after the assailed and the assailant have gone to their graves, and the author cannot be held to answer on earth, or his victims find opportunity to reply, is a pestiferous legacy. Yet such, in some degree, and in some circle wider or narrower, may be the issue of every letter contain-

ing personal animadversions. Not a few family feuds, protracted, owe their duration to ill letters, ill saved, and turning up like a hidden weapon to do over again their evil work.

Last, though not least, sincerity in epistolary writing must be guarded. Do not let a person for whom you care little be led into the delusion, from the tone of your letters, that he is a very dear friend. Expressions in writing are presumed to be well weighed and premeditated. Nor, on the other hand, must you suffer those whom you really love to infer, from your silence, that you are indifferent, or have forgotten them. To write a letter, when once you apply yourself to it, is a very small matter; and, done at the proper time, is no task. Attentive correspondence is one of the most delightful interchanges of duty and affection, and one of the best guarantees for prosperity in business. We should count him rude, to boorishness, who should not answer a spoken question; and to neglect writing is little better. It is even more unkind, for it gives rise to many anxieties and surmises of a painful nature, which a few moments' attention would prevent.

THE SAXONS.

BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

"All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase."—*The Task*.

O'er the starless tracts of darkness, looking backward far
away,
Where a dead world's lamp burns dimly through the ivy
of decay;
Where, o'er realms and gorgeous cities, War's triumphant
surge hath rolled,
And the thick, grim rust hath settled on the altar-steps of
gold;
Gazing back on ages vanished, over History's dread land,
Here, at twilight soft and solemn, with my soul and God I
stand—
Stand upon a midway summit, where the Past and Future
meet,
While two mighty torrents rumble, foam, and glitter at my
feet.
Thus, while contemplation wanders o'er each wide and
clouded stream,
Temple, city, shrine, and column glimmer in the doubtful
gleam,
Tarnished glories, scattered splendors, much of love and
more of fear,
All that human heart hath yearned for, wasted, broke, and
tumbled here;
All that woman's soul hath bowed for, waited, wept, and
watched, and wrought;
All that potentates have toiled for, cities blased, and armies
fought—

I behold the crumbled fragments, wreck on wreck to ruin
hurled,
Of the dimmed, dust-leveled empires of the vanquished
olden world
And from out the lurid vapors that above, around me roll,
From the darkness, from the silence, speaks a voice unto
my soul—
Speaks as when, from troubled Sinai, in the Hebrew's tri-
umph hour,
Through the flash and through the thunder, spoke Jeho-
vah's voice of power—
"Not the men who gleam in purple, not the men who
mitres wear,
Fill the earth with crackling cities, and with walls the
startled air;
Are the men, though all unlabeled, high of purpose, great
of mind,
Who, through doubt, distress, and danger, have been bea-
cons to their kind."
Then I hear the clang of armies, feel the fast earth reeling
round,
See an empire's turrets crumbling at the trumpet's battle
sound,
Hear a sudden blast of clarions rushing on the distant
gloom,
Streams above the grappling legions, like a storm, the
haughty plume;

Over the thick battalions ringing, over hill and plain afar,
 Flashes red the falling sabre, flashes like a falling star,
 Till the sound grows faint and fainter, till the folding shad-
 dows fall—
 Till a silence deep, Lethæan, settles mournful over all.
 And I hear the swart Egyptian boasting that, through
 change and time,
 His religion, language, arts shall shine and reign o'er every
 clime;
 Hear the plastic chisel falling on the gray, sepulchral
 stone,
 And the Pyramid and Idol glitter in the sinking sun.
 I behold the haughty Persian from the Indu's blooming
 strand,
 To the brow of white Olympus triumphing o'er every
 land:
 Leaning through the stiffened darkness, on the vine-hung
 hills of Greece,
 Shouting from the bloody victory, shining in the arts of
 peace,
 I behold her Aristotels, Solons, sages, warriors, seers,
 Vindicating that their spoils, their triumphs, shall outlast
 the flight of years;
 Making twilight through the temple, I behold the holy
 flame,
 And I catch afar the shouting for the laureled at the
 game.
 Like a black, indignant torrent bursting from its mountain
 home,
 Beating down the banded nations, sweep the serried ranks
 of Rome;
 I behold her reeking eagles, her disastrous shout I hear,
 Over the crash of tumbling ramparts, rolling nearer and
 more near.
 I behold the turbaned Tartar, fiery Goth, and rushing
 Hun,
 Mingling in the red death-grapple, rousing at the trumpet's
 tone;
 Darker grows the storm of battle, louder rolls the roaring
 gong,
 Till the hills and shrinking valleys quake beneath the
 belmed throng—
 Till a dark, intense oblivion draws around its funeral
 pall,
 Till a silence, deep, Lethæan, settles mournful over all.
 Starting from this life-oblivion, from this vanished human
 scene,
 One there stands of noble bearing, great of heart, and
 proud of mien,
 And I know the fair-haired Saxon—know him by the kin-
 dling eye,
 Know him by the fearless manner, by the soul which
 dares to die.
 Fade the groans and dies the battle, slowly rolls the storm
 away,
 Glimpses the dawn upon the Orient, burn the blushes of the
 day,
 Golden over wave and mountain far the living splendours
 run,
 Light the doom'd one in his dungeon, give the slave unto
 his own:
 Gems from the deep fount of knowledge, human rights and
 laws sustained,
 Planets weighed and oceans measured are thy splendid
 victories gained;
 Rankings on the lot of woman, triumphs o'er the frowns of
 mind,
 Realms explor'd and deserts peopled, love unto thy erring
 kind,

Cities planted, wrong confronted, Error chained to her
 abyss,
 Tidings, breathed to savage bosoms, of a better world than
 this;
 Laurels for the brow of Genius, gold from thought's un-
 fathomed mine,
 Deeds that link thy name with angels are immortal tro-
 phies thine:
 Thus are prouder names than Cæsar blended with thy glo-
 rious line,
 Thus the world becomes thy debtor, fair-haired Saxon of the
 Rhine!
 Not thy Wellingtons, thy Nelsons, heroes of the breach and
 sword,
 Not thy plains where haggard Slaughter bath her smoking
 deluge poured,
 Not thy Waterloos, thy Creecys, Navarinos, Trafalgars,
 Wreath thy brow with triple glory, write thy name among
 the stars,
 But thy Miltons and thy Luthers, Howards, Penns, and
 Washingtons,
 Sent from God with glad evangel to earth's sick and weary
 ones;
 Priests in Truth's most holy temple, questioners of fate and
 time,
 These are thine eternal honors, these have made thy race
 sublime.

“DOST THOU REMEMBER, LOVE?”

BY JAMES H. BROWN.

Dost thou remember, love?
 Dost thou remember
 When thou canst to my poor home
 In cheerless, cold December?
 How lone and dreary seemed our lot—
 Dark grew our days, not lighter—
 How we pressed each other heart to heart,
 And fondly hoped for brighter?

Dost thou remember, love,
 As gloomy days departed,
 Brighter found us still the same,
 Though poor, yet loving-hearted?
 When one by one the sunbeams came
 O'er our pathway, late so dreary,
 How they found us, thankful, side by side,
 And true at heart, though weary?

Dost thou remember, love,
 When fast they came, and faster—
 Those sunny days for which we'd prayed
 To God, our Friend and Master—
 When gloomy hours had vanished all,
 And scenes were bright around us,
 How we said that trials only made
 More strong the ties that bound us?

I well remember, love,
 I well remember,
 Thy love ne'er faded, grew not cold
 In sunlight nor December!
 Come, lay thy head upon my breast—
 Though change may come again, love,
 The flame of love in our true hearts
 Can never fade nor wane, love!

CRAZY MARY; OR, THE DETERMINATION TO MARRY FOR WEALTH.

LEAF NO. III. FROM THE JOURNAL OF RUSH TOURNIQUET, M.D.

BY J. E. M'GILL, M.D.

CHAPTER I.

THE old college clock had just struck seven, and its echoes were dying away as we emerged from the refectory, after supper, on the last day of the collegiate year and of the college session. The period of our studies had terminated, and the whole evening was our own, without the fear of a class bell. Arm in arm, Edward Lalor and myself took our accustomed promenade along the middle terrace of the college yard. We walked long, until, from their homes in the heavens, came out the beautiful stars, the turrets upon which rest the angel watchers who guard the footsteps of the children of men.

The lofty Blue Ridge, clothed with its garments of green, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, marked distinctly its summit upon the western horizon. Between us and the mountain stood the magnificent college edifice, built of granite, with its lofty steeple top away up above the clouds. Tall and beautifully symmetrical poplars fringed the terrace borders. Silence reigned around, unbroken, except, occasionally, by the notes of the night-bird from the adjoining groves, or the joyous laugh of the little knots of enfranchised students, who were scattered here and there, rejoicing in the prospect of a speedy and happy reunion with the loved and dear ones around the paternal hearth, and framing plans for their enjoyment during the period of vacation. On we walked, stopping only now and then with the nearest groups to exchange a word; for we too were planning, not enjoyment for the six weeks of vacation, but for a lifetime. That day was the last of our college life. Together had we received our honors, and proud felt we of the distinction conferred by the *Artium Baccalaureum*. With the usual confidence in our powers and acquirements, we never dreamed but that now we might plan, and that the stubborn things of life must accommodate themselves to the course we then and there marked out for them. The sunshine of the future, as it rose enrobed with the hopes of our young hearts, smiled upon scenes each more beautiful as it progressed on its course; it beheld a world which fancy alone can frame, which experience can never realize. With the usual presumption and inexperience of our years, we imagined that we could make a paradise even of a desert. Did time justify our expectations? No, indeed. Not that the world deserved the blame for our failure; it is not so bad

a place, after all, as the sentimentalists would have us believe. They make a pack-horse of it, and load it down with all their errors and misfortunes. "Oh! this wicked, this wretched, this miserable world!" they exclaim. Rather better, had they said of themselves, "Miserable fools, to be so short-sighted!" But the world is a tolerably good place, and many people live happily in it too, which they could not do if we were to credit all that was said against it. A person beholds, in a swamp, an *ignis fatuus*, while he passes upon the well-paved highway. He leaves that highway to pursue the object, which flees from him as he advances, and, as he blunders along and splashes through water and mud, now ankle and now knee deep, and is at last brought to a halt, because he has stuck fast in the mire, while the object of his pursuit still dances on before, as if to allure him still farther, he exclaims, "Miserable, wretched, wicked swamp, to hold thus fast in your filthy embrace the person of so distinguished a being as myself!" While another might, perhaps, be tempted to irreverently say, "Miserable fool, to leave the beaten path, and place yourself in such a predicament!"

How often happens it thus that the inexperienced involve themselves, thoughtlessly, in difficulties which embitter the fountains of life, and then blame the world instead of themselves! Our error is that we expect too much from it, and we murmur if we do not obtain the "lion's share."

"So, Tourniquet, you say that you have no fixed purpose for the future?"

"Yes; as I have told you, I intend to leave the direction of my future life in the hands of him who furnished me with the means of advancing thus far."

"Perhaps you are right; but my father can have no claim upon me in that way. The means by which I have been enabled to live here came like drops of blood from his avaricious heart, and now he expects me to make my living by my acquirements without again troubling him. Therefore, I am obliged to decide for myself how I shall do this; and I have decided in part, leaving the rest to mere chance."

"And what course do you intend to pursue, pray?"

"First, I will engage myself as a tutor in some respectable family until I have secured sufficient means to enable me to acquire a profession; what that shall be, must depend upon circumstances."

"As you have planned so far, when, may I ask, do you intend to marry?"

"Whenever I may be able to suit myself as I propose."

"And how may that be?"

"When I have found, first, a wife who will be rich; second, handsome; and, third, accomplished; but on the first qualification only will I insist."

"So then you propose to marry for wealth alone! Do I rightly understand you?"

"You have understood me rightly. For wealth, and wealth only, will I marry."

"You will offer upon the altar of Mammon the holiest impulses and feelings that dwell within your heart, 'leaping up like angels,' to shed around your pathway the light of the only happiness earth can know or Heaven realize. Oh! Lalor, we have long been friends, and I never supposed that I should think so lightly of you as I do since you have given utterance to such a determination."

"You may think of me as you please; only do not suppose me to be a hypocrite. When you have seen as much of life as I have seen, you will be less inclined to sentimentality. From what I have already told you, you know how I have learned to value money. Every tittle of my education, from childhood until I anchored my little bark by this hallowed shore, has engraved upon my heart, in characters to be never erased, the truth that money is the great and only good; and, therefore, will the possession of it be my end and aim."

"The truth!—rather say the falsehood. Does it heal the wounds of the lacerated heart? Can it add one moment to the hours of the wretched outcast who is upon the brink of eternity? Can it restore life to the loved and dear departed? or can it open for you a passage to that better world which is our resting-place hereafter? No! Struggle as you will for it, struggle honorably, and you will obtain it; for, though not the greatest good, it may be to you a means of doing good. Struggle, then, for it; but never for a moment entertain the thought of bartering your happiness for what at best you can but briefly enjoy. Never deceive the faithful heart that may bind itself to you, trustfully confiding in your promises of love; if you do, remember that bitterly, bitterly will you repent of it."

"Talk to your moon and stars about your marriages for love, if you will; my purpose is fixed, and time may teach you to think as I do."

"Sorry will I be if it does."

The clear tones of the nine o'clock bell, summoning all to prayer, broke out upon the stillness of the night, and sent its echoes away up the Blue Ridge, and from its tops to heaven, a notice that worshippers on earth were humbly kneeling to thank the Father who preserved them during the day, and to beg his watchfulness over their slumbers during the night.

Breakfast was over on the following morning.

The coaches, which were to convey us home, were waiting. Our trunks had been strapped on, and the general good-by exchanged. Edward Lalor stood upon the steps as I came up, and he reached out his hand for the last clasp. "Good-by, Tourniquet," said he, while the tears stood in his large eyes, "and, if ever we meet again on earth, I hope I shall be able to prove to you that I am happy with my lot."

I could only reply to him, "Beware"—and away rattled the vehicle in which he rode, followed, in a few moments, by the one in which I traveled, leaving behind us all except the memories which hang round the heart, like the perfume of withered flowers, undiminished even in their faded loveliness.

CHAPTER II.

YEARS had elapsed since our parting. For me, the romance had given place to the realities of life. I had learned to place a juster estimate upon human wisdom and human folly. I had learned, too, to withhold censure upon human weaknesses and errors, from the conviction that perfection is not one of the attributes of our mortality. I had learned that the splendid visions of youth were never fully realized; that I was not to find human nature as perfect as I had anticipated; and I had also learned to draw the veil of charity over the common errors of men, to bear patiently with their failings and their follies, and to strive to make them better.

Years had elapsed, I have said, since the morning of our parting in the old college yard, and our next meeting was upon the steps of the hall of entrance into the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. It was by a strange coincidence that it so happened. I had gone there to attend the lectures of the distinguished men who conduct that renowned institution, for the purpose of better qualifying myself to discharge the duties of a new position to which I had been raised; while Lalor came from the sunny South, and far away, whither had been his residence. From the day of our parting until that day, neither had heard of the other; and, but for the remarkable shape of his chin, which projected forwards like an advanced guard to his nose, and the peculiar step, which could scarce be imitated—for the foot came flat upon the ground, and, in progression, was gradually raised from the heel to the toe, presenting a resemblance to the rising and falling of an approaching wave; but for these peculiarities, he might have passed me unrecognized, so changed was he. The ruddy hue of health had departed from his face, and the white hairs mingling with the black, as they strayed over his hollow temples, indicated middle age; yet his form was up right as ever, and his tall, commanding person, his broad and full forehead and eagle eye, would cause

him to be observed among the distinguished young men who yearly thronged the halls of the first medical school in America.

Arm in arm, we entered the lecture-room. The celebrated Professor Chapman was lecturing on the diseases of the brain and nervous system. As he proceeded to unfold his subject, and dwelt upon the diagnosis and prognosis, detailing the treatment of mental diseases when there is hope of restoration, the rapt attention, the eager gaze, the half-open mouth of my companion evinced how carefully he was treasuring up every word. But, when the lecturer laid down the indications which shut out hope, which determine that the light of the intellect has gone out forever, and that darkness envelops the soul, Lalor's countenance became pale as death, and he trembled like an aspen leaf. His eye was fixed, and his vacant stare would make one dread that his own mind was affected by derangement. When the hour had elapsed, he was evidently unable to attend the lecture of the next Professor, and we went out for a stroll upon Chestnut Street and down to the Delaware. Even the fresh air did not revive him; and the busy throngs, as they hurried along, so annoyed him that, after walking two or three squares, we returned to his boarding-house. He was ill, and to my inquiry, "What was the matter?" he merely replied, "I will be better to-morrow, and then I have much to tell you of my life since last you saw me. Oh! Tourniquet, would to God I had followed your advice! How much of misery would I have been spared! But it is now too late!" and, clasping his hands over his eyes, he wept like a child.

Next day I went early to see him; he was better, and able to relate to me the following:—

"When," said he "I parted forever from our dear, dear old mountain home, I returned to my father's house. I soon became aware that I must have out my own pathway through life, and that, too, without a hope that one helping hand would be extended to my aid, when the heat of the day or the toil might oppress me. I departed thence without bidding my father good-by; but, as I left the old homestead, and stood upon the summit of the last hill where I might obtain the farewell view of the abode of my childhood, the memories of my youth opened the heart that had been seared against my father, and, while the tears filled my eyes, I turned them from that scene heavenward to the happy dwelling-place of my departed mother, and prayed to her to watch and direct the footsteps of her more than orphaned son. Had Providence spared her to me, how different would have been my destiny! Thrown, thus poor and destitute, upon the world, I experienced, quickly, the evils of poverty, and my first determination to escape them came back again more strongly than ever. To the South I directed my footsteps. The first place at which I stopped was ———, in Mississippi. My education soon obtained for me a situation as private tutor in the family of Judge

P——. His son and daughter were my pupils. For three years I labored in my new vocation, and three happier years were never spent than were those to me. My pupils grew up almost under my eyes. I loved them both, because they were my pupils; and I loved one for another reason—because she was beautiful, and loved me, and *because her father was rich*. I knew that I was loved, from the thousand unmistakable little evidences which lovers only know how to interpret; and, when I first breathed into the heart of that pure and guileless girl the story of my affection for her, my better nature, prevailing over my pernicious education, led me to promise her a love which I really thought I felt, and forever! Fearing to dissipate the dream of happiness in which I imagined myself, I delayed the necessary appeal to Mary's father to sanction our mutual enjoyment, and, by that delay, the appeal was never made; for, in a few short weeks, he fell a victim to the fever of the climate. The tutor, by a kind of right, remained with the orphans; and willingly did I strive to sustain the courage of the bereaved young heart of my betrothed with the promises of unchanging love.

"Judge P—— had been supposed to be very wealthy; but, like many other men, when the day of settlement came, he had bequeathed to his orphans more debts than means to liquidate them, so that my betrothed was penniless. No one had been made aware that we were plighted, that we loved; *but God had heard our promise, yet I then forgot that*. Forced again to depend upon myself for support, and baffled in my hopes of securing a fortune by a marriage with the daughter of Judge P——, I had no idea of burdening myself with a new charge which would fetter me to the ills of that poverty with which I had already struggled so stubbornly; which had made me selfish, and crushed, with its iron heel, all the noble impulses of my soul, permitting liberty only to the sordid and base aspirations for gold.

"As no one knew of my engagement with Mary P——, I had no popular opinion to combat; there was nothing to bind me but a simple pledge, which could be easily broken. Yet that pledge had been given—it was registered in heaven, and now stands there against me! Without even a farewell, I left ——— for farther south, in hopes of obtaining another situation. For two tedious, weary years, I traveled and taught by turns; but there was no longer any rest for me. From the hour I left ——— until this hour, God only knows the misery I have endured. Awake, the image of the deceived and deserted one was ever before my eyes, and I would start from my sleep with the sound of that familiar voice ringing in my ears 'In mercy, spare!'

"At last I could endure this torture no longer; I must go mad if I did it. I determined to return again, redeem my promise, and give peace to my heart; for I had now been convinced that there is no peace for that heart in which dwells the con-

sciousness of deep injury wilfully inflicted. I did return; but where was my betrothed then, think you? The inmate of a lunatic asylum, and pronounced, too, incurable! When I stood before her, with her hand clasped in mine, and called up all the memories that were deeply graven in my own heart; when I pressed my lips upon her pale forehead, or wet her cheek with my tears, the wild laugh of the maniac was my only answer; and an *imbecile* shouted in my ears the name of 'Crazy Mary.' The time, from that hour to this, has been spent by me in my efforts to master the intricacies of that science which alone holds out for me a hope that I may be able to restore the reason which my baseness has dethroned. For that purpose am I here; and now, by the memory of our old friendship, I beg of you to aid me."

I promised him that I would do so; and, from that day, the subject of insanity became our study. Not a book which treated the subject was unperused; and even the old authors, whose theories had been long since exploded, were searched by him in hopes that some hint might be discovered which would lead to the detection of the seat of altered function. He imagined that, if it were found, the cure would be easy.

With this view, the brains of the departed must necessarily be examined, and night after night did I sit with him in the dissecting-room, in the fourth story of the University building, amid the mass of fresh and half-dissected carcasses, ourselves alone there, with our solitary night-lamp shedding its feeble light, only sufficiently distinct to mark the outlines, or, perhaps, the features of the outstretched corpses. Often did I sit with him there until the State House clock had tolled the midnight hour, and until, up from Chestnut or Market Street, ascended to us the sound of the watchman's cry, "Past twelve o'clock."

The lecture session terminated, and again we parted; he with his gathered knowledge on his mission of love, and I for my new home in the far West.

CHAPTER III.

One day there came into the office of a justice of the peace, in which I happened to be on business, a woman in search of a police officer: She was tall and well formed, only very thin. She had on an old rusty-brown cloak, with a hood of the same material. This was drawn so closely around her face as to almost conceal her features; but enough could be seen to enable one to judge that the pale and hollow cheek had been once healthful, full, and beautiful, and the lightning of the dark eye, that now flashed beneath the marble forehead, was the index of high mental endowments. I was so struck with her appearance as to inquire of a bystander who she was.

"Why," said he, "don't you know crazy Mary? I thought everybody knew her."

"I do not, indeed. What does she want here?"

"Oh, she is merely making some of her usual complaints; but no one minds her. She says that a young man promised to marry the daughter of the persons with whom she lives; that she is poor, and, on this account, that he will not fulfil his promise; that he is going away, and that the poor girl will break her heart; and she wants an officer to arrest him. Do you not think that something might be done for Mary, with a view to restore her reason?"

I answered that probably something might be done, and that it would be well worth while to make the effort.

Mary overheard enough of our remarks to mistake their purport, and, stepping up to me, while she placed her hand in mine, "Will you," said she, "aid me?" That hand was so thin you could feel every bone and joint articulation, and, as the long tapered fingers rested there, and the clear blue veins shone through the transparent skin, you could notice the sluggish current of the circulation toiling its way backwards towards the heart.

Holding my hand with a tighter grasp, "For God's sake," said she, "aid me! Come! not a moment is to be lost!"

Curiosity, and the strange interest I felt in those poor creatures who have been deprived of their reason since I had studied so attentively their diseases for the benefit of my friend, and besides, the identity of the name with that of his loved one, influenced me, and I went; but, when we reached the house of the kind people with whom Mary lodged, I learned that they had neither son nor daughter. When I told them how I had been led there, "Poor Mary!" said the lady, "she is always talking so; and you did not, I suppose, know her."

I inquired who she was and whence she came.

"I do not know; all I can tell you," said she, "is that one dark and rainy night, about a year ago, my husband was returning home at a late hour. When near the house, he heard the sound of weeping, and, turning his lantern in the direction, saw a woman seated on the edge of the side-walk, with her feet in the water, which was near filling the watercourses. He assisted her into the house, that her clothes might be dried before she went home. But Mary had no home. Her feet were blistered and swollen with walking; but, when I looked at her white hands and arms, and fair sweet face, I knew that Mary had seen better days. We kept her, for she knew not where to go; nor can she give any clue to her former history—only, when she returns, after being out as you have now seen her, she will ask, 'Has Edward returned yet?' When I inquire, 'What Edward?' she will answer, 'My own Edward.'"

Mary's health soon began to decline. Consumption had marked her for its victim, and, with its ruthless grasp, from which there was no escape, the life-spark was crushed until it went out. I stood by her bedside the last day of her weary life; for a

while, her senses seemed to return. She spoke of her condition, of her readiness to leave this abode of sorrow for that better world where no shadow clouds the spirit-face, where joy is forever. Taking from her bosom a small gold locket, she handed it to me. "Take that," said she, "and, when I have been buried, open it, and you will learn to whom should be sent the news of my departure. Tell my dear, dear mother that my sorrows, and troubles, and trials are over; that I have gone to join my father in Heaven, where we will await her;" and, she added, in a scarce audible tone, "If you ever meet and know my Edward, tell him that, on her deathbed, Mary forgave him—that she blessed him. Tell him that she loved him more, far more, than life; and tell him, too, that the last name of mortal which crossed her lips was his own."

Next day were deposited in the corner of the churchyard appropriated to paupers the remains of "Crazy Mary."

CHAPTER IV.

I WAS seated in my office, endeavoring to arrange my thoughts for the purpose of lecturing to my class, during the afternoon, upon the physiology of the brain. The demonstrator of anatomy had just announced to me that a subject for that purpose was at my disposal. Before I had completed my preparation, Dr. Edward Lalor stood before me. After the usual greeting at so unexpected a meeting, I inquired how he had succeeded in his efforts to restore the reason of her whom he would make his wife.

"I have not seen her since I saw you last. Before I had returned from Philadelphia, she had escaped; and I have now traveled over nearly the whole country without discovering one trace of her. I have given up the search as hopeless, and am ready to lay down now any hour the life which has been rendered miserable beyond remedy by one fatal error. Willingly, oh! how willingly, would I exchange it, at this hour, but for one look into the bright eye of her they called 'Crazy Mary.'"

"Crazy Mary, did you say?"

"Yes; did you ever hear the name before?"

"I did, and stood by her deathbed."

"For God's sake, tell me where!" and he leaped from his seat in his eagerness, as if he would grasp with his hands the information he desired to obtain.

"I will, if you will first deliver to my class, this evening, the opening lecture on the physiology of the brain. There is a subject on the table for you."

He consented to do this; and I prepared myself to enjoy a rich intellectual feast, for he was an eloquent speaker; and few men could treat the subject to which he had devoted so much attention with a power equal to his.

The lecture hour came round, and, having conduct-

ed him into the amphitheatre, I took my seat among the students, in order the better to hear him. He spoke of the brain as the organ through which mind is manifested; as the seat of the soul; as the connecting link between mortality and immortality; of the importance of studying well its physiology, if we would treat understandingly its derangements. "And oh!" said he, "if you yet think lightly of this study, suppose one dear, very dear to you, suddenly deprived of reason; the mind on a 'sea of dreams' bewildered tossed. Upon the knowledge which you now acquire will depend, perhaps, your power over such a malady. How would you not apply yourselves to accomplish such a purpose? Would you not do so daily, and all the day, and through the long night watches, even until the breaking of morning; weeks, months, ay, years, and until your own reason tottered upon its throne from the very excess of your application? If, then, success should crown your efforts, this world could afford you no greater happiness. Even without this consideration, as educated physicians, you owe it as a duty to the community in which you may locate yourselves, to qualify yourselves in the very best manner for your important trust, and the more so, since hitherto these diseases have been so strangely neglected. Yours is a mission of mercy, and, while the messenger of death precedes you, spreading his sable wing over the hearth of men, you must follow him, bringing light and life and joy into his path, and hope and happiness where despair and darkness dwelt. That you may thoroughly understand the nature and structure of this important organ, the brain, we will proceed at once to examine that of the subject before us."

The mallet, and the saw, and the chisel, were on the table, and, as he took the scalpel in his hand, with which to divide the integuments before the calvarium could be removed, he turned down the covering which concealed the head and face. Involuntarily I arose from my seat; while Lalor stood for a moment as if nailed to the spot. Not a muscle nor a fibre moved. His countenance indicated unutterable agony. At last, uttering one wild piercing scream, which will never be forgotten by those who heard it, he snatched up the body from the table, and rushed with it from the amphitheatre. "Mary, Mary, my own Mary, have I at last found—the earth which enshrined your pure soul! Oh! Mary, I would have given my life for one look into those dark eyes, that are now closed forever—to have heard thy stilled tongue utter for me but one word of forgiveness!"

Hard would have been the heart of the being who could, unmoved, have seen that frantic man press to his bosom the cold and stiffened body of his early love, and have heard the ravings of his bewildered intellect as he called upon the departed spirit to return and reanimate the senseless mould. With very great difficulty, could he be induced to give up his recovered treasure. His own mind, so long tottering, had at last fallen; and, when he did give up the

body, it was with the remark that "Mary must not forget to come to him to-morrow." For a few days he continued in a condition entirely unconscious of anything; at last a low nervous fever set in, which, in a few days, put a period to his melancholy life;

and, side by side, in the same churchyard, upon the shores of Lake Michigan, where the waves will hymn their requiem, sleep their last long sleep "Crazy Mary" and the victim of a "*determination to marry for wealth.*"

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES.

THE TOILETTE IN PORTUGAL.

CHAPTER IV.

In this smiling and sunny land, the common dress of the lower class of men is the cloak and large broad-brimmed hat so frequently met with in Spain. They have loose trowsers and a coat, bound round the waist with a girdle of leather. The sleeves are tight, and open part of the way up the arm, so as to show the shirt; the throat is uncovered.

Ornaments, such as gold and silver lace, and embroidery, are not allowed to be worn on the garments of the Portuguese; but the higher classes, when they do not follow the French fashions, pay no attention to these rules, but adorn their silk dresses with embroidery and precious stones.

The women among the peasantry seldom wear



caps, but have a very becoming way of dressing the hair, and tying it in a net of silk, not unlike a large purse, with a long tassel hanging down the back, and a bow on the forehead. This coiffure they call *redecilla*, and the men also frequently adopt it. Their gowns usually have a bodice, and short sleeves reaching the elbow, of a different material from the jupe; this bodice is made with a long pointed stomacher, and is cut round at the bosom. Beneath it is worn an under-dress, with long sleeves and a body, that fastens round the throat. White dresses are much worn, ornamented with colored ribbons.

The Portuguese ladies wear very large heavy earrings, and in their hair they are fond of placing quantities of precious stones, which are generally set in the form of butterflies and other insects. Sometimes feathers and colored ribbons are placed among their tresses. No young woman ever con-

ceals her hair under a lace or muslin head-dress. Elderly ladies wear a cap shaped like a caul, of very fine clear muslin.

Their gowns, of which they sometimes wear two or three, one over the other, are richly embroidered; the upper one forms a long train, which sweeps along the ground, and is of black stuff. Their hoops are quite enormous, and their sleeves immensely wide. Instead of a girdle, they encircle their small waists with a string of relics; the ends hang to the ground, and have knots of diamonds in them. Their shoes are of Spanish leather, without any heels; but when they go out they put on pattens, or silk sandals fastened with gold clasps, by which they are raised several inches from the ground. They wear paint, not only on the cheeks, but on the shoulders also.

It is said by many authors that the manners and customs of the Jews and Moors are still, to a certain degree, retained in this country. Perhaps from them they derive their love of jewels; even the fishermen wear gold necklaces and bracelets. The women who sell fruit frequently wear boots instead of shoes or sandals, and black conical caps.

The higher orders of the Portuguese do not appear to admire gaudy colors; black is almost universally worn, ornamented with fringes of gold and colors.

In the "*Memoirs of Madame Junot*" are many amusing descriptions of the dress of the Portuguese court. A hoop was there considered an indispensable part of the toilette of Madame l'Ambassadrice; and she thus describes her dress, which was arranged according to the fashion of Portugal: "*Je mis par-dessus cette monstrueuse montagne dont j'étais flanquée de chaque côté, une belle robe de moire blanche brodée en lames d'or, et rattachée sur les côtés avec de gros glands d'or, absolument comme aurait pu l'être une draperie de croisée. Je mis sur ma tête une toque avec six grandes plumes blanches retenues par une agrafe de diamants, et le fond de la toque était brodé avec des épis de diamants; j'en avais au cou, aux oreilles; et ainsi harnachée, je partis pour Queluz.*"

The same writer then describes the dress of the Princess of Brazil. Her gown was of white India muslin, embroidered in gold and silver; the sleeves

were very short, and the robe was fastened on the shoulders with large diamond clasps. Her hair was dressed in large puffs and plaits, interspersed with splendid diamonds and pearls; her ear-rings and *girandoles* were quite magnificent.

In another part of this work we read of the following coiffure worn by an old Portuguese lady: "Elle avait ses cheveux blancs relevés sur le bout de sa tête avec un ruban, comme on le voit encore dans quelques tableaux." And, in a note, we find: "Il y a encore beaucoup de Portugaises de haut rang qui restent ainsi coiffées chez elles. Dès qu'elles sortent, elles se mettent à la Française; mais, par exemple, dans l'intérieur des provinces, j'en ai vu qui ne portent jamais d'autre coiffure."

The costume of *les dames du Palais* is thus described: "C'était la plus étrange mascarade qu'on puisse imaginer de faire revêtir à des femmes Chrétiennes. C'était une jupe de taffetas bien fort, bien épais, d'une couleur bleu foncé, avec une large broderie en or au bas, et puis ensuite une queue, une robe, je ne sais quel morceau d'étoffe d'un rouge éclatant qui leur pendait en manière de traine derrière elles. Les plus âgées, comme le camarieramôr, portaient un petit toquet, une façon de bonnet assez serré à la tête (c'étaient, je crois, les veuves) et sur ce bonnet était une fleur gros bleu, comme la jupe."

Speaking of the ancient dress of Spain and Portugal, Appian says: "We know that the Hispanians and Lusitanians were the *saie*, fastened with a buckle or brooch; but we are ignorant of its form, and no remains of antiquity have yet been found to explain it." Strabo, too, mentions this garment

being in use with the Lusitanians. He also says, "That the Moors wore their hair *frizzed* and curled, and that they combed their beards."

When Isabella, of Portugal, went to France to marry the Duke of Burgundy, she wore a tabard, or stomacher of ermine, a robe of splendid embroidery, tight sleeves, a cloak reaching to the ground behind, but so narrow that it only fell over the shoulders, and a curious head-dress of white muslin. She had no ornaments of any kind.



THE CAMPBELLS AND THE CLIFTONS.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY MISS META M. DUNCAN.

"My dear Mary, I wish I could induce you to send Elinor to Madame Foulard. My Emily is so much improved that I have reason, daily, to congratulate myself upon having placed her with her as a permanent boarder. This sending girls to day-schools, depend upon it, is a bad plan; their minds are distracted from their studies by what they see and hear at home; their lessons are never half learned, and their accomplishments are never thoroughly grounded. At Madame Foulard's they speak nothing but French. Emily is obliged to be up at six every morning to practice her music—an effort I was never able to induce her to make; and throughout the whole day she is never from under the eye of one or the other of her teachers. I believe there is not an establishment in the Union where girls are more completely finished."

"Madame Foulard has a high reputation, I know Louisa; and if my ideas of education entirely coincided with yours, I should, no doubt, send Elinor to her; but the point upon which you lay most stress is the very one upon which I wholly dissent from you. What is to become of the home influence, that most important part of education, if we send our daughters away to live?"

"Why, my dear Mary, the girls whose parents live in town spend all their Sundays at home. So far from weaning them from home, I think it teaches them to like it better. Emily never was so docile and affectionate as she is now, when I have her for only a day and a half in the week instead of the whole seven. You have no idea how glad she is to see us when Saturday comes."

"You misapprehend me, Louisa," said her sister.

in-law, gently; "I do not mean that girls are weaned in affection from their parents and relatives by the system which you advocate. Education does not consist entirely in filling the mind with acquirements and accomplishments. You may successfully instruct a young woman in the languages, music, drawing, and various other useful and ornamental arts, and yet leave the most important part of her education unattended to."

"Oh! I know what your thoughts are running upon, Mary. You think Emily will never know how to make a pie or a pudding."

"Not altogether," replied Mrs. John Campbell, smiling; "though, I confess, I think it an important object to an American woman to know how pies and puddings should be made. I mean by home influence, the direction of the mind, the forming of the principles, and the cultivation of the heart—the hourly precept and the daily example which a parent, and none but a parent, can give. I am satisfied that the ethics which my boys learn every day from their father's lips, as they sit round his table, and the sentiments which my daughter receives from me in our daily intercourse, will influence them more through life than all the theoretical treatises they could study by means of books; and, though I do not undervalue accomplishments, and all the lighter embellishments and graces of modern education, I do not think them of the *first* importance. I wish my daughter to be well informed and accomplished, and I believe she will be both; but her moral training is my first object."

"Certainly, my dear Mary. So every correct mother must think. Good principles are all important. Madame Foulard has the highest reputation for all that sort of thing, I assure you. Emily, you know, went to Mrs. Osborne's school formerly, and I have the best opportunity of judging of them both. I think Madame Foulard a great deal more particular and severe than Mrs. Osborne, though you seem to think Mrs. Osborne so superior to her."

"I have never made any comparisons between them, Louisa. Indeed, I could not do so, as I know but little of Madame Foulard. Mrs. Osborne I approve, for various reasons besides her moral worth and accomplishments. She is our countrywoman; she was brought up a gentlewoman, and has experienced great vicissitudes; she is, therefore, better qualified to appreciate the requirements of an American girl, and to educate her for a useful as well as an ornamental life. I am perfectly satisfied to let Nora continue with her as a daily pupil."

"As for usefulness, and all that sort of thing, Mary, you know I never trouble myself about it. The position our girls will occupy makes it unnecessary for them to do anything for themselves. They will always have money enough to pay others for being useful."

"We do not know that, Louisa. There is no country in the world where fortunes are so easily

won and lost as in ours; and remember that our husbands are still in business. Admitting, however, that no reverses befall us, our fortunes are eventually to be divided into many portions among our children. Our daughters will marry one day, and men of worth are not always men of fortune. If our girls should marry men of moderate means, the necessity for usefulness immediately arises. My sense of our obligation to cultivate our usefulness extends very far. I think no situation in life can warrant an American woman in neglecting to attend to even the minutest details of domestic affairs; for the reason that, no matter how wealthy she may be, if she wishes her husband to be surrounded by comforts, if she wishes his house to be a well-regulated cheerful home, she must attend to it herself. Our servants are uninstructed, therefore they are to be taught; they are frequently careless and wasteful, consequently they must be looked after; and, as no household can be a happy one in which order, neatness, economy, and proper discipline do not prevail, how necessary is it that she upon whom must devolve all these duties should enter upon them instructed, and able to contend with the difficulties before her? Wide as my experience has been, I have never known a well-regulated family in which the nice details of housekeeping could be left entirely to servants; yet I have seen numberless young ladies who, according to a mistaken method of education, have entered upon their duties as wives with the ignorance and helplessness of children. Some, with good sense, commence at that late period their domestic education; others, unable to see clearly their duty, or to break through the trammels of early training, drag through an existence of discomfort, a burthen to themselves, a clog to their husbands, and an evil example to their children, never happy themselves, and never the cause of happiness in others."

"My dear Mary, you look upon everything in such a desperately serious light! Look at me! I have never known anything about housekeeping. I have always left everything to Nanny Foster; yet we get along as well as other people."

"A faithful and devoted servant, like Nanny Foster, is a very rare thing in our country, Louisa;" and Mrs. John Campbell sighed as she thought on the extravagance, waste, and misrule of her brother-in-law's household, even with the aid of old Nanny, who, with the self-devotion which we sometimes see in the lowly and uneducated, had, in the course of years, suffered herself to become the responsible person in her employer's household—quarreling, scolding, and being scolded, till habit had become second nature.

"Mrs. Clifton thinks very highly of Madame Foulard, Mary. She always recommends her to Edward's Southern friends who wish to send their children to the North to be educated. She has been the means of sending several scholars to her."

Mrs. Frederic Campbell, like most weak people, though obstinate in her own views, was always anxious to have her opinions backed by some one of acknowledged weight and judgment.

"I am glad to hear that the lady with whom you have placed Emily is approved of by so judicious a person as Mrs. Clifton, Louisa; and I must beg you to dismiss from your mind the idea that I have any prejudice against Madame Foulard, or, indeed, against boarding-schools generally. Were I living in a remote situation, where schools were not available, I should send my daughter to one, no doubt; though, even then, I should take care not to let her remain away long enough to break up her domestic habits; and, when she was with me, I should make redoubled exertions to teach her to be a good housekeeper, and a thrifty practical woman."

"I should really like to know for once, Mary, what you consider necessary for a lady to know about these sort of things."

"I am afraid your patience would be exhausted, Louisa," said Mrs. John Campbell, laughing, "were I to enter into a detail of all the qualifications I think necessary for a being who may, one day, have the welfare and happiness of husband, children, and servants depending upon her exertions. I will, however, give you a rapid sketch of what I intend my daughter shall be taught. In the first place, if she is ever to have a house of her own—which I hope she may—she must know how to keep it; and, to do so properly, she must learn, by her own experience, how it should be done. I shall teach her early to exercise her judgment, and to understand the value of money, by sending her to make purchases for me for domestic purposes. To give her a knowledge of household requirements, of proper economy, and methodical arrangement, she shall aid me in keeping my house accounts. She must know enough of the details of household work to be able to plan for, and direct, her servants. She must know mutton from veal when she sees it uncooked, and must not faint at the sight of a raw calf's head, as I have heard young ladies *talk* of doing. She must be able, with a cookery book in her hand, to explain to a cook how she wishes any dish prepared; and it is my wish that she should learn to make pastry and bread with her own hands."

"Pastry and bread! What! Nora, who takes harp lessons, and has the most beautiful little hands in the world? Why her hands will be ruined!"

"Nora takes harp lessons because she has a talent for music; and, though I wish her to learn to make pastry and bread, I do not intend she shall do it habitually. I wish her to know practically all the most important branches of housekeeping, that she may teach others, and, if the necessity should arise, be able to perform them herself. Young as she is, I already take her into the kitchen with me during the preserving and pickling season, and teach her that delicate branch of cookery—so delicate, indeed,

that few ladies are blest with servants to whom they can trust it. Her fingers become a little stained, to be sure, but a few days wears it off; and, though as weak as most mothers where pride in their children is concerned, I should think myself highly culpable if I suffered any such paltry vanity to interfere where my judgment tells me I am right. I think it necessary that girls should be taught sewing. All American women are obliged to do more or less of it; therefore, I have already commenced having Nora taught to sew. She will never probably have to make a shirt, but I intend she shall know how one is put together."

"And how will you find time to give your daughter two separate educations?"

"I do not intend to make them separate. I do not think a thorough domestic education inconsistent with the highest degree of refinement, or incompatible with the widest range of mental cultivation. By beginning early, you can make household employments a pleasure to a little girl. She will learn insensibly, and as a recreation under a mother's eye, and, as her assistant, all that it is necessary she should know. For the sewing, during a part of the year, I appropriate half of the time allotted to dancing. Dancing, as a healthful, refining, and innocent amusement, I approve of highly; but, as it is an art which children learn almost instinctively, I steal the time from it rather than from that devoted to more solid studies."

"And you think that all this can be done without impairing the refinement of a lady?"

"Certainly, I do. Refinement is a quality of the mind which, properly understood, dignifies and elevates whatever it is just and right that we should do, and which no conscientious discharge of duties can impair."

"How is it with Nora, Mary? Do you find her an apt scholar in all these matters? I have seen so little of her recently, that the child is quite a stranger to me. I thought her changed when I was at Clover Hill in the Fall. She appears to have lost her wild spirits and independent habits. I used to think her a terrible little pickle, with her fearless daring and boyish pursuits."

"You are right, Louisa. Nora is greatly changed since our calamity," replied Mrs. John, her lip quivering, and her eye glancing down upon her black dress. "I often mourn over the loss of those wild and frolicsome spirits, when I think of the cause which banished them. But it has brought my daughter nearer to me, and made her an inappreciable treasure. I have her full sympathy in every thing I undertake relative to her education, and I find her a most docile pupil."

"You are fortunate, Mary. My experience has shown me that it is easier to talk about education than to carry it out. Children in our day have wills of their own; and I find parents oftener submitting to be overruled than gaining their point."

"Your remark is but too true, Louisa; but let not parents lay the blame upon the young and ductile whom it is their duty to bend and train. It is not so much strength of will in the young as you assert, but a deficiency of that quality in parents, arising from an overweening and mistaken tenderness for their children, which is doing so much injury to the present generation. That part of the duty of parents which consists in checking, curbing, and restraining their children, is but rarely exercised now; indulgence is carried to an unwise extent. We ourselves can remember how crude were our ideas, how limited our experience, and how undeveloped our judgment, even when we were ushered into the world as grown women, to act in a measure for ourselves—how mentally we groped in the dark upon a thousand subjects which, at our age, it was impossible for us to form correct opinions upon. Ought children, then, to be trusted to act and decide for themselves on points which may affect their whole future welfare, as we often see them permitted to do? I think not, certainly; and every parent should beware of that most painful result of a blind course of indulgence, the sitting in judgment of their children upon their conduct when time and experience have taught them to feel its disastrous effects. The story of the young man who, on the gallows, reproached his mother with his fate, because she did not punish him for his first petty theft, is a homely, though a wholesome lesson to all parents."

Frederic and John Campbell were brothers, wealthy and enterprising merchants of Philadelphia. They were partners in business, and affectionately attached to each other, which caused a close intimacy to exist between their families. The foregoing conversation occurred between the wives of these two gentlemen. The intercourse between the sisters-in-law was marked by a greater degree of amicability than is usual in that relation, considering the great opposition of character in the two ladies. This was in a great measure owing to the good sense and dignity of character of Mrs. John Campbell, the wife of the younger brother, and in a smaller degree to the easy nature of Mrs. Frederic, who, though weak, frivolous, and vain, was not ill tempered.

Frederic Campbell married a beauty and a belle, and was the father of five children—the oldest of whom was Emily, the daughter whom we have heard alluded to. Mrs. Frederic Campbell, who had preserved her youthful beauty in wonderful freshness, was devoted to society and pleasure. Having been born an "ornamental" herself, her propensities ran singularly in the line of this natural qualification. To dress, to exhibit, to cause a sensation, to be at the topmost round of every fashionable folly and excitement prevailing, were her chief employments. To live without that vague phantom, "the world," which everybody talks about, and no one can define, was, with her, an impossibility. No wonder, then,

that she found it necessary to send her daughter to boarding-school. No wonder that she whispered, confidentially, to Nanny Foster, on her return home, that "she had been listening to a string of the greatest nonsense from Mrs. John, upon the subject of education, it was possible to conceive of." Mrs. Frederic was also somewhat extravagant; and, though her husband often thought her so, he could never bear to check his handsome wife.

Emily Campbell was an object of great pride to her mother. She gave promise of rare beauty; and Mrs. Frederic's great aim was to increase, by the aid of education, the attractions of her daughter. Brought up herself in an atmosphere of frivolous excitement, she was incapable of forming any elevated views on this important subject, and, to render Emily the brilliant ornament of a drawing-room, "the observed of all observers," the achiever of the "best match" of the day, were the vague objects that floated in her mind when she marked out her daughter's career.

To conceive, however, is always easier than to accomplish. Emily was a spoiled child, adverse to study, and incapable, from the influences which surrounded her at home, of applying herself. In vain did her mother tell her she should be ashamed to introduce her when she grew up, if she did not become more studious. In vain did she bribe and persuade. While the atmosphere of her father's house was always at fever heat, and her mother set her no example of usefulness and discipline, Emily's natural propensities triumphed, and she was idle, vain, and unambitious. Incapable of carrying out her plans herself, Mrs. Frederic fell upon the expedient of sending Emily to the boarding-school of Madame Foulard, a French lady highly thought of as a teacher. Relieved inexpressibly by the weight of care and responsibility taken from her by this step, she congratulated herself upon her "excellent arrangement," and, in her exultation, endeavored to persuade all her friends who had daughters to educate, to follow her example.

Mrs. John Campbell was, in all respects, a very different woman from her sister-in-law. She was not beautiful, strictly speaking, but so singularly refined and gentle that she impressed you, through the harmony of her appearance, with a sense of beauty. Endowed with a good intellect, and cultivated mind, and regulated feelings, she was that most attractive of all objects of interest, a perfect wife and mother. Unlike Mrs. Frederic, she was fond of retirement and domestic pleasures, and seldom emerged into scenes of gayety. Conscientious to a high degree, she never considered their great wealth an excuse for the neglect of any duty, but, by a strict attention to justice and economy in dispensing their income, she was enabled privately to aid many a benevolent institution, and succor many a suffering family. Her children loved her, her husband revered her, and all who knew her respect-

ed her. She was, at the opening of our tale, the mother of three children—a daughter, now about fourteen, and two little boys, mere infants. Elinor was a twin, and it was to the loss of her twin brother, by a painful accident, that Mrs. John Campbell alluded in her conversation with her sister-in-law.

Mrs. Clifton, the lady whose opinion we have heard quoted with so much deference by the two ladies, was nearly connected with the Campbell families by the closest ties of friendship. She was the daughter of an intimate friend of the father of our brothers, and they had known her from infancy. Little, plain, and unattractive, she had, in early life, been thrown chiefly upon the resources of a naturally fine mind for her happiness. When the freshness of youth had passed from her, she became unexpectedly the heiress of a large property. This sudden change in her fortunes produced a magical effect in her position. An orphan, without any very near ties, her life, except for her intimacy with the Campbells, would have been singularly isolated; but with the tide of wealth came troops of friends, and the lonely woman became an object of speculation and interest in quarters where, heretofore, her existence had been unknown. Her good sense and circumspection saved her, for a time, from that saddest of fates—being sought in marriage for her wealth; but she fell a victim at last. At a watering-place, one summer, she met the elegant, refined, and accomplished Henry Clifton. He was in the first years of his widowhood, and had with him an only child, an interesting but neglected little boy of some six or eight years old. Mr. Clifton was needy, indolent, extravagant, and unprincipled; and he deliberately resolved to marry a woman who could furnish him with the means of indulging in his luxurious propensities. His tastes would have led him to prefer youth and beauty; but, as he had heretofore been unsuccessful in all such attempts, he determined to direct his efforts to winning Fanny Grant. He was a thorough man of the world, and held the key to most of the ordinary weaknesses of women. He soon detected Fanny's tenderness of nature, shown in her interest in, and compassion for, his little boy; and the child was the lever by which he worked. He acted his part well; and Fanny soon began to think that she saw clearly before her the path which her destiny called upon her to fill; and, when the little Edward asked her to come home and live with him and be his mamma, and the wily father, with his pale face and serious eye, looked tenderly upon her and echoed his son's prayer, the simple-hearted, affectionate woman, bursting into tears, acknowledged that the consent which he craved, as the only thing which could insure his future happiness, would add also to hers.

They married, and Fanny's dream of happiness was brief. When restraint was no longer expedient, the selfishness of her husband's character became apparent, and his coldness and neglect soon con-

vinced her of the motives for which she had been sought. With her respect, much of the affection which this ardent, though timid and undervalued, woman had lavished upon him fled. She felt, with bitterness, her lot; and she would, no doubt, have sunk under the weight of her sorrows but for the affection of the little Edward, who clung to her with an earnest love scarcely credible in one so young. The poor boy was entirely neglected by his father, and his new mother was the only thing in life he had to lean upon. Mrs. Clifton, with her newly-awakened tenderness thrown rudely back upon her, turned the whole strength of her love upon the little boy. She loved him for the tie of sympathy between them, as well as for the excellence of his nature and his strong regard for her. She was his playfellow, companion, and friend, his faithful and judicious instructress, till long after the period when he should have been intrusted to teachers proper to fit him for a man's career; and the only occasion upon which she ever broke through the meek submissiveness which had characterized her during her married life, was when she expressed her determination that the boy should have a proper education. The indignation, which had never burst forth to redress her own injuries, burned vividly for him, and she gained her point.

Edward, whose reflective mind caused him early to comprehend the true position of his stepmother, and who deeply felt her wrongs, as well as the neglect which his father exhibited towards himself, even as a boy, seemed to consider himself her champion; but, as he approached manhood, and years and experience had added the wisdom of the world to that of the heart, which had heretofore alone guided him, his respect and reverence for his mother deepened, and no tie more beautiful, more touching, could exist than that which united the neglected wife and son.

Meanwhile, Mr. Clifton followed his career of selfishness and sensuality; he lived but to minister to the pleasures of his own languid existence. Two-thirds of his life were spent at his club. Luxurious dinners and costly wines were his daily indulgences. Horses of priceless value filled his stable and ministered to his pleasure on the "turf." To these pursuits the hints of the world added high play as one of the means by which he dissipated his wife's fortune; while the initiated knew that large sums had gone to pay long-standing and harassing debts, contracted before his marriage.

Edward had scarcely reached the age of eighteen when Mr. Clifton's career of shameless extravagance came abruptly to a close. Money, which it had always been difficult to obtain from him, was now refused with oaths and abuse. Duns, whose errands it was in vain to conceal, beset the house, and execution after execution followed in quick succession, till, driven into bankruptcy, they were deprived even of a home, and were compelled to take refuge in a

mean lodging. It would be a vain task to attempt to describe the bitter humiliations through which Mrs. Clifton was dragged by her unprincipled husband during the year of misery that followed. Broken in health, his pride mortified, all his former sources of indulgence cut off, his only means of living derived from the sale of his wife's jewels and valuables, which the consideration of his creditors had enabled her to retain, he continued the same calculating sensualist in penury as he was in prosperity. In the cold selfishness of his nature, he made his wife his victim to the last. She labored early and late at her needle, and he appropriated the proceeds to the indulgence of his palate. She performed the lowest menial offices, and he exacted them as his due. She nursed him with untiring patience during months of declining health, and received only reproaches as her reward. At length, and happily at the time when all her pecuniary resources were exhausted, his end arrived. He died as he had lived—blind, utterly blind; an angel had been in his path beckoning him on, and he knew it not.

This year of misery was the last of Edward's collegiate course. His terms were already paid, and his mother, as well as his kind friends, the Messrs. Campbell, insisted upon his remaining to graduate, opposing his desire to leave college and obtain some employment to assist in supporting the family. Edward, ever docile to the wishes of that kind self-sacrificing friend, yielded to his mother's wishes, relieving her, in the intervals of study, of every burthen which it was possible for him to take from her, and giving her that sweetest of all solace, his earnest sympathy.

In this juncture, the brothers Campbell, whose sympathy for their old friend had never flagged, though they loathed her unhappy husband, came forward to her assistance. Mrs. John Campbell, with that earnest kindness which characterizes a delicate mind, immediately removed the destitute widow to her own house, where she quietly and considerably made every arrangement which would induce her to consider it as her future home. To Edward, the same hospitality was extended, with an offer of a situation in the counting-house of the firm, which would bring in an immediate though small salary. This, though with the promise of their strongest efforts to advance him in life, did not meet Edward's views. Stung and mortified to behold that dear and gentle mother, who had been all in all to him, depending upon the bounty of strangers whom, though old and kind friends, she had no such claim upon, and feeling, with morbid keenness, by whose misdeeds her pitiable situation had been brought about, he would have coined his flesh to place her in the situation from which his father's profligacy had hurled her. We may, therefore, conceive that, with such views, the offer of a salary of a few hundreds a year, with the obligation of waiting

the slow progress of events to open the pathway to independence, must, to his ardent feelings, have been wholly inadmissible. To make money rapidly by some unheard-of means, and by unparalleled exertions, was now his sole object. Had the Eldorado, which has since drawn its thousands of eager pilgrims to a golden harvest, then been discovered, Edward would no doubt have found his way to California, there to dig, to accumulate, and to hoard for the object of his dearest love and care; but no such golden vision had, as yet, dawned upon the children of men, and Edward must seek some less captivating plan, some more prosaic method, through the beaten tracks of trade, by which to gather wealth. Unmindful of the tastes and the studies which would have led him to a professional life, as the career to which he was best adapted, he yielded up the visions of his youth without a sigh, and bent all his energies to the schemes which filled his mind.

Edward had but one near relative living, a half-brother of his mother's, living in New Orleans, whom he had never seen. Offended at his sister's marriage with Mr. Clifton, he had refused to have any intercourse with her; a determination which he had carried out fully, the announcement of her death even not having been noticed by him. Edward knew little of his uncle save from report, which described him as an eccentric, fanciful old bachelor, a wealthy and enterprising merchant, benevolent and kind after his own peculiar fashion. Edward determined to write to this uncle and lay before him his situation, and that of his father's widow, and ask for his assistance in pushing his fortune in New Orleans—a place where he believed his energies and will to do would reap the quickest harvest. He wrote, and the letter was a history of his father's second marriage and its results. He dwelt as tenderly as he could upon his father's memory; but, when he spoke of that second mother whom God had blessed him with, described her character, her devotion to him, and told of his love and reverence for her, and of his determination to surround her one day, if life and health were spared to him, with the comforts of life, of which, through her connection with them, she had been deprived, his deep earnestness rendered him eloquent, and no labored picture could have portrayed half so well the manly excellence of character, the high and noble qualities of his heart, as did, unconsciously, his own words in this simple straightforward narrative. To this letter Edward received an immediate reply, which, though it granted all that he had desired, somewhat chilled his ardent feelings. Mr. Fairly acknowledged the relationship, consented to aid his nephew in pushing his fortune, and directed him to set out immediately for New Orleans, enclosing him a check to a large amount for his expenses. But his answer was a dry, short, business letter. There was no reply to the unreserved and heartfelt communications which he had made to his uncle; not a single word

of kindness or sympathy appeared in the letter. Checked, but not disheartened, he proceeded immediately to obey his uncle's commands, and, dividing with Mrs. Clifton the sum of money which he had received, he tore himself from that dear friend,

whispering, in a choking voice as he left her, a promise that they should, at no distant day, be again united in a home of their own, which it should be his pride to create.

(To be continued.)

THE PIONEER MOTHERS OF MICHIGAN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

MARY ANN RUMSEY.*

The first settlement of Detroit dates so far back as to be among the antiquities of our new country; but it was at a much later day that the lands in Michigan came into market. The perils and privations incident to the occupation of these lands by the pioneer settlers were not, indeed, so terrible or so romantic as those encountered at an earlier period, when the adventurous few who penetrated the wilderness were exposed to the fury of a savage foe, whose assaults were far more to be dreaded than those of the wild beasts of the forest. Yet the later pioneers, if they had not to dispute the possession of the soil at the risk of their lives, had their trials and sufferings—their dangers, too—not the less difficult to endure because the narration is rather amusing than thrilling. They had also to struggle with that feeling of isolation and loneliness which presses heavily on those who have severed all the endearing ties of home, where cluster those fond attachments only formed in youth. Many a sad hour was passed in remembrance and regret by the young wife, in the absence of her husband, when she had no sympathizing friend in whose bosom she could pour her griefs. Little given to repining as she might be, faithful to her duties, and disposed to make the best of everything, still thoughts of the loved ones from whom she had parted for life would weigh on her spirits and fill her eyes with tears, brushed hastily away while she busied herself about her household employments. A touching instance of the heart's yearning for companionship occurs to memory, mentioned by one of the female pioneers, who had been three weeks in her new home without having seen the face of another woman. "One Sunday," she said, "I told my husband that beyond the thick wood, just in the rear of our dwelling, I could see from the upper window another log-house. I wanted him to go there with me; we went, and, as we approached, I saw the woman come out, appearing to be busy about something at the back door. *That was enough*; I did not care to go

any farther; we went home, I had seen her, and that satisfied me."

Ann Arbor is the county seat of Washtenaw county. The Indian name, *Washtenong*, signifies "grand" or "beautiful," and Grand River takes its name from the same word. It was called "Arbor," on account of the noble aspect of the original site of the village—which was a burr oak opening, resembling an arbor laid out and cultivated by the hand of taste. For the prefix of "Ann," it was indebted, according to undeniable tradition, to two prominent women whose husbands were the first purchasers and settlers in the vicinity. Some have maintained that the place owed its entire name to them, from the fact that they lived, until houses could be built, in a kind of rude arbor made by poles covered with boughs. However that may be, it is certain that John Allen and Walker Rumsey gave the name to the new settlement, afterwards confirmed by State authority, and ever since retained. Their first garden was the ground now occupied as the public square; and here Allen, who had considerable skill in these matters, planted and raised a fine stock of vegetables, enabling them to supply the neighbors whom their persuasions had induced to join their little community. The two leaders above mentioned came in February, 1824—Rumsey being accompanied by his wife. This couple emigrated from some part of the State of New York, which has furnished so many enterprising families among the inhabitants of Michigan. Some of the New England stock, who were a little proud of their land of the pilgrims, were accustomed to say they "had stopped some years in the State of New York on their way to the West."

The arbor, or tent, which formed the first shelter for this little party, and served them as such for two weeks, was made of their sleigh-box, with a rag carpet spread over boughs of trees, which were, of course, denuded of leaves; for there grew not an evergreen within miles, except a few cedars on a hill some two miles from the locality. They had brought with them a few barrels of provisions; and as there were no regular roads all the way to Detroit, and the traveling was tedious and difficult, they lost no time in making a treaty with the roving Indians, who agreed to furnish them with regular supplies of corn and venison. On this they subsisted, while they

* The above sketch was prepared for Mrs. Ellet by a highly intelligent and accomplished lady—Miss MARY H. LARK—who is the principal of a flourishing school for young ladies at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

industriously prepared the ground and planted grain and vegetables to serve them for the coming summer and winter. "Ann Arbor" had been the favorite dancing-ground of the Potawattomies, many families of whom lived in the neighborhood. Their place of council was in the light "opening" selected by Allen for his garden, on which at this time there was scarcely a tree. Those that now adorn the square have been since planted; most of them more than ten years afterwards.

The visits of the Indians were peaceable enough, and generally welcome; for they brought deer and wild turkeys to exchange for other articles—game being then abundant in the woods. Sometimes, indeed, when they found none but women at home, they showed themselves a little disposed to encroach upon hospitality. Mrs. Rumsey confessed being frightened at one time by their wild behavior; but, assuming a stern and commanding air, she bade them begone, flourishing a broom at the same time; and, though they could not have been said to be afraid of her weapon, they did not hesitate to obey. All the coteremporaries of Mrs. Rumsey agree in describing her as a woman of remarkable and distinguished appearance, and of energetic character; singularly fitted to be a useful pioneer in a new country, where difficulties and discouragements must be met with unblinding courage, fortitude, and patient perseverance. Her commanding aspect—whether natural, or the result of a habit of being foremost in enterprise—was well suited to her qualities of determination and strength of purpose. Her cheerful disposition, disregard of hardships, and resolute way of "making the best of everything," have often been mentioned with admiration. "When we had been out land-hunting," said Mr. Allen, "or otherwise engaged through the day, so that we returned late and tired out, she was always ready for us with good humor and a good supper." By such aid and encouragement it is that woman—a true helpmeet—can hold up man's hands and strengthen his heart when disquieted by care and vexation. To be enabled to appreciate the worth of such a household companion, one must have spent a year at least in the backwoods. Experience and necessity here furnished the best kind of education, fitting for the endurance of every trial, and the thorough enjoyment of the labor-bought pleasures which are relished most keenly when alternated with privations.

In the course of a few months, other families moved into the neighborhood; and, on the succeeding Fourth of July (1824), there was a joyous celebration of the nation's birthday. The anniversary falling on a Sunday, it was kept on Monday; having been celebrated the Saturday before at "Woodruff's Grove," near the site of the present village of Ypsilanti. About forty guests, among whom were the women of course, sat down to partake of the rustic dinner. It was either on this occasion or on

the anniversary following, celebrated also at Ann Arbor, that the family of Mr. White, one of the "neighbors," were put to much inconvenience by the escape of their oxen; which calamity imposed on them the necessity of walking home in terror—for the distant howling of wolves could be heard all the way. At the assemblage on the Fourth of July, 1825, the white inhabitants of the county were present in mass—forty or fifty in all.

The howling of wolves was a species of nocturnal music often listened to by the pioneers of Michigan. A lady, who removed there many years later, says that on moonlight evenings they have often stood to hear their howling, some three miles distant, answered by the barking of their dogs. The sound was distinct, and appeared to be much nearer. In the early settlement of the country, a woman going one day to the spring for water, saw, as she supposed, the dog belonging to the family, drinking, and, finding that he did not get out of the way as she came up, struck him with her pail, which she then filled and carried back to the house. There she saw the dog lying quietly under the bed; and a sudden flash of recollection convinced her that she had seen a wolf at the spring. She roused the men, and the animal was pursued and killed. Notwithstanding the cowardice of the gray wolf, it was always, especially in packs, a terror to the women of the country. Other wild beasts were disposed to dispute with man the possession of their forest domain. A young woman in Lin county, standing one day outside her "shanty," fancied she heard a crackling in the boughs of the tree above her, and, looking up, caught the eyes of a panther glaring upon her, as the animal was preparing for a fatal spring. With a presence of mind which the habit of looking danger in the face alone could give, she stepped cautiously backward, still keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the creature, and, slipping behind the blanket which served for a door, took down her husband's rifle, which was kept loaded and ready for use. Lifting a corner of the blanket, she deliberately took aim and fired; the shot took effect, and the panther fell to the ground in the death-struggle.

In the eyes of her rustic neighbors, Mrs. Rumsey was the most prominent female member of the community; for such qualities of mind, in a primitive state of society, never fail to exercise a controlling influence. Something of romance, too, was added to the interest surrounding her. It was said—though it might have been mere gossip—that her early life had been clouded by unhappiness consequent upon an ill-assorted marriage, and that she had little to regret in the years passed in her former home. Little was known of her story, for she never showed herself inclined to be communicative on the subject, and the intuitive delicacy of her associates forbade their scrutiny into what plainly did not concern them. Those were not the days, withal, when news traveled on the wings of the wind, o

with the flash of the lightning; and, if there had been aught in the experience of former years which she did not wish to recall, Mrs. Rumsey was in no danger of having it snatched from the friendly keeping of the past and paraded before the curious gaze of the public. So the mystery about her remained unfathomed, as she did not choose to explain it. Her circumstances at that time were comfortable, and happy in her round of duties, it did not appear that she suffered her thoughts to dwell on the past; though once, in a moment of great distress on the occasion of the sudden death of a beloved child, she let fall expressions which set afloat the conjectures of her neighbors, and awakened curiosity which was never fully satisfied. She was not, however, the less respected on that account. In the first stages of society, when no artificial distinctions are recognized, and social intercourse is unrestricted by form, the standing of individuals is seldom questioned if they prove useful and agreeable. Mrs. Rumsey died in Illinois.

The first sleighs used by these primitive settlers

were made by bending two poles, which served for runners, a crate for the box surmounting them. The large double sleigh was an improvement pertaining to a more advanced stage. Before grain could be raised, it was often necessary, notwithstanding the aid of their Indian allies, to go to Detroit to procure flour—a journey which usually consumed a week. Whenever it had to be performed, the labor of every man in the settlement was in requisition to put the roads in order. In one case, when the head of a family was detained two or three weeks by some accident at the mill, the wife dug ground-nuts and picked up every other edible thing that could furnish food for herself and children. Another woman, who was reduced to her last biscuit, declared, laughingly, that she would not have it said they ever were out of bread in her western home, and had the biscuit placed every day on the table for a fortnight, till new supplies came. Game, particularly venison, was plenty in those days, and some of the settlers, who were excellent hunters, killed enough for the use of their families and for the demands of hospitality.

MEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION AT ———.

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS, EXCITING SCENES, AND CURIOUS SPEECHES.

FROM OUR OWN REPORTER, CHERICOT.

December 20th, 1851.

YESTERDAY, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, an immense mass meeting of gentlemen from all parts of the country was held at Independence Hall. It was convened upon notices to that effect, which were issued directly after the late extraordinary and treasonable Female Convention at Massachusetts, and which, being distributed among the principal cities in the Union, had resulted in the collection of an enthusiastic crowd of gentlemen of all grades, trades, and politics, one common danger uniting them, in the effort to repel the proposed feminine aggression of their rights.

On taking a survey of the meeting, one thing struck us very forcibly—the uneasy and restless anxiety that characterized the demeanor of most of the men; the slightest noise caused a general sensation; and, in one instance, the shrill cry of a fish-woman threw a gentleman into hysterics, which he explained, on his recovery, to have resulted from his mistaking it for the voice of his wife.

When the excitement had, in some measure, subsided, the meeting was called to order by Mr. Wumenheyter, of New York, who said, the first business being the choice of a president, he moved that Mr. H. P. Husband, of Maryland, be appointed.

Brass Blackstone, of Philadelphia, seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted.

After the vice presidents and secretaries were duly chosen, and a business committee appointed to draw up resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, the president addressed the convention as follows:—

"The object which has called this great assemblage together is one which not only concerns mankind in general, but Americans in particular. This is emphatically a land of liberty—liberty which, achieved by the exertions of our forefathers, has commanded the respect of the tyrannical governments of the Old World, and resisted all unhallowed attempts to subvert it. This liberty, gentlemen, is threatened with destruction by the establishment, within the very bounds of this republic, of a despotism that has no parallel in ancient or modern history. Yes, there is a conspiracy afoot in the very midst of us, which, should it succeed in its aspiring aims, will annihilate us as men, and convert us into mere household appendages to that rebellious sex who, after having for years shown a disposition to encroach on some of our rights and privileges, now boldly assert a claim to *all*. Patience, gentlemen, is no longer a virtue; stern determination and resolute action alone can put down this ambitious usurpation and re-establish our authority on its legitimate basis.

"These firebrands on our domestic hearths must

be extinguished, or the sparks, lighting into a flame, will consume us."

Here the sensation produced by Mr. Husband's fiery eloquence was so intense that groans and sobs resounded from all parts of the building, and the gentleman was so overcome by his own flights of fancy that it was some time before he could proceed.

"I have, in the relations of husband, son, and brother, stood aloof. I have borne, with dignity and Spartan fortitude, the assumption, by my female relatives, of those garments which, from time immemorial, have been our rightful badge, trusting that the 'breach' into which they were throwing themselves would prove of such an 'imminent and deadly' nature as to deprive them of any desire to go further. But late events have opened my eyes to the treasonable nature of their designs, and to the danger of the mine on which we have been heedlessly treading; and, regardless alike of family ties and possible consequences, I have boldly sounded the alarm which has brought us together this day. This terrible danger I discovered by chance, having picked up—in my own room, gentlemen—a letter addressed to my wife by a female friend. I will, gentlemen, read a passage from this incendiary production, premising that the preceding paragraphs, after giving an account of the late meeting at Worcester, refer to the female millennium about to commence:—

"Now then, my dear,

We'll smoke and cheer and drink our lager beer;
We'll have our latch-keys, stay out late at nights;
And boldly we'll assert our female rights;
While conquered men, our crewwhile tyrant foes,
Shall stay at home and wear our cast-off clothes,
Nurse babies, scold the servants, get our dinners;
'Tis all that they are fit for, wretched sinners!"

"Imagine my feelings on finding treason at work in my domestic sanctuary—at detecting the wife of my bosom in a plot against my peace!"

Here Mr. Husband was so overpowered by his emotions that he was compelled to pause for a few moments, ere he recovered his voice. Deep sympathy was manifested by the audience.

"I would now repeat the necessity of prompt action, for which I doubt not the wisdom and intelligence of this assembly will be found sufficient. Our business now is to find a remedy for the evil. Let us therefore, in a bold and uncompromising manner, address ourselves to the duties before us."

While awaiting the action of the business committee, the following letters were read from distinguished gentlemen who had been invited to attend the meeting:—

Mr. Webster stated that the onerous nature of his diplomatic duties prevented his accepting the invitation extended to him. Had it, however, been in his power to do so, he should still have declined it, as the handsome manner in which the ladies had defended him in his native State obliged him to re-

main neuter in the conflict between the great contending parties. He would remark, in conclusion, that, devoted as he was to the Union, faithful as he had ever been in maintaining the Constitution, he had no sympathy with anything tending to infringe the conditions of the matrimonial compact, and therefore solemnly recommended that both parties should meet and conclude a treaty of peace.

Mr. Clay regretted his necessary attendance on Congress precluded his presence at this important meeting; for, faithful to his great principle, he should have endeavored to suggest such a compromise as should reconcile all parties. But he trusted that an amicable spirit would pervade their proceedings, and unity and concord be the result.

Mr. Horace Mann repeated his determination of not siding with either party. He referred again to the book he was writing, which he thought would satisfy both sides.

Mr. Buckeye, of Ohio, wrote to excuse his attendance, as the duties of the pork-killing season required his attention; and Mrs. Buckeye's absence at a Socialist meeting, in the interior of the State, prevented his leaving home.

Mr. Wumenheyter, chairman of the committee, now rose to say that their report was ready. He then read the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That a crisis has arrived in our domestic relations that admits of no temporizing measures, but requires us openly to insist on those rights so boldly and outrageously assailed by that weaker portion of humanity, whose duty it is to be satisfied with the inferior position assigned them by nature, and to yield in all things to man.

Resolved, That an unblushing claim has not only been made on our clothes, but on all our masculine privileges; and as this evil has resulted, in the first place, from the impunity with which the women have put their hands in our pockets, and as it will end only in the usurpation of our business, and of our sole right to the ballot-box, it becomes necessary for us to impress upon this rebellious sex our united determination to resist their aggressions.

Resolved, That this effort becomes imperatively necessary when we consider the treacherous nature of women, and remember that, should they succeed in their attempt, we shall meet no mercy at their hands. Universal decapitation of the men, and an Amazonian form of government will undoubtedly be the result.

Resolved, That, while we shall use our lawful and united authority to put down this revolt, we will show clemency to the culprits, and, tempering justice with mercy, render their punishment as light as may be consistent with our own safety.

These resolutions were ordered to be laid on the table for discussion.

Mr. Wumenheyter said he wished particularly for the attention of the audience while he offered a few remarks on these resolutions. "He was," he said,

"proud to call himself a New Yorker. His city was the greatest in the world. It had a great canal, a great line of steamships, a great many railroads, a great many banks, and"—

Here a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "And a great many other humbugs!" Mr. W. was, for a moment, disconcerted; but, resuming his remarks, he said—

"I do not regard this rude interruption. I shall still assert the superiority of my State to all others; and, at the same time, acknowledge that, with all our talents and business enterprise, we cannot manage the women. I confess that, in our great State, the attempt on our privileges was *first* made; but I can also assure this convention that we shall be the *first* to defend those privileges. I have been so unhappy as to have had three wives, but, fortunately, have buried them all; and I can assert, from personal experience, that

'Woman, woman, whether lean or fat, is
In face an angel, and in soul a cat!'

A spirit of philanthropy urges me to warn you against the female snares which my fatal destiny has inflicted on me, and from which I am therefore desirous to save others, as my several wives were so many different forms of evil, and I suffered intensely in consequence. I hope my misery will deter others from such experiments. If I rescue one wretch from the horrors of matrimony, my purpose will be answered, and my past sufferings forgotten."

Mr. W. urged the adoption of immediate and relentless measures, and trusted that some available remedy might be suggested for the evil that was in their midst.

Cotte Bettie, Esq., from Delaware, said, "I fully agree with the gentleman from New York in his views on this terrible crisis. I am as proud of my State as he can be of his. I am not ashamed to call myself one of the 'Blue Hen's Chickens.' Delawarians are true blue—they always were, and always will be blue. They were the first to rally at freedom's call, and would not now be found wanting. While he thus obeyed his instructions in proffering their aid, he must, at the same time, assure this assembly that it was very advisable for them to keep their proceedings as secret as possible, lest a premature disclosure should put the women on their guard."

C. Colesworth Pinckney, from South Carolina, remarked, "Had any one told him a few months since that he should be meeting in amity with his northern brethren, he should have indignantly denied the possibility of such an act. He did not intend now, however, to allude to the difference of opinion that prevailed between the South and North; the several States of Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and South Carolina, that had appointed him a delegate to this convention, having empowered him to

bury all sectional causes of discord in oblivion, and to unite energetically with the representatives of other States in putting down this terrible conspiracy. He had come prepared, then, to assure them of the cordial co-operation of the Southern States in any action that might be taken in the crusade against women. He would only remark that there should be no delay either in their resolves or execution—if 'twere done, 'twere well 'twere done quickly.' With this end in view, he recommended bringing before the present Session of Congress a fugitive women bill, by which every man might be empowered to reclaim and punish a runaway or rebellious wife."

Mr. Jonathan Whittle, from Massachusetts, "Guessed that there needn't be much talk about the matter. Wimmen's place was tu hum, and it was man's business to keep 'em there. Pritty much all they was fit for was to dry innions, make squash pies, and get a fellow a good dinner on Thanks-givin'. He calkerlated that if each indiwiddiwell present had the spunk he orter have, he could manage his wimmen himself, without anybody to help him. Yankees knew a leetle somethin' besides makin' wooden nutmegs, mushmellion, and cow-cumber seeds, and they didn't want anybody to come there and tell 'em how to do: they'd better stay tu hum, and take care of their own affairs."

Here Mr. Whittle was called to order from all parts of the house, and sat down in a state of high indignation, wiping his face with a blue cotton handkerchief.

George Washington Patrick Henry John Randolph Powhatan, Esq., from Virginia, said, "I regret the irritable state of feeling which seems to sway the gentleman from New England. I wonder at his assertion of our Yankee brethren's ability to manage their women, when the fact is notorious that Mr. Whittle's native State was the scene chosen for the outbreak of the rebellion. Belonging, as I do, to one of the first families in Virginia, descended in a direct line from Pocahontas on one side, and Richard Cœur de Lion on the other, collaterally related to the Virgin Queen, and a far-off connection of the present British sovereign, I know nothing of those menial duties which Mr. Whittle thinks properly distinguish the female sphere. I cannot, nor can any one associated with me, be supposed to know anything of such menial avocations. In Virginia, nothing is required of the fair sex but to give orders to their servants, and that sufficiently occupies their time. I feel proud to assert my belief that no lady from that State is mixed up in this sad affair; but, knowing the danger of bad example, I cannot answer for the future, and am therefore ready to give my counsel both as to prevention and cure. I know the female character well enough to assure this meeting that opposition will but add fuel to the flame. In short, my advice is—

'Let them alone and they 'll come home,
And leave their whims behind them.'

Dr. Singleman, a middle-aged gentleman, from Vermont, thought the gentleman from Virginia mistaken in his opinion that the let-alone system was the best treatment for the epidemic raging among them. "Acute diseases required active remedies. When the pulse of the domestic frame was disordered, every member of the body suffered, and depletion should be freely resorted to, and the constitution restored to a healthy state, or he would not answer for the consequences. His idea—which he advanced with some hesitation, for, being a bachelor, he knew little of the sex—was that every man should try the effect of the three popular systems of medicine on his female relatives, and he would venture to promise the revolt would soon be quelled. A course of bleeding, leeching, and cupping, with blisters to their heads, and sinapisms on their feet, aided by hydropathic douche and plunge baths, and accompanied with homœopathic quantities of nourishment, would tame the greatest shrew that ever lived."

Mr. Easyled, of Tennessee, said, "There is an old proverb about bachelors' wives being well managed—

'As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
Were the third of the world yours, with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.'

The measures that the learned physician proposes are easily suggested; but, I would ask, where is the man in this assembly who would have the nerve to try them? There is another old proverb that says, when you sup with a certain personage you should use a long apron; and, in this case, that precaution is very necessary. It was best to let the ladies have their own way. To quote the immortal bard again—

'Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves.'

He would inform all present, from his own sad experience, that

'He's a fool who thinks, by force or skill,
To turn the current of a woman's will;
For when she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.'

Mr. Hoosier, from Indiana, "Didn't want to 'front nobody, but he reckoned Mr. Whittle had said about the only sensible things he 'd heerd that day, and them was his sentiments exactly. There was plenty for wimmen to do in the cabin, with mindin' the children and keepin' the pot a bilin', and out of it with takin' care of the cattle and the farm, while the men was hard at work shootin' and fishin'. Corn-dodgers and cracklins was wimmen's business, and just about as much, he reckoned, as they 'd sense for. He, for one, didn't feel afeerd of any of 'em."

General Boanerges Bluster, from Kentucky, said, "He disagreed very much with Mr. Hoosier. He once heerd a Methodist minister tell what Heaven was like, and, after talkin' a great deal about it, he said, 'In short, brethren, it's a Kentucky of a place!' He reckoned, when he said that, he forgot the wimmen. In their State, where females was three-quarters bacon, and t'other quarter hominy, they was dangerous critters. General, as he was, of the milishy, and holdin' a great many offices under government, he had to mind his wife, who was big enough to lick three of him. Last 'lection he was candidate for Congress; and, just as he was makin' a stump speech to his constichents, and was tellin' 'em what a great soldier he was, and how he 'd fou't the Ingins under Harrison, and would be sure to stand up for their rights, 'cause he wa'n't afeerd of nothin', his woman walked up to him right cool, and, takin' him off the platform, said to the people, 'This man 's a fool. I know it, 'cause I 'm his wife. He an't fit for nothin' but to mind the house and take care of the children, while I go visitin'. I can't spare him; and you mast 'lect the other candidate.' He expected he felt about as mean as dog-pie, and sneaked off as soon as he could; and everybody burrahed for Mrs. Bluster, and said *she* should go to Congress. And, ever since, she 'd done nothin' but snub him, and had gone off to the wimmen's meetin' in spite of him; and 'twas her that said 'woman was better than man, 'cause *he* was made out of the raw materi'l, and *she* was made out of the manerfected,' and he only hoped she wouldn't find out where he was, or there 'd be an orful time of it."

Mr. Sucker, from Illinois, remarked, "That it wa'n't with his own will he was at this here meetin'; but, bein' 'lected, he had to come; and, as it was the season for shootin' prairie hens, he wanted to be off agin. He didn't want to make words himself, and hoped that other people would be short and sweet in what they had to say. As to Mrs. Sucker, she hadn't the spirit of a mouse now; and, if she ever had, which he didn't know, the fever and ager had shuck it all out of her. He reckoned about the best way he could tell 'em of, was to send all the wimmen where they 'd catch it, and, if it didn't end 'em, it would mend 'em."

Captain Salt, of Nantucket, a veteran tar in a blue roundabout and glazed hat, rose, coolly took his quid out of his mouth, and, depositing it in his pocket, made the following short and pithy remarks: "I an't a reg'lar delergate to this here meetin', seein' as I 'm pretty nearly all the time afoat; but, bein' as I 'm ashore just now, I thought I 'd come and see how things was a purceedin'. I know all about whales, and have a pretty good notion of a vessel, but I don't know nothin' about a woman. How'ever, I've heerd them as did say she was like a ship, 'cause her riggin' cost more than her hull. If so be that's the case, why she 's easy manoo-

vered. Keep a tight lookout for squalls, and, when you see 'em comin', reef your sails, scud before the storm, and, if she 's bein' down, take to the boats and leave her."

Captain Salt sat down amid shouts of applause, with a very red face after his unwonted exertions, and an earnest request for a glass of grog; but, none being at hand, he contented himself with his quid.

Patrick O'Dougherty, of St. Louis, got up and said, "Jontlemen, this is my first appearance before the public since I left off being an Irishman, and became a native of this country, and I hope yees will excuse all blunders. I needn't tell this enlightened meetin' that, both as an Irishman and 'Merikin, I love the purty cratures of wimmen, and, faith, I 'm sorry they 've got themselves in such a mess. St. Pathrick knows that, with 'my friend and pitcher,' my little Cruiskeen Lawn, and my Molly Astore, I could live all alone in a desert by myself, without any trouble; and sure never a one of me knows why ye can't manage yer wives. Trate 'em like an Irish pig: drive 'em the way you don't want 'em to go, and they 'll take the right track in spite of you."

Here Mr. O'Dougherty was interrupted by a considerable bustle in the hall. There was a great disturbance, and many gentlemen looked pale and anxious; but the excitement was allayed by the appearance of an Indian chief in his war paint, who stalked solemnly up to the platform, and spoke as follows:—

"My nation was once a great nation in the lands near the setting sun. It is now a poor, small tribe, that has sold its hunting-grounds to the Great Father, at Washington, for blankets and corn, and have sent me to have a talk with him. Waw-tu-nobow-te-ma-tu is a brave; his white brothers call him Big Bulldog, and know that he has many wives. While he smoked the calumet of peace with his Father, in the Grand Lodge at Washington, a little bird sung in his ear that his white brothers had trouble in the wigwam with their squaws, and he has come to help them, for his heart feels heavy for them. Let my white brothers keep their women at work, hoeing corn, pounding hominy, drying venison, and minding papooses, and let them have but little to eat, and they will give them no more trouble. If they do, let my brothers take their scalps. I have said." And, whirling his tomahawk over his head, Waw-tu-nobow-te-ma-tu gave a shrill war-whoop, and, bounding off the platform, disappeared in the crowd.

Brass Blackstone, from the city of Brotherly Love, remarked, "That he had listened with attention to the proceedings, and had heard with delight the eloquent speeches delivered on this interesting occasion. It was with the modest timidity so characteristic of a Philadelphia lawyer, that he should offer a few remarks on the subject that occupied them; and he hoped it would not be considered

presumptuous in him if his views should differ from those hitherto advanced in the assemblage of talent and influence, with whom it was his high privilege this day to be associated. He had deeply sympathized with all the orators it had been his good fortune to hear on this exciting subject: he had, in turn, been thrilled with the surpassing eloquence of Mr. Husband, the resolute determination of Mr. Wumenheyter, the patriotism of Pinckney, the easy indifference of Mr. Whittle, the dignified hauteur of Mr. Powhatan, the professional talent of Dr. Singleman, the commendable meekness of Mr. Easyled, the heroic submission of General Bluster, the laconic sense of Mr. Sucker, the maritime beauty of Captain Salt's similes, the enthusiasm of Mr. O'Dougherty, and the sententious wisdom of Big Bulldog. For himself, he had always been, and should ever continue to be, an ardent admirer of the fair sex. He was proud to say that his mother was a woman—that his native city was distinguished for its devotion to the fairer part of creation. New York might boast of its canals, its railroads, its banks, and its steamships, but Philadelphia gloried in its women. He could lay his hand on his heart, and proudly assert that even this rebellion had not estranged his feelings—

'Woman, with all thy faults, I love thee still'

He could even say, with the Irish bard—

'Sweet book, unlike the books of art,
Whose errors are thy fairest part:
In thee, the dear errata column
Is the best page in all the volume.'

With these feelings, he was present on this occasion to interpose his humble abilities between them and danger. He acknowledged that his clients had not evinced their usual sagacity in risking their quiet, but powerful influence over man, by endeavoring to grasp 'what would not enrich themselves, but make us poor indeed.' Why they had done so, was a question more easily asked than answered, and he should therefore not attempt to solve the enigma. It was his business to implore that nothing should be rashly attempted on this delicate occasion which might result in wounding the feelings of his fair clients. He would assure them a little skillful management would be more effectual than open demonstrations of hostility; and, should the suggestion he was about to offer prove successful, he asked no better reward, as a man and a lawyer, than the friendship of the sex. In his opinion,

'Fee simple and a simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared to thee,
Thou best of fees—a male.'

Not to detain them longer in suspense, he advised that the gentlemen should fill their houses with looking-glasses, and give the ladies time for reflection."

Mr. Blackstone received much applause for his suggestion; and Mr. Bowieknife, of Texas, who succeeded him, said, "I so fully agree with the gentleman from Philadelphia in his love for the sex, and in all the sentiments he has advanced, that I will only add, should the measure he has recommended fail to make peace, I hope all the ladies will come to Texas. We have hearts and arms for all of them."

'If all other States reject 'em,
Ours will freely, *gladly* take 'em.' "

Mr. Placer, from California, remarked, "That he was for no half-way measures. It was his opinion that all the women ought to be seized and sent to California; it was a new country, and the miners wanted wives. When they were once there, he thought they could be managed. Judge Lynch was an active man. Show them that there was only the difference of a letter between altar and halter, and, if they would not marry, why let them hang!"

Mr. H. P. Husband said, "He had listened with astonishment to the proceedings of the day. He really thought that, for all the good that had been done or suggested, gentlemen might as well have staid at home. He had a few words still to offer on the subject, which he hoped they would hear with patience. Among other things, he had prepared a list of all the bad women who had ever existed."

Here Mr. Wumenheyter remarked, "That he must remind the gentleman time was precious; and, as all women who had ever existed were bad, Mr.

Husband had better mention only the worst of them, among whom he must not forget his (Mr. W.'s) three wives."

Mr. Husband was so disconcerted at this interruption, that he forgot what he had to say, and could only remember that his list begun with Eve, and ended with the present generation.

"I see clearly, gentlemen," continued he, "that no one enters so warmly into this subject as myself. Well, be it so. I am ready to fall a martyr in such a cause; and I here solemnly declare that no obstacle shall induce me to swerve from the path that duty marks out for me to follow. I will make every endeavor to extirpate this vile heresy among the women. I will immolate myself on the altar of my country. I will sacrifice my domestic affections on its shrine—Mrs. Husband herself!"

"Here I am, my dear!" said a sharp voice, and a small, thin, vinegar-faced lady entered the room, and walked up to the platform, at the head of a numerous procession of females. "My love," continued she, "it is late; I am afraid you will take cold. Hadn't you better come home?"

"If you think so, my dear, certainly," replied Mr. Husband, turning pale, and trembling so he could scarcely stand, perceiving which, his wife affectionately offered him her arm.

Mr. Easyled meekly obeyed an imperative gesture from Mrs. Easyled, and Mrs. Bluster picked up the general, who had fainted, and carried him out in her arms.

Exeunt omnes, in wild confusion.

FLORENCE SEFTON; OR, THE BORDER WARFARE.

BY MISS B. GARTLAND.

(Continued from page 201.)

CHAPTER IV.

IN the meanwhile, Howell and his volunteers had reached Detroit and were led with the rest of the army into Canada, where, as the reader knows, they remained, doing nothing, for a month, and then returned to Detroit, much to the dissatisfaction of the men. Howell was now sent with dispatches from General Hull to General Van Rensselaer. The news that General Brock had joined the British at Malden, and that they were now on their way to attack the army under Hull, had reached him, and he had besought that General to send another messenger with the dispatches, and not deprive him of the opportunity of "fleshing his maiden sword;" but his request had met with a decided refusal. It appeared to Howell as if his superior officer wished to be rid of him, and for what reason he could not conjecture. Serjeant Laxy O'Lear (for that worthy had joined

General Van Rensselaer's division) had only arrived at Detroit a few hours previously with a communication from his commander, and, instead of returning with the answer, was detained by Hull under a pretext "that his services were needed on some service, which his knowledge of the localities of the country for miles round, on each border, rendered of importance;" and Howell was made the envoy, with Godlieb Pretz as an attendant, whom the reader will recollect we left in our first chapter sitting in the boat meditating on the folly of falling in love. We will still leave him there, and follow Howell in his walk along the river's bank, which he pursued alone, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter thoughts." He had seen General Van Rensselaer and delivered his letters; he had observed (as he was requested to remain in the room) the brow of that General contract and grow dark, as he perused them. When he had concluded, he threw them on the table; then rising,

paced the room up and down for a few moments; then stopping abruptly before Howell, he said, "General Hull has two thousand men, I believe, at Fort Detroit?"

"Two thousand five hundred, sir!" replied Howell.

"And the British are bringing against him?"

"About half that number. And there is no doubt we will have a glorious victory. I only hope, sir, I may return in time to partake of it," said Howell.

The general surveyed the noble form, the handsome face, and the dark, flashing eyes lighted up by enthusiasm, of the young soldier, and smiled; but smiled sadly.

"I fear you will be disappointed, Captain Meredith; for I have cause to think that General Hull is"—and here he lowered his voice almost to a whisper, and the words came through his teeth with a hissing sound—"is a coward, if not a traitor!"

Howell started, and almost involuntarily laid his hand on his sword.

"This is the second time," continued the general, not noticing his emotion, "that he has written to me to forward his dispatches to Major General Dearborn for more men, thinking one thousand could be spared from *this post*; concluding, I suppose, that, were the enemy to attack us here, even with the remainder we would have the courage—which he seems to lack—to defend ourselves like men. But you are fatigued, Captain Meredith; seek some repose. You cannot return to Detroit until I hear from head-quarters. I expect your friend, Lieutenant Sefton, hourly from there."

Howell bowed, and withdrew. What the general had said had opened his eyes to much he thought singular in the conduct of Hull. He was like one awakened from sleep, and wondered at his own stupidity in not discovering that cowardice, if not treason, held sway at Fort Detroit.

He did not retire; but, calling Gottlieb, entered his boat and rowed a couple of miles up, with the intention of visiting Sefton Hill. He had not seen Florence since they had parted in New York, nearly four months before. It had appeared to him as so many ages. He walked rapidly along, but paused a few moments when he neared the place they had crossed from on their last pic-nic, and thought of the many changes that had taken place since. The wounded Indian rose before him; then their departure for New York, his own travels, the death of Mrs. Sefton, and the acclowness which now existed between the colonel and his father. His uncertain prospects of being soon united to her he loved so deeply, and the dangers to which she would, he feared, be exposed, residing, as it were, in the very seat of war, were uppermost in his mind.

Such were the thoughts that filled the breast of Howell Meredith as he entered the long, winding avenue that led to the colonel's mansion. He observed, as he approached, that the lower windows were closed. He ascended the steps and rang the

bell. In a few moments, the door was opened by a servant in livery; and, on his inquiring if Miss Sefton was at home, Mrs. Jones, who had been house-keeper there for years, and who was crossing the hall, stopped, and, as Howell came forward, exclaimed—

"Bless my soul, it is indeed Master Howell!" and the good woman pressed forward, extending both her hands to him. "I knew I could not be mistaken in that voice," said she, shaking his hand warmly. "And you look so well," she continued; "only a little sunburnt. And I should have known those dark eyes and short brown curls anywhere, Master Howell."

"And I should have known that good-natured, kind face of yours anywhere, Mrs. Jones," he replied; "and am happy to see that time has made no change in it."

"Well, I see you have not forgotten how to flatter yet, Master Howell," she replied. "But walk in the drawing-room, and I will tell Miss Florence that you are here."

Howell entered the splendidly furnished room. We have before observed the night was cool and damp, and a comfortable fire of hickory wood was burning on the large, bright andirons on the hearth; the furniture covered with rich crimson velvet, the massive mirrors, and curtains of yellow and crimson damask that hung in rich folds down to the gorgeously wrought carpets, from which no footfall could be heard, and the masterpieces of painting and sculpture which adorned the walls—these had been familiar to Howell, and he thought not of them. His thoughts were of the fair being who, in the midst of all this splendor and luxury, might, at no distant time, be in danger of the savage's tomahawk, and of the temerity of that father, who obstinately persisted in remaining there, and of having Florence with him, when she, at least, would be in far greater security in New York, under the protection of his parents. But Howell knew not then the motives that prompted Colonel Sefton to act thus, nor the reasons he had for thinking they were perfectly secure in remaining at Sefton Hill.

He stood thus musing for a short time, when, hearing the flutter of a dress, he turned, and in an instant Florence was clasped to his heart. "Florence!" "Howell!" was all their full hearts could say. After their first emotions of joy at again meeting were somewhat subsided, Howell inquired after the colonel and Miss Aylmer.

"Mary had retired early, in consequence of a severe headache; and my father," continued Florence, "is in the library, where he now spends much of his time in writing, and does not often like to be disturbed. Oh, Howell, I much fear there is something wrong, particularly when I see that dreadful man closeted with him for hours!"

"What 'dreadful man' can you possibly mean, dearest? I do not understand."

"Laxy O'Lear," replied she. "Do not smile, as if you thought the insignificance of the man would prevent his doing mischief. I believe he has art and cunning enough to outwit those who imagine they are making a tool of him to gain their own ends."

"But of what are you fearful, dear Florence, or what is it you think is wrong? You do not suppose your father could possibly be connected with anything dishonorable, and employ this vile man to assist him?"

"Oh no, no! I did not mean that," said poor Florence. "But you know, Howell, papa is an Englishman, and he views things through the medium of prejudice, and not as we do; and I fear this O'Lear is a traitor, and that he is trying to work on those prejudices, or I should rather say that he is employed by others in high station to work on them, by bringing letters to papa, urging him to join the British. Some nights since, before he left for Detroit, he was here until past midnight, when I am sure Van Rensselaer thought he was on his way to that place. I am apprehensive of some plot, which will be discovered, and my father's life forfeited. But he must be saved, Howell!" she continued, clasping her hands passionately, and bursting into a flood of tears—"he must be saved!"

"Listen to me, Florence, my own Florence!" said Howell, as he passed his arm round her waist and drew her closer to him; for a new light seemed to burst on his mind. "You cannot remain here long in safety. Would to Heaven I could this moment ask this dear hand of your father! But that cannot be. I return perhaps this very night, or, at farthest, on to-morrow, to the fort. We are on the eve of a battle; and, should Henry not arrive from headquarters by then, no consideration shall detain me from my post, and General Van Rensselaer must find another messenger. We are sure, in the position we are placed, of a decisive victory. Even were the force the English bring against us double the number it is, victory is certain, if cowardice or treachery do not prevail. I will then procure leave of absence for a few weeks, and return here immediately to ask your father's consent to our union, and will then conduct you and Miss Aylmer to New York, where I will have to leave you, dearest," he added, pressing his lips to her fair forehead, "under the care of my mother, until this war is over; and I do not think it will be of long duration."

"But my father, Howell, will not perhaps give his consent to what you propose," said Florence, looking up in his face mournfully.

"He will, dear Florence, he will; I have not the least doubt of it. I do not wish to wound your feelings, love; but it appears to me as if you were a sort of a clog, that prevented your father from at once joining the British. Loving you so tenderly, he cannot bear to part from you; while, at the same time, his attachment to the English prompts him to

join them. But, after Sir Isaac Brock's defeat, which I look upon as certain—for I cannot think Hull will render his name infamous—he will the more readily agree to what I propose, and will then, no doubt, procure a passage for himself in one of their vessels for England—for he has no thought of becoming a soldier, I believe—the only place he will be in security, with his sentiments, until peace is concluded."

Florence tried to believe her lover that all would end well; that there was no danger Laxy O'Lear would have it in his power to implicate her father in any plot; and his assurances that, when he returned to Detroit, he would have him strictly watched, seemed to calm her mind. But poor Florence had not told *all* the annoyance—persecution would be the better word—she daily suffered from her parent, to gain her consent to cross the Niagara with him to Queenstown, where Sir Edgar Lee, who had procured the commission of colonel in the English army, was now stationed; nor that he had written several letters to her, which she had only taken from her father's hand, that she might be certain they were destroyed, as they would furnish evidence that he held correspondence with the enemy; thinking, if there did exist any that were more treasonable, his prudence would cause him to leave no proof of it; but that Laxy O'Lear was the agent employed she felt certain. All this she could not bear to tell Howell, as she knew it would distress him. He had heard of her rejection of Sir Edgar's suit, but had no thought of his again renewing it, or that her father still favored it. She knew she could depend on her own firmness and decision in refusing to cross the American border, as well as in refusing the English nobleman, and she thought it best not to mention the subject. Nor did she tell him that, on Henry's last visit to the Hill, her father had tried to bribe him with a captaincy in his majesty's army, and his consent to his immediate marriage with the beautiful Miss Aylmer, to whom he was engaged, "if he would but take part with the country of his ancestors," as he was pleased to term it. Her brother had indignantly refused, and the colonel's anger seemed still greatly excited against him. Florence looked all this in her own bosom, or only talked it over with Mary, who was almost as indignant as Henry at the proposal.

"But, dear Howell, you have had no refreshment," said Florence, driving those thoughts from her mind, and observing he looked fatigued. She rang the bell. It was answered by Mrs. Jones herself, who said, as she entered—

"I have had supper prepared in the dining-room, Miss Florence. I thought it likely that Master—Captain Meredith, I mean—had not supped."

"Thank you," replied Florence; "that was kind and thoughtful."

And, taking Howell's arm, they proceeded to the dining-room, where they found the good house-

keeper had some excellent coffee and hot cakes prepared, with a variety of preserves. As it was her "preserving week," she said, "she hoped the captain would take some of each kind. She was sure he would, if he only loved them as well as he did when she got first acquainted with him." Howell laughed, and promised to do his best. The birds so nicely cooked, which she pressed him to eat, "were shot that afternoon by Minesto."

"Minesto!" said Howell. "I had almost forgotten him. How is the poor fellow? Does he still continue to live here and at Arcadia, alternately, as I understood he had done while I was in Europe?"

"He does," answered Florence. "But of late he is much with us. It is very singular," she continued, "but there appears to have taken place an almost total change in his nature; for it seems he has but once visited his tribe since we found him in the wood. He is often in Lewistown, where he sometimes takes fish and game to dispose of, when he has taken more than we can make use of. He still retains his attachment to you, and frequently inquires after the 'young chief, his good white brother.' He has been in town all day, I believe; has he not, Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes, Miss Florence, and the most part of yesterday."

"I shall probably see him, then," said Howell, "when I go back to the camp."

And he and Florence returned to the drawing-room, when, observing that the clock was pointing to eleven, he prepared to depart, after again trying to cheer her with the hope of his speedy return; and, pressing her warmly to his heart, he was soon on his way to the boat, where he had left Godlieb. As he approached, he perceived another figure standing on the shore talking with him. It was Minesto, who, when he saw Howell, came forward, saying—

"Minesto is glad to see his white brother. The young chief is well; he walks straight, and does not see the snake trail in the grass. Minesto sees."

"I am glad to see my brother," replied Howell. "The Great Spirit has not given the white man eyes like the red, to see the serpent's trail; but he has given him courage and strength to kill a traitor." For Howell had pondered on all he had heard from Florence of Lasy O'Lear, and had rightly guessed the Indian alluded to him.

"Yes, pale-faced traitor and robber has gone before the young chief to Detroit," said Minesto, and his dark eyes seemed to flash fire as he proudly drew himself up, adding, "The hatchet of a brave drinks the blood of an enemy as the papoose does his mother's milk." He turned to go, saying, "Minesto will see his white brother again;" and, walking slowly towards Sefton Hill, was soon out of sight.

CHAPTER V.

AND now, as we have said so much of Mr. Lasy O'Lear, it is time we give the reader a history of that personage. Notwithstanding his singular cognomen, Lasy was descended from royalty itself. His grandfather, a king of the gipsies, had, years before, emigrated from Bohemia to England, bringing most of his subjects with him; for he was a king whose subjects, unlike the subjects of other monarchs, generally followed wherever he went. His majesty was fond of a sylvan retreat, particularly in summer time, and had chosen a wood in Devonshire, near a village, where he and his people took up their quarters, and where the father of our hero was born. The king himself frequently visited the village; being gifted, it was said, with an insight into futurity, he was anxious to communicate his knowledge to others, and would deign to accept the smallest coin merely as a token from those he so favored of their belief in his prescience. His majesty had, unfortunately, it would seem, left his wardrobe behind in Bohemia, by what accident I could never learn; for he could not have been forced to abdicate and fly, as did Louis Philippe, for his subjects remained faithful and accompanied him; but so it was, and his royal garments frequently fluttered gracefully in the wind, which caused some mischievous wag, who did not regard majesty as he should—for a king is a king, whether in rags or purple—to give him the name of "Old Lear." The boys in the village, knowing little of Shakespeare, and thinking that even a king should have a Mr. before his name, converted it into Mr. O'Lear; and when his hopeful son and heir was big enough to mix with them, as he sometimes did, he was called Billy O'Lear. The king and his subjects frequently made excursions round the country, and would sometimes be away a year or two; but they seldom stayed longer from the wood in Devonshire.

Billy O'Lear led this sort of life until he was about fifteen years of age, when, having stolen a hen from a neighboring hen-roost, cooked and eaten it, without his royal father's knowledge, his majesty had inflicted severe punishment on him when it was discovered, and Billy absconded, and, meeting with a traveling tinker, engaged himself to him. He remained with the tinker several years; when, thinking the western hemisphere might be benefited by his services, he crossed the Atlantic and traveled westward, through the State of New York, scarcely leaving a leaky pan or kettle behind him in his progress. Finding his business so prosperous, Billy began to think of taking a traveling companion in the shape of a wife; and a stout, lively girl, who lived at a farmer's where he had sometimes lodged, expressing a great desire to travel, Billy made his proposals, was accepted, and Sally Hines became Sally O'Lear. But Sally soon found traveling very fatig-

ing, and persuaded her lord and master it would be much more comfortable and economical to go to housekeeping; so they rented a small log-house some few miles from Lewistown, and, while Billy was pursuing his avocation abroad, his better half, who was both active and industrious, by taking in washing and helping the farmers at haymaking and harvest times, soon was able to procure many comforts and conveniences for their humble home. But, unfortunately, a year or two after the birth of our hero, who was also called Billy, after his father, the elder Billy began to frequent an ale-house in the neighborhood, and to acquire the habit of sleeping away much of his time, and of lounging about at home. In vain poor Sally would say to him—

"Now don't be lazy, Bill. Just take your tools and sawdaring-pan, and I warrant you 'll git pots and kiddles enough to mend. There 's no good comes of being lazy."

"I ain't lazy, wife," her gentle spouse would respond; "but I must give them time to melt the old sawderrin' off before I goes round agin. I puts it on thin enough, I 'se sure. But you 're always talkin' about bein' lazy. I wonders as how you don't call that little feller there lazy," pointing to Billy the junior, who was springing about much like a little hoptoad. "Come here, Bill." And, with a single leap, the urohin was on his knee. "Now I want you to bring daddy's hat to him," throwing his old castor some rods from him. The youngster would, at one bound, recover his father's hat, and, at a second, be again perched on his knee. "Well, now, that's lazy; ain't it, Sal? You 're lazy, too, I s'pose, as well as daddy," hugging up his youthful son, in whom, as he grew older, the father took great pleasure, showing the activity of the boy to his mother, by calling to him, "Run and shut the gate, 'Lazy,' the cows are coming in from the road;" or, "Run and feed the pig, Lazy, it ain't had nothin' to eat to-day." And, when our hero would fly like a squirrel to show how active and smart he was, Billy would turn to his wife, observing, "He 's lazy, ain't he? Yes, yes, he 's Lazy O'Lear."

And "Lazy O'Lear" was so often repeated at home, that, when its possessor was sent a quarter to the free school at Lewistown to learn to spell and read—for his poor mother worked hard to spare him—he went by no other name. She herself found it a more convenient name than Billy, as that was her husband's name. It is true, she at first made a distinction by calling him "Bill," and her son "Billy;" but, as every one else called him Lazy, she, too, almost unconsciously, fell into the habit, and thus he acquired so expressive a name.

As Lazy grew up, his father's habits of industry and temperance did not improve, so he undertook his business; and for miles round, on both sides of the border, Lazy O'Lear was well known, and he had as much, indeed more work than he could attend to. About this time, his father died from the

effect of intemperance; and poor Sally, having caught the small-pox, lived only a week after him. Lazy, being thus left alone, disposed of such little property as his parents possessed, and, for some time, continued his business traveling round the country; until, at length, he found himself able to rent a small shop in Lewistown, where he bought old iron and sold second-hand locks, keys, bells, kettles, pots, pans, &c., and, by his habits of industry and perseverance, in a few years found himself in rather a prosperous condition, as he was now able to keep a small hardware store. But Lazy O'Lear's early habits had not tended to improve his character; he thought it no crime to deceive, cheat, and overreach, so that it was not discovered, and he could preserve the semblance of honesty. He had the shrewdness to see that sincerity, probity, and good moral and religious principles were esteemed even by those who lacked those qualities themselves; he therefore affected them, and, to hear Lazy O'Lear speak of religious and moral duties, you would perhaps take him for what he was not—a good man. It is true, he frequently went too far, and would cause you to think that, though he "strained at a gnat, he could swallow a camel." He was fawning and servile wherever he found rank, wealth, or power, and assuming, arrogant, and impertinent, as upstarts usually are, where he thought he dared be so with impunity. Money was his idol, and, next to that, there was nothing he so much coveted as a public office that would lead him to distinction, for Lazy, like Caesar, was ambitious; but he mistook low cunning and art for intellect and talent, which he imagined he possessed in a high degree. He had been made one of the overseers of the county poor-house, which he thought was one step gained in bringing him before the public.

A short time before the commencement of our tale, a Captain Henry, of the United States army, arrived in Lewistown, and took up his lodgings in the best hotel. He was gentlemanly and courteous in manner, and had brought letters of introduction from Sir James Craig, Governor of Canada, to Colonel Sefton and one or two more gentlemen near the town, who seemed to approve of all the proceedings of Great Britain. A dinner had been given, at Sefton Hill, to him, at which some toasts had been proposed which Mr. Meredith, who was one of the guests, indignantly refused to drink, and expressed his surprise at the temerity of those who proposed them. But Colonel Sefton, who was possessed of considerable tact, and who was ably seconded by the captain, succeeded in making his noble and truthful-minded friend believe they had been offered in jest; but, as those who were of the opposite party, and who felt, as freemen should, the insults heaped on their country, began to look on Captain Henry with suspicion, he did not again visit the Hill.

In his perambulations through the town, which were frequent, he had met with Lazy O'Lear, and

soon found he would be a fit tool for his purpose; and, on the morning of the pic-nic, had sent that worthy to apprise the colonel that he wished a private interview with him that night. He had left his hotel that morning, and was taken, with his baggage, over to Queenstown. For fear of attracting observation, Lasy O'Lear was to bring a boat over for him in the evening, and, after his conference with the colonel was over, was to row him back again. We have already spoken of that interview; but we have not told the reader that, when the gallant captain returned to the governor, upon opening his portmanteau to deliver his letters, he found in their place two or three soiled handkerchiefs. On whom to rest his suspicions he did not know. Lasy O'Lear rose to his mind; but he had traveled far after parting with him, and had met with many other persons, and stopped at several places, so, as there was nothing ever heard of those letters, the governor and he both thought it advisable to let the matter rest.

Upon the declaration of war with England, Lasy O'Lear had been among the most clamorous of the peace party; but, when General Van Rensselaer's army had taken up their quarters at Lewistown, he had changed his politics, but not suddenly. He was always seeking to argue with the other party, and would appear as if their arguments were so convincing that he could not withstand them, and eventually *was convinced* of the necessity of a war. He now became a great patriot, sold out his stock in trade of kettles and pans to a particular friend of his, called Ashman, or Red Ashman—a sobriquet the good people of Lewistown gave him, as his hair was red. His whiskers, which he wore large, were red; his face was red; his hands were red; the only shades of white visible in his person were his eyelashes; but I should not say they were visible, for he tried as much as possible to hide them under a pair of spectacles, which, as he could not see *through*, he was obliged to try and look *over*, which caused him to walk with his head much in the van of his person. After the disposal of his goods, Lasy obtained the rank of a sergeant in the militia. "Sergeant Lasy O'Lear," it was certainly not a very high rank; but, as he observed to his friends, he was only ambitious to do his country service, and he thought he might do as much in his humble grade as if he were a general. But it was rather singular that, though he had deserted from Colonel Sefton's party, he still appeared on good terms with that gentleman; but he never was seen going to Sefton Hill in daytime. He had been made the bearer of dispatches several times to General Hull, when Van Rensselaer received them from headquarters, with orders to forward them; and, on each occasion, was detained by Hull to go on some secret mission, in which it was more than insinuated to the officers that he was employed by Hull as a sort of spy on the British, and that there was no one so

well calculated for it as himself, having such a correct knowledge of the country.

CHAPTER VI.

THE morning after Howell's visit to Florence, he set out on his return to Fort Detroit. Lieutenant Sefton had not yet arrived.

It was a bright, lovely day, when Florence and Miss Aylmer, with Nestor, who now belonged to the former, and a servant, took their way to Arcadia. Florence had promised Howell she would finish a beautiful view she had commenced taking from a window in Mrs. Meredith's room. She had mentioned their intention to her father at breakfast, and he did not object, only advising them to take a servant with them, as, in the present state of the country, it would not be prudent to go unattended. He listened apparently without displeasure to Florence's account of Howell's arrival and departure; for he had sent her a short note, on leaving, by Thornton, who had, on hearing of his being in Lewistown, gone there to see his young master. The colonel merely observed "he was glad Captain Meredith was well, and that she was a good girl not to have disturbed him, as he was very busily engaged at that time." He then kissed the young ladies, wishing them a pleasant day, and telling them not to let it be late in the evening when they returned, as they intended to spend the day. He went to the stables to look at his horses, and see how they were attended to. He had not been engaged long, when a servant came to tell him there were two gentlemen who wished to see him: "they had not sent their names." He returned to the house, and entered the drawing-room, bowing slightly as he advanced, and closing the door after him. One of the officers approached, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said—

"Gerald Sefton, I arrest you, in the name of the commonwealth, for high treason!"

Colonel Sefton started back.

"What mean you, sir," he said, "by this mockery? Of what treason am I accused?"

"I do not wish to use violence, sir," replied the officer; "but I arrest you by the order of General Van Rensselaer, and am ordered, likewise, to conduct you to the fort. I hope you will go with us peaceably. We are also commissioned to examine your papers."

The unfortunate man turned white and red alternately, while Captain Morton spoke. After a pause, he replied, with a sarcastic smile—

"I suppose resistance to such high authority were worse than useless. I will conduct you to the library, gentlemen, where you can examine my papers. In the mean time, there is a favor I would ask: it is that my domestics may observe nothing in your manner which may lead them to suppose I

am arrested, as I do not wish my child's peace of mind to be disturbed this night."

"We will certainly do anything in our power to avoid giving Miss Sefton pain," they replied.

Colonel Sefton led the way to the library. After remaining there for some time, they descended together; and, as they were passing through the hall, the colonel called a servant and said—

"When Miss Florence and Miss Aylmer return, tell them not to be the least uneasy, should I not be home to-night." He then stepped into the carriage with the officers, and it immediately drove off.

It was late that afternoon when the young ladies returned from the valley; the night set in dark and rainy. The colonel's message had been delivered; and, after tea, they had retired to Florence's room, where Mary occupied herself with her embroidery, while her cousin read aloud from a work in which they were both much interested. They had not been engaged long, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and Martha—an orphan girl of about sixteen, whom Florence had persuaded Mrs. Jones to engage as her deputy-assistant in the art of house-keeping—entered.

"Oh, Miss Florence!" she exclaimed, "Thornton has just come up from Lewistown, and says as how that Colonel Sefton has been 'rested for bein' an Englishman, and is a goin' to be shot dead to-morrow!"

Florence heard no more, but fell back fainting. Mary sprang to her assistance.

"Oh, laws a massy, what shall I do?" cried Martha. "I have frightened her to death! Oh, what shall I do, Miss Mary?"

"Hand me a glass of water quickly, and pull the bell-cord," said Miss Aylmer.

In a few minutes, Alice, Miss Sefton's maid, made her appearance. She was a kind-hearted, affectionate English girl, who loved Florence dearly.

"She revives," said Mary, after the usual restoratives had been applied.

Florence gazed wildly round, as if she had awaked from some painful dream. "It is, indeed, reality!" said she, throwing her arms round her cousin's neck; and, resting her head on her bosom, she wept and sobbed violently.

"Dear, dear Florence!" said Mary, pressing her closely to her, "do not grieve so; it may be a false report."

"Oh, laws a massy! Oh, don't cry so dreadfully, Miss Florence!" repeated Martha. "I guess as how it's only a story, after all. Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

Alice whispered to her the best thing she could do would be to go down stairs until Miss Sefton was more composed, which advice she took.

After the violence of her emotion had somewhat subsided, Florence rose, saying, "Dearest Mary, I must be alone. I will soon return to you." Entering an adjoining chamber, she threw herself on her

knees and prayed fervently to that Being who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him. She felt her courage and strength of mind return after her prayer, and that she had a friend who was "mighty and able to save." She sat considering for a few minutes, and then returned to her room.

"Dear Mary, this is what I have feared and dreamed of," she said. "But this is no time for me to give way to vain grief, when I am called upon to act. I am going down to the fort to plead for my father's life; and, should I not succeed in that, to try and liberate him by other means."

"I will accompany you," said Miss Aylmer.

"No, dearest, no!" replied Florence; "you could do no good. All you can do is to pray for me. I will only take Alice with me. Alice, you are willing to assist me?"

"My dear young lady, I will try to do it with my life," she replied; "and I think I have courage to help you in any plan you judge best."

"I thought so, Alice. I felt I could put confidence in you. Now tell Thornton I wish to see him."

Thornton's story was the same in substance as that which Martha had repeated. Florence desired Alice "to go to her father's wardrobe and bring her a suit of his clothes, with the case of pistols which were on a shelf in the upper part of it." These she had put in a basket, with two bottles of wine and some crackers.

"Now listen to me, Thornton," she said. "I think you would run some little risk to serve me?"

"Oh yes, Miss Florence," replied the good-hearted black; "I will do anything in de world for you, and to git Colonel Seftin free. Minesto, too, he tell me I mus' say to you he help too."

"Is Minesto here?" said Florence, her hopes brightening.

"Yes, Miss Florence, he here."

"Well, then, Thornton, pay particular attention to what I say. First, go down to Caleb, and tell him to have the carriage ready as soon as possible; then go to the boat—take Minesto with you, and do not let any one know what you are about—muffle the oars, and leave the Indian in her. Return here for this basket, which you will convey as privately as you can, and put on board; then row down to that cluster of trees that are on the bank, about a half mile from here. Now do you understand me perfectly, Thornton?" continued Florence.

"Yes, yes, Miss Florence, I understands. It is where Massa Howell put his boat last time he come to Seftin Hill. I knows."

"You are right. Remain there until you hear from me. And now go quickly, Thornton."

"Yes, miss, I do jis as you say," replied he, hastening to execute his orders.

There was one advantage Colonel Sefton possessed: it was the love of his servants. There was

scarcely a member of his household that could be bribed to betray him. He was a kind master. Caleb, his coachman, had lived with him for years, and Florence well knew she could trust him.

After making some alteration in her dress, and putting on a bonnet that nearly hid her face, she threw a large cloak round her person, and kissed poor Mary, saying, "Do not weep; God will help us!" then telling Mrs. Jones to be careful of her, she entered the carriage with Alice, and was soon on her way to the fort. It rained fast, and the night was dark; but for this she felt grateful, as she thought it might perhaps favor her purpose. Her heart beat violently, and, though she appeared calm and collected outwardly, a thousand fears agitated her. She had told Alice her plan, and the part she was to take in it; yet her chief hope lay in the clemency of General Van Rensselaer, who, she thought, could not have the cruelty to have her father executed, even were he proved guilty of treason, as the plot—if he was concerned in one—must have been discovered before any mischief could have been effected. But Florence reasoned as a woman. She struggled hard to retain her self-possession when the carriage stopped at the fort. Caleb dismounted, and informed the sentinel that a "lady wished to see the general." After a little delay, an officer appeared, who conducted her and Alice to a small apartment, which seemed a sort of antechamber, and was very plainly furnished. A few moments elapsed, when he again appeared, saying that "General Van Rensselaer would see the lady;" and, opening the door that led to the next apartment, ushered Florence in.

The general was seated at a table covered with books and papers, but rose as she entered and bowed. Too much agitated to speak, she threw back her bonnet from her face, when he exclaimed, "Miss Sefton!" and, taking both her hands, led her to a chair.

"I am sorry I cannot say that I am glad to see you, my dear young lady," he continued.

"General Van Rensselaer, my father!—why has my father been arrested?"

"Believe me, Miss Sefton, your father was not arrested until the proofs of his treason were too glaring to be longer passed over. His papers and intercepted letters show that he has been holding a treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Indeed, on his trial, he scarcely denied it."

"His trial!" ejaculated Florence. "Has he then been already tried?"

"There was every proof of his treason before his arrest; and he was tried this morning by a court martial. But, my dear—"

"And his sentence!" cried Florence, springing to her feet and interrupting him—"his sentence, General Van Rensselaer! You have not sentenced my father to death? Oh!" cried she, throwing herself passionately at his feet, as he did not answer—

"oh, do not tell me he is sentenced to die! You would not, you could not be so cruel!"

"Rise, Miss Sefton, I cannot permit this. Rise; you must not remain in that posture," said the general, much affected.

"No! no! I will not leave your feet until you tell me my father shall live!" she replied.

"But, my dear child!"—

"Yes, your dear child!" cried Florence, seizing the word. "Only think, if I was your child, pleading to another for your life, how you would wish her petition should be answered!"

"But I cannot listen to anything while you remain kneeling," said he.

"Then you will listen to me?" she said, rising and standing before him with clasped hands; her bonnet had been thrown back on her shoulders, and the thick glossy tresses of her brown hair escaping from their confinement hung round her like a veil. "You will hear me; I knew you would! I felt that you would be too merciful, too humane to deprive a daughter of her only parent."

"Would to Heaven it were in my power to bid your father live!" said he.

"Not in your power! Oh, do not say so! do not say so! General Van Rensselaer, think there will a day come when you, too, will plead for mercy before Him who has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Then you will view things in a different light; then the recollection of this one act of mercy will shed sweet peace on your dying moments."

"My God, this is dreadful!" said he. "Listen to me, Miss Sefton; listen to me, my dear young lady. It would be almost as impossible for me to save your father's life as it would be, were he already dead, to restore him to life again. I cannot save him!"

Florence felt her senses reel, caught by the chair, and sank into it. The general opened the door, called Alice, and rushed from the room. Meeting an officer as he hurried along, he said to him—

"Captain Bolton, you will see that that poor girl has an interview with her father. She will doubtless request it. Let it be brief for both their sakes, not exceeding twenty minutes; but let it be also private. Poor child! poor child! I would not go through such another scene for the wealth of Peru."

Captain Bolton remained some time in the outer room, when Alice appeared at the door and said, "Miss Sefton desired to know if she would be permitted to see her father?"

"Certainly," he replied. "I am waiting to conduct her to him."

In a few moments, Florence came out, calm, but deathly pale, leaning on the arm of Alice. The officer stepped forward, offering his arm, which she declined with a bow, motioning him to proceed. He led them through several passages, until they entered one in which a sentry was pacing up and

down before a door barred and bolted, at which he stopped. The bolts were removed, and Florence entered, and it was again secured. The captain opened a door nearly opposite, telling Alice "she could remain there until Miss Sefton wanted her."

Twenty minutes elapsed, and a knock at the door told her that her services were required. She rapidly crossed the entry, and, as Florence came near tottering, as if greatly convulsed with grief, she pressed before the officer, and throwing her arm round her, as if to support her, effectually prevented him from aiding the lady. Colonel Sefton was seated with his arms resting on his knees, his face covered with his hands, and his hat drawn over his eyes. He looked the picture of despondency. Captain Bolton showed the way to the carriage. He would again have offered his services in assisting Florence into it; but Caleb, the moment his young lady appeared, took her by the arm, and he and Alice lifted her in; then, mounting his seat, he took the road to Sefton Hill.

CHAPTER VII.

On the night previous to the one on which Lasy O'Lear left Lewistown with dispatches for Detroit, he was sentinel, the only one on the Niagara below Lewistown. In the early part of the night, he had gone up to Sefton Hill, where he held a long conference with the colonel, having procured his friend—Ashman, or Red Ashman, whom we have already mentioned—to take his place. He informed Colonel Sefton of his intended departure, and that he was going the next day, observing that, if he wished to write to Sir Edgar Lee, this would probably be the only opportunity he might have, before some engagement would take place between the Americans and English. It was not likely, he said, that he should return to Queenstown until after the surrender of Michigan to the British; adding—

"I have succeeded so well in frightening old Hull with the terrible threats of Sir Isaac Brock to let loose his savages on the whole garrison at Detroit, and to have his scalp carried on a pole at the head of the English army, that the old coward would creep into an egg-shell if he could. All that General Brock has to do is to come and take possession. Your countrymen, colonel, owe me a deep debt of gratitude."

"Which they will no doubt repay," replied he; "and I will detain you no longer than to write a few lines to Sir Edgar. I expected a communication from him to-night. Did you not bring any?"

"None. You forget, sir, that it is yet too early for the boat to come over."

"Very true; I had forgotten. Well, let the letters, when they come, remain in the cavity; I will get them safely in the morning."

Colonel Sefton wrote his letter, and gave it to Lasy O'Lear, who returned to his post and relieved his friend. A short time before midnight, a boat on the British side of the water appeared slowly floating along, when O'Lear immediately began going through his military exercise. The boat then came swiftly over, propelled by a pair of muffled oars, and glided noiselessly into a nook in the river, overshadowed by a clump of large trees, whose branches nearly touched the water. Its occupant stepped on shore, and, stooping down, deposited a package of letters in a cavity at the root of one of the trees, taking out the letter from Colonel Sefton, which Lasy had placed there, then re-entered his boat, which, like a fairy bark, in a few moments was out of sight.

This was the mode of communication between the English nobleman and Colonel Sefton. Lasy O'Lear contrived to let the latter know on what nights he would be sentinel. Every night the boat would appear on the British side of the stream, but only when Lasy O'Lear commenced his exercises did it venture to cross, as this was the signal that it would be safe. This could not have occurred had there been another sentinel on that side—the south side—of the town, between Lewistown and the Falls; but it was thought that one was sufficient there, as, about half way between Queenstown and the Falls, the whirlpool is situated, and the Niagara is here pent up within a narrow channel not over a hundred yards in width, so that few boats would venture to cross near it, and, of course, there was little danger of an enemy from that side.

Upon the disappearance of the boat, Lasy O'Lear possessed himself of the package of letters; and, when he was relieved by another sentinel, repaired immediately to General Van Rensselaer, and, giving him the packet, stated that he had accidentally discovered it in the cavity of the tree. The general recommended secrecy to the traitor, which was needless, and he left for Detroit. That there existed traitors in the fort, the American General felt certain; but as Lee, in his letter, had spoken of O'Lear as our trusty friend, "our messenger," &c., as had been insisted on by that worthy as one of the conditions on which he would serve his employers, he was not suspected. Sir Edgar also spoke of the surrender of Hull's army as certain; though he did not state explicitly that General Hull held any treasonable correspondence with General Brock, but as if he thought him a coward. He dwelt chiefly on what was uppermost in his thoughts, that the colonel should either persuade, or, if necessary, compel Florence to accompany them to England, and the means to effect this. But in the packet was a letter from Sir Isaac Brock himself, thanking Colonel Sefton for the valuable information he had given him of the best means of succeeding in taking Lewistown, of the number of men in garrison, &c. &c. This was decided proof of his treason.

Van Rensselaer would have had him arrested at once, had not Sir Edgar Lee stated in his letter that it would be most prudent now to discontinue their correspondence until General Brock advanced to Lewistown; and, as he was very desirous of discovering who were leagued with the colonel, he thought it best to leave him at large, having him closely watched, and all that he associated with. He had immediately, on discovering the treason, written to General Dearborn an account of the whole affair, one which greatly agitated him, as he both loved and esteemed Henry Sefton highly, and had, but a few days previous to the discovery, sent him on to Sackett's Harbor with dispatches; and, when Howell arrived, was hourly expecting his return. He knew of Captain Meredith's attachment to Florence, and resolved not to inform him of the matter, but to permit him to return to Detroit without waiting for Henry's return, sending General Hull word that, when news from headquarters arrived, he would transmit it to him by Lieutenant Sefton; thus securing the absence of both young men during what he knew must take place, the trial and execution of Colonel Sefton. Poor Henry! this would be a dreadful blow to him, and the kind general felt much sympathy for the young soldier, of whose loyalty it was impossible to doubt; indeed, no one who looked upon his frank, open countenance, the high, broad brow, the deep blue eye sparkling with intelligence and depth of feeling, with his noble, though slender figure, could harbor the doubt that truth and sincerity had there a dwelling-place. Henry was more free and communicative in his disposition, being younger, and having seen less of the world than Howell. Truthful and noble-minded himself, he had not learned, what a knowledge of the world so soon teaches, to distrust; and this blow would, the general feared, have a stunning effect.

The messenger sent with an account of Colonel Sefton's treason to General Dearborn now arrived with his answer, and still Henry did not make his appearance. But, the very day of his father's trial, just after Florence's painful interview with Van Rensselaer, a countryman came, bringing the dispatches he had expected by Henry, who stated that the lieutenant had been thrown from his horse about half way between Lewistown and Sackett's Harbor, was badly bruised, and had an arm broken; he was now lying at his house unable to move, and had engaged him to bring the letters on to the fort. The general almost uttered a prayer of thankfulness at the accident, which had saved him from the agonising knowledge of what was to take place.

General Dearborn, in answer to Van Rensselaer, ordered Colonel Sefton to be immediately arrested and tried by a court martial, and, if found guilty, shot; adding that he felt deeply for Lieutenant Sefton, who had, only the morning that he had received the news of his father's treason, left for Lewistown,

and that it was solely in consideration of his worth and patriotism that he was to be *shot, instead of being hanged*, as he richly deserved, as the letters proved him to be a spy as well as traitor.

He was, accordingly, as we have seen, brought down to the fort. The court was already formed. It consisted of General Van Rensselaer and the principal officers of the regiment. His papers, which had been seized, fully proved his guilt. In a copy of a letter addressed to General Brock, he informed him, after the English had possession of Michigan, and, as a matter of course, after the surrender of Lewistown, his intention was to visit England, taking both Florence and Mary with him, as he felt sure such a measure would have the effect of causing Henry to follow, and "Florence, he hoped, to forget her Yankee lover," as he chose to call Captain Meredith.

After the letters had been read before the court, the colonel, who had scarcely spoken a word, requested if he might be informed who had discovered the package. When told it was Lary O'Lear, "Double-dyed traitor!" he exclaimed, with vehemence; and he then informed the court that O'Lear was the agent employed; but it was too late, he had already escaped. The result of the trial is already known. He was sentenced to be shot, between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, the day following.

Colonel Sefton felt assured that revenge was the motive that prompted Lary O'Lear to betray him. Some months previous, when the colonel first opened a treasonable correspondence with the English through his means, he had the presumption to ask for an introduction to Miss Aylmer, and permission from him, as her guardian, to pay his addresses to that lady. Indignation too strong for words, at the proposal, at first filled the breast of her proud uncle. Mary, the niece of his departed and still loved Isabel, the lovely, the gifted, wealthy Mary Aylmer, one that even he, with all his pride, was delighted to think of as the future bride of Henry, and whom he would rather call his daughter than any princess in existence; that such a creature as Lary O'Lear—his tool, whom, though he employed, he despised from his heart—a fawning sycophant, without wealth, education, or any qualities mental or personal, to recommend him—should have the presumption to aspire to her hand! It was too much; and, after the first shock—if I may use the expression—of astonishment was over, he poured upon the unfortunate sergeant such a torrent of contempt and invective as roused all the fierce hate and malice of his nature.

"Colonel Sefton," he said, his little black eyes glaring like two coals of fire, "I will bear this no longer! I have you in my power, sir! Do you remember the letters you gave to Captain Henry?"

* It is known to most American readers that Captain John Henry, of the United States army, and afterwards of

There they are!" said he, taking a packet from his coat pocket; "and there is *that* in *them* that will hang you as high as Haman! Either a promise in writing of Miss Aylmer's hand, or the American government shall know that Captain Henry made at least one traitor. You have your choice!"

The colonel was seated at a table, with a drawer partly opened before him. He sat composedly looking at Lazy O'Lear while he spoke. "You have your choice!" repeated he, looking down exultingly on the packet. In the twinkling of an eye, the colonel's hand, thrown like a dart across the table, had seized the letters, and almost as quickly they were in the fire. At the same moment, drawing a pistol from the drawer of the table, he said—

"So you were the robber and traitor that extracted the letters from Captain Henry's portmanteau; and, bold thief as you are, you have dared to acknowledge it! Do not stir," he continued; "for, if you do, I fire!" holding up the pistol at the same time.

"Oh, do not kill me, Colonel Sefton!" said he; for he had been taken so by surprise, that he had stood perfectly motionless during the transaction. "Do not kill me; I will not betray you."

"No, you will not betray me," replied the colonel, with a scornful laugh, "because you have not the power. But, suppose I let the 'American government know' that you have brought me *this letter*

Canada, was employed by Sir James Craig, the Governor of Canada, to raise a party in the New England States of those opposed to the restrictions laid on commerce by the American government, from which they were to separate, and to form a political alliance with Great Britain. But he did not succeed.

from General Brock"—the first he had received; "who then will hang as high as Haman?"

"I only said so to try"—said Lazy O'Lear.

"To try," interrupted the colonel, "if you could frighten me." Then, after a pause, he added, "Come, let us understand each other. Your object is *money*; as for Miss Aylmer, never let me hear her name pass your lips. I may perhaps have said some hard things to you; but let them pass. As I said, you want money; I need your services, and will reward you liberally; but any attempt at betraying what is intrusted to you, and your life will pay the forfeit, though I die the moment after. Do you understand?"

"I do. Money is certainly my object; as for the girl!"

"Silence!" said Colonel Sefton. "Do not dare touch again on that subject."

"I would only say," he replied, "that gold is better than love; and that the lady's money was her principal charm with me."

The colonel's eyes flashed fire at this audacious answer—though it was said in a sort of deprecating tone, as if it were the want of money alone that caused his presumption; but Sefton restrained himself, however, as he thought that, to carry out his plans, Lazy O'Lear's services were indispensable; besides, he felt perfectly sure that he could not betray him without implicating himself, so he merely replied—

"Well, well, I have promised you money, if you are faithful; and you have reason to know that I am not niggardly."

How faithful he proved has been shown to the reader.

(To be concluded.)

POETRY.

SPRING ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY R. C. BIERCE.

How softly breaks the light of dew-gemm'd morn
Upon this wide-spread plain of living green,
So beautifully fringed with blossoming thorn,
And wavy with the shade of dark ravine!
There, sparkling in the early light, are seen
The rainbow's hues reflected from the flowers,
Half hidden by their deep and leafy screen,
All glist'ning with the drops of pearly showers,
That softly fade in tears upon Night's silent hours.

How sweetly, clearly, on the ear now falls
The gushing music of the wild bird's song,
Whose deepest harmony no worldly care inhalls;
Oh! lightsome, glad some swell his notes along,
Poured from a bosom that ne'er suffered wrong;
Gay as the sunshine of this bursting Spring
Are the tuneful warblers of this woolly throng,
Whose cheery notes g'er wild and prairie ring,
Light as the plumes that rest upon the shining wing.

The south wind, flitting o'er the wavy grass,
Bears the fresh fragrance of the flowering dell,
Blent with the shadows of light clouds that pass,
In darkened images, o'er each slope and swell,
Kissing the bright beauty of the wild harebell,
Yet leaves no footprint of its steps so light
On the green turf, or where the cool springs well
Their bubbling waters in a fountain bright,
That lulls the ear by day and sings in dreams of night

And this is in the Spring, the glorious Spring,
When life is mantling on all things we see,
And breathing Nature, on triumphant wing,
Soars upward, buoyant with vitality;
The heart will lighten, though sad Destiny
Press on its pulse with an unbroken chain,
And seek to bind us to the budding earth! We
May break away, nor heed the mortal pain,
For spring within the heart *should* hold eternal reign!

Most glorious Spring! that lifts from earth the shroud
Which chilled the beating of her bloodless breast,

By genial drops distilled from some lone cloud
That rose in softness in the sunlit west—
I greet thee with a bounding heart, though pressed
With care: and when thy swelling tide is o'er,
And thy rich robe with autumn woe is dressed—
When wintry winds wail out their mourning roar,
Wilt thou awake to all this teeming life once more?

This breath of flowers, this song of summer bird,
This balmy breeze upon the aching brow,
Come on the soul like some remembered word
That wakes the past and makes the pale cheeks glow
With feelings that dwell not in the bosom now!
The Past! the Past! Life has no annual spring
To bud our perished flowers, and make them grow;
No hand to bind the harp's long-broken string,
Or plume for loftier flight the fading, drooping wing!

A SKETCH.

BY E. T. CONEAD.

SHE knelt by her lover's gory bed,
For his life was fast receding;
On her panting breast she pillowed his head,
And essayed to staunch its bleeding.

"Oh, look on me, love!" But he heeded not;
"Oh, tell me thou art not dying!"
He heard but the far-off battle shot;
He saw but the foeman flying.

"Rise, fly with me, Albert!" But vainly she wept,
And twined her white arms around him;
For far on the war-blast his roused spirit swept,
And the battle spell still bound him.

He raised from her breast: "On, comrades, on!"
The hot blood gushed as he started;
"Oh, calm thee, my Albert—the battle is done!"
"On! on!" and his spirit departed.

One wild look of terror the maiden cast
On the form of her lifeless lover;
One look—twas the saddest, the loveliest, last—
One throb—and the struggle was over.

Her head on the breast of her hero sank low;
No sobe her sufferings betoken;
And the dew gathered thick on her pale, cold brow,
Cold—cold, for her brave heart was broken!

SONNET.—THE PARTHENON.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Still is thy Parthenon, fair Grecia! seen
Upon the temple-crowned Acropolis—
An image of true majesty is this,
Thy virgin's fane. For ages hath she been
Opposing her broad brow to winds of time,
Than Nature's self more lasting. Athens! weep,
The skillful builders are in death asleep,
Who reared thy world-famed monument, sublime—
Which yet with "wingless victory" proudly stands,
While mighty empires sunk have in decay,
And rivers have been dried, and fruitful lands
Reduced to barrenness. Erst, day by day,
Up you so sacred steep, in graceful train,
Went thy fair maidens to Minerva's wondrous fane.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY WILLIAM H. HART.

We come again with many an old and well-remembered lay,
That breathes of hours long since gone by, and scenes now
passed away,

To meet as when in life's first days of happiness we met,
And think of younger, brighter years, we never may forget.

We come again—but not as when we came in days of old;
For many a brow has paled since then, and many a heart
grown cold:

And many a young voice thrills no more with each remem-
bered tone—

The lips that breathed sweet music, and the eyes that
smiled, are gone.

They tell us some are tolling where the palm in beauty
waves—

Their dwellings 'neath the burning sun, and there, per-
chance, their graves;

And some amid the ruined tombs, that fide on foreign
plains—

But naught of theirs, save memory, around their homes
remains.

And one departed with the flowers, when leaves were fall-
ing slow—

When summer winds, among the trees, had sung a farewell
low

We bore her to her lowly home, beneath an autumn sky,
And wept that one so pure and good should e'en thus early
die.

A few, perhaps, to view the scenes of childhood's years
may come,

To linger round the hallowed spot that once they called
their home;

But years have stamped each wandering brow with many
a trace of pain—

And never, as of old we met, shall gather we again.

Then breathe a song for absent friends, the beautiful, the
gay;

A requiem for the fair young girl who early passed away;

A lay for wanderers far and lone o'er foreign mount and
plain,

And shed a farewell tear for those we ne'er may see again.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

BY J. S. WILSON.

My childhood's home! my childhood's home!
How mem'ry yet returns to thee,
Though severed far from all the ties
That bound thy boyish scenes to me!
What though my wayward course has been
Through all the varied climes of earth,
Yet none were half so dear to me
As that bright land that gave me birth.

The spicy gales from Ceylon's groves
May make the wastes of ocean smile;
And India's waves may bear the bark
To some enchanting summer isle;
But dearer far to me the storm

That howls among my native pines,
Than Nature's spicy laden breath,
When she in summer's robe reclines.

And fairer is the little stream
That, frantic, leaps adown the steep,
Than all the phosphorescent waves
That hold their revels on the deep.
Bright vale! thou spot that gave me birth,
Though far remote, I love thee still;
E'en here, where verdure decks the earth,
I long for thy dear mountains' chill!

And, O that I could meet again
The friends that once I met in youth,
To revel there as once we did
In childhood's halcyon days of truth!
I then might smile—perhaps be gay,
Which here I never more can be,
Since all the world has failed to gain
The love I owe, bright vale, to thee.
Lewistown, Pa.

THE PILGRIM'S ARRIVAL AT HOME.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON.

O'er a desert, all lonely and dreary,
Still onward, from day to day,
A wayworn pilgrim and weary,
Wended his desolate way:
The sun and simoom unheeding,
He journeyeth still on his track;
Though torn are his feet and bleeding,
The traveler turneth not back.

Cheer thee up, pilgrim, cheer thee!
Fear not the dangers around!
For lo! on thy pathway, and near thee,
A resting-place soon will be found.
'Tis gained by the pilgrim—behold him!—
Joy beameth now on his face;
Gather 'round his friends, and enfold him
In a cordial, a welcome embrace.

Now there is not to remind him
Of the way he has journeyed o'er
Forgot are the dangers behind him—
He thinks of the desert no more.
Happiness ceaseless, and gladness,
Pilgrim, belong to thee now;
Nor sorrow, nor grief, nor sadness
Shall e'er again sit on thy brow.

* * * * *
The world is the solitude dreary
That journeyed the pilgrim in;
The Christian's the traveler weary,
The danger around him is *sin*;
The place where he rested was Heaven—
Forever his pilgrimage o'er;
The embrace of the saints was given
Pilgrims who had gone before.

THE COUNTRY GRAVEYARD.

Bury me where a lone tree will spread
Its cooling shade o'er my lowly head,
That its with'ring leaves each year may rest
On the grassy mound above my breast;
The winds will rustle its branches free,
And breathe a requiem soft for me.

Bury me there, oh, bury me there!

Bury me where, at each coming spring,
Bright birds on its budding boughs may sing
In their sweetest strains, so gay, so free,
While the groves resound with melody:
Methinks from the spirit-land they come,
With their songs to cheer the silent tomb.

Bury me there, oh, bury me there!

Bury me where, from their wintry tomb,
The flowers burst forth in their sunny bloom;
Let ivies twine and the mosses creep
Where lies my dust in its dreamless sleep;
Sweet emblems all, that the blest shall rise
To fadeless glory beyond the skies.

Bury me there, oh, bury me there!

Carrollton, Greene Co., N.H.

M.

EL SINEUR.

BY NADEHDA.

The evening shades were creeping
The still blue waters o'er,
When, in thy placid beauty,
I saw thee, Elsineur!
The sky was glorious o'er us,
And lovely 'twas to see
The mellow tints thus glanding
Upon each green-leaved tree!
And I gazed until deep twilight
The scene had glided o'er,
And in the dim dark shadow
Thou wert fairer, Elsineur!

We saw each tiny cottage
With its vines all clustered round,
And the fragrant summer flowers
Within the garden bound;
And we saw the gray old tower
Of the good prince Hamlet,
And where the guilty Claudius
His brother's life-blood spilt;
And I wondered if it stalketh,
The tristful ghost of yore,
Within the grim old tower
Of thy castle, Elsineur.

But our bark, it had no moments
To spare, old town, for thee!
And the winds our sails soon wafted
Far toward the Northern Sea;
And ere the light of morning
Upon the waters gleamed,
While in our berths, all calmly,
We travelers lay and dreamed,
Swift o'er the waves we glided,
And I may never more
See thee, in the gray twilight,
Old Danish Elsineur!

On board brig Helen, July 14th.

DEO GRATIAS.

BY D. H. R.

THANKS to the Power Benign, that life doth give,
That 'twas my lot 'mid rural scenes to live
Through childhood's years; that on my earliest hour
The "mighty Mother" laid her spell of power,

Bidding me look on hills and mountains high,
Whose summits blue seemed neighbors of the sky—
On rivers rolling with majestic flood,
And rambling brooks of sportive-seeming mood—
On primitive forests with weird voices haunted,
That with a pleasing awe the spirit daunted,
Whose dim, lone glens and deep recesses green
Showed here a solemn, there a lovely scene,
Where the strong storm-wind and the gentle breeze
Drew various music from the stirring trees—
On the rich pomp the changeful Seasons wore
As each successively Earth's sceptre bore;
And thus that my young soul boon Nature fed
With choicest sights and sounds for daily bread!

Long years have passed; and I have walked, sad-hearted,
In many a funeral train of joys departed;
And I have stood upon life's desolate heath,
Bare of all green and scourged by Winter's breath;
Yet the fair scenes in those young hours impressed
Remain as yet unfaded in my breast,
And not a natural sight or sound but still
With the old rapture can my bosom thrill;
So that, where'er my fortune bids me rove,
Around me still rise objects of my love;
Nor can Fate's sorest stress despoil me quite,
So God's bright earth and sky salute my sight;
And, long as rippling stream, and rustling tree,
And heaving ocean's voice are left to me,
I yet must count the simple boon, *TO LIVE*,
Right worth possessing—worthy God to give!

THE WANDERER.

BY J. J. BAKER.

Jesus, Shepherd, from thy side
Far I've strayed without a guide:
Rugged are the paths I tread—
Dark the heavens overhead.

Length'ning, as I onward stray,
Boundless stretch the hills away;
Endless wilds around me spread—
Slow and halting is my tread.

As I climb the steeps alone,
Echoes far my plaintive moan;
Lost and faint, athirst I go,
Weary, wand'ring child of woe

Darkness now, serene and still,
Sits enthroned on every hill;
Starless is night's canopy,
Rayless all the world to me.

From the gloomy shades below
Comes the howl of savage foe;
And around the rugged steeps
Loud the gusty night-wind sweeps.

Horror freezes all my blood,
Chains my feet upon the road;
Reckless grown, I drink despair,
None, alas! the cup to share.

Rebourn, shall I longer rove
From thy people and thy love?
For the honor of thy name,
Oh! my erring feet reclaim!

Ope the fountains of my heart,
Cause the tears of grief to start!
Bring me from my wand'ring home,
From these never more to roam!

AN EASTERN SCENE.

FROM VICTOR HUGO, BY K.

Midst tow'r-flanked walls, whose base the Bosph'rus laves,
An open lattice courts the grateful breeze,
And there the young Sultana sits, and sees
The moonlight sporting with the purple waves,
And circling the dusk isles with silvery wreaths.

'Neath her rosy fingers why doth the guitar
Suddenly cease to vibrate? What harsh sound
Startles the fair one? Is it the rebound
Of a deep-fraught galley's bending oars, from the far
Ægean, to some Turkish harbor bound?

Is it the cormorant that, with sudden plunge,
Dives, and then, rising, shakes from his bronzed wings
The tide in pearl-like drops? Is't a ghoul that flings
Some tower's down-toppling crest, with spiteful lunge,
Into the deep? Why pause the trembling strings?

Nor Turkish galley, with long, bending oars,
From the far Ægean; nor cormorant with bronzed wings
Suddenly diving; nor a ghoul down flings,
Into the deep beneath, embattled towers:
From a low archway, lo! a light skiff springs!

Two men heave o'er its freight. The lady sees,
Adown the smooth slope of the parting tide,
What seems a human form distinctly glide.
The moon is sporting with the purple seas,
And pouring floods of radiance far and wide.

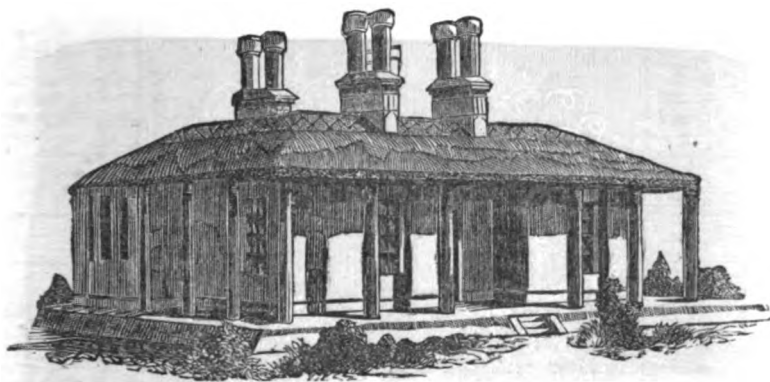
THE ARTIST'S' DREAM.

A PAINTER is gazing, in reverie deep,
Upon a canvas cold and gray—
Though wide awake seeming,
In truth he is dreaming
Of things far away;
And, though wild birds are singing,
And merry voices are ringing,
And all nature's beauty in the warm sun is gleaming;
Though the waterfall is dashing,
And the pretty brook plashing—
It all does not move him, for still he is dreaming

"Oh! what is thy dream, father? tell it to me!"
Cried a sweet little cherub, with merry blue eyes;
And, from his dream waking,
And his magic brush taking,
He sketched on the canvas a deep, wide sea—
And, beyond it, a fairy land of green shores and blue skies,
Where wild birds are singing much sweeter than here;
Where merry voices are ringing, undisturbed by a care—
And all Eden's beauty in the sun of heaven is gleaming;
Where the waterfall murmurs soft as a song,
And the brook's silver waters, as they ripple along,
Reflect the bright glances of angel-eyes beaming.

"Such is the dream of your father, my son,
And vain would it be with colors to paint:
If you wish a picture, yourself paint one;
Your soul for your canvas—a life free from taint."

MODEL COTTAGE.



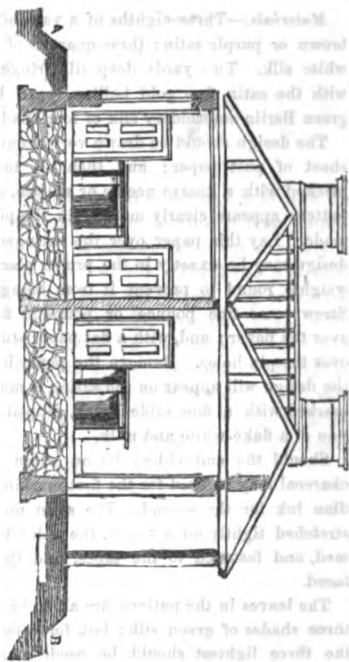
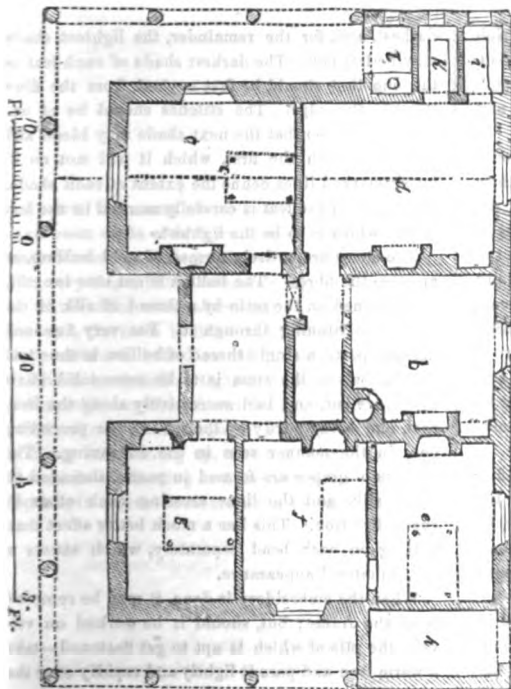
A Cottage of one story, with four rooms, a kitchen, back kitchen, and other conveniences.

Accommodation.—There are a large lobby, *a*; and kitchen, *b*; with a closet between; bedroom, *c*; parlor from the lobby, *d*; three bedrooms, *e*, *f*, and *g*; cow-house, cellars and place for wood, *h*; dairy, *i*; pantry, *k*; and water-closet, *l*.

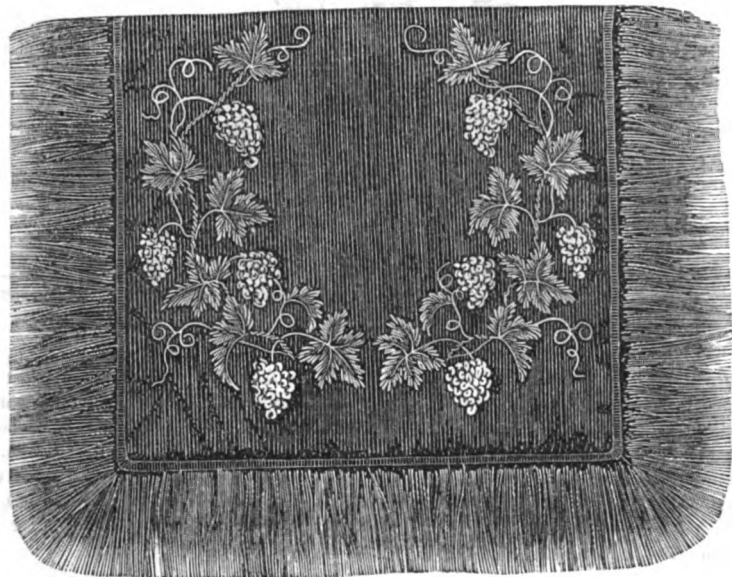
Construction.—The walls may be formed of mud,

because they have nothing to carry but their own weight and that of the roof. The weight on them of the roof, which is thatched, is diminished on three sides by the columns of the verandah. Such a design is very suitable for brick on edge walls.

General Estimate.—Cubic contents, 29,348 cubic feet; at 10 cents per foot \$2,934 80, at five cents \$1,467 40.



EMBROIDERED SACHET.



Materials.—Three-eighths of a yard of very rich brown or purple satin; three-quarters of a yard of white silk. Two yards deep silk fringe to match with the satin, fine gold bullion, pearl beads, and green Berlin embroidery silk of four shades.

The design should be drawn very accurately on a sheet of post paper; and then all the outlines pricked with a coarse needle or stiletto, so that the pattern appears clearly marked in the pin-holes so made. Lay this paper over the satin, so that the design may be exactly in the proper place, and put weights round to prevent it from being removed. Strew some fine pounce, or pounded flake-white, over the paper; and, with a flat paper stump, rub it over the pin-holes. Remove the paper lightly, and the design will appear on the satin; it must then be marked with a fine sable brush, dipped in a solution of a flake-white and milk.

Should the embroidery be on white satin, fine charcoal may be used for the first marking, and Indian ink for the second. The satin must then be stretched tightly on a frame, the sides being hemmed, and fastened to the tapes, and the selvages laced.

The leaves in the pattern are all to be worked in three shades of green silk; but, for some of them, the three lightest should be used, omitting the

darkest, and, for the remainder, the lightest shade may be left out. The darkest shade of each leaf is the one that should be first worked, from the fibre towards the edge. The stitches should be of unequal length, so that the next shade may blend and harmonise with the first, which it will not do if harsh-marked lines define the extent of each shade. The shape of the leaf is carefully marked in the last shade, which is to be the lightest.

The stems are entirely formed of gold bullion, as are also the fibres. The bullion is cut into lengths, and fastened on the satin by a thread of silk of the same hue running through it. For very fine and delicate parts, a single thread of bullion is thus laid on; but where the stem is to be more solid, short pieces are cut, and laid successively along the line, each one being partly by the side of the preceding one, in the manner seen in the engraving. The clusters of grapes are formed in pearls, threaded on white silk, and the lines crossing each other in every direction. This has a much better effect than putting on each bead separately, which causes a flat, unnatural appearance.

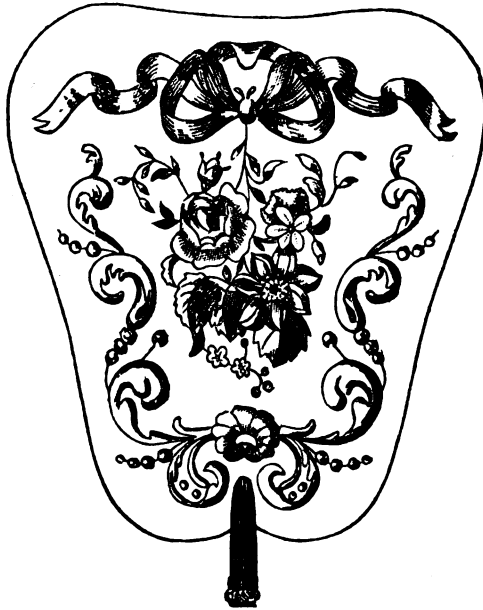
When the embroidery is done, it may be removed from the frame; but, should it be worked on velvet—the pile of which is apt to get flattened—take a warm iron and pass it lightly and rapidly over the

back of the velvet, before it is taken from the frame. The face will then be found renovated.

The lining and pockets, of white silk, must be quilted, with two thicknesses of flannel within them. It must then be made up, and trimmed completely

round with deep silk fringe. Initials may be worked with gold bullion in the centre; or they may be of silk. In the former case, the plainest old English letters look better than anything more fanciful; but for silk embroidery they can scarcely be of too decorative a design.

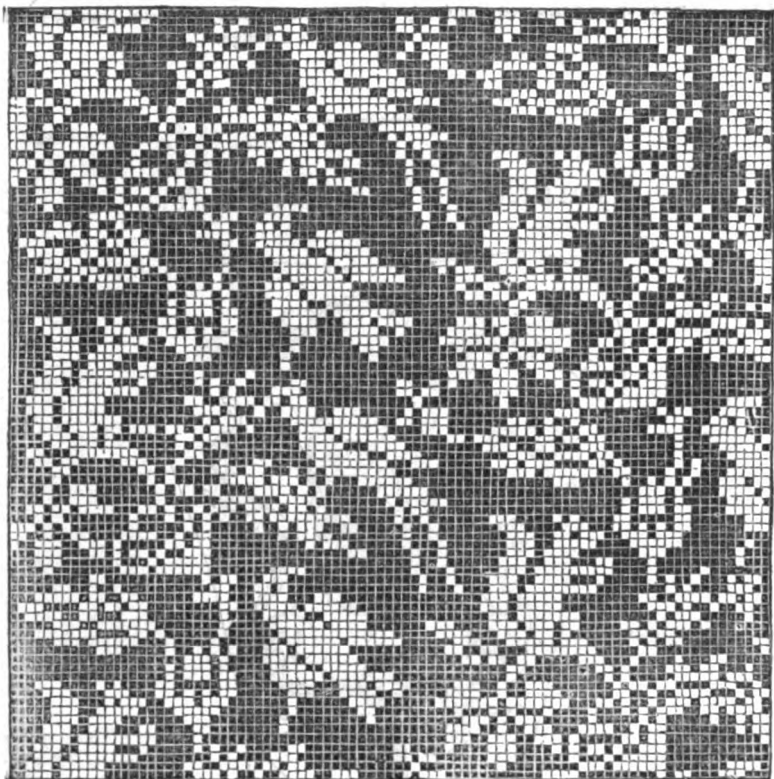
EMBROIDERED SCREENS.



Among the many revivals of old fashions which have been made of late years, may be reckoned the embroidered screen, a pattern of which is here given. This very elegant little ornament is generally worked on white satin, with colored silk; and, when this is the case, the satin is lined and sewed to a piece of tape, which is bound round it, and by means of which it is stretched tight to a frame. The mode of embroidering the pattern is not very difficult, the principal care being required to keep the silk from twisting and curling up, which it is very apt to do. The mode of selecting and arranging the silks must depend, in a great measure, upon the taste and skill

of the embroiderer; but the best way is to draw the pattern of the proper size, to color it from natural flowers, and then to imitate the colors as nearly as possible with shades of silk. For those who have no skill in embroidery, the pattern may be worked either in Berlin wool or silk, upon silk canvas, without attempting to fill up the background, which would make it too heavy. Whatever material the screen may be worked in, it is generally lined with plain silk at the back; the back and front being sewn together, and finished by a piece of cord being sewn round the edge.

CROCHET.



THE pattern shown may be worked as a square
of a counterpane, or used for any other purpose.

The ground is worked in treble open crochet, and
the pattern in close long stitch.

COTTAGE FURNITURE.

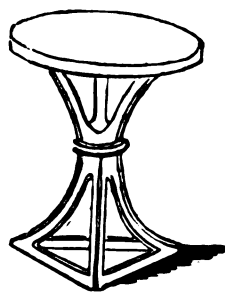
Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



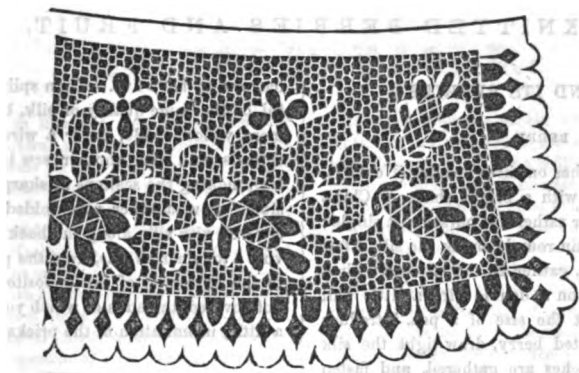
Fig. 3.



Figs. 1 and 2 are easy reclining chairs for a
library, parlor, or other sitting-room. They are

covered with morocco leather, with button tufts, and
are very easy to sit upon. Fig. 3 is a stool of cast iron.

LA FRIVOLITE.

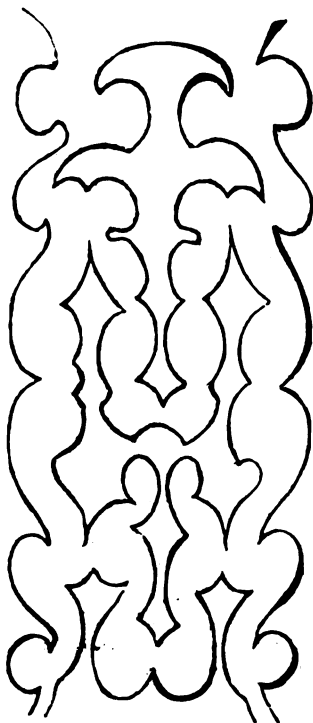


A Collar with Rosettes and large Leaves upon Net.

MAKE eighteen leaves and fourteen rosettes; also one hundred and twenty single loops, each one of twenty-six knots. The whole must be placed on a piece of Brussels-net, fixed upon colored paper, on which the design has been traced. The ends of the threads should be left to the rosettes and the large

leaves, and then these should be sewed over and over, so as to make the tendrils and stalks. The open work in the centre of the leaves is done with a needle in the usual way. On the outside of the collar, the whole is finished with a neat border made of tape, in the same manner as has been before directed.

PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.

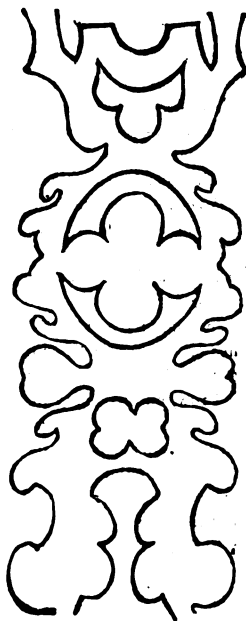


Useful Patterns for Working in Cord, Silk, and Muslin.

THESE are what are called endless patterns, to be worked in cord.

These fashions for embroidering the borders of cloaks, pelisses, sacques, &c., on merino, or fine cassimere, or flannel, with silk, are to be wrought with coarse or fine silk, or with a mixture of the two, according to the degree of intricacy or simplicity in the parts of the pattern.

To facilitate the work, we can furnish casts from the original wood-cuts of these designs. By chalking the raised figure on the cast, the design may be stamped on the cloth, and the whole trouble of tracing or drawing on tissue paper saved. One of our correspondents uses printer's ink, instead of chalk, in putting the design on merino. This requires skill and care to avoid soiling the cloth.



KNITTED BERRIES AND FRUIT.

HOLLY AND ITS BERRIES.

BERRY.

Cast on twelve stitches on three needles (No. 20*), four on each needle, with a bright shade of China silk, wound double, or rather fine purse twist single; knit eight or nine plain rounds, break the silk a few inches from the work, gather all the stitches with a sewing needle, make on a double wire a little ball of scarlet wool, about the size of a pea, introduce this ball in the knitted berry, draw tight the silk with which the stitches are gathered, and fasten it at the top upon the woolen ball. Gather the stitches of the other aperture round the wire, draw the silk tight, pass the needle through the berry, so as to bring it to the top; fold a piece of black floss silk in two, place it across the top of the berry, cross over it the silk threaded in your needle, pass the needle back through the berry, from the top to the bottom, draw it tight, fasten off neatly, and cover the little stem with brownish red silk or wool split.

LEAVES.

Several shades and sizes are required to make a handsome branch. The following receipt is for a middle-size leaf:—

Two needles, No. 19. Cast on one stitch with good size purse twist.

First row.—Make one, knit one.

Second row.—Make one, purl two.

Third row.—Make one, knit three.

Fourth row.—Make one, purl four.

Fifth row.—Make one, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit the remainder of the row.

Sixth row.—Make one, purl the row, and continue in alternate knitted and purled rows, making one stitch before, and one after the middle stitch in the knitted row, and one at the beginning of every row, knitted or purled.

When you have about eighteen or nineteen stitches on the needle, after the purled row, cast off five stitches in the beginning of the next front or knitted row, and as many in the beginning of the purled row. Then resume the alternate knitted and purled rows, increasing as before. As the scallops of the middle of the leaves are larger than those of either extremity, increase to twenty-six or twenty-eight stitches, and cast off six or seven on each side. Four scallops are generally enough; the largest

leaves may have five. Then split in three a needleful of the same quality of silk, but a brighter and more yellow shade, cover a wire with one of the threads, and with another sew it neatly round the leaf, making the scallops as sharply pointed as possible. Sew another wire folded in two, and also covered with silk, along the back of the middle nerve; then across this, from the point of one scallop to the extremity of the opposite one, a bit of lino, not covered, the ends of which you allow to protrude a little, in imitation of the pricks of the holly.

MISTLETOE AND ITS BERRIES.

BERRIES.

Make the berries in white China silk, exactly like those of the holly; the little spot at the top brown instead of black; no stem.

LEAF.

Two needles, No. 19. Cast on three stitches with green wool or silk of a very yellowish shade. Knit four ribbed* rows, make one stitch at the beginning of each of the two following rows, then four ribbed rows without increase, and two with increase at the beginning; repeat this once more. You have then nine stitches on the needle. Work four ribbed rows and two rows, decreasing one stitch at the beginning of these two last rows; repeat four ribbed rows without decreasing, and two decreasing rows, till five stitches only remain, then work two rows without decreasing, decrease one stitch at the beginning of the following row, and cast off the next row. Take a piece of the common green wire used by artificial flower makers, and sew it neatly round the leaf.

Then take a piece of wire, cover the middle about the length of half an inch with a lighter shade of the same wool; fold the wire in two, twist some wool round the top, so as to make a kind of little knob, place it between two leaves, fasten them face to face; add to the stem a bit of spring wire, about two or three inches long; give the stem its proper thickness with a little cotton wool, and cover it with green wool.

Four or five sprays like this, on the top of a common stem, with two berries, back to back, in the centre, make a pretty bough.

* Cornucopia Gauge.

* Ribbing is made by knitting alternately one plain and one purled stitch: every row is alike.

EDITORS' TABLE.

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN ROME.—A recent letter from our correspondent, for several past years a resident in the "Eternal City," informs us that there are now between twenty and thirty American artists studying in Rome. The greatest work of art in progress there, and, of course, the greatest in the world, is that of our countryman Crawford, "The Virginia Washington Monument." Our friend goes on, "This is to be one of the finest monuments ever erected. An equestrian group, Washington surrounded by six distinguished men of Virginia. The statue of 'Patrick Henry'—one of the six—is completed, eleven feet six inches high, dressed in the costume of 1765. This is very much admired. The Roman artists think these the best costume statues ever modelled. Mr. Crawford is now at work on the statue of 'Thomas Jefferson.' These statues are to be cast in bronze in Munich."

Then follows a eulogium on Crawford's genius, and the honor he is conferring on his country, both doubtless his deserved tributes of admiration. That the sons of America are thus distinguished gives us pleasure as well as pride. Shall we not also rejoice in the successful genius of the daughters of our republic?

AMERICAN ARTISTES AT HOME.—A young lady of Boston, Miss Harriet Hoemer, has lately completed a beautiful medallion, representing the head of Professor J. N. McDowell, of Cincinnati. This medallion, cut from pure white marble, is as large as the natural head, and the features are said to be admirably preserved. What renders this more remarkable is that the resemblance was sketched from memory, only aided by a small, defective plaster cast taken many years ago. The medallion was sent from Boston to Cincinnati; and Professor McDowell, on receiving this beautiful work of art, gave the following history of the young sculptress. We should state that Professor McD. occupies the chair of "Anatomy" in the Medical Department of the State University at Cincinnati, and that Miss Hoemer, a young lady about the age of nineteen, was on a visit to a friend in that city during the fall and winter of 1850-51.

"While the lectures were in progress at the medical school, Professor McDowell says that Miss Hoemer sought an interview with him, and stated that she had resolved to cultivate a taste for sculpture; preparatory to which, she desired to understand thoroughly the science of anatomy. She requested therefore to be instructed by him, and promised indefatigable attention to the study of this difficult branch of learning. Struck with the novelty of such a proposition, from a highly educated young lady, he supposed at first that she was jesting; but, upon being satisfied that she was in earnest, he readily undertook to instruct her. She immediately entered upon the study, and made such extraordinary progress that, in the opinion of Professor McD., when she left for Boston at the beginning of the summer, she had attained a rare proficiency in it. He related further that the now world-renowned Powers and the distinguished Clevenger had both attended his lectures when connected with a medical school at Cincinnati; but that neither of them had then made such progress in anatomy as Miss Hoemer had attained at the time of her departure for Boston. He paid a glowing compliment to the

enthusiasm of her genius, her love of art, her brilliant talents, and the maidenly dignity and purity of her character. He predicted for her a brilliant career as an artist, if she should continue to devote her talents to such pursuits."

Whether she does continue to devote herself exclusively to this pursuit of art, so as to win the highest renown, is of less consequence to her sex and to the world than is the example of energy in the pursuit of excellence she has already displayed. She has shown the superiority of the female mind in the study of *anatomy*, thus pointing to woman's true profession in the sciences, viz., the medical. In this science, females will excel whenever they are permitted to enter on the study.

HOW AMERICAN WOMEN SHOULD VOTE.—"I control seven votes; why should I desire to cast one myself?" said a lady who, if women went to the polls, would be acknowledged as a leader. This lady is a devoted, beloved wife, a faithful, tender mother; she has six sons. She *knows* her influence is paramount over the minds she has carefully trained. She *feels* her interests are safe confided to those her affection has made happy. She *trusts* her country will be nobly served by those whom her example has taught to believe in goodness, therefore she is proud to vote by her proxies. This is the way American women should vote, namely, by influencing rightly the votes of men.

HOW THE "MAINE LIQUOR LAW" MAY BE SUSTAINED.—This law, as our readers are, we hope, aware, prohibits the sale of all kinds of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal or scientific purposes. It has been adopted and *sustained* by the people of Maine for the last year or two, and, in that time, has nearly emptied the jails and poor-houses of their miserable inmates, most of whom had been reduced to poverty or incited to crime by **INTEMPERANCE**. Efforts are now being made to adopt this law in the other New England States, also in New York and Pennsylvania. Will not every woman's heart beat with joy at this prospect of reform, and every woman's voice wish it God speed? And, if women could go to the polls, would not their votes soon decide in favor of this law? Yet that decision could not sustain it, *because the law, in its last resort, must be upheld by physical force!* Herein lies the reason why men should vote, and women should not. But have women therefore nothing to do in this struggle between order and disorder, temperance and intemperance, heaven and hell? On women and children fall the deepest sufferings from this hideous vice, which sacrifices home and all that makes domestic life—woman's life—lovely to the vile selfishness and brutalizing appetites of wicked men.

The conflict between the friends of temperance and those powers of evil—the rum-selling landlords and their tippling crew—will be fearfully severe; and woman, in the majesty and power of her moral influence, should aid the right. Every man who comes forward as a leader in the cause of temperance is the champion of our sex. He should be honored as a hero. The smiles and blessings of those he is striving to save from the demon of drunkenness—a more ruthless destroyer than the monsters slain by Perseus or Bellerophon—should cheer and reward the true "Son of Temperance."

Some good men lack moral courage. They would face death in the battle-field with less trepidation than they will probably feel when depositing their vote *against the sale of intoxicating liquors!* Though the sale of other poisons is strictly guarded, the traffic in the rum poison must be free. Though gunpowder cannot be kept or sold but under stringent precautions, every house may be made the receptacle of an agent of destruction more awful than ever issued from the cannon's mouth. Let men who fear that the "Maine Liquor Law" goes too far, remember they are intrusted with a higher duty than any which the mere military commander performs. They are the defenders of society from the powers of evil, which destroy the sources of happiness, darken hope, and deliver over to destitution, disgrace, and death those who cannot defend themselves. Womanhood and childhood rely on the bravery of the *good and noble men* of our country. Every step onward in moral improvement is an added pledge for the security and happiness of the female sex. Every man who hinders, or strives to hinder these reforms, is an enemy to woman, and deserves her scorn, contempt, avoidance. All her influence should be given to the cause of temperance. The men who vote for the "Maine Liquor Law" are her proxies. Let her approval sustain them in their righteous course, and this "LAW" will be enacted and sustained.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "The Enthusiast," "Forgotten," "Rome," "The Peasant's Song," "White Violets," "Three Songs for three Belles," "Ballad," "To E. on her Bridal," "Let me die," "Stanzas," and "The Snow-Drop."

The following articles are declined. We give this list to avoid the trouble of constant inquiries about the communications sent us. Some of these are quite good, and may find favor with other publishers. We have no room for: "The Night-Watcher," "My Mary's Dead," "The Dead Hindoo Babe," "Logan Assenting to the Treaty of Peace," "The Lady of Harringshaw," "Song," "Lines," "The Traitor's Doom," "Song," "A Visit to the Hermitage," &c., "To a Red Rose," &c., "To Miss M. A. S.," &c., "To Amanda," "To my Infant Boy," "The North Wind," "My Pets," "Not at Home," "The Butterfly," "Sleeping at Church," "Fancies," "The Knights of the Crusades," and "The Importance of Always Telling the Truth."

OUR TREASURY.

POLITENESS.

BY GEORGE S. HILLARD.

True politeness is a very rare thing, gentle reader, stare though you may.

Of the gentlemen, young and old, whiskered and unwhiskered, that may be seen in Washington Street any sunshiny day, there is not one who does not think himself a polite man, and who would not very much resent any insinuation to the contrary. Their opinion is grounded on reasons something like the following. When they go to a party, they make a low bow to the mistresses of the house, and then look round after somebody that is young and pretty to make themselves agreeable to. At a ball, they will do their utmost to entertain their partner, unless the fates have given them to some one who is ugly and awkward, and they will listen to her remarks with their most bland expression. If they are invited to a dinner party, they go in their best coats, praise their entertainer's wine, and tell the lady they hope her children are all well. If they tread on the toes of a well-dressed person, they will beg his pardon. They never spit on a carpet; and, in

walking with a lady, they always give her the inside; and, if the practice be allowable, they offer her their arm. So far, very good; but I must always see a man in certain situations before I decide whether he be polite or no. I should like to see how he would act, if placed at dinner between an ancient maiden lady, and a country clergyman with a small salary and a rusty coat, and with some distinguished person opposite to him. I want to see him, on a hot and dusty day, sitting on the back seat of a stage-coach, when the driver takes in some poor lone woman, with, may be, a child in her arms, and tells the gentlemen that one of them must ride outside and make room for her. I want to be near him when his washerwoman makes some very good excuse to him for not bringing home his clothes at the usual time, or not doing up an article in exactly the style he wished. I want to hear the tone and emphasis with which he gives orders to servants in steamboats and taverns. I mark his conduct, when he is walking with an umbrella on a rainy day, and overtakes an old man, or an invalid, or a decent-looking woman, who are exposed without protection to the violence of the storm. If he be in company with those whom he thinks his inferiors, I listen to hear if his conversation be entirely about himself. If some of the number be very distinguished, and some quite unknown, I observe whether he acts as if he were utterly unconscious of the presence of these last.

There are a great many little offences committed against good manners, which people are hardly aware of at the time. It is not polite, for instance, to tease a person to do what he has once declined; and it is equally impolite to refuse a request or an invitation in order to be urged, and accept afterwards. Comply at once: if your friend be sincere, you will gratify him; if not, you will punish him, as he deserves to be. It is not polite, when asked what part of a dish you will have, to say, "Any part—it is quite indifferent to me;" it is hard enough to carve for one's friends, without choosing for them. It is not polite to entertain our visitors with our own family history, and the events of our own household. It is not polite for married ladies to talk in the presence of gentlemen of the difficulty they have in procuring domestics, and how good-for-nothing they are when procured. It is not polite to put food upon the plate of your guest without asking his leave, nor to press him to eat more than he wants. It is not polite to stare under ladies' bonnets, as if you suspected they had stolen the linings from you. It is—but let me remember it is not polite to be a bore, especially in print.

Let no man imagine that his rank, or station, or talents excuse him from an attention to those rules of good breeding, which cost nothing but a little care, and which make a great deal of difference in the sum total of human happiness. They are as imperative as the rules of morality; and there is no one, however great or high, that does not owe to society a liberal recompense for what he receives from it. There is now and then a man so weak as to affect to be rough, or forgetful, or absent, from a notion that his deficiencies in these little things will be ascribed to the largeness of the objects with which he is habitually conversant, and that his mind will be supposed unable to come down from the airy regions of contemplation to such low matters. But such a one should be put into the same stateroom of the great Ship of Fools, with those who twisted their necks to look like Alexander, or spoke thick to resemble Hotspur. A man that can do great things and not little ones, is an imperfect man; and there is no more inconsistency between the two than there is in a great poet's being able to write a promissory note, or a great orator's having the power to talk about the weather.

I will only remark, in conclusion, that good breeding should form a part of every system of education. Not that

children should be made to barter their native simplicity for a set of artificial airs and graces, but that they should be early impressed with the deformity of selfishness, and the necessity of thinking of others as well as themselves. Care should be taken that their intercourse with each other be in a spirit of courtesy and mildness. He who has been reared in a brawling and ill-mannered nursery can hardly be expected to ripen into a polite man. The elder members of a family should bear in mind that the influence of their own conduct will encircle the children like an atmosphere. There can be little happiness in that household in which the minutest offices are not dictated by a spirit of thoughtful courtesy and delicate consideration for others. How many marriages are made wretched by a neglect of those little mutual attentions so scrupulously paid in the days of courtship. Let it be borne in mind that the cords of love, which bind hearts so closely together that neither Life, nor Death, nor Time, nor Eternity can sever them, are woven of threads no bigger than a spider's web.

FEMALE ELOQUENCE.

BY ELIZABETH STALLING.

Eloquence may sometimes effect its object by means of splendid images and sublime expressions, but that alone which springs from the heart takes the certain road to success. The flattering results which have on so many occasions attended the exercise of this brilliant talent by the female sex, must be rather attributed to the energetic zeal with which, from their goodness of heart, they have entered into the lists in defence of virtue, than to any studied use of language, as was the custom with the public speakers of their times. The consciousness of being engaged in a virtuous cause has often given rise to the most enthusiastic and splendid eloquence on the part of women, who, weak and helpless by nature, have thus become endowed with strength, not only to urge, but to accomplish the most arduous enterprises. There is no doubt that,

"If the mind with clear conception glow,
The willing words in just expressions flow ;"

and warmth of feeling in women has amply compensated for any inferiority, if such there were, in their talents, to those of the opposite sex. We ought to set much weight on these superior instances of mental capacity, and endeavor not to degenerate from such worthy examples: such patterns of merit should not be thrown away upon us, for they teach us that, if the too free use of speech is attributed as a failing to our sex, the proper use of that speech may be rendered not only a private, but a public benefit; as there is a time to be silent, so it does sometimes happen that there is a time when it becomes a duty to speak; and eloquence, actuated by sincere and virtuous motives, must ever claim universal respect and admiration.

Literary Notices.

From J. S. KIDWELL, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZIMMER, Philadelphia:—

NARRATIVES OF SORCERY AND MAGIC, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES. By Thomas Wright, M. A., F. S. A., Corresponding Member of the National Institute of France. If any respectable reader should happen to be fond of contemplating, through practical and measured descriptions, the acts of filly and cruelty of past generations of knaves, fools, and fanatics, he will find in this book an ample field for the gratification of his propensity.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLACKISTON, Philadelphia:—

A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D. C. L. Abridged by him from his larger edition. With numerous woodcuts. Although this volume is merely an abridgment of a great and expensive work, it will be found sufficiently comprehensive in its details and illustrations to gratify every class of intelligent readers. But more especially will it be interesting to those who love to search the sacred Scriptures, and to reflect upon the rise and fall of the great nations and magnificent cities therein recorded, and of whom, and of which, until a very few years ago, it was presumed no other vestige remained to gratify the curiosity of the present age.

TILE CORNER-STONE. By Jacob Abbott. Very greatly improved edition. With numerous engravings. The former edition of this work was favorably noticed, as it deserved to be; and we cannot do less, in view of its re-appearance in an enlarged and improved form, than to recommend it, not only to the young inquirer after Christian truth, and the duties and obligations of a Christian life, but to all who feel the necessity of perfecting themselves in their moral and religious sentiments, whatever may be their age and experience.

A LADY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD. *A Selected Translation from the German of Ida Pfeiffer.* By Mrs. Percy Sinnett. The author of this work, which abounds in agreeable descriptions, appears to be a woman of great modesty, as well as of great courage and superior genius.

WESLEY AND METHODISM. By Isaac Taylor. We must beg leave to refer this volume to the polemics and religious controversialists, as we find that it contains a great deal that is not calculated to soothe the easily-excited feelings of sectarians.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by George Chambers. In four volumes. Vol. 1. This is a plain edition of the works of the great Scottish bard, which contains a more full and authentic account of his life and habits than any heretofore published, and which will therefore commend itself to the numerous admirers of Burns.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By the Right Honorable Sir James Stephens, K. C. B., LL.D., Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge. This is a volume of over seven hundred pages, embracing twenty-four distinct lectures on the history of France, bringing it down to the absolute monarchy as administered by Louis XIV., and concluded by a comparison of the growth of the French and English monarchies.

From BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia:—

ESSAYS ON LIFE, SLEEP, PAIN, ETC. By Samuel Henry Dickson, M. D., Professor of Institutes and Practice of Medicine in the Medical College of the State of South Carolina. This book will unquestionably furnish the reader, however intelligent he may be, with many new ideas on the interesting subjects of which it treats.

From W. HOLDAMER, New York, through J. & J. L. GIBSON, Philadelphia:—

WOMAN IN HER VARIOUS RELATIONS. In consequence of one or two errors in our former notice of this valuable family work—one which should, by all means, be found in the library of every American mother and daughter—we are induced to refer to it again. The author, Mrs. L. G. Abell, has been long a favorite with the reading public. Her "Gems by the Wayside," and her "Skillful Housewife, and Ladies' Domestic Guide," have elevated her to a distinguished rank among the practical and popular writers of her country.

NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "The Medical Examiner and Record of Medical Science." Edited by Francis Gurney Smith, M. D., Lecturer on Physiology in the Philadelphia Association for Medical Instruction, Fellow of the College of Physicians, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, and of the American Philosophical Society; and John B. Biddle, late Professor of Materia Medica in the Franklin Medical College, Physician to the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Member of the Medical Society of Hamburg. New series. Vol. viii. No. 2. February, 1852.

From T. B. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: "Yankee Yarns and Yankee Letters." By Judge Hall-burton, alias Sam Slick, author of "Yankee Stories," etc. etc.—"Sketches in France." By Alexander Dumas, author of "Monte-Cristo," etc. etc. One of the very best of Dumas' productions.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "The Tutor's Wand." A Novel. By the author of "Wayfaring Sketches."—"Florence Sackville; or, Self-Defence." An Autobiography. By Mrs. Burbury—"Maurice Tiernay, the Soldier of Fortune." By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," etc.—Nos. 16 and 17, "London Labor and the London Poor." By Henry Mayhew—"Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." By Benjamin J. Lossing. No. 19.

Publisher's Department.

We have in this number two Model Cottages. It will be seen that the interior of the "Cottage Villa in the Anglo-Swiss style" is the same as that of the "Cottage in the earliest English style," published in our last. The buildings differ only in the exterior. This cottage is also from Ranlett's celebrated work on architecture, which can be had complete of Dewitt & Davenport, New York.

The story of "Florence Sefton" increases in interest. It will be concluded in our next. We commence another interesting story in this number, "The Campbells and the Cliftons." We particularly recommend to our readers, "Some Thoughts on Letter Writing," by the Rev. H. H. Weld.

PARTICULAR NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—As we have at present no collecting agents for accounts now due, we must ask our subscribers to make their remittances direct to us, and at once.

If there has been any delay in our subscribers receiving their "Books," although we have heard no complaints, they will please attribute it to the same cause as that which detained their letters from reaching us, the detention of the mails. We have had letters forty days coming from Texas, and thirty from Louisiana and Mississippi.

"THE CATOCHA CHIEF" is the title of a spirited literary and temperance paper published at Auburn, New York. The sister of the editor, Miss Emma Brown, has recently been associated with him in the editorial department of the paper, and her abilities will no doubt impart a new interest to its columns.

RICHARD'S WEEKLY GAZETTE, CHARLESTON, S. C.—This valuable literary paper has been greatly enlarged and improved. It is now published in a form adapted to binding, and, of course, to preservation, and is one of the most interesting and best conducted periodicals of the South.

DEBET, ORTON & Co., of Auburn, New York, have in press a "Life of Kosuth, with Notices of Distinguished Men and Scenes of the Hungarian Revolution; his Farewell to Hungary, Address to the People of the United States, and the most important of his Speeches in Hungary, Great Britain, and the United States." Steel portrait of Kosuth. All orders for the work to be addressed as above.

THE AMERICAN COURIER.—This old family newspaper, better known in years gone by as the *Saturday Courier*, continues the "even tenor of its way," under the able control of its indefatigable and industrious editor, Andrew M'Makin, Esq. Independent of the spice and variety which distinguish the columns of the *Courier* from most of its weekly cotemporaries, we can say of a truth that its poetry, original and selected, and its tales, are, for the most part, from the pens of writers of distinguished genius and ability. We observe that the *Courier* has just commenced the publication of an original *nouvellette*, "Marcus Warland; or, the Long Moss Spring," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of the "Mob Cap," and other popular tales, which have gained for her a world-wide celebrity. Success, then, to the *American Courier*! It fills a peculiar position in our periodical literature, which no man so well understands how to fill as Andrew M'Makin, and who therefore deserves success for his enterprise and unremitting exertions to please the tastes of his readers.

MRS. LINDSEY.—We are happy to hear that the success of this amiable and gifted lady, whose chaste and beautiful "Readings from the Poets" we noticed in the January number of the "Lady's Book," has been everywhere received with the highest marks of approbation and personal esteem. This is what we anticipated, as well from her private worth as from the great original powers which she possesses, and by which she so agreeably fascinates the good-will, and instructs the minds and the hearts of those whom she may address.

PUBLISHER'S CORRESPONDENCE.—No. I.

OUR friends have become so numerous, they are so courteous, and seem so truly sensible of the efforts we make for the gratification and improvement of our dear public, that it would be double-dyed ingratitude to pass over in cold silence their kind letters, though time is wanting to answer each in particular.

We agree fully with Dr. Johnson, that disclaiming speeches only seem intending to prove "how much praise we can spare." We therefore accept, with thanks, the encomiums that come to us from Maine to Mexico, and from the "Old Granite State" to the "New Gold Region."

We consider it flattering to have our "Book" largely circulated among the inhabitants of the great metropolitan cities, though there it passes, with many other journals, among people who, habitually and to keep up with the day, skim over all popular literature; but we are rejoiced when we find our periodical saluted by the cultivated and refined who live, like our own friend, "in a quiet, retired little village" of a distant State, who says, after informing us that she has obtained a number of subscribers: "I feel that I have acted less from selfish motives than from a desire to induce habits of reading and reflection, and to cultivate a taste for elegant pursuits in our little community."

From a remote part of New England we have received a picture of domestic enjoyment and social improvement so charmingly described, that we have half a mind to transcribe the whole, but, for want of room, must confine the extract to the opening paragraph:—

"**MR. GODEY** :—You are not aware of the pleasure with which the 'Lady's Book' is received by a circle of our ladies who meet for the express purpose of listening to its contents upon its arrival; and with what 'gusto' they devour each story as it falls from the pretty reader's lips! Upon the arrival of the 'Book,' all else is laid aside, and the afternoon is passed in listening to Godey. When one reader is fatigued, another willingly relieves her, and the afternoon and evening pass as they are aware of it."

We are by no means insensible to having "presented exquisite pleasures," by association or otherwise, to the *caké in Sacramento City*.

A correspondent from the regions of the Green Mountains gives us this gratifying passage: "Every person who has a love for the rich, the refined, and the beautiful in art and literature will, I think, subscribe for your 'Lady's Book.'" What a host we may and do expect! But we have to deplore the case of an "old subscriber," whom we have lost, and *who has lost us!* He professes to delight in our work; but, owing to the pertinacious encroachments of that race of social bandits—the borrowers—his "Book" being always carried off and worn out before he could read it, he has been obliged to give it up. This practice of robbing one under the mask of friendship and neighborly privilege, cannot be sufficiently deprecated. What would be said of the man who would bear off a fine turkey, just roasted for his friend's dinner, on pretence that he—the borrower—had nothing good at home? And then, when he had satisfied his appetite, he would, forthwith, cautiously return the cold and disjointed remains! Why should not mental food be respected as much as the material banquet? Let the borrowers reply.

As we are quite of Sir Toby's mind, that "this is not a world to hide virtues in," we will subjoin two or three additional extracts, rather flattering; but their tone of peculiar humor tempts us to give them unaltered. We beg it to be understood that our vanity is not raised above our business by these compliments; we take them as proof that our friends are satisfied with what we have done.

Thus writes one subscriber: "8— is just married, and his wife says she won't try to live without the 'Book.'"

Another discourses in this pleasant way: "Can love or money procure the January, February, and March numbers of the 'Book' for 1849? I have them entire for several years, except those three numbers. I turned fool at the close of '48, and stopped the 'Book,' and actually lived with my better half three months without its monthly visits. She is a peaceable soul, or I never could have done it. But the March winds, and the want of her 'Book,' got her 'dander' up, and I had to commence again—perfectly cured of my folly. If you have the three numbers mentioned, please let me know, and I will forward the money for them; or send them on, and on their receipt I will remit the amount."

And, to cap the climax, another correspondent says: "In the January number you beat yourself—that's beating the world."

London.

MY DEAR MR. GODEY : It gives me great pleasure to assure you of the increasing interest which is felt in this metropolis in regard to the progress of American literature. Not a book reaches here from the United States, especially if it come from the pen of any one of our gifted countrymen, that does not excite peculiar curiosity in the public mind. It is acknowledged by all liberal and intelligent persons with whom I have conversed, that there is a degree of dignity, beauty, and chasteness in the writings of our female authors, which does not so generally characterize the

works of the same class of writers in Europe. In the former, there is observable an ease, a freshness, and, if I may say so, a practicability which does not often sparkle amidst the old and worn out ideas and sentiments of this region of pride and poverty, of aristocracy and oppression. In this respect, your "Lady's Book" is an especial favorite. It does not bring us back the stale sentimentality and gossip of the love-writers and incident-polishers of the English magazines; but, on the contrary, furnishes us with new materials for thought and reflection, and with much that is gloriously indicative of the freedom and the intelligence which pervade all classes in happy America.

A scene was recently witnessed here, which struck me as a sad evidence of the unfortunate condition of a numerous body of humble, but respectable females. It was the departure for Sydney, under the patronage of the Female Emigration Society, of sixty females, their ages ranging from eighteen to thirty years. They were all of the most unexceptionable character, a majority of them having been employed as domestic servants. The separation of these poor women from their families and friends, I say, is a melancholy indication of the crowded state of society here, and of the want and wretchedness, if not of the sin and shame, which are continually pressing upon, and often overwhelming the masses of the people. Another scene, significant of the condition of the poor in this country, was enacted at Liverpool a few days since, in the commencement of operations, as shoe polishers, of a number of boys from the ragged schools. They were attired in a uniform of blue frock and cap, and each had suspended over his breast a box, locked, in which were dropped the pennies earned in their new vocation; and, on their return to school in the evening, the boxes are delivered up, and they are paid a certain sum per day as wages. But still another reflection in regard to the condition of the people of some of the most populous parts of this kingdom, may be drawn from a fact stated in a report made at a recent meeting in Sheffield, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, to wit, that seven out of every ten young men in that town were unable to write their names. Is the destitution, is the ungodliness of such a community to be wondered at? Is the slavery, is the degradation of such a people a mystery to be solved only by deep philosophy and statesmanship?

You have doubtless heard ere this of the dreadful fate of the steamer "Amazon." The details of this catastrophe are too horrible and heart-rending to be dwelt on; and I only mention it here to refer to the fact that the whole matter will be searchingly inquired into. Some censure has been thrown on the conduct of Mr. Vincent, an officer of the watch, and who, it is intimated, was the first to secure the life-boat, in which himself and a number of the passengers were saved.

The poetical works of James Russell Lowell have been republished in this city. One of the weekly papers, which publishes an extract from his work, entitled, "The Fountain," is of opinion that America has few poets of great merit, nor does it think that Mr. Lowell is entitled to that distinction. It admits, however, that he is above mediocrity, especially in his shorter pieces.

A pantomime has been exhibiting at one of the theatres, in which the royal family are represented as witnessing the performance of Hamlet. The theatre was crowded every night of exhibition, and the manager was reaping a harvest at the expense of his sovereign; but, while thus profitably engaged, "the examiner of plays" gave him to understand that scenes in which the court might be introduced on the stage would not be allowed.

In the fine arts, I have only to notice the completion of a statue of Lord Nelson, which reflects great credit on Mr.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK!

LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

THE BOOK OF THE NATION AND ARTS UNION OF AMERICA!!

THE LADY'S BOOK is now in the twenty-second year of its publication by the same Publisher—a fact unprecedented in the history of any American Magazine. Nothing but real worth in a publication could be the cause of so prolonged an existence, especially in the literary world, where everything is so evanescent. Hundreds of magazines have been started, and, after a short life, have departed—while the “Lady's Book” alone stands triumphant, a proud monument reared by the Ladies of America as a testimony of their own worth.

Many persons, who seek no further than our title, presume that the “Lady's Book” is intended merely for the amusement of a class, and that it does not enter into the discussion of those more important questions connected with the realities and the duties of life which every well-informed woman, mother and daughter, should be acquainted with. But such is not the fact. It is now, as it has ever been, our constant care to combine, in the pages of the “Lady's Book,” whatever is useful, whatever is elevating, whatever is pure, dignified, and virtuous in sentiment, with whatever may afford rational and innocent amusement.

GODEY'S SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

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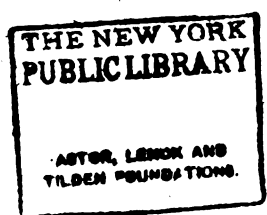
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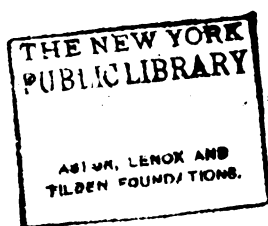
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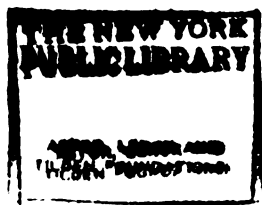
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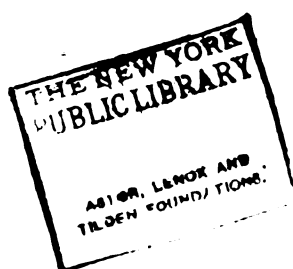
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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1852.

JANUARY AND MAY.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(See Plate.)

"What can a young lassie do
Wie an auld mon?"

WE are a great believer in the inclination of the twig. Early impressions are far more lasting than mothers or teachers have any idea of; but the plastic clay hardens after they are once received, and you must break the image if you would erase the unskillful line.

Mrs. Middleton had known this all her life—at least she had read the opinion, and heard it discussed at her father's table; but, when "spirit sculpture" became her duty in turn, she had forgotten, or laid aside the lessons of her childhood. The case stood thus with her: a fair, but faded widow of thirty-seven, dependent on her husband's relatives for the support of herself and only child, Alice. Alice was delicately beautiful, had already the dignity and repose of manner that distinguished the race from which she sprang, with superciliousness, that had been encouraged rather than checked, and well instructed on the mission of her life—to marry well.

This was held up as the hope and aim of all her movements. She was to hold herself erect; for stooping would impair her figure, and detract, as it were, from the value of the only fortune she possessed—personal loveliness. She was to correct every awkward or ungraceful habit; it would "grow into a bad manner." She was to practice diligently, and master every accomplishment at school, for the one grand object. Her letters from her mother were full of regrets for her lost position and luxury, or careful reminders that she was depriving herself of everything possible, to confer the advantages of a stylish education at a stylish school, where she would make fashionable acquaintances, on her daughter. For all this self-sacrifice, Alice, thus armed for conquest, and introduced into society under the auspices of an easy, good-tempered

relative of her father's, and the prestige of their connections, was to reward this devoted parent by marrying well.

She never defined the sentence exactly; but Alice already had an idea of all it implied. Not one thought of moral or social worth, not an inquiry into the possession of amiable traits of character, or intellectual cultivation; any one having any standing in society—the society whose atmosphere she had always breathed—and possessing the fortune that was to gratify expensive tastes and habits, came under Mrs. Middleton's generic term, "an eligible husband."

Naturally, there was much besides mere beauty to recommend Alice Middleton. As yet, the character was but shaping, the hardening process had not commenced. She had her intimate school friends, who loved and admired her unaffectedly, and her bright cheerfulness, as well as her rapid progress, had made her a favorite with her teachers. It was a sway that she held by right, as it were; for even at school she had learned the importance her connections maintained in the fashionable world, and it seemed natural that, on this miniature stage of action, a prominent part should be assigned to her.

Seventeen has some confidences, and perhaps the approaching separation had its influence on the little group in the school-room of Madame Loraine, gathered around the fire, and talking earnestly in the twilight.

"I would like to be an authoress, if I could have my choice, girls." This was Madeline Connor, younger by a year than her stylish friend. "It must have been such a triumph to Mrs. Hemans, when people came from every part of England and America to see her. I wouldn't care who loved me, so every one acknowledged my talent. I don't

think we need a great deal of love in this world; but I must be *admired*, if I only *dared* to write all I think and feel! I'm sure you like to be admired, Alice!"

"Yes, Maddy; but not for its own sake. I always have too much pride to care for *hearing* that I am beautiful or accomplished. It would fret me if"—

"If what, dear?"

"Well, then, if I did not know the power it gave me. I shall be married before you are famous."

"So shall I," chimed in Amine Wharton, who made up the trio. "That is, I *hope* so, if anybody ever *will* love me. I'd so much rather be loved than admired."

"I did not say anything about being *loved*, Amine. But I intend to make an excellent match. I wouldn't marry the best and most loving man in the world, if he was poor."

"Oh, Alice!" The earnest, childlike face was raised to her friend's, as if to see whether it was a jest or sober avowal of intention; but she saw, by the flickering blaze, the proud smile that quivered over the still prouder mouth, and she checked the question.

"True, Amine; don't be shocked," she added, gayly. "*Chacun à son gout*, as our excellent *madoiselle* would observe. It's a fair choice; you wish love, Maddy distinction and flattery—for the one goes with the other. I am much more moderate in my demands. Rich husbands are more plentiful than good ones—or successful authorships."

"If I thought you were in earnest, Alice, I really wouldn't love you."

"Nonsense, child, you will be wiser when you are older: and that's eight, my practice hour. Now for the harp and M. Bochsa's interminable arrangements."

The practicing commenced. The others still sat and mused over the future; but Alice seemed wholly absorbed in the *glissando* movement she was attempting.

If this be the school-room purpose, it is but natural that contact with the world should strengthen it. Alice Middleton became a belle in her very first winter. Her pride was at once an armor and a weapon. Her beauty was unquestioned, and her accomplishments loudly applauded whenever she condescended to exhibit them. Madeline and Amine, still in the school-room, heard of her triumphs, and still built castles for their own success; but Alice was carving out her way—achieving her mission.

No school-room modesty prevented her from the gayest dance. She waltzed, she rode, she sang at the watering-places, visited during her first season; and, of course, before it was ended, her conquests were not to be counted singly. Saratoga ended the summer's campaign, and still the important point had not been decided. So courteous to all who had sufficient claims upon her notice, so self-possessed

when dignity was called up to repel attentions it would not do to encourage, few would have thought that any deep emotion ever stirred the rich love that trembled to the pulses of her heart, or any tumultuous feeling sent the rich glow to her cheek. And yet, as the leave-taking drew nearer, she could not conceal it from herself, struggle as she did, that her hand trembled in one clasp, and there were eyes beneath which her own long lashes fell. And yet this would not do. The lover had not declared himself, it is true—this she had always avoided; but it needed no words to tell her that she was loved, and for herself, that was strangest of all. Not alone that she was beautiful, or admired by others; but because, even in the frivolity in which they mingled, he had kept a noble heart little tainted, and had the rare talisman to draw forth all that was good and noble in her own.

He was poor.

This she knew from his own lips. He had told her of his plans, his hopes, and aims. They were high, and he had the ambition and energy that would seem to insure ultimate success. And she had listened with true interest and sympathy, until he came to say how much a beacon star would brighten his pathway, and that, if he had the affection and advice of a truly noble woman to rest upon, he should be undaunted by any discouragements, and surmount all obstacles; then she answered more coldly, and talked of other things, leaving him still to feed his love only on her glances and her smiles.

They did not meet again until the winter season was far advanced, and then in the crowd and whirl of a gay saloon. He had hoped to meet her there, for he had much to say. The first step in his career was taken, everything was bright before him—brightened, it may be, by the thought of her approval, and the hope of making his love a more worthy offering. For now his lips should be unsealed; he had a right to profess his honorable attachment; he could not believe that he had presumed in reading those drooping eyes, that trembling hand.

He came upon her party, after all, unexpectedly. He had never seen her look so beautiful, so worthy of homage, and yet it did not daunt him. She stood beneath the full blaze of the chandelier—for her beauty could bear the test; her dress of gauze-like transparency softened the brilliancy of her complexion, and, as she spoke or moved, he saw the gleaming of her rounded arm, as white it seemed as the pearls that clasped it. He stood in the shadow of a curtain and watched her, as one listens to the praises of others on a prize he is conscious of possessing. He could distinguish, even amid the hum of voices, the clear tones that had been his music, as she "shot the silver arrows forth" of graceful jest and repartee. Her mother stood near her, something of her old spirit restored, as she, too, watched her daughter's triumphs. She was leaning on the

arm of a gentleman he scarcely noticed at first, until he remembered that he had met him in the summer's travel, and that he had often lingered in the train of the new star. There was a hollow-worn look about the face he did not like. It was carefully made up to conceal the effects of age, and a life of fashionable dissipation; but, in this strong light, and in such immediate contrast with youth and beauty, the end was scarcely served. The thought passed through his mind but as a momentary unpleasant sensation, forgotten as soon as his eyes once more rested on the face of her he loved; for now she had recognized him. He could not be mistaken in thinking the color deepening on her cheek, or that her eyes shone with a smile of more than ordinary welcome.

And now he had claimed her hand for a waltz, as in those early days of her acquaintance. Once more they floated to the graceful measured music; and then it was but natural that, separated from their party, they should turn in quest of them to a room more softly shaded, and where so many eyes were not observing them. She leaned upon his arm with something of the old confidence, and, as he glanced down upon her, the memory flooded his heart, as it were, and he could not resist the impulse to tell her all.

She listened now; there was no one near them, the lamps were softened almost to moonlight, and the air was heavy with the breath of flowers. She stood so silently beside him, not raising her face; but he felt her hand tighten upon his arm as he went on. Then, for the first and only time, he saw her yield to ungovernable feeling. She raised those proud eyes with a look of passionate entreaty, as he ended, as if she would pray him to unsay all.

"I do not deny that I love you, Morris Wharton"—for it was the brother of her friend to whom she spoke—"love you as few women are capable of loving: *have* loved you;" and the grasp of her slender hand seemed to hold him like iron; "for it is all over now. I know all I could be to you—all I should be, under your influence: that, together, we should achieve all that the most ambitious could desire. But we should have had a weary probation. I have tried to school myself to think of it; but I could not. Present good has decided me. I could not stoop to poverty, or even straitened means. I have been surrounded by wealth and luxury since my birth. I know it belonged to others, but I enjoyed it, and I determined to hold it as my own."

"Alice!"

"Wait. I have not even the power of questioning now. The decision is made. I am to be married very soon. Have not they told you? You saw him to-night: my mother was leaning on his arm."

"Not him! Do not say that, Alice! But you are jesting with me; he is your mother's suitor. Tell me?"

"No, he is *mine*, and accepted." He offers me un-

bounded wealth and an assured position. I am still a dependent. I will do him the honor to take his name and his fortune," she added, bitterly.

He pitied her through all his own misery, as she stood there beside him. Now that the color had died from her cheek and lip, he saw how changed she had become. The yearning look of tenderness and entreaty had died away, and there was a painful hardness in her eyes and the firm compression of her mouth. It was as if his love had welled back to its fountain, and a seal had, for the time at least, been set upon it; but there was a mingled tide of pity and contempt in its place.

"Look at this, Alice."

She followed the direction of his hand, and saw the gleaming of a picture-frame before them, and then the figures grew more distinct, and she recognized the outline of the landscape: a proud mansion in the background, with stately terraces overlooking a fair landscape; a home stately enough even for her ambition. But the foreground was filled by two contrasted figures: an old, decrepit man toiling along in second childishness, his steps upheld by a staff, and the arm of a young girl, crowned with flowers, and clad in a velvet bodice, guiding his uncertain steps, but with a sad, listless glance. Beneath it the artist had written, "January and May." The satire was scarcely veiled; no text was needed.

"Forgive me! forgive me!" he said, when the firm lips quivered with suppressed emotion; for, with a glance, she had comprehended his meaning.

"It is scarcely an attractive picture," she said, coldly, and almost carelessly, as pride suggested the response. "But perhaps as much so as if the artist had portrayed the discomforts of 'love in a cottage.'"

It was over, then; so the tide of society is glassed above its deeper undercurrents. Pride and resentment had finished the work of ambition and rejected love. Henceforth there was to be no word of sympathy, no glance of earnest feeling. The cold, polished courtesies of society were interchanged, and they parted. Alice Middleton was not turned from the course she had chosen. The gray-haired wooer received her hand, and her exquisite taste was gratified by a lavish display of all that was costly in art or elegant in association. Her mother, self-satisfied, and more than rewarded, shared in all, and her daughter's proud heart never reproached her with the sacrifice of principle and feeling by which it had been attained. Sometimes a long quivering sigh gave token, in her solitude, that it was peopled with haunting memories of the past, and it may be regret, as Morris Wharton rose to distinction and wealth; but she felt, at least, what had marked him as the cold cynic he was known among men, and that the brightness of two lives had been shadowed by her mother's teachings.

MUSIC.

BY D. H. BARLOW

To any but the man completely absorbed by self, and occupied with catering for self, the welfare of his race is never an object of indifference. He hails, with genuine satisfaction, every token, of whatever description, indicative of social advancement. And among tokens—many and striking at the present hour—he will, doubtless, reckon the increasing value set on music, and the unwonted attention paid to its cultivation.

The evidences of such increase are numerous and everywhere discernible. For example, in Prussia, which can boast the most perfect existing system of popular education, music is made a part of primary school tuition. By the wise framers of that magnificent national scheme, it was judged (and rightly) that, in providing for the development and training of the several human powers, so noble a capability as the human voice should by no means be omitted.

Another token of growing regard for music is the appearance, within a few years, of an unusual number of pre-eminent geniuses in the art. Paganini, Malibran, Ole Bull, Vieux Temps, and De Mayer (to name no others) constitute a galaxy of brilliancy such as the world never, probably, saw before as cotemporary.

And a point worthy of special notice, in this connection, is, that many of these cotemporary artists have excelled with the violin, a fact significant for many reasons. One of these is that, while other musical instruments are strictly limited by their construction, and can fill out only an assignable compass, whoever may handle them, and however large his capacity, the violin, on the contrary, is of immeasurable capabilities, and itself becomes whatever the genius wielding it enables it and wills it to be. "It is," says one of our most charming writers, "like the human heart, with its laughter and its wailing, its sighs and shrieks, its love and fear and sorrow, and its aspirations, that go beyond the stars."

Now, is there no meaning in the fact that, instead of a contented adherence to instruments of cramped and definable power, we witness the cultivation of, and an unmatched proficiency in, an instrument of illimitable capabilities, and that, too, in so many individual instances? Does not this fact symbolize and prefigure an approaching era of larger freedom of movement in all respects?—an era that shall bring to light, and to the general possession, at once new riches in the natural creation, new and more ennobling truths in the realm of thought, and new springs of enjoyment, as well as means of embellish-

ment for the state of man? Does it not, in short, add another to the manifold existing indications, that "old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new?"

The same fact may be supposed to cover another meaning. The violin is reckoned the exactest type of the human voice, which is a main vehicle of man's feeling and thought. From its being so typical, you would naturally expect that, of all instruments, this would be the most difficult to master completely; that, imperfectly managed, it would, like the human passions, make the most hideous, insufferable discordance; and that, expertly wielded, it would create the most thrilling and subduing music.

Now, in the marvelous proficiency made, in our day, by so many persons on an instrument thus emblematic, in the soul-ravishing, superhuman accords now drawn from its strings, do we not witness premonitions and earnest of a coming time, when the voices, as the souls of the great family of humanity, instead of the hostile jarrings and embroiled clangors of the six thousand years foregone, shall blend in a single grand symphony of love and peace and good-will, worthy His approval who is essential, eternal harmony and love?

Action and reaction constitute a law pervading the universe through all its spheres. Nor less does a single electric bond of sympathy, extending from heart to heart, secure, out of myriads of individuals, one indivisible totality of race.

Now, that these sons of genius are capable of such prodigies of musical utterance springs from the fact that harmonies, aforetime either unknown or felt but feebly, now exist in and pervade the universal soul of humanity. Whatever so exists must, by a law of Providence, be somehow manifested. And therefore Ole Bull and his lyric brethren are sent into the world as incarnations and mediators of these wide, prevailing, bodiless heart-tones, yearning for utterance.

And the reason is obvious of their thronged, enthusiastic reception. It is that they make distinct and palpable to the general social heart what already lay therein unconscious, or but dimly perceptive, of itself. No sooner does the artist give expression to the harmony, which his own soul enlodges, than the kindred element spontaneously starts up responsive in a thousand others. The Memnon statue, standing but now so cold and mute, wakes into tuneful life and sympathy at the first glance from the bright divinity of song!

But, as I said, where action is, there also must be

reaction. That harmonious social spirit, which produced and informed these master artists, grows and expands in musical love and capability, under the influence of their strains. The wondrous creation becomes, in its turn, a creator, according to that universal law too familiarly known to all to need an illustration.

It might, perhaps, be thought beforehand that we, of this country, are occupied in a manner and to a degree incompatible with a taste for this beautiful art. Our aims and enterprises are mainly material, as our mission would seem that of pioneers charged with preparing the way for the coming of the Lord in the shape of a higher civilization and a more Christian social state, than the world has hitherto witnessed.

Yet even here appear the same symptoms, as elsewhere, of a growing love of music, and an intenser enjoyment of it, than in times by-past. Nowhere do its extraordinary proficients draw larger, more enthusiastic assemblages than in this busy, bustling land. Tight as the Yankee grip proverbially is upon the dollars, these have been poured out in a glittering flood in return for the streams of harmony set a flowing for Yankee entertainment; and, to compensate the creator of sweet sounds, purses, which have been closed with a hard knot against every other appeal, have had their strings pulled absolutely and entirely out.

I said, at the outset, that in this increasing cultivation of music, I beheld an encouraging omen for the future. Such an omen, I think, would be visible did we go no deeper than those purifying and refining influences of the art which appear at first sight. But it becomes far more palpable, when we penetrate into the nature and significance of music.

According to Swedenborg, "the spiritual ground and producing cause of melodious sounds are the good and pure affections; and the embodiment of these affections in truths, standing in proper relation to each other, is the spiritual and real source of harmony."

In the spirit of this same thought, another says: "Music is the voice of God, and poetry his language."

Cranch says: "Music is an attempt to paint on the black canvas of the present, with color-like melodies and tint-like harmonies, the soul's ideal reminiscences of the scenery of its native clime." Elsewhere, he calls music "the soul's homesickness." And, once more, he remarks that "music seems like the soul's effort to speak its mother tongue in a strange land."

Emerson says: "Over everything stands its demon or soul; and, as the form of the thing is reflected to the eye, so the soul of the thing is reflected by a melody. The sea, the mountain-ridge, Niagara, supersist in prechantations, which sail like eddies in the air; and, when any man goes by with ears sufficiently fine, he overhears them, and en-

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deavors to write them down without diluting or dopraving them."

And, finally, Mrs. Child says, with marvelous condensation and completeness: "Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe. Because it is the voice of love, because it is the highest type and aggregate expression of passionall attraction, therefore it is infinite, therefore it pervades all space and transcends all being like a divine influx. What the tone is to the word, what expression is to the form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intuition is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what holiness is to heroism, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man—is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful, and free, it pervades all things, and is limited by none. It is not poetry, but the soul of poetry. It is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportions in cast iron. It is not painting, but it shines through colors, and gives them their tone. It is not dancing, but it makes all gracefulness of motion. It is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in petrified music."

Music, then, being the expression of love, and love being God, and the universe being a manifestation of God, we should suppose that music must be *everywhere* found. And we do so find it. Not a brooklet sets forth from its mountain birthplace to run its life-race, that does not, as though in gayety of heart, sing to itself as it trips along. The four winds talk (according to their several characters) to the big forest trees, to the little shrubs, and, in fact, to everything they meet, and their tones, now gay, now plaintive, now loud, are all, in a degree, musical; though the north wind's voice, it must be owned, is often hoarse with a cold. And what an awe-striking music, "deep calling unto deep," there is in the roar of the ocean, and the far-reverberating roll of the thunder-peal!

So the winged tribes and the insect races salute, some the bright, busy day, and others the hushed, shadowy night, with an infinite diversity of melodies. Music, in a word, would seem, like caloric, to exist latent in all things; and as, with flint and steel, or even by rubbing two sticks together, we can strike out heat, so out of brass, steel, wood, and all other existing substances, can music be extracted.

And if such be the fact with the irrational and inanimate creation, much more with the human voice, the great organ of expression to the soul. In its commonest speaking tones, when love pervades and moves the heart, there is somewhat musical. Nor less does the opposite feeling betray its presence by the opposite of melodious in the voice: so that the very child knows, through your tones, whether there be kindness in your heart, or the reverse.

Thus, again, while no two nations can understand

the meaning of each other's words, all can apprehend alike the significance conveyed by music. The explanation of which is said to be, that the human affections, being (in their rudiments at least) identical all round the globe, music (the language of the affections) everywhere awakens kindred emotions. Whereas, words, being the expression of human thoughts or opinions, are not, universally, thus identical in meaning, since different peoples, from their education and conditions, differ in opinion or thought.

A well-instructed, acute observer, can judge, with no small preciseness, concerning a nation's condition, more especially touching its average moral sentiment and aspiration, from the prevailing character of its music. Thus, oriental nations are said to have, in their music, little or nothing of harmony. This fact is accounted for by the degraded position held by woman among them. Instead of being man's equal, companion, and friend, she is his soulless plaything and slave. Music, therefore, the voice of the great social heart, must, of necessity, lack harmony, which is the combination of the differing melodies, representative of the masculine and feminine affections.

The same fact is found existing among our North American Indians, and for the same reason. Their women are inferiors and drudges, and their music, destitute of symphonies, is made up of rude and simple melodies.

Among Christian nations, where woman, the equal associate of man, is believed, not less than he, to possess an immortal soul, and participates the same intellectual and moral culture with him, harmony naturally makes its appearance in music. And, still farther, the condition of the popular music exhibits considerable indication of the state of national cultivation, mental and moral.

National melodies or airs are the heart-voices of the popular masses, and in the characteristic tones of these melodies how distinctly is the popular feeling disclosed! What a vein, for example, of rich pathos pervades those Irish Melodies, collected and "married to immortal verse" by Thomas Moore! Do not their tones plainly reveal a people dowered abundantly with affection, and fancy, and all those finer elements which should place it high on the roll of nations, yet down-trodden and bleeding from long centuries of oppression, and bemoaning their sad present and lowering future? Their very wail cannot be other than sweet, for it is the utterance of a largely endowed heart, thus lacerated and trampled on. The "cloud of rich-distilled perfumes" rises from crushed aromatics most precious in quality!

The Scottish Highland airs have, also, a prevailing plaintiveness of cast. These, too, are the heart-breathings of a conquered people—of the Gaël driven by the Saxons, from their native lowlands, to abide among the heathy, sombre hills, and rocky mountains, where the fir and pine utter their means,

and the "celarachs blow their trumpets from the steepes," and far-stretching, billowy mists often swathe the whole region in a chilling shroud. Spirits originally hardy and resolute would naturally be tempered to a stern, solemn mood by such a history, and the influence of such an abiding-place. Their music, accordingly, is grave, pensive, and plaintive, though not, I apprehend, of an unnerving, debilitating character.

The Italian and French, the German and Spanish races, have each a music of their own, reflecting the differing character and cultivation of each. The English and American peoples, both compounds alike from various other nations, are both much accustomed to borrow, in their crude state, the suggestions of foreigners, and work out and appropriate them to their own use. So, both nations hitherto, without originating much themselves, have been content to adopt and repeat the melodies and harmonies of Europe. The sole exception, I believe, if this be such, is in sacred music, in which they have, perhaps, created something. And in this circumstance we see another illustration of the principle we are considering, since if, in any particular, the Anglo-Saxon race, on either side the Atlantic, be individual and very strongly marked, it is in their *religiousness*. The "great English rebellion" (so named), which decapitated a king, was mainly religious in its character, as it was from a religious instigation that the Pilgrims planted the seeds of our empire among the ice-bound rocks of the Plymouth shores. It was in keeping, therefore, that, if England and America should be impelled to express themselves through original music at all, that music should be religious.

The African melodies, again, which every school urchin hums, are a not less striking confirmation of what has been advanced. Everybody finds them attractive, yet nothing can be simpler and less artificial. Nor is it easy to find, on analysis, in what their attraction lies. Sweet, however, as they are, there breathes, invariably, through this sweetness, a plaintive, softly-wailing tone. This tone is not absent even from the most amusing of the comic specimens. The ever-ready laugh is half smothered in a regretful sigh.

Music, then, being what it is, is there not adequate ground for what I began by saying, viz: that the growing attention to its culture is an auspicious sign of the times?

But, besides showing well for the present, music is also a mighty instrument to help forward the race in its advance. Was it Bacon that said, "Let me make the songs of a people, and he that will may enact its laws?" It was wisely said, whoever the sayor. Not the words of a ballad, or the meaning they cover, are the principal things, but the melodies themselves. There is no comparison between tones and thoughts, as to their several capacity instantly and powerfully to rouse and sustain sentiment and

emotion. How, for example, can the soldier, by martial strains, be kindled into a frenzy of valor, which, annihilating all shade of fear, hurls him into the cannon's fiery throat, and the "imminent deadly breach?" And how, on the contrary, by different strains, can a quite ether flame, the divine flame of devout aspiration, be lighted and fanned in the soul to that degree, that all secular, earthly thought and feeling are utterly burned up, and we seem to breathe the very atmosphere of the empyrean itself!

"I took in sounds, that might create a soul
Under the ribs of death,"

is Milton's well-known and hardly exaggerated description of what lies within the resources of this art. And who better knew these than that prodigious spirit whose thoughts and fancies seemed, in his own language, to

"Voluntary move harmonious numbers!"

How incalculable must be the influence of music (even unconsciously to ourselves) in the development and fashioning of our natures, to verify that undoubted fact touching the Swiss absentees! The simple notes of that pastoral "*Rans de Vaches*" are potent enough to dim all the more numerous and brilliant attractions of the stranger dimes, to nullify the terrors of the military oath, and to transform the machine, fashioned by war's discipline, into the child all made up of sensibility, and yearning for his rude Alpine home with a desire so irrepressible, as to brave, for its gratification, the doom of the deserter, or else die of a breaking heart!

Ancient mythology and tradition are crowded with testimonials to the power of music. It was, as all know, fabled by the Greeks that Amphion raised the walls of far-famed Thebes by the sound of his lyre, and the fable, doubtless, covers a historic fact of some sort. It may have been that the hero brought into play the resources of his great musical skill to lighten the toil and temper the weariness, as well as to fire the zeal and augment the activity of the laborers employed in the work of construction, and thus the walls literally went up at the sound of the lyre. Or, the eloquence and persuasive power of the leader may be represented under the type of music. Or, finally, both ideas may be intended to be conveyed. But, in either case, a high tribute is paid to the might of sweet sounds.

The old familiar fictions of Orpheus, at whose witching harmonies the wild beast forgot his sanguinary thirst, the headlong torrent hushed its roar, the trees and rocks tore themselves from their fixed foundations, and remorseless Hades itself unloosed its gripe on the beloved dead; and of Arion, by whose harp the dolphin, the wildest-frisking of all the finny tribes, became subdued into the most manageable of steeds to bear him shoreward through the billowy deep, are both, doubtless, general deli-

neations of the subduing and humanizing power of genius, acting through religion and the fine arts, on the rude, savage, and brutish elements in man's nature. But they also alike contain, both directly and by implication, a witness to the meliorating and refining influence of music especially on the human soul.

The well-known anecdote of Napoleon's application of musical force, in his celebrated passage of the Alps, always struck me as exceedingly fine, for many reasons. You recollect that, whenever the army reached one of those rough, precipitous places where, heavily burdened as they were, they felt as though it were impracticable to advance another step, Napoleon ordered the trumpets to blow the battle-charge. The effect was such a kindling of military ardor, through this striking on their habitual associations, that the soldiery stormed the difficult crags just as they would have done the walls of a hostile fort or city. The very evils of genius are fertile of suggestion, for they are but extraordinary goods upside down. And this device of Napoleon intimates plainly what beneficent uses might be made of music even in the ordinary concerns of industrious life. Why not employ the functions of sound to cheer, to kindle, to invigorate the battalions of labor, when busied in useful, creative endeavor, as well as to fire the armies of destruction to the work of butchery, demolition, and laying waste?

In fact, since I have named war, I may remark that nothing presents so vivid a type of what our present perverted society is, while suggesting, by contrast, what it might actually be made, as this same matter of war. Here is that which involves and unites everything repulsive and repugnant—the severest toil; the most intolerable privation and hardship; peril in every shape; liability to wounds, mutilation, keenest pains, and agonizing death—a foul work of butchery, and blood, and devastation well befitting fiends of the nether pit! And yet, what a witchery is flung over it; and how does it appear a thing of grace, and beauty, and nobleness, and splendor!

And how is this effected? By combination and discipline; the showy garb; the flaunting banner; the thrilling, soul-stirring music in all its varieties; and titles and honors glittering, starlike, in the distance: these suffice to draw a mask over war's fiendish lineaments, and impart to this creature of the lowest abyss the semblance of an angel of light!

Now can any sound reason be assigned why that which is thus done for the work of destruction, may not equally be done for the work of production, of building up, of creation? We pay taxes, enormous taxes, and in other ways incur expenses vast beyond all calculation, in behalf of war—in great measure for the very purpose of giving to military service its attractiveness and fascination.

Would it be so very absurd, then, to devote some of our money to the end of alleviating the hard-

ships, of lightening the burdens, and removing the repulsiveness of honest industry, and of making attractive and agreeable those productive occupations on which hangs the very subsistence of the race? Among the means that might be so employed, music is one of the most effectual, as well as the most capable of diversities of appropriation.

I am reminded, in this connection, of the anecdote of Whitefield, which, I presume, most of you have heard. He was in the habit of adapting to the use of his religious meetings any popular melodies which specially pleased him, even though they should chance to be convivial tunes. Some brother clergyman found fault with the employment, in divine worship, of airs which had been chanted over the wine-cup in honor of Bacchus. Whitefield's rejoinder was, "Why should the devil have and keep all the best tunes?"

In the same mood I would say, "Why should the devil, the world, and the flesh, monopolize the best of the immense resources and appliances of music? Why not, at least, endeavor such an employment of these as may tend to better, instead of to worsen the condition of mankind; as may co-operate in the work of the construction instead of the destruction of human well-being?"

It is, I think, Harriet Martineau who suggests the experiment of introducing music into our halls of legislation. She proposes that, before engaging in the consideration of great vital measures, there should be brought to act on the minds of legislators that species of music which calms and tranquilizes all heat and agitation, and tends toward a solemn and equable mood of feeling. Passing then to the discussion of momentous topics, would they not be more than, under other circumstances, likely to decide in accordance with justice, truth, and propriety?

When we reflect a moment on what is the actual composition, often, of our legislative bodies, and then take into view how matter-of-fact, unpoetic, and reverse of picturesque we are in our prevalent usages and ways of life, I know the above suggestion will have a touch of the absurd and ludicrous. But certainly, in the nature of the case, there is no absurdity, but something quite the opposite. I think I have somewhere seen that the ancient orators and actors were sometimes accustomed to be accompanied in their declamation by instrumental music, and to make their utterance and their gesticulation keep time with musical measure. This would seem to us quite as ludicrous as the practice above suggested. And yet those old Greeks and Romans were no fools. Nor should we do unwisely to adopt some of their methods of throwing somewhat of poetic grace and beauty around the coarse, unshapely forms and homely features of our everyday existence. Even now we introduce music into the church, and reckon it an indispensable part of divine worship, both as being in itself an utterance

of devout emotion, and as attuning the soul to a fitness of mood for all other services of the place and time.

Why not, then, employ the same preparative elsewhere? Is it that the church is the only spot where God is to be recognized, or to receive service at our hands? And this vast field of life, with its immense multiplicity of duties, relations, and doings—has God no connection with these, or these with God?

That same legislative hall, for example, where laws are framed, operating to mould the minds and hearts, the character and welfare of millions, and that, often, for ages—is it an indifferent thing from what mood of mind such laws issue? Is it not, on the contrary, of inestimable moment? And if music be adapted to fit the mind for the offices of the sanctuary, why not for those of the senate house?

When the day arrives that men, besides accepting the apostolic precept, "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together," shall regard as of equal weight that other injunction, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God," then it will not be deemed absurd or ludicrous to prepare for the execution of high duties by the use of noble means.

I once heard it said by an expert musician that children, early enough commenced with and judiciously taught, might all be made, to some extent at least, performers in both vocal and instrumental music. For one, I could wish this idea might be universally acted on. I know hardly anything that seems to me more desirable. I would have, were it possible, every child grow up, from the very cradle, amid an atmosphere of sweet sounds. It would be an influence unseen, yet potent, incessantly moulding the expanding mind to all finer issues. Soothing disquietude, calming down turbulence of temper, sweetening acidity, and holding in check the elements of disorder, its moral action would be far above that of all precept. Plato said (2500 years ago), "as exercise imparts health to the body, so music imparts the power of self-government to the soul;" which corresponds with the above remarks.

The harp of David had power to drive away, for the time, the evil spirit, which troubled the soul of Saul. This evil spirit was probably the moodiness springing from uncontrolled, excessively-indulged passions; a morbid temper aggravated by habit and the circumstances of kingly state. Even this fled before the touch of the harp.

How much rather will the same agency put to flight the superficial tumults and moods of the childish heart, and what must be the influence for good, on so susceptible a subject, of a power competent to so difficult results?

The case of Saul has a parallel, in modern times, in a Spanish king, who was plunged in profoundest melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him, and under which he sat, solitary, in a darkened chamber, neglectful of all affairs, and totally obli-

vious of life. Of this he was cured, after the failure of all other means, by the singing of the famous Italian vocalist, Farinelli.

The ancients thought highly of music as a medical agent in bodily disease, independently of its action on the body through the intervention of the mind, and many curious anecdotes are related of their superstitions on this subject. Probably their estimate of its value to this end was really not exaggerated, though they might mistake as to its manner of action. There is a large *terra incognita* of which even physicians have little idea, relating to the connection of the mind with the body, and the action and reaction of each on the other, with their bearing on health.

Thus far, even now, it is certain that a sound mind goes, of itself, far towards securing a sound body, and *vice versa*. Its moral influence, therefore, of which I have spoken—its power to soothe, to calm, and harmonize the passions and emotions—is, in no small degree, friendly to physical health.

Over and above this, the mere mechanical exercise of the lungs and other required organs in singing is, like all exercise, physically healthful, and greatly so. Dr. Rush, therefore, recommends singing as one of the most effectual safeguards against those consumptive maladies which are the scourge of our climate.

To these moral and physical benefits of music we may add intellectual no less. Says a teacher of large experience as well as wisdom, "The study of music, from its very nature, cultivates habits of order. All must follow a precise rule; all must act together, and move in obedience to a leader; and the habit, acquired in one part of our pursuits, necessarily affects others."

He might have added that the very nature of music, dealing with proportions, adaptations, accordances, right sequences, may be reckoned almost identical with order itself, and therefore the mind, trained up amid and habituated to its influences, contracts, in the common course of things, usages of order and correctness in general, unless marred by some superior counteracting force.

Of course I must not be understood to intimate that music, alone, is adequate to shield the child or youth from the thousand contaminating and misleading influences to which even the early years of life are exposed, or that a taste for this art and its pleasures may not coexist, in maturer age, with great moral imperfections. I would merely suggest that, as co-operative with other fit educational means, this would be found a powerful agency for good to the moral, intellectual, and physical being.

Finally, as an amusement for all ages and classes, music would be of inestimable worth. Trivial as this point may be reckoned by the superficial, the philosopher knows it to be vastly otherwise. As are a people's amusements, so, emphatically, is the people. Originally the outbirth of the popular mind,

they react, with tremendous force, to mould and shape it.

The gladiatorial shows sprang from that warlike element in the Roman mind that made the city of Romulus the conqueror and robber of the world. But how much must those bloody exhibitions have aggravated the hardness and cruelty of the national temper! The two main plagues of the Anglo-Saxon race, in whatever clime, are intemperance and fanaticism. Does it never occur to us how much these are owing to our interdict of amusements in almost every kind—thus leaving no authorized means of satisfying that demand for recreation which is imperative and will not be denied, save the table and the conventicle?

Music, as a national recreation, would not only tend to soften, to humanise, and refine the popular tastes, but, occupying the place of those sensual enjoyments to which recourse is otherwise had, would elevate the tone of national thought and intellect. As a collateral benefit, it would secure from a multitude of temptations assailing those who betake themselves abroad for recreation. This can be had at home, with parents and kinsfolk, and the two sexes in company—the last alone a point of incalculable moment.

And, best of all, such pleasures, unlike so many others, leave no sting behind. We are led onward and upward, along a pleasant, flower-bordered path, to one stage after another of that intellectual and moral progress which fits us for that heaven whose truest emblem is music, as its reality is the love, of which music is the voice!

THE BEAUTIFUL SEMPSTRESS.

BY SAMUEL LAURENCE JAMES.

SHE sits by the window, sewing all day,
With a quiet and winning grace;
And oft, from my chamber over the way,
I gaze on her beautiful face.

She busily plies her needle and thread,
And always is tidy and neat;
She's sprightly and modest, nor lies late abed,
And seldom is seen on the street.

When down on the floor she gracefully goes,
While her patterns before her lie,
I'd lie on the floor myself, heaven knows,
For a glance of her bonny bright eye.

Her lot is too low for lovers who woo
For offers of silver and gold;
But she has a heart, and energy too,
That are better a thousandfold.

Now often I wish she'd lay her work by,
Nor labor so hard all the day—
For I fear it will dim the bonny bright eye
Of my neighbor over the way.

MRS. SMITH AND MRS. BROWN.

A DOMESTIC DIALOGUE.

TIME—Morning.

[MRS. SMITH, having allowed her cook to go out, allows her housemaid to be generally busy in departments not usually pertaining to the "neat-handed" Sarah; while Mrs. Smith herself, in morning dress, and remarkably pretty cap, dusts china ornaments in her "own sweet little drawing-room," pulls down Venetian blinds to spare her carpet, and arranges, softly and lovingly, a few books on an ornamental table: but she loiters in a manner that a deputy-housemaid ought not to do, dipping into the lovely illustrated "Evangeline" for full five minutes, still standing, but resting first on one side and then on the other, as little girls are always scolded for doing, and dropping into a chair, when in the dusting she glances at a page of the "Casa Guidi Windows," that had not struck her with its full force before. A patter of little feet is heard; the book is closed, and enter Susan the nursemaid, equipped for walking with Master Willy and Miss Katey, aged respectively four and two years. Bright eyes, soft, rosy cheeks, silken, curly locks, streaming beneath large sun-shading Leghorn hats; short full skirts, and little Katey's coquetish casaweeck, and snow-white socks and coal-black polished leather shoes, must be shown to paint their picture. Several demonstrative hugs between mother and children, somewhat to the detriment of Mrs. Smith's cap, are accompanied by crowing laughter. "Dood-by, mamma; dood-by! Tusan take us to see the twans; and such a nice walk! Dood-by!" And the four impatient little feet scamper away; Mrs. Smith watching them out of the gate, as she peers between the bars of the blind. Then with a sudden thought she unrolls some new music, opens the piano, and with the manner of a brilliant player when trying a strange piece, repeats one or two queer passages three or four times. A sharp double knock is heard, and the busy Sarah shows in Mrs. Brown: civil neighborly greetings ensue.]

Mrs. Brown. I heard the piano going, and so judged you would see me, though it is hardly ten o'clock; but neighbors ought to be neighborly; and, as I said to Mr. Brown, I was sure if you could help me you would.

Mrs. Smith. I am sure anything I can do——

Mrs. Brown. Oh, what a difference [looking round with envious admiration]. You can sit down in comfort to music the first thing in the morning.

Mrs. Smith. It is not my usual time for playing, but my husband brought me home some new quadrilles and a polka last night; and as we are going to a little carpet dance to-night, where I may be useful, I thought I would try them over. But what is it that I can do for you, Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Brown [sighing]. My dear, you are a young wife—not married above five or six years—and you have had the luck to have *treasures* (trebly italicized); but as for me, servants are my torments. I sent off the whole pack last night, and have only a horrid washerwoman in the house. Does your cook know of any friend she can recommend? That is what I wanted to ask you.

Mrs. Smith. I hardly think it likely, but I will ask Sarah if she knows any one. Cook is not at home; she is gone to the Institute.

Mrs. Brown. What, again! Then it was she that I saw so smart getting into the omnibus. Well, I must say you spoil them.

Mrs. Smith [smiling]. And yet I get on remarkably well. It is cook's third visit. I actually sent her to-day because she had neglected to go over the model lodging-houses, and I wished her so much to see them.

Mrs. Brown. My dear Mrs. Smith, what could it signify?

Mrs. Smith. A good deal, I think. However, I do not wonder at the omission, as I believe on the first occasion she had no eyes for anything except the kitchen-ranges; her account of which interested me particularly. I know, with all my Friday and Saturday visits, I have not found them out yet.

Mrs. Brown. Is it possible you talk to your servants in this way?

Mrs. Smith. Why not? I assure you we always consider our servants as humble friends, and interest ourselves in all that concerns them.

Mrs. Brown. But you wouldn't if you had such wretches as I have to deal with. Why in eight months I have had five cooks, three housemaids, and four little imps in buttons: they have nearly broken my heart, and quite made differences between Mr. Brown and me; and it has been so all my life. Oh, Mrs. Smith, how do you manage; and where did you get your servants from?

Mrs. Smith. I hardly remember how I procured them; through some ordinary channel of recommendation, I believe; and I know I received excellent characters, which experience has convinced me they deserved. In fact, I would not engage a servant unless her appearance, acquirements, and gene-

ral recommendation were an earnest that she would suit. Then, when one has a good servant, kindness and consideration, with fair wages, will always keep her. In fact, I believe kindness is thought more of than wages by many; though we are of opinion that servants ought to receive good wages—enough to lay by for their old age.

Mrs. Brown. But they never do. It all goes in finery, and that is what I will not allow; it was a quarrel about a bonnet ribbon that made me part with Mary at last. I put up with her impudence for four months, but couldn't endure it any longer.

Mrs. Smith. Certain limits are no doubt desirable, but a thoroughly good and happy servant usually saves from her wages, and generally has sense enough not to dress absurdly. I do not care how good my servants' clothes are, both for the sake of their appearance and for economy, knowing well that cheap things are always the dearest in the end.

Mrs. Brown [shaking her head with the wisdom of forty-five addressing the inexperience of twenty-eight]. I see we shall never agree. I don't know what the world is coming to. Now there's the post-man. I should not wonder if there are letters for the kitchen as well as for you.

Mrs. Smith. Very likely, for all the servants have relations in the country.

Enter SARAH, with a letter for MRS. SMITH, and another in her hand.

Mrs. Brown [to Mrs. Smith]. May I ask her?

Mrs. Smith. I was just going to do so. [To the housemaid.] Sarah, Mrs. Brown wants a cook; do you know of one?

Sarah. I think I do. [Hesitates and stammers.] That is, no; I am afraid the young person I was thinking of would not suit you, ma'am.

Mrs. Brown. Not suit me, Sarah! What do you mean? Is she honest, clean, sober? A good cook?

Sarah [indignant for her friend]. Oh yes, ma'am, but—but perhaps she would not do.

Mrs. Brown. Why not?

Sarah. You see, ma'am, it would be such a dreadful thing if she didn't suit, to lose a five years' character, and only leaving because her master has lost money, and is reducing his establishment; and she wants to stay with half wages, only he won't let her, and so she is teaching the eldest daughter to know about cooking; and so, ma'am, she couldn't leave yet, and of course you couldn't wait. No, I don't know any servant, I am sure, that I should like to recommend.

Mrs. Brown [with a half glimmer that Sarah does know of a treasure, but won't consign her to No. 5]. Oh, very well, I don't wish it to be considered a favor.

Sarah. Of course not, ma'am.

[Sarah curtsies, and leaves the room.]

Mrs. Smith [almost timidly]. If it would not be considered presumptuous in me, so much younger a

housekeeper, to give advice, I would say to you, when you can succeed in procuring good servants, to try the plan of treating them indulgently. They are our fellow-creatures—with the same hopes and desires, failings and weaknesses, and infirmities of temper—we must not expect perfection; and if we show them sympathy, it is astonishing the influence —

Mrs. Brown [decidedly tartly]. Now I know what you are going to say; but I never will give in to those new-fangled notions. I won't allow followers, and I won't allow letter scribbling; and what I say in my own house shall be done, and I won't be answered by a minx; and if I choose a thing to be done one way one day, and another way another, what's that to them? What business have they to say that I don't know my own mind, and begin to cry, and to talk about their characters?

Mrs. Smith [a little warmly]. Oh, Mrs. Brown, anger often terrifies a timid girl, not naturally dull, into seeming stupidity and obstinacy. I pity them from my heart; and I deeply feel a mistress has grave responsibilities towards her female servants. Servitude at best is an abandonment of liberty, and must bring many trials; how cruel of us to make it needlessly bitter by our caprices and exactions! And, on the other hand, what a happiness it is to feel one's self served from affection as well as duty! I speak from experience: our household is a household of love; these walls have never echoed to an angry reproof; there is no fear, there is no deception in the house; and I believe our servants feel it to be their home; it always gladdens me when I hear them call it so.

Mrs. Brown. It is all very fine; but how do you know that you are not cheated?

Mrs. Smith. From many circumstances, besides my own faith in those about me. I give you one, for example: I know that our expenses are nearly a hundred a year less than those of many friends who appear to live more plainly. But all in the house draw together to avoid waste, and all act without separate interests. The servants themselves are like sisters, and help one another—as is the case to-day—in affectionate fellowship. If I give one of them a holiday, I scarcely know the difference in the house. I know people say I have been particularly fortunate; but is it not strange, dear Mrs. Brown, that one person should have all the bad servants, and another all the good?

Mrs. Brown. Not at all, if you give them high wages, and let them have their own way.

Mrs. Smith. Not their own way, unless it is my way also. I assure you I am extremely particular; but then we are also very regular in our habits; and knowing myself that I dearly like to be praised when I do well, why I give praise to those about me when they deserve it.

Mrs. Brown [rising, and with a Burleigh shake of the head]. They won't bear it.

Mrs. Smith. Oh, yes they will—do try just for three months with your next set of servants. But don't go yet; here come the "trots" from their walk—you must see them.

Enter SUSAN and the children; the latter laden with hedge-flowers. *MRS. BROWN* admires and caresses the children, whom *SUSAN*, at her mistress's bidding, has left in the drawing-room. *MRS. BROWN* says something about "spoiling," which *KATEY* does not understand, though she opens her large eyes still wider, as if in the effort to comprehend. *Kitchens* in general not being very remote from drawing-rooms, a sound of bitter violent weeping is heard proceeding from the lower regions. *MRS. SMITH* rushes to the stairs to ask what is the matter; *MRS. BROWN* following, in charge of the children.

Sarah [sympathetic, with her apron corner to her eye]. Oh, ma'am, poor Susan has got a letter from home, and her sister that's been ill so long—that was in the hospital for months—is dying; the doctors say she can't live three days.

Mrs. Smith [going into the kitchen]. Oh, I am so sorry! Is it the poor girl that had the "bad knee" from that hard place?

Sarah. Yes, ma'am; the brutes that kept her scrubbing from morning till night; I wonder they can't be hung for murder.

Mrs. Smith. Hush, Sarah; it will do no good to reproach them more. No doubt they have learned a lesson from their severity, and will regret it as long as they live. [To Susan: putting her hand kindly on her shoulder.] My poor girl, what can I do to comfort you?

Susan [sobbing violently]. Oh, ma'am, she do so fret to see me once more! There's—only—a—year between us; and we came up to London together.

Mrs. Smith. Then go to her, of course, by all means.

Susan [sobbing still, and kissing one of Mrs. Smith's hands]. Oh, ma'am, I was afraid—cook—being out—you couldn't let me; and if I don't go to-day I may never see her—again—O ma'am—bless you!—bless you!—ma'am. No one ever had such a mistress.

Mrs. Smith. Hush, my poor girl; try to be calm—she may recover still—doctors often make mistakes—and if not, remember, it is the will of God—and think how much your poor sister suffered. Sarah, fetch her a glass of wine, and then look for the paper—it is in the breakfast-room—that we may see when the next train to Reading goes. That is the one she wants, is it not?

Exit SARAH, who returns with the paper and a glass of wine. *SUSAN* revives a little. The paper states there is a train 1 h. 55 m.; *MRS. SMITH* observes there is only just time to arrange, as there is a long omnibus ride to the station. *SUSAN* shakes her head at the mention of dinner, and *MRS. SMITH* suggests to *SARAH* a packet of sandwiches to put into the traveler's bag. *WILLY* and *KATEY* promise to be very good with dear mamma, and kiss "poor" *SUSAN*—little lids trembling with the ready tears.

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SUPPLEMENTARY SCENE.—No. 5. *MR.* and *MRS. BROWN* anathematizing mutton-chops cooked (?) by washerwomen.

Mr. Brown [crossly]. *Mrs. B.*, as my mother, who was a Norfolk woman, used to say, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating;" and I do maintain *Smith's* is the pleasantest house I know to go to: he never sits down to a dinner of fat and cinders, I know—and what does it signify if she spoils the servants, if she gets the best sort of work out of them nevertheless? I never saw plate so polished—and they've no man. As for the spring-soup, the other day, it was fit for an alderman; and in the winter, that venison I shall never forget—why can't we have hot-water plates, I should like to know?

Mrs. Brown. Brown, you are quite a brute to talk of such things at such a time—when you know I am almost frantic.

Mr. Brown. I am not a brute; but this I do say, that the young wives seem to me in the main the best managers.

Mrs. Brown. You had better bury me—I shall soon be worried into my grave—and then you can have a young wife.

Mr. Brown. Don't talk like an old fool. Hang it—it is enough to make a man savage—scold, scold, scold—change, change, change.

Mrs. Brown [weeping]. Because I get hold of a parcel of wretches, and *Mrs. Smith* has treasures.

Mr. Brown. I fancy she helps to make them treasures; and it isn't as if she could be very active in the house herself—I am sure she isn't; such a charming accomplished woman—the life and ornament of society, and as pretty—

MRS. BROWN bursts into a fit of hysterics. *MR. BROWN* acknowledges he is a brute; calls her "darling," and "dear Nancy," and the scene closes on mutual flatteries and condolence, *MR. B.* promising never to set up *MRS. SMITH* as a pattern again.

A GOSSIP ABOUT GLOVES.

BY MRS. WHITE.

One of the most pleasant tasks which falls to the lot of the essayist is that of surrounding common things with a degree of interest unthought of by people generally—to impart novelty to those in common use, and freshness and romance to what the world deems overworn and vulgar.

Familiar things as gloves are, few persons, when drawing them on, remember more than the necessity of wearing them. Their connection with the past—the pleasant anecdotes in which they figure—the religious, historical, and courtly interest appertaining to them, are only treasured by the encyclopedists and the curious. The beaux of modern times, in making purchase of them, forget the period when casting down the glove became the gage of knightly battle—when chivalry wore it in its helm—at once a charm and token, the honorable badge of woman's love, invested with the potency of her virtues. As little does the lady, bending her delicate hand above the glover's counter, recollect the time when these essentials now, were costly gifts (and rare as costly) from courtly dames and nobles to their queen!

If we follow the reading of the "Targum," or commentary of the Scriptures used by the Jews, the invention of gloves may be traced back more than thirteen hundred years before Christ, for the Chaldean paraphrase has *glove* where the common version renders the word *shoe*; a translation which shows that even in those remote times the glove was given in confirmation of redeeming or exchanging: "For to confirm all things, a man plucked off his shoe (i. e. *glove*), and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel."* In Ireland at this day, when men are making bargains one may often hear the expression, my *hand* and word upon it; and the glove with us, as the type of an engagement, may have been used in lieu of the hand itself. With Eastern nations, it was the custom, in all cases of sales and deliveries of lands or goods, to give the purchaser their gloves by way of investiture.

If we bear this antique signature in mind, it will throw much light upon the uses of these articles in comparatively modern times.

According to Xenophon, the Persians wore gloves, which he notices as a proof of their effeminacy; but so do the Samoiodes and Tartars, or something equivalent to them, to protect their hands from the inclemency of the weather.

In the time of the younger Pliny, gloves were worn in winter by the Romans; and Homer, speak-

ing of *Laertes* engaged in agricultural pursuits, describes—

"On his hands mittens, lest they should grow red."

It is possible that these gloves, like those of the Greek archers, were fingerless, and intended solely for the protection of the hand, and not, as they afterwards became, for ornament also.

With us, the etymology of the word, which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon phrase (*glof*), a cover for the hands, is a sufficient proof of the antiquity of their use, though Strutt supposes them to have found their way to England from the Continent, and does not think they were known before the close of the tenth century; and, in proof of their uncommonness even then, refers to a law of *Ethelred II.*, in which five pairs of gloves make a considerable portion of the duty paid to that prince by a society of German merchants for the protection of their trade.

But the gloves worn as part of the regal and pontifical dress were of a very different manufacture from those made use of simply as a defence from cold or in laborious occupations; and it is probable that "harvest gloves" were common, when embroidered ones were rare, even at court.

In the thirteenth century they were adopted by the nobility, who wore them richly worked, and reaching to the elbows; but, as they hid the rings, they were not popular with ladies, whose long hanging sleeves, while they served for mittens, and concealed the hands, could also reveal them when desired. And, in all likelihood, *hawking* first rendered the glove a necessary adjunct of female dress. In the reign of *Charles V.* of France, these articles were worn with high tops, or wristbands, and were ornamented with embroidered dots of gold and silver. We have no means of discovering the fashion of those in which *Mathew Paris* tells us *Henry II.* kept cold state in his tomb at *Fontevraud*; perhaps they were white, like those which *Chaucer* describes in the *Knight's tale*—

"Upon his bondes were his gloves white,"

or made of linen, like those of the Saxon priests in the 11th century. At any rate, the mention of them is interesting, as showing the antiquity of the custom which *Misson* alludes to in his description of funeral usages in England, of covering the hands of the corpse with gloves.

From a very early period, the clergy appear to have made use of gloves, in order to the more reve-

* Ruth iv. 9.

rend approach to the altar, and the handling of the sacred elements. The black gloves of medical men and lawyers are likewise a relic of those times, when these articles were worn as distinguishing marks of certain functions, rather than for comfort or convenience's sake. Walpole, in his pleasant anecdotes of painting, tells us that the prelate Kemp, Archbishop of York, and afterwards of Canterbury, wore thin yellow gloves, which are well represented.

The practice of investiture by gloves, as we before observed, accounts for many usages in connection with them, and was perhaps the origin of presenting them to sovereigns and great men on the occasion of their coronations and entrances into certain towns and cities. On Elizabeth's visit to Cambridge, in 1564, the secretary, Sir W. Cecyl, presented her, in the name of the University, with four pairs of Cambridge gloves, edged and trimmed with two laces of fine gold. And at Oxford, in 1566, she received six very fine pairs. But the most magnificent of these presentation gloves on record were those which the Cambridge men offered her in 1573, through their high chancellor—perfumed gloves (she had learned to relish no others since Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, on returning from his travels, had presented her with a pair of the odorous ones worn in Italy),

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses,"*

garnished with embroidery and goldsmith's work, and with some verses attached to them; they were valued, says the chronicler, at sixty shillings. Speaking of the verses reminds us that on this very occasion the chancellor suggested that it would be well to provide some gloves, with a few verses on a paper joined to them, to be presented to the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Oxford; and added that, if Mr. Vice-Chamberlain (Hatton) might have a pair (he being a lover of all learned men), it should do well to conciliate his good will.

On other occasions, we find certain corporations offering gloves to this queen monarch in her progresses; and sometimes their contents added not a little to their value. Thus at Kingston-on-Thames, which she passed through on her way from Richmond, Oct. 20, 1561, she received a pair of gloves, cost 40 shillings, and a gift of £4 6s.

The custom of presenting the English sovereign with gloves, on the occasion of visiting the universities, is still continued; and at Trinity College, Cambridge, the judges, who are lodged in the royal apartments, are likewise presented with them.

The nobility in Elizabeth's time, like my Lord Burleigh, had their arms emblazoned on their gloves; and the description of many of those presented by her attendants and courtiers to this royal lady accounts for the value in which they were held, and the uncommonness of their use. In the catalogue of new year's gifts to her majesty in 1577-8, we find

* Shakespeare.

—"Item by the Lady Mary Gray, 2 pair of swete gloves, with fower dozen buttons of golde in every a sede pearle;" and again, "By the Lady Mary Sidney, 1 pair of perfumed gloves, with twenty-four small buttons of golde, in every of them a diamond!"

In 1600, perfumed gloves appear to have poured in from the gentlemen, no less than fifteen pairs being delivered to Mrs. Hide for the queen's use. But in spite of the gold and sede pearle lavished on most of them, her majesty appears to have retained a preference for those presented to her by the Earl of Oxford, which were ornamented with tufts of rose-colored silk, and generally sat for her portrait in them. In fact, these articles accumulated so fast, as to originate a new functionary at court; and the famous Dr. Dee was nominated Keeper of Gloves. His account of the transaction is so quaint, that we cannot abstain from quoting it. The queen has paused in her approach to his house at Mortlake, and having espied him at his door, making reverent and dutiful obeisances to her, he continues—"her majesty with her hand beckoned me to come to her, and I came to her coach side; her majesty then very speedily pulled off her glove, and gave me her hand to kiss; and, to be short, her majesty willed me the keeper of gloves to her court, and by some of the privy chamber to give her to wear when I am there."

In Shakespeare's time they appear to have been greatly in request as love-gifts. The clown purchases for Mopsa, in the "Winter's Tale," certain ribands and gloves of the rogue Autolycus. And in "Love's Labor's Lost," the Princess inquires of Katherine—

"But what was sent to you from fair Dumain?"

"Kate. Madam, this glove."

"Prin. Did he not send you twain?"

"Kate. Yes, madam."

And by reference to the passage previously quoted, scented gloves were in request on these occasions. Katherine de Medici of France is said to have used, for fatal purposes, this pretty fashion, and with the same cruel subtlety that converted a nosegay of fresh flowers into a death-draught for her son, to have made these graceful gifts the medium of her vengeance, by poisoning those who wore them. It was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1556, that the London Glovers' Company became incorporated; but the ordinary of the Glovers' Society of Newcastle is dated January 20, 1436, and enjoined them to go together in procession at the feast of Corpus Christi, in a livery, and play a play at their own charge.

The oldest relics of this craft extant are the gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denny; a pair presented to his son's wife by Queen Elizabeth; and those given by James I. to his son Sir Edward Denny.

Gloves were formerly presented to the clergymen at weddings; and in Arnold's Chronicle (1521), one

of the articles into which inquiry was to be made, in the "visitations and ordynaries of chyrches," was, "whether the curate refuse to do the solemny sacyon of matrimony before he have gifte of money, hoses, or gloves?" And a writer in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" observes that he remembers, at the nuptials of two parties of distinguished rank, to have seen a pair, richly fringed, presented to the bishop who officiated.

Gloves bore the symbolism before referred to, when given as tokens of betrothal, just as rings and pictures have done since. And it is supposed that the custom of presenting them at weddings originated from the old usage at bridals, when the *bride-boys*, who amongst moderns had displaced the par-nymphs of the Jews, were given gloves by the bride, as a compliment for their attention on her.

It is singular that the same observance should obtain at funerals, where gloves are still given away to the friends and followers of the deceased. As substitutes for the hand, do they embody the sentiment of the last act of friendship?

In Wales, in the towns and villages, at the Peak in Derbyshire, and formerly in Ireland, it was the custom to deck with white gloves, cut out of paper, the graves of young unmarried persons, or to hang them over the seat which they had occupied in church; and we remember, some years since, to have seen in the pretty church of Milton, near Sittingbourne, in Kent, England, a pair tarnished and soiled with time, hanging above the place some dear one had vacated.

In an "Argus" of 1790, under the head of Dublin, July 31, it is recorded, "Yesterday being St. James's Day, the votaries of St. James Churchyard attended in considerable crowds at the shrine of their departed friends, and paid their usual tribute of paper gloves and garlands of flowers on their graves." And every visitor to the minsters and abbey churches of England must have frequently noticed the gauntlets mouldering by the rusted helmet above the effigies of buried knighthood; those of Edward the Black Prince drop to dust beside his surcoat over his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral.

This placing of gloves and gauntlets above the graves of those who wore them reminds us of the ceremony still used at military obsequies, when the empty gloves are laid upon the coffin; and this again of the Roman custom of bearing the casque and gauntlets in their ancient marches of ceremony.

Formerly judges were not allowed to appear on the bench with gloves on—a prohibition so singular that, except upon the supposition that bribes might be concealed in them, we know not how to account for it.

That the glove was in ancient days occasionally made a receptacle for money we have many proofs; but a recent circumstance which occurred in the presence of a friend, and shows us how old customs are still mixed up and leavened with modern prac-

tices, appears too germane to our subject to be passed over.

A falconer of a certain English duke was throwing up his birds at the Devil's Dyke, Brighton, when our friend and a companion approached; the novelty of the proceeding interested them, and they inquired of the man what he would charge on the following day for a similar exhibition. The falconer informed them that he made no charge; but added that if the gentlemen chose to bring some friends with them he would fly the birds and send round the glove.

Formerly a local custom existed at rustic weddings, of collecting a little fund amongst the visitors for the benefit of the bride and bridegroom, and these contributions were placed in a glove decorated with white ribbon, and laid on the table to receive them.

Money, called glove money, was customarily given in England to servants, and barristers on circuit; and justices of the peace in that country, when called over in court by the judges, continue to give it to the officers of the court.

Clavell, the highwayman, who, upon receiving the King's pardon, wrote his "Recantation of an Ill-led Life," makes it appear that the gloves formerly presented to the judges when no prisoner was capitally convicted were given, not as now, by the sheriffs, but by such prisoners as received pardon after condemnation:—

"Those pardoned men who taste their prince's loves
(As married to new life) do give him gloves."

Might not this gift be significant of their engaging to keep the laws in future, and in this case also stand for the hand *itself*, which, when a man gives on any agreement, intimates that he will not deceive, but stand to it?

It is in this sense that we must regard the custom of sending or dropping the glove as the signal of a challenge; people could not well shake hands upon such an arrangement, for "palm to palm is holy palmer's kiss;" so the vacant glove, and in knightly times, the gauntlet, expressed the challenge and its confirmation.

The old custom (only in late years exploded) of the Royal Champion riding into Westminster Hall at the Coronation feast, is too well known to need repetition, save as it bears upon the subject of our paper.

Nicolls tells us that, at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth, whilst her grace sat at dinner in the hall, Sir Edward Dimmoke, knight, in his championly office, came riding into the Hall in "faire complete armour," mounted upon a beautiful courser richly trapped in cloth of gold, and in the midst there cast down his *gauntlet* with offer to fight with him in her quarrel that should deny her to be righteons and lawful queen of the realm. At the coronation of George the Third, it is averred by more than one

eyewitness, that, when the herald proclaimed the challenge, and the champion threw down his gage, the gauntlet disappeared, and a white glove remained in its place, with a written challenge; and the Jacobites aver that it was thrown by the Pretender himself, who they say witnessed the ceremony in the disguise of a woman. Sir W. Scott has introduced the incident in his novel of "Redgauntlet."

Before the art of weaving them was known, gloves were sometimes made of velvet, tiffany, and satin, as well as of various kinds of leather; at present, the skins generally made use of are chamois, kid, lamb, doe, dog, beaver, elk, and buff. Yeovil, in Somersetshire, is famous for their manufacture, as are Worcester and Woodstock; the latter for driving gloves. Of late years the silk gloves of Derby have been much in request, and manufactories of thread, cotton, worsted, and other woolen gloves, have sprung up; but for dress, kid have always been most approved.

There was formerly a proverb, that for a glove to be well made, it must be the joint production of three nations; the leather must have been dressed in Spain, the glove cut in France, and sewn in England; but to the cost of English gloves as well as ladies, France has of late years so perfected the art that at present they are as superior in point of dressing and sewing as in cutting.*

In 1840, the leather gloves imported in England for home consumption, amounted to 1,503,862 pairs, and yet the home trade supports a vast number of men, women, and children, who are employed in their manufacture, the cutting out, sewing, binding, setting on the buttons, lining, and trimming, in large manufactories (like that of Dent's, at Worcester), affording as many different branches of occupation. An instrument for glove-making has been invented, which enables the sewer to effect the utmost accuracy in this process. It was the production of an Englishman, and has realised a handsome fortune for its proprietor, being most extensively used in Paris.

Of all the gloves which we have been gossiping about, white ones are those to which most interest attaches. In the purity of these, the priest approached the altar, and the bride exchanged her vows with her betrothed; they lay upon the graves of the youthful, and were the offerings of wrongly accused innocence, or forgiven guilt; and they were also evidences of affection, and the gentle gage of faith.

White gloves were much worn by ladies in the time of Louis XIV., and long previously, for Shakspeare, in "Love's Labor's Lost," alludes to them:—

"By this white glove—how white the hand God knows;"

an expression that reminds us that the luxury of wearing gloves soon induced a desire to make them

subservient to the beauty of the hand; and they were medicated, and waxed, and made of various materials to insure whiteness to the delicate member they covered. Dogskin gloves were much worn for this purpose, and Sir Kenelm Digby, who, curious in cosmetic effects, is said to have dieted his wife with vipers' broth, for the purpose of beautifying her complexion, in his treatise on natural antipathies, remarks, "We daily see dogs which have an aversion from gloves that make their ware of dogskins." Henri III. of France indulged in gloves at night for the purpose of rendering his hands more fair, a practice which a modern poet (Lord Byron) is said to have been also addicted to. But Henri likewise had his face covered with a cloth dipped in essences to improve his complexion during the same period, though he painted over it in the day. According to Evelyn, who wrote a poem on the vanities of ladies' dress in the time of Charles the Second, it was customary to wear gloves of chicken-skin by night—

"To keep their hands soft, plump, and white."

There is a mystery about these chicken-skin gloves which we cannot solve; we can scarcely understand the term literally, though it is set down that Limerick is famous for the manufacture of a kind of ladies' gloves called chicken gloves. Do those delicate bipeds, redolent of spring and asparagus, do they really render their fine outculls for such a purpose? Are there tanners who deal in such investitures, and farm-yards prolific enough to find the raw material?

London salesmen can tell us nothing of the matter, and the encyclopedists say no more than we have quoted, and thus, for aught we know to the contrary, those beautiful gloves, with their peculiar dye and elegant texture, packed in walnut shells fastened with satin ribbon, may have originally covered the bosoms of innocent birds. We say *may*, conscious that it is better to plead ignorance than to affect a knowledge to lead others astray.

Though the fashion of gloves from necessity can never suffer from such eccentric caprices as other articles of dress, we found them in the thirteenth century reaching to the elbow, while at present they come no further than the wrist; in our mother's time it was thought graceful to let them wrinkle on the arm; in our own the three-quarter gloves have buttoned tight upon it. Sometimes an attempt has been made to introduce again embroidery on them, and silk mittens but a few years back were worn in dress elegantly ornamented with patterns wrought in gold. We have also seen gloves from Spain, with a garniture of silver flowers and fringe, rich in its effect; but, for the appearance of the hand, commend us to the exquisitely fitting French kid glove, which, from the time of De Grammont to our own, has always retained its superiority in this respect, and been a coveted article of English ladies' dress.

The value of gloves in former days perhaps gave

* The Parisians have lately manufactured and introduced ladies' gloves made of *raz* skin!

rise to the daring exploit to win them which Gay alludes to in his pastoral, and the great Scotch novelist has so charmingly embodied in the "Fair Maid of Perth," who imprints a kiss on the brow of the sleeping smith, Harry Glover,

"For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves."

With their lessened cost the usage has exploded, and is only heard of now as a remnant of the past.

Perfumed gloves were still to be found on the counters of Exeter Change when Pepys, in the security of his Bramah-lock cypher, confided to the pages of his diary his purchases of them for the charming Knipp.

Talking of scented gloves reminds us of the celebrated "Gauntti de Frangipini," a perfume so called after the inventor, the last of the Roman house of Frangipini, a Maréchal of France in the reign of Louis XIII., and because it was in the first instance applied especially to gloves. In many old family receipt books we have found various directions for scenting them, proving that perfumes were as essential to these articles then as studs are now; and, by the way, though precious stones and goldsmith's

work no longer dazzle the beholder from observing the symmetry of the hand beneath this heaviness of ornament, we have seen these appendages at the wrist of a plain white glove, sparkling from one side of the London Opera House to the other, while with less good taste, and infinitely more effeminacy of affectation, the finger of a gentleman has produced as brilliant an effect from the circumstance of his wearing his ring *outside* his glove, a vanity which a certain celebrated leader of fashion, before he learned to feel the manliness of his own genius, is said to have indulged in even when driving and riding in the park.

At present the change of colors to suit the varying seasons is the principal alteration in gloves, and ladies' hands are as variously hued in these days as their hoods were in those of Addison; otherwise, except in the ornaments finishing them for dress, or the addition of velvet or fur tops for winter, the form of the glove is generally the same, the chief distinctions being in size, cut, and quality.

Dundee, in Scotland, is famous for gloves of a superior quality; and Nottingham and Leicester for the cotton ones so generally worn by children and the humbler class of women.

THE PIONEER MOTHERS OF MICHIGAN.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

ANN ALLEN.*

THE second "Ann," who gave the village of Ann Arbor its name, came to Michigan in October, 1824, with the parents of her husband, and his brother, James Turner Allen, who has ever since resided there, and raised a large family. The Allens were from Augusta county in Virginia, and well to do in the world, and they brought several horses and other stock with them, a useful accession to the means of the little settlement. The women performed nearly all the journey on horseback, Ann Allen carrying her only child in her arms. This child is, now the wife of Dr. Waddell, and is living in Virginia. Mrs. Allen entered with a ready spirit of enterprise into the laborious duties required of the wife of a settler. As the community increased, her husband was called to fill official stations of importance. He was afterwards twice elected Senator to the Legislature; but the roving habits of his early life, like those of Daniel Boone, were in the way of his living contented in a settlement that could no longer be termed "wild," when lands further west were yet unexplored. He went to California when the gold fever was at its height, and died there. His widow returned to Virginia, but his mother still lives at

Ann Arbor. The character of this excellent matron, who is often described as the ideal of a pioneer, is so remarkable as to call for a brief notice.

Coming so early to the backwoods, she had to encounter not a few dangers as well as inconveniences from the frequent visits of savages, as yet not used to the sight of civilization. In her youth she was eminently handsome, and even at the age of seventy-six retains a most prepossessing appearance, having a tall and symmetrical figure, but slightly bent, with a complexion showing the freshness of habitual health. Hers was a proud and happy bridal in the Old Dominion, and she was fondly attached to the country where her best years had been spent; but she murmured not when it became her duty to follow her husband to a distant land. He now lies buried near the spot he chose for his home, with many relatives around him; and, by the widow's direction, a place beside him is reserved for herself. Her religious faith, always sound and bright—for she had made it the staff and guide of life—has been strengthened by the chastening sorrow she has been called to endure; and the humility with which she has submitted to every painful dispensation offers a salutary lesson both to the afflicted and the prosperous. She has always been noted for the strong practical sense which fits its possessor for every event and vicissitude, in every station of life;

* This sketch was prepared for Mrs. Ellet by Miss MARY H. CLARK.

yet is her heart open and kind; her benevolent impulses being regulated at all times by sterling judgment. She is one of those persons of whom it can be said, "Place her in any situation, and she will appear well."

In her reminiscences of those early days, Mrs. Allen often speaks of two young women in particular, who did much to enliven the society of the place. One of them, Miss Tillson, undertook the charge of the school, kept in a small log house, a mile or so down the river, to and from which she and the scholars walked every day. The exposure in all weathers, and with but indifferent protection against the cold and wet, injured her health, and one evening she informed the school she should not be able to teach any longer. James, one of Mrs. Allen's grandchildren, then under her care, came running home, so out of breath he could hardly speak, and entreated his grandmamma to take the teacher to live in her house. She promised to decide after consulting her husband, who was then busily engaged in making "Michigan bedsteads" of tamarack poles stripped of the bark. Plenty of beds had been brought from Virginia; but some arrangement might be necessary for the accommodation of another inmate. However, the child's entreaty was so urgent for an answer before Miss Tillson should have dismissed her pupils and gone home, that his grandmother bade him "tell her she may come and take us as she finds us." He ran back delighted, and presently returned with the teacher, so grateful for the offer of a home which enabled her to continue her beloved occupation that, when the little boy led her in with, "Grandmamma, here is Miss Tillson," she sank upon a seat and wept for joy. This little incident throws an interesting light on the manners of that day. When asked how they enjoyed life in the privation of so many comforts, and of the society of old friends, Mrs. Allen would reply: "We were all brothers and sisters then. When my son Turner was married, he said, 'You have always given the other children a good wedding; I want you to do as well by me,' and so we invited everybody in the village, and had as good a supper as could be got up."

True to the habits of a matron of the olden time, Mrs. Allen has always shown a delicate sense of propriety in her deportment and conversation. She looks back with some pride to the days of her bellehoo, and speaks occasionally of the sixteen offers received before she was eighteen; but, with her characteristic regard for decorum, tells of the reproof she once administered to one over-forward suitor. In the mountainous parts of Virginia, where carriages were but little used, the men and women were accustomed to travel altogether on horseback. Miss Tate (afterwards Mrs. Allen) was one day in attendance at a funeral, after the conclusion of which the newly bereaved widower rode up to the side of her horse, and, to her extreme surprise, expressed a

wish that she might be induced to consent to fill the place of the dear departed one whose mortal remains had just been laid in the grave. The young lady regarded him with astonishment and displeasure, and sternly forbade him to name that subject to her again under a year. Just a year from that day he proposed in due form, and was rejected!

Mrs. Allen is accustomed to express herself at all times in a manner so forcible and decisive, and at the same time with so much dignity, as to evince talent of no ordinary kind. Frequently her language rises almost to the poetical, without the least design of ornamental expression. Speaking of a grandchild who was extremely cold in her manner, she said, "I loved her much, that is, all she would let me get at to love." At another time, when a young mother, showing her little daughter, apologized for the dirt on her hands, as she had been playing in a sand heap, the matron replied, "It will do her no harm; there is always rain enough in God's heavens to wash such clean;" thus unconsciously using a figurative phrase nearly identical with the words of Shakespeare, a poet with whom she was by no means familiar. Being once asked if she had not reared a large family, she answered, "Oh no, I have only had seven children. I laid out to have no less than a dozen; but the grandchildren left motherless, whom I have brought up, perhaps make out the number." She has reared five of these, and has lived to see the third generation.

There was a single piano in the settlement, owned by a Miss Clark, now Mrs. Kingsley; and seldom did she touch the keys without unexpected listeners. Often, as a shadow darkened the window, could she discern the form of a Potawatomie Indian, accompanied perhaps by two or three squaws with their papooses. This patriarch of pianos is still extant, and stands as prim as ever upon its thin legs, a type, amongst the scores that have succeeded it, of a by-gone age, and representing something of the stately politeness and formal breeding of the ladies and gentlemen of its own date.

Some, with an obstinately rustic taste, seemed to prefer the rudest articles of furniture, used in the infancy of the settlement, to the modern improvements afterwards introduced. A housewife in Michigan, finding the men of her establishment too busy clearing to lend her much aid, set about contriving a press in which she could make cheese. She succeeded in making one in the corner of a rail fence; and it was observed that, thrifty as she was, she could not be induced, without great reluctance, to exchange this press of her own contrivance for one of more pretensions, though adopted and praised by all her neighbors.

Among the privations of the early settlers, not the least was the difficulty of hearing from the friends they had left at "the East." Not only were the mails slow and uncertain, but the postage of a letter was twenty-five cents; a fourth of a man's pay for a hard

day's work. So expensive a treat could not be often indulged in; and, accordingly, it seldom happened that more than one or two letters were exchanged in the course of a year by a single emigrant family.

The burning of the prairies has often been described, and presented, in truth, a sight that might well fill an artist's imagination. Sometimes, however, accidents happened sad enough to mar the beauty of the spectacle. An enterprising and industrious young emigrant had built a comfortable house on prairie ground for himself and his sisters, one of whom had charge of it. One day, while she was alone, the brother being absent on business, she discovered that the grass was on fire, and that the devouring element was rapidly approaching. All her efforts were bent to keep it from the premises; but, finding she could do nothing to check its progress, and that the outhouses were in imminent danger, she ran to the door of her dwelling for her bonnet, threw in her apron also, which she pulled off hastily, from a woman's instinctive impulse of neatness, and, without looking back, hurried to the nearest neighbors, some three miles off, for assistance. As soon as possible, she returned with help; but they were greeted by a melancholy sight. The burning of the grass, it was evident, had not extended to the house; but the building was in flames, and past the hope of saving even an article of furniture. The poor girl then discovered that the fire must have originated from her apron, which probably concealed a spark when she threw it in; and thus she had the chagrin of knowing that her very eagerness had been the means of depriving herself and family of the only shelter they could call their own.

The mention of fire reminds us of another curious anecdote, recorded in the annals of Detroit. There was, at one time, a town ordinance that every house should be provided with a butt of water for use in case of fire, the owner being subject to a fine in case of disobedience. A widow whose neglect had been passed over several times by the inspectors, one day saw them coming on their usual errand, and, resolved that they should not have it to say they had found her cask empty, jumped into it herself. The stratagem so pleased the men that, laughing heartily, they fetched water and filled the butt for her.

Some other incidents, illustrative of the times, are mentioned by the old settlers. One tells how a large sleighing party went at night to Dexter, and how Judge Dexter figured as a seer, and told the fortunes of the company. They were very merry returning, though it was near morning, and intensely cold. A sudden breakdown took place, and one of the gentlemen was obliged to go back some distance to borrow an axe to repair the damage. Those left waiting, fearing that without some precaution they should perish with cold, spread the buffalo skins on the hard snow, and had a lively dance upon them; till the sleigh being mended, they returned to Ann Arbor without further hindrance.

The inhabitants of Detroit may remember a remarkable old woman, Mrs. Chappel by name, a true "Betty O'Flanagan," who followed in the rear of Wayne's army before the last war, and afterwards kept pushing away from civilization. At the time my informant knew her, she kept a small tavern on the Pontiac turnpike, much resorted to by the young men of the town, it being just distant enough for a pleasant ride. As the hostess was very homely, they were accustomed to call her, in jest, "Old Mother Handsome;" listening often to the reminiscences with which she was wont to interlard her preparations for supper. When grumbling at the trouble given her, she would declare that she should have been better off had "Mad Anthony" lived. She would have been a fine character for a romance, and deserves more than a mere mention, as a representative of the spirit of her day among the ruder class of settlers.

MY MOTHER.—A DREAM.

BY MARIE J. CLARE.

"There is none
In all this cold and hollow world—
No fount of deep, strong, deathless love,
Save that within a mother's heart."—HERMANN.

I DREAMED that she lay dying—
And none had power to save;
Suns rose, suns set—methought I stood
Above my mother's grave.

No heart was now with mine in life,
Like hers beneath the clay;
No loving heart! and yet no tear
Adown my cheek found way.

An icy weight was at my breast—
I gasped, convulsed, for breath;
The one I could worst spare from earth
Lay in the arms of Death.

Gone! gone! I madly raised my eyes,
And cursed God high in Heaven;
Cursed all things! for the Fiend that hour
Had will to tempt me given.

Then at my words grew black the skies—
God's heavens seemed shut from me!
From the worn spirit's depths went forth
A cry of agony.

"Jessie, dear Jessie," said a voice—
Ah! in what tones of bliss!
"Wake, dearest! 'tis a fearful dream!"
I turned to sister's kiss.

Then stealing to my mother's couch,
I watched as she calmly slept,
Until the morning stars looked on
The quiet tears I wept.

O God! if thou decree that first
Her heavenly crown be won,
Give me to pray, with blessed trust,
Thy holy will be done!

THE PHANTOM OF THE WABASH.

A BALLAD.

BY WILLIAM E. GILMORE.

"THANK God for this shelter to-night,
And the fire so cheerful and warm!
The snow falls fast, and bitter the blast;
Didst ever see such a storm?"

"And Heaven was kind to me,"
Said the weary traveler,
"That led my feet through the snow and sleet,
To find thy cottage here."

"Ay, indeed," quoth the kindly host;
"Thou hast reason for gratitude:
Hadst thou passed this, thy bed I wist
Had been in the howling wood."

"For the nearest roof to mine
One must ride all day to see;
And—nay, sit still! that scream so shrill
Is no strange thing to me!"

"God help us!" the traveler said;
"Twas a dreadful sound to hear!
Did it not seem far out in the stream?
Some one is drowning, I fear."

"Nay! go not forth from the door,
Lest thou wouldst see a sight
Thou wilt try in vain to forget again,
In the broad Wabash to-night."

"Now what is this fearful thing
That I must not look upon?"

"What Heaven has sent as punishment
For a deed of murder done!"

"Tis now a twelvemonth since
To my door a stranger came;
And her he led was his wife, he said—
But I never learned his name."

"A stern and dark-browed man,
While she was wondrous fair;
And, if his wife, ne'er in my life
Saw I such ill-mated pair."

"That night fell dark as this;
The sky was overcast;
The air was chill, but very still;
The stream flowed smoothly past."

"The wife turned deadly pale
When thus the husband said—
'Our way is long, the urgency strong,
To-night we must proceed.'

"I stood by the river's side
Till the boat was out of sight;
Then I heard a plash in the dark Wabash,
And a bitter laugh that night!"

"The boat returned with him,
But he spake not a word,

Save that his wife had lost her life
By falling overboard."

"I thought of the fiendish laugh,
As we walked side by side,
And could but fear he had murdered her—
His young and lovely bride."

"We sat by the fire again,
But he showed no trace of grief;
'Twas silly, he said, to weep for the dead,
For life at the best is brief."

"He liked not my troubled look,
And walked in the open air—
A moment passed, and all aghast,
I shook for very fear."

"The sound thou heardest but now
Was but a stifled moan,
Were it compared with what I heard
That night when he had gone."

"I rushed to the river's side—
O God! what a sight to view!
The broad Wabash was all asfash
With flames of dismal hue."

"And the murdered woman's head
In the midst of the heatless blaze;
Her tresses hung all dankly strung
About her pallid face."

"Her cheeks so humid and cold,
Her lips so thin and blue,
Yea, even her eye one might descrie
Half shut and of stony hue."

"When I could turn away,
Lying prone upon the ground
The murderer, half dead with fear,
A crazed man, I found."

"A babbling idiot since,
He strays by the water-side,
And every night appear the light
And ghastly phantom bride."

"To-day, when I gave him food,
He cried, with giggling glee,
That to-night one year he'd wandered there,
And the morrow would set him free."

Then up rose the traveler:
"Now I would see this sight;
Pray, let us go amid the snow
To the water's side this night."

Together they went their way,
'Mid the snow, to the Wabash side;
The corpse of a man, all pallid and wan,
They found by the foaming tide."

Chillicothe, Ohio.

FLORENCE SEFTON; OR, THE BORDER WARFARE.

BY MISS B. GARTLAND.

(Concluded from page 283.)

CHAPTER VIII.

THE morning was fine and clear, after the rainy, dark night on which Florence Sefton had pleaded so unsuccessfully for her father's life. It was about seven o'clock when an Irish servant at the fort entered the room in which Colonel Sefton had been confined since his arrest with a breakfast-tray, on which were coffee, toast, &c.; he was likewise desired to tell the prisoner that the Rev. Mr. Norris, of the Episcopal Church at Lewistown, to which he belonged, would visit him as soon as he had breakfasted. Dennis had advanced but a few paces into the apartment, when the sight of a beautiful girl seated on the side of the bed, and appearing as though the noise made by the unbarring of the door had awakened from sleep, had the effect of causing him to send forth a prolonged "Wh-e-e-w!" accompanied by the fall of the tray and the smash of china, which caused the sentry to enter, demanding, "What is the matter?"

"By Saint Pathrick, sir, it is ony jist an exchange of prisoners that has tuk place!" said Dennis.

The soldier looked with wonder at poor Florence—for it was she; then saying, "I must inform General Van Rensselaer," and causing the scattered fragments of the lost breakfast to be gathered up, he left the room with Dennis, barring it after him.

It is almost needless to explain that the twenty minutes' interview with her father, granted to Florence, had been passed in disguising him in the cloak and one of the dresses she wore. She had read and heard of such a stratagem having sometimes succeeded, and she determined, if her entreaties could not save his life, to try it. She could but fail; and perhaps would, had she not been so ably seconded by Alice. For some hours after the colonel had left the fort, she would, at every slight noise, assume the attitude of despondency that had succeeded so well in deceiving the officer when her father was going from the apartment; and it was not until near morning that she could persuade herself of the certainty of his escape. Then she arranged her dress and hair, and, throwing herself on the bed, slept soundly until roused from her slumber by the noise made in unbolting the door to admit Dennis with the breakfast. A short time elapsed after the sentry had left her, when the door was again opened, and General Van Rensselaer entered, followed by the Rev. Mr. Norris. Florence rose.

"Miss Sefton—madam!" exclaimed he, "do you know that you have drawn on your own head?"

"Any punishment you please to inflict, sanctioned by law, so that my father is saved. You cannot blame me, General Van Rensselaer, when you would not hear my prayer to save his life, if I had recourse to stratagem."

"You have placed me in a position, Miss Sefton," he replied, "in which my honor may be impeached, by supposing that I was privy to his escape. Where so much treachery and so many traitors abound, it is hard to know who is true. Your father fled to the English fort at Queenstown, I suppose?"

"He did," replied Florence.

"Pursuit is out of the question, then," he said.

"But, my dear general," said Mr. Norris, eager to assist poor Florence, "you cannot suppose any one would dare to doubt *your honor*? No, no, believe me, that will not be. And surely you cannot, with your kind and noble heart, blame this dear child for aiding her father to escape an ignominious death; and you will not detain her from her home?"

"The manner of this escape must first be strictly inquired into," replied the general; "and the lady must please tell me if there were any traitors in the fort who aided her plot?"

"None, none, General Van Rensselaer! As I hope to go to Heaven, there was none!" said Florence, eager to save the innocent from suspicion. "The plot, as you call it, originated with myself. My maid and my father's servants were my only assistants; and they only obeyed *my orders*," she added, fearful lest they might suffer, if taken.

After a pause of some minutes, the general said—

"You must excuse me, Miss Sefton, if I detain you some time longer as a prisoner." And, taking the clergyman with him, he withdrew.

Two dreary hours passed heavily by, when Mr. Norris returned, a smile brightening his venerable face, as he said to Florence—

"The general has given me permission, Miss Sefton, to take you to Sefton Hill in my gig, if you will grant me that pleasure."

Florence thanked him warmly; then throwing a large cashmere shawl—that she had worn beneath her cloak the previous night—over her head, she accompanied him, and, in a short time, was again at home.

We must now follow the colonel in his flight. Florence had informed him where the boat awaited him; and, when the carriage had arrived opposite

to where she lay, he left it, and divesting himself of the cloak, bonnet, and dress in which he was disguised, he was soon safely seated in the boat, which Thornton and Minesto began to row across the stream, with as little noise as possible. As we observed before, the night was dark and rainy, which favored their escape. As they approached the shore near the English fort, they were challenged by a sentinel with, "Who goes there?" Colonel Sefton had scarcely pronounced the word "A friend," when the report of a musket was heard, and he fell back with a groan, feebly exclaiming, "I am wounded!" Thornton immediately began to call out, at the top of his voice, "Hollo! don't fire no more, you kill Colonel Sefton!" By this time they had reached the shore, and the soldier stepped down, demanding "who they were?"

"It is Colonel Sefton," repeated Thornton. "He is 'scaped from de 'Merican general, and is come o'er to de English."

The report of the piece had raised an alarm, and many now came running from the fort to know the cause, and among them was Sir Edgar Lee himself, who, when he found it was Colonel Sefton, and that he was badly wounded, expressed great anxiety and was all attention. He had him immediately removed into the fort; a surgeon was soon in attendance, who extracted only some of the charge, for it was a heavy one. His opinion was that he might linger some time, but that his recovery was impossible. The sentinel, when examined, said "that he did not hear any reply to his challenge." The fact was, the wind was high, and in a contrary direction, which might have prevented him from hearing the reply, even had he not drank more than his usual quantum.

Sir Edgar Lee, though he felt sincerely sorry for, and sympathized deeply with his wounded guest, yet could not help feeling pleasure in the thought that the accident would be the means of bringing Florence to the fort, as he could not doubt but that, when she heard of her father's dangerous situation, she would come to him without delay. The Indian and Thornton re-crossed the river as noiselessly as they had crossed it, with orders not to go where Miss Sefton would see them, or to let her know what had occurred.

It was only an hour after Florence had reached her home, under the protection of the minister, when a boat might have been seen, with a white flag, crossing from the English to the American fort. There was an officer seated in it, beside the two men who rowed it. He was sent with information to General Van Rensselaer of the dangerous condition of Colonel Sefton, and a request that he would permit his daughter to come to him. Of course, humanity forbade a refusal. The officer proceeded to Sefton Hill, and, though the intelligence was broken to Florence by Miss Aylmer—to whom he first imparted it—in the tenderest manner, yet it was a great shock. She,

however, prepared herself directly to accompany him; and, notwithstanding Mary's pressing entreaty to be allowed to accompany her, she refused, telling her that Henry, at his return—which, not knowing of the accident that had happened him, they looked for hourly—would only be the more distressed if she was thus to put herself in the power of the enemy; that the tidings he would hear would be sorrowful enough, without having that pang added to them. "She would take only her faithful Alice with her." And, hearing that Minesto and Thornton had now come, she thought that Caleb, with them and three other men on the place, would render it secure, more especially as the American fort was so near. Pressing Mary to her heart, and taking an affectionate leave of the good housekeeper and servants, she was assisted into the carriage with Alice by the officer, and, in a brief time, was at the side of her father's bed.

The meeting between Colonel Sefton and his daughter we shall not attempt to describe; it was painfully affecting. We will only say that the most devoted and tender care was lavished on him by Florence, who seldom left his room, except to take the rest and relaxation that were absolutely needed to support her strength. It was only on such occasions that Colonel Sir Edgar Lee had an opportunity of seeing her, as the surgeon had forbidden visitors, or anything that would cause excitement in the room of the patient. These occasions he would watch for, until it became perfectly annoying. She could not take a short walk, accompanied by Alice, which her father would insist upon her doing, without being intruded on by Sir Edgar. If, after leaving her apartment, she retired to a small parlor, which had been assigned to her use, he would find some excuse for entering, and almost compel her to listen to his protestations of love and adoration. All this rendered her life very wretched. But a ray of hope now cheered the gloom which had surrounded her for the first two weeks of her residence at the fort: the surgeon thought it possible her father might recover. This assurance nerved Florence to bear all her trials with more resignation and hopefulness.

We must now return to Howell Meredith. He, with his trusty follower, Godlieb Pretz, had arrived at Fort Detroit safely, by avoiding places where they thought it was likely they would meet any party belonging to the enemy. It was on the night of the fifteenth of August they reached it. All day the British under General Brook had opened a heavy cannonade upon the town from the opposite bank of the river, but with little execution. Captain Meredith reported his return to General Hull, who ordered him to be admitted.

"Well, sir," said he, very abruptly, "where are the dispatches from headquarters in answer to my first, which, I suppose, must have arrived at Lewistown about the same time you reached there?"

"They had not yet arrived, your excellency," said Howell. "But General Van Rensselaer desired me to say he would forward them the moment they came."

"And why did you not wait until they *did* come, as was your duty to do, sir?" said the old officer, in a stern tone.

"Because I knew we were on the eve of a battle, and I hope a glorious victory, your excellency, and I did not wish to be absent from my post."

"Your conduct," he replied, "deserves arrest; but, in consideration of the motive"—and a slight sneer curled his lip—"it shall be overlooked. You may retire, sir."

Howell did retire, with his suspicions of treason more confirmed.

Brightly the beams of the morning's sun danced on the blue waters of the Detroit, as the army under General Brock crossed that stream, the scarlet uniform, with its bright gilt buttons, worn by the soldiers, with the golden epaulettes, the waving, graceful feathers, and silken sashes of the officers, and the fine manly forms, with but few exceptions, of both, contrasted fearfully with the savages who filled the boats in the rear, with the horrid war paint rendering their visages so hideous, and the glittering tomahawks and scalping-knives which they bore, to say nothing of the almost demoniac yells they set up on reaching the American shore—all which would almost cause you to believe that they were, indeed, infernal spirits clothed in flesh, instead of poor ignorant Indians, to whom the white man had taught his vices, and then bribed to slay and massacre his white brethren.

"The British soldiers, on landing, formed themselves in close column twelve deep. The Americans were advantageously disposed to receive them. The militia and volunteers were so stationed as to flank the enemy, the regulars defended the fort, and two twenty-four pounders, charged with grape-shot, were so planted as to sweep the whole British line."* Howell, by the side of his brave regiment, surveyed the approach of the enemy. Silently, and apparently without fear, they came on, as he thought, to certain death, and that fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers would be wept for in a far-off land by many a bright eye and many an aching heart. They had now advanced until within some hundred yards of the American lines, and his eye moistened as the idea presented itself to his mind of the mangled heap of dead and dying that would, in a few minutes, replace that moving mass of life, strength, and courage. There was a deep, solemn silence; every American that stood there expecting to hear the roar of the artillery instantly. At this moment, a touch on his arm caused Howell to turn.

"Captain Meredith," said Laxy O'Lear, "you are

requested by his excellency, General Hull, to order your men to retire into the fort."

"What!" ejaculated Howell. "What mean you by this hoax at such a time?"

The sergeant moved further off, and then said—"They are the general's orders, sir."

In an instant, Howell, observing Hull near the fort, with several officers round him, was by his side.

"General," said he, forgetting, in his excitement, to salute his superior officer—"general, your messenger has, I believe, mistaken your orders; will you please give them to me yourself?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "Order your men into the fort. It would be madness to resist," continued he, turning to the officers near him; "those red devils would tomahawk and scalp every man in the fort. I have certain information that Brock has sworn they should. For what do you wait, sir?" said he to Howell, as the soldiers sullenly and indignantly were marching past them. "To your post, and conduct your men into the fort."

"Never! so help me Heaven, never!" replied Howell. "I will never be a party to treason or cowardice!"

Hull grew white with rage. He half drew his sword, then replaced it, saying, in a voice of forced calmness—

"You would raise a sedition, young gentleman, would you? You will deliver your sword to Colonel Romney, who will see you conducted to the guard-house a prisoner." He then entered the fortress; the officers who had been expostulating with him followed, with the exception of Romney.

Howell, burning with indignation and contempt, was loosening his sword-belt, when that officer said to him—

"Captain Meredith, I will never take from a brave man his sword; nor will I send you to the guard-house. The enemy approach—fly! There is my horse. Tell Van Rensselaer I fear we are betrayed." And he disappeared.

There was no time to lose, the English were close at hand, and Howell, vaulting into the saddle, set spurs to the noble steed, and he flew like the wind. Several pieces were fired after him, and a ball entered the fleshy part of his arm, causing a painful, though not a dangerous wound. He kept his horse at a full gallop for several miles, when, finding he was not pursued, he dismounted and bound up his wounded arm with his handkerchief, as it had bled pretty freely. On casting his eyes back to the fort, he saw a white flag waving from its walls. "The old cowardly traitor!" said he to himself; "it is shameful!" He now traveled more slowly. As he was obliged, for his greater security, to avoid observation, he took the most unfrequented roads, going south towards Ohio. He rode all day, and, at nightfall, stopped at a comfortable farmhouse. He was much fatigued; but the people were very

* Olney's American History.

kind, dressed his wound as well as they could, and sent one of their boys for a surgeon, who lived at a short distance, who extracted the ball, which gave him much relief. Howell soon found they were true Americans. There was no man on the place but the old grandfather and his three grandsons, of the ages of sixteen, fourteen, and twelve; his son, their father, was at Fort Detroit; and, when they heard Howell's tale, both the old man and his son's wife expressed much grief and anger. After a good supper, Howell retired to a nice, clean bed, and slept soundly, notwithstanding his wound and the exciting events of the day.

He was greatly surprised, on descending from his chamber in the morning, to see Gottlieb Pretz busily engaged in constructing a squirrel-trap for the youngest boy. To Captain Meredith's questions as to "how he had escaped?" he gave a long account, which we may perhaps relate at a future time; at present, the reader must excuse us. We will merely say that he did escape, or he would not have been there. To Howell's question of "how he had traced him so accurately?" he replied—

"Why, capt'in, you don't 'pose I lived so long in old Kentuc' and larnt nothin'? I kin foller a trail of ither horse or man as well as any red skin that ever carried a scalpin'-knife."

After breakfast, when they were about leaving, Howell remembered that Gottlieb had no horse, and he was much pleased when the old farmer consented to dispose of one, not a very swift, but still a tolerably good animal. They still kept a southerly direction, Captain Meredith's intention being to enter Ohio, keeping as closely as consisted with safety along the southern shore of Lake Erie, until he should judge it safe to take a boat for Buffalo, from whence he could soon arrive at Lewistown.

CHAPTER IX.

We must now retrograde a little in our story. The reader will remember our having related that Lasy O'Lear's stock and trade of hardware had been purchased by his friend, Red Ashman. It so happened, after the trusty sergeant had left Lewistown for Detroit, after having betrayed Colonel Sefton, that Minesto, wishing to purchase some fishing-hooks, went into the shop now kept by Ashman. After selecting as many as he wanted, he offered a fifty cent piece in payment. Ashman took it, and, opening a drawer which was placed under the counter, in looking for change, he drew it very far out. The quick eye of the Indian perceived a small pouch in it, very gayly embroidered with the stained quills of the porcupine. He reached over, and, taking it in his hand, held it up before him, saying—

"Handsome! good! The white man's squaw make it for him, eh?"

"No," replied Ashman; "my 'squaw' don't make such things. So hand it here, and take your change," offering him the money.

But Minesto still continued to examine it. While this was passing, a customer, who appeared to know Ashman, had entered the shop, and, looking at the pouch, said—

"It is, indeed, mighty fine! You got it from some of the Ingins, I suppose?"

"No; it was given to me by my friend, Sergeant Lasy O'Lear. Let me see," said he, pausing, as if trying to remember, "it is three—yes—nearly four years ago, since he made me a present of it. It was worked by some of the Ingins, I suppose, as it was a red skin who gave it to him, he told me, for some kind office he had done him."

Minesto lost not a word; but, when Ashman had concluded, observed, still holding up the pouch—

"White man sell? Minesto will buy. How much?"

"Well, I don't care to sell it; but, since you have taken such a notion to it, you may have it for a dollar."

"One dollar," repeated the Indian—"one dollar. Minesto bring to-morrow." He then laid it down, and left the shop.

Early the next morning, he took his fishing-tackle, and, repairing to that part of the river where he usually caught the most fish, Minesto threw his line in the water, and had already taken one or two fine fish, when he observed the same man he had met in Ashman's shop approaching, evidently prepared for fishing. He advanced laughing, and asked the Indian "if fish were plenty;" and, on receiving an answer in the affirmative, he laid down his rod, and seated himself on the stump of a tree, as if to rest.

"I was telling Ashman, after you had left his shop yesterday," said he, "that I thought you were the same Indian who came to the sign of the King George, in Queenstown, about four years ago, when I was barkeeper there. I remember well, it was the very day I left to go to New York, and Mr. Lasy O'Lear came in just before you, and told me how that he wanted to cure an Ingin of drinking brandy, that you were a fine feller, and he thought it a pity you should become a drunkard—he belongs to meetin', Mr. Lasy O'Lear does, and is very pious; so he wanted me to do a good deed, and to put some powder, that he gave me in a paper, into the liquor when you asked me for it, and it would make you hate brandy all your life. So I put it in, 'cause I knowed that he wouldn't give you anything to hurt you. And so I thought I'd just ask you if you do hate brandy now, or if you ever drink any?"

During this long explanation, Minesto had stood leaning with his back to a large tree; the line, which was in the water when the stranger appeared, still remained there, the tip of the rod resting on

the shore; the handle he appeared to hold unconsciously. He was standing a few feet in front of the man, and a statue could not have appeared more motionless while he was speaking, and, were it not for an expression of triumph which lighted his dark eye, he might have been taken for one.

"Did it really make you hate brandy?" continued the stranger, not receiving an immediate answer.

"Minesto does not drink fire-water now," returned the Indian, calmly. "It is not good for the red man; it makes him a fool, that his enemies may laugh."

"Well, then," said his questioner, springing up, "I'm glad that it had a good effect; and, for that kind turn I done for you, you must now show me where you get your bait."

Minesto pointed to the place, some paces farther down; and, after having caught some six or eight largo fish, he left his companion and took his way to Lewistown, where he soon disposed of them; then repairing to Ashman's, he laid down his dollar, and received the pouch.

He had now found out *that* which, in seeking to discover, had for nearly four years kept him from his tribe and friends. He felt joyful and elated at the discovery; for the certainty of revenge is the sweetest moment of an Indian's existence. Laxy O'Lear was the robber and would-be murderer. It was, indeed, so. Our readers will recollect that, on the day the pic-nic party discovered Minesto in the wood, he came down from an opposite direction inquiring for Colonel Sefton. He had that morning, after having had the liquor of his intended victim drugged, traced him to the wood, where he saw him lie down. From where he stood, he could likewise see the party of the Seftons and Merediths coming to the valley. The thought crossed his mind of his having a message from Captain Henry to Colonel Sefton, stating "that he would be at Sefton Hill that night;" and he thought this a favorable opportunity to prevent any suspicion of his having perpetrated the deed he intended to commit, by coming an opposite way from that where the Indian lay; and, after he had seen the colonel, taking the road to Queenstown, which he followed until he was certain he was out of sight. He then took a circuitous path, which brought him again to the wood; when, after gazing some time on Minesto, he began to try to extract the pouch, in which was the money he had received that morning from a New York merchant for his skins, and which was placed in a sort of bag or pocket made in his blanket; but he did not find this an easy task, as the Indian was lying upon it. After several vain attempts to draw the blanket from under him, Minesto moved, and partly opened his eyes. Laxy O'Lear immediately, in his fear of being discovered, drew his pistol, and shot him, as he thought, dead. The report at first alarmed him, lest it should bring some one to the spot; but soon he felt reassured, and conjectured

rightly that it would be thought, by those who should hear it, to proceed from some hunter. He now made another attempt, and was successful, possessing himself of the pouch. He retraced his steps, and returned to Queenstown.

It is not likely that he would have been so imprudent as to give it to Ashman, had not the Indians been in the habit of bringing such to Lewistown to sell; nor could Minesto have known it at sight, had it not been a figure, which he himself had arranged by cutting out from pictures, which had been given to him, an otter and buffalo, surrounded by the flowers he best liked in them, and giving them to his sister to work for him. Minesto had never liked Laxy O'Lear; but that it was he who had attempted to murder and had robbed him, never occurred to his mind. It was but a few days previous to the visit Howell paid to Sefton Hill that he had made the discovery. His thoughts now were bent on revenge. He did not intend to follow O'Lear to Detroit; he would wait his time.

In the mean while, the news of the disgraceful capitulation, by which the whole territory of Michigan was given up to the British by its cowardly governor, with the fort and the brave men he commanded, who were made prisoners of war, spread through the Union, and excited universal indignation. It, in a manner, left the whole western frontier exposed to the enemy, and their dreadful allies, the Indians. It had also the effect of rendering the inhabitants and British on their border more daring; indeed, the war on the frontier now seemed to partake of all the horrors of a civil one. On both sides of the border the militia were in service, and there was scarcely a house, village, or town, on either side of the Niagara, which was not destroyed by one party or the other, or the scene of some skirmish. Fathers fought against their daughters' husbands, neighbor against neighbor, all ties of kindred and friendship were severed, and the contest seemed to be carried on with more hatred and rancor than if it was between utter strangers.

Shortly before this dreadful state of things, Lieutenant Sefton returned to Lewistown. He was still obliged to wear his arm in a sling. Grief and mortification, at Mary's recital of all that had taken place during his absence, filled his heart, though she tried to soften it as much as possible. They had no means of hearing anything from Florence or the colonel; and, as Henry was still unable to use the arm that he had broken, when thrown by his horse, and was yet weak from the effects of his late illness, General Van Rensselaer, who had received him most kindly, gave him a furlough until he would be able to bear arms, and advised him to conduct Miss Aylmer, as speedily as possible, to New York, where she would be in safety. Henry, who loved his sister tenderly, and now, if possible, more than ever, felt much grieved at being obliged to leave without hearing anything from her or his father; but, even

did he remain, in his present condition, he could afford her no assistance, and he would only endanger the safety of Mary. They were, accordingly, privately married in the Episcopal Church of Lewistown, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Norris, and immediately set off for New York.

During all these transactions, Caleb and Thornton had not been idle. After Colonel Sefton's flight, they had talked over the state of affairs, and what might probably take place, and the result was that, in the lower part of Mr. Meredith's garden, they had dug a hole, or, more properly, a cellar, in which the plate and most valuable articles of both Sefton Hill and Arcadia were deposited, in large boxes, packed with wool, cotton, and tow, to preserve them from the damp. They then placed a layer of boards over them, some few feet below the surface of the ground, and then filled up the cavity with mould, which they covered with sods. This had been done under the direction of Miss Aylmer before Henry's arrival. Mr. Meredith had been suffering much from gout, and, even had he wished, could not have visited Lewistown. It was Henry's intention to place his bride under his protection and that of his wife, and, as soon as he regained his strength, to return to the army.

September was drawing to a close, when Howell Meredith and Gottlieb reached the fort. Captain Meredith had much to listen to that was distressing; but that which wrung his heart was the situation of Florence in the enemy's camp, and his proud rival's power. Preparations were now being made for an attack on Queenstown, in which none took a more active part than Howell. It appeared to him as if they might be made far more expeditiously, and as if the day on which they were to make the assault would never arrive.

And wearily and sadly had the days passed to Florence Sefton since the surgeon, who had raised her hopes by thinking it possible her father might recover, was compelled, in answer to her repeated inquiries, to say that, unless a ball, which had lodged in his side, could be extracted, there was no hope of his living much longer, and that the operation would be attended with considerable danger. The agony Colonel Sefton now endured caused him to decide on having it performed; and, though he had never been a selfish man, yet his sufferings were so great that he would often forget what his daughter had endured for his sake, and reproach her that "she had not accepted the proposals of Sir Edgar Lee, which would have prevented all the misfortunes that had occurred." Though Florence felt this injustice keenly, yet she would try to soothe him, by kindness and attention, into a better mood, in which she generally succeeded, when he would regret his unkindness, beg her to forgive him, caress and call her his dear child, and the preserver of his life.

The operation was performed, and, as the surgeon

feared, he sank under it; the great loss of blood was too much for him in his weak state. Taking Florence's hand in his own, he said, feebly—

"Bless you, my sweet, my noble child! You have your father's consent to wed Howell Meredith. I am sorry that I opposed it. Tell Henry I bless him and Mary." And, in a few moments, he expired.

Florence's grief was intense; she had loved her father with an heartfelt, deep, devoted love. She was carried from his chamber insensible; and it was some days before Alice could persuade her to take sufficient nourishment to support nature. Sir Edgar Lee was unremitting in his inquiries and attentions; every dainty was procured that could tempt her appetite; and he requested Alice to tell Miss Sefton "her father had been interred in the burial-ground of the Episcopal Church at Queenstown, and every respect paid to his memory, and that anything and everything in the fort was at her command."

After Florence had recovered from the first shock occasioned by her father's death, she began to think of her own situation, and of requesting Sir Edgar to permit her to return to her friends. She had heard nothing from Howell nor Henry since she had entered the British fort, and was extremely anxious on account of both. He had several times requested to be admitted, and she told Alice the next time he came to ask him in, and to remain herself in the apartment, which she did. Sir Edgar thought he had never seen Florence look so incomparably lovely. Her deep mourning contrasted finely with the alabaster fairness of her skin. She had become somewhat paler and thinner; but, if her beauty was less dazzling, it was more touching, at least so thought her suitor. He advanced bowing, and, with a look meant to express deep sympathy, "hoped he had the pleasure of seeing Miss Sefton recovering from her indisposition, and the grief in which he participated with her." Florence replied that "she felt better; thanked him for all his kindness and attention to her father, and requested, as she had nothing now to detain her at the fort, that he would permit her, with Alice, to return to her friends." Lee's brow grew dark, though he endeavored to smooth it, and affect a look of surprise at what he heard.

"Why, surely, Miss Sefton," said he, "you cannot mean what you say, when you know it was your dear father's wish that I should have the happiness, the unspeakable happiness, of being your protector for life. No, no, my dear girl, that is a hope that I cannot resign. And," continued he, seeing that Florence was about to interrupt him, "it is upon this very subject that I wished to speak to you. You will not, I hope, my sweet Florence, deem me precipitate or indecorous, so soon after the death of your dear father, to propose that our marriage take place in a few days at farthest. This gloomy fort is no place for so fair a being, and it is my wish to

convey you from it as soon as possible. General Sir Isaac Brock has appointed me as messenger, with dispatches to England, and another officer takes my command here; then, my lovely!"—

"Stop, Sir Edgar Lee!" interrupted Florence, who, pale as a marble statue, had sat listening to him. "Stop; I cannot hearken to language of this kind addressed to me by you. I have already told you that I *never will* be your wife. I have appealed to your generosity, and told you also that I was the affianced wife of another; I have begged of you, as a nobleman and as a gentleman, to desist from this persecution, for so I consider it; but all in vain. Now hear me, Sir Edgar, when I solemnly assure you that no power on earth shall ever compel me to give my hand to a man I consider void of every gentlemanly principle, and that I never will be your wife."

Sir Edgar Lee had turned red and white alternately, while Florence spake. When she had finished, he rose, saying, in rather a sarcastic tone—

"You will excuse my differing from you, Miss Sefton, when I *solemnly assure* you that, in less than a fortnight, *you will be my wife!*" Then, bowing, he left the apartment.

When he was gone, Florence burst into tears, which she indulged for some moments; then, reproaching herself for her weakness, she entered her chamber and implored the protection of Him who can deliver from all evil, and who is a sure refuge in distress, pouring balm on the agonized heart when it cries to Him for mercy; and Florence felt it to be so.

On the thirteenth of October, a few days after Sir Edgar had visited Florence, an alarm was given that the Americans were in motion, preparing to cross the river and attack the town and fort. All was bustle and preparation. One thousand of our men, led on by Colonel Van Rensselaer, crossed the Niagara in open boats, the English pouring a heavy fire on them as they approached; but on they came, swiftly and fearlessly, and effected a landing. Van Rensselaer led on his men to the attack, and, in the onset, was wounded. He was conveyed to the boats. Colonel Scott then, with his brave regiment, pressed forward to the assault of the fortress under a galling fire. They were repulsed, and driven back. Again they rushed on after their noble leader, and a breach was effected.

"Captain Meredith," said Colonel Scott, who had observed the daring and bravery which he displayed, "carry that breach for me. I leave it to you." The colonel had directed his own attention to another point of attack.

"On, my brave fellows!" cried Howell, "on! Think of the honor of your country; think of *De-troit*, and redeem that honor!"

The men replied with a shout, as he led to the breach, where the conflict was fierce and bloody. Hand to hand—for they fought now with the bayo-

net—they encountered the enemy, who were driven back with great slaughter, and an entrance effected. At the same time, Colonel Scott had made and carried a breach in a different part. The fort was taken, and the British surrendered at discretion.

During the conflict, Florence had remained with Alice in her apartment. The cries of the assailants, the roar of artillery, and the crash of falling walls, with the shouts of the victors, they heard distinctly. But who were the victors? that was the question. Poor Florence's heart beat tumultuously when she heard a well-known voice—a voice that seemed to proceed from one possessed of the lungs of a Stentor—cry, "Hurrah! free trade and sailors' rights! Down with the Britishers!" It was Gotlieb Pretz; she could not be mistaken; and she knew Howell must be there, or his faithful follower would not.

At this moment the door was thrown open, and Sir Edgar Lee rushed in. Seeing a large shawl on the sofa, he seized it, and, throwing it around Florence, he said—

"Come, Miss Sefton; this place is no longer safe for you."

"Any place where my countrymen are is safe for me. I will not go!" she replied.

"You shall not choose!" said he, catching her up in his arms.

"Alice! Alice!" cried Florence, "save me!"

Sir Edgar had reached the door; and, as Alice flew after her mistress, whom he grasped firmly with one arm, he put *her* back with the other, closed the door, and, drawing the bolt on the outside, flew with his fair burden through an entry that led to a private door in the rear of the fort, of which he had the key, and through which he passed; and, as it shut with a spring lock, he was not detained by having to fasten it, or apprehensive of pursuit from that side. He took his way along the Niagara, but at some distance up from the stream, the fort itself serving to shield him from being seen, as the combat had raged chiefly in the front and northern side of the fortress. He continued this path for about half a mile, when, descending a small hill, at the foot of which the river took a bend, nearly hidden from the fort, he stopped, and two men leaped from a boat on its waters, and advanced to meet him.

"Is all ready?" said Sir Edgar.

"All, your lordship," replied the shorter of the two. "And I've got my trusty friend, Ashman, to help me row."

"Very well, Mr. Lazy O'Lear. In, in, and row for your lives; there is no time to lose," said he, seating himself, with the now insensible girl, in the boat.

Florence had continued to call for help while they were in the fort; but, when she felt herself conveyed away from it, she knew not whither, and so completely in the power of Sir Edgar, her senses left her.

In the mean time, Howell, the moment that an

entrance was effected, and the victory sure, had flown through the fort, seeking in every room for Florence. At length, he came to the one in which Alice was confined, and the door of which she was vainly endeavoring to open. He unbolted it, and, seeing Alice, an exclamation of joy burst from his lips, as he was now certain of having found Florence.

"Where is Miss Sefton? Where is Florence?" said he.

"He has carried her off, Captain Meredith. Sir Edgar Lee has forced her away with him," she said, weeping; then, observing the blood oozing from under the sleeve of his uniform, she continued, "But you are wounded!"

He had, indeed, been wounded with the thrust of a bayonet, and in the same arm in which he had been shot when fleeing from Detroit. It is a vulgar saying that "misfortunes seldom come singly;" and Howell, having been wounded twice in the same arm, seemed to prove the truth of the proverb. He paid no attention to Alice's remark of his being wounded, but rushed out, and along the same entry through which Sir Edgar had passed, and reached the outer door, which, though furnished with heavy bolts, and was of great thickness, was now only fastened by its spring lock. Gottlieb Pretz, who had followed Howell in his search through the fort, now appeared, and, having a hatchet in his belt, soon severed the lock from the door. They followed the path in the direction of the river, and, when they had reached the small hill we have before spoken of, plainly saw the boat containing the fugitives. There was no other boat near in which they could pursue them; and, as Howell, almost frantic, ran along the bank, followed by Gottlieb, he suddenly stopped, "Good Heavens, the whirlpool!" he exclaimed, and bounded forward to throw himself into the stream. He could not see her perish without trying to rescue her; but Gottlieb caught him, and, struggling to keep him back, saying—

"Don't be so foolish, capt'in, as to throw away your life for a gal. You can't swim with your wounded arm; and, if you could, there's no how you could save her. But stop," he continued, "I see the Ingin. If anybody on airth can save her, he can."

This arrested Howell's attention, and, looking in the direction pointed out by Gottlieb, saw the black head of Minesto occasionally appear above the surface of the water.

"There's narer an oter that ever swum in water can keep up with that red skin; and, as for stayin' under water, you'd think sometimes that he was a takin' a nap at the bottom of the river," said Gottlieb.

Howell continued to advance some paces, looking, with an agony that cannot be described, on the danger of her in whom his whole heart was centered.

Those in the boat had seen their peril, and were

now making ineffectual attempts to alter her course. A moment more, she had entered the fatal circle, and was whirled round with almost the velocity of lightning. Florence, a few moments before, had recovered from her insensibility, and, seeing Howell, she stretched out her arms to him, calling wildly for aid. This was too much for the young officer; he made a spring forward, and fell fainting on the sward. Loss of blood—for his wound was still bleeding—and the anguish he endured, had overcome him. The boat had now described about half of a second circle, when her course was arrested. A swarthy form had risen, as if by enchantment, from the water, and, holding the boat with almost the strength of an Hercules with one hand, while from the other a glittering battleaxe descended and clove the skull of the unfortunate Lazy O'Lear nearly in two. "A great brave strikes not twice!" said Minesto; and, before we can relate it, throwing the axe in the stream, he had caught Florence in his arms, saying, "The Yenghese chief can tell the great cave spirit that Minesto sends him the pale-faced robber!" He let go his hold on the boat, which, whirling rapidly round, in a few moments was swallowed up in the dreadful abyss, almost before its occupants could realise their situation. He then swam with Alice to the opposite shore.

The whole scene had passed with the rapidity of thought. His movements had been so quick, so sudden, as to cause even Gottlieb Pretz to doubt their reality. He rubbed his eyes, exclaiming, "Well, if that red critter don't go ahead of anything I ever seed! I'm right glad the gal's saved!" he continued, as he saw Minesto reach the opposite shore in safety with Miss Sefton. He now began to turn his attention to Howell. Perceiving the blood, for the first time, that flowed from his arm, he removed his coat and bandaged it with his handkerchief; then, taking some water in his cap from the river, he bathed his face and temples, saying—

"Cheer up, capt'in, the gal's safe and sound on t'other side of the river. Didn't I tell you the red skin could do it?"

Captain Meredith soon revived; and, hearing a full account of Florence's deliverance, scarcely felt the pain of his wound.

"But look," said Gottlieb; "if there ain't Caleb and Thornton! Yes; and the nigger's got his wife with him. So, you see, capt'in, the lady's got plenty of folks to look arter her. But how that red skin could have knowned that even a Britisher should have been such a fool, when he was a carrying off the gal, as to bring her right down to the whirlpool, that goes ahead of my understandin'."

The river at this point is, as we have already observed, very narrow, and Howell could distinctly see that every attention was being paid Florence. He now complied with Gottlieb's persuasions to return to the fort, and have his arm dressed by a surgeon.

"We've got both sides of the river now, capt'in,"

said Gottlieb, on their way back to the fort; "we've let the Englishers see that if old Hull warn't no more fit to be a general than I'm to be a president, all the Americans warn't jist like him, the old cowardly critter, and that we know how to pepper their jackets for 'em when we're on'y let.—Hurrah! Free trade and sailors' rights," shouted he as they met some soldiers coming from the fort, whom he knew belonged to Captain Meredith's company, "we're the boys that can whip the inemy; and now three cheers for our gallant capt'in." The men gave them heartily, and then three more for the brave Colonel Scott, who now commanded the place; and as Howell's head ached from fatigue and excitement, he was glad to escape into the fort from their noisy demonstrations of joy.

As our readers are probably as much puzzled as Gottlieb Pretz to understand why Sir Edgar Lee should have taken Florence to the "Whirlpool," we will explain. On the surrender of Fort Detroit to the British, General Brock had some communication to make to Sir Edgar, and had employed Lasy O'Lear as the most certain messenger he *could* employ, knowing that he could creep through the country like a weasel, almost without being seen. On his arrival at Queenstown, Sir Edgar, whose whole anxiety was centered in Florence, and who had only, as we have stated before, returned to America on her account, now daily expected an attack from the Americans under General Van Rensselaer, and, thinking it would not be safe to trust to the "fortune of war," determined, in case of a defeat, to secure the means of flight with her. He found it would be totally impracticable to descend the Niagara to Lake Ontario, as he wished to do, as it would have to be done in face of the enemy; besides, he would be obliged to pass the American fort at Lewistown, and an escape by land seemed equally impossible: he therefore proposed to Lasy O'Lear to have everything in readiness, and the boat at the bend in the river, as soon as the Americans should begin the attack, "in order," as he observed, that "if the Yankees should prove successful, he might have the pleasure of carrying away the only prize he thought worth fighting for on this side of the Atlantic."

Minesto had, from the day on which he discovered who it was had robbed and intended to murder him, remained almost entirely on the Canada side of the border, as he was well known both at Queenstown and Lewistown, and took part with neither party. Very quiet, and generally alone, he passed unnoticed or at least unsuspected. He was now much about the English fort, with fish or game to dispose of, but he seldom, if ever, lost sight of Lasy O'Lear. A few evenings before the battle he had heard Sir Edgar tell the former that he wished him to meet him at the bend in the river. Minesto repaired to the place before the appointed time, and having with an Indian's sagacity and cunning found a hiding-place in

the branches of an immense oak, that grew near the bend, he was not disappointed when his intended victim and the baronet met under it, and thus he became possessed of the whole plot. On the morning of the attack on Queenstown, he had met Lasy O'Lear in one of the passages of the fort, looking for Sir Edgar Lee, to ask him some question which he had forgotten until then, relating to their flight. Minesto held in one hand a bottle, in the other a small cup made of horn, from which he appeared to have just drained the last drop. The Indian, who had watched the traitor closely, knew that he well loved brandy, so that he could take it without its being known: he therefore came up to him, at the same time pouring some liquor from the bottle into the cup, saying, as he held it toward him—

"Will white man no drink? it make him strong—he kill his enemy—he laugh at him."

"Well, I don't know that it is right to take it—it is what I never do; but, as we are going to have a battle, perhaps it may do me good," and he drank it to the dregs. "Thank you, red skin," he said; "and now tell me if you know where is Sir Edgar Lee?"

"The Yenghese chief is with his braves," said Minesto, pointing to a room on the left, to which Lasy O'Lear proceeded, while he, leaving the fort, walked rapidly along the bank of the river until, at the foot of the hill, he plunged in and soon swam to the opposite shore, where he found Caleb and Thornton with his wife, who, hearing they were going to try and rescue Miss Sefton, insisted on being there.

Minesto now having taken from the boat (which lay in the nook we have already described, and by the trees where Colonel Sefton deposited his letters) a long thick rope, wound it several times round the trunk of one of those trees, then taking the other end, he passed it twice round his waist; he then again entered the stream, directing Caleb and Thornton to let out the rope until he should have reached the whirlpool, and was within its first circle. They did so, and drew him from the vortex back into the stream. This he did in case he should be drawn into the whirlpool, that by means of the rope they might rescue him. The experiment he found would succeed; he could save Miss Sefton and take revenge on his enemy at the same time. The liquor he had given Lasy O'Lear contained an Indian poison that, after it had been taken a certain time, would produce insanity and the most excruciating agony before it caused death. It had begun to take effect on Lasy O'Lear even before Sir Edgar appeared with Florence; he felt some pain and dizziness, but thought it would pass off. After they had rowed some way, Ashman warned him to be careful they came not too near the whirlpool; but he only answered him with a wild glare of the eye and a stronger pull at the oar toward the fatal chasm. Sir Edgar's attention had been taken up with trying to revive Miss Sefton; and when Ashman called on him to notice the course they were taking, it was too late.

The chemise, or under garment, reaches to the throat, and has full, round sleeves. The bodice of the jupe is so covered with lace, embroidery, chains, and buttons of brass and silver, that the real material of which it is composed is scarcely perceptible. Frequently, too, the throat is surrounded with a broad frill, lying flat upon the bosom, not unlike the bands worn in England in the reign of Charles II. The stockings are always white and fine, and the shoes neat.

The women of Soleure are distinguished by a neat and elegant straw hat, fastened on to the head with



a frill of black lace. Their hair is curled in front, and they frequently have a black handkerchief round the throat; a black petticoat, a green and scarlet bodice, and scarlet ribbons in their shoes. The upper jupe is often black, with a red border round the bottom; it just reaches to the knees, and below it are seen about two inches of a white under-petticoat, edged with pink. The white stockings are gartered with colored ribbons, with long ends; the sleeves of the shift are full, and cover the arms to the elbows. A large white muslin cap, with a plaited border, is often worn.

Near Bâle, the only head-dress is a frill of black lace, pinned into the plait of hair which surrounds the head. The petticoats are longer, and of a dark color, with a gayly striped bodice and handkerchief.

In the Grisons, the paysannes wear becoming black lace caps, which are pointed upon the forehead, but allow the hair on the temples to be seen, and are tied under the chin. They often have red stockings with white clocks, an orange bodice laced with green over a blue stomacher, a purple cloth petticoat bordered with green, a striped handkerchief and apron, and long white sleeves.

In Zurich, a white chemisette, which meets the bodice, and is finished at the throat with a frill, and the sleeves of which form three large puffs, is worn; the hair, which is plaited, hangs down the back, and has black lace entwined with it.

In the small canton of St. Gall, the head is frequently uncovered, the hair being made into one large plait on the back of the head, and adorned with long gold or silver pins. On Sundays, a pretty little cap made of white muslin, lined with green silk and with a small crimson crown, is frequently worn; it has a neat and becoming appearance. The

hair is arranged quite flat upon the temples, and very little of it is allowed to be seen. The top of the chemise is often finished round the neck with a



full frill, not unlike a ruff. On *fête* days, a neat little short jacket is worn; it is quite open in front, so as to show the stomacher, and is bordered with colored ribbons.

In Uri, the hair is worn in ringlets, and a pretty little straw hat, decked with bows of colored ribbons, is coquettishly perched on one side of the head. The striped petticoats are long, the bodice without a stomacher, and adorned with a silver chain, the stockings scarlet, and large buckles in the shoes.

In Unterwalden, the hair is drawn back from the forehead, leaving it quite bare; behind, it is formed into a broad plait, adorned with several gold pins, that stand round the head like stars. The rest of the dress resembles that in most of the other cantons.

In Appenzell, the bodice boasts every variety of color, and the petticoat is generally bright scarlet, with white stockings and black shoes. Beneath the stomacher and bodice is a kind of brown vest, fastened round the throat with a necklace. The hair



hangs in small curls on the temples and neck, and a cap of black velvet adorns the head; the crown fits quite tight, and two black lace wings rise from the sides, and are supported by a crimson ribbon passed through them.

In Zug, the hair is curled in front, and a large

straw hat is placed on the top of the head. A large white frill lies flat over the bosom, and the petticoat is frequently black for half its length, while the other half is blue or red; the stockings are colored, and the bodice gayly embroidered.

In Fribourg, the bodice is replaced by a long apron of white linen, which covers the front of the body of the dress; the petticoat is very long, the sleeves white, and above the top of the apron is seen a black and scarlet neckcloth, with a rosette in front. The hair is arranged in two plaits down the sides of the face, and the head is covered with a large straw hat, trimmed with black velvet.

Near Thurgovia, the paysannes' cap is very simple, being a tight caul of colored silk, with a frill of black lace round it: the hair is curled. The little brown jacket, with its blue stomacher and yellow bodice laced with scarlet, has a very pretty effect, which is increased by a yellow petticoat and a red *sous jupe*, bordered with black or green.

At Tessin, a long brown great-coat is frequently worn by the women; the broad-brimmed hat is tied on with a colored handkerchief, the petticoat is ornamented with fringe, and not unfrequently the paysannes are seen with bare feet and ankles.

At Oberhasli, straw hats are worn, with very long petticoats, shoes trimmed with scarlet, gay bodices, and colored aprons.

In the Valais, the usual mixture of gay colors is seen in the costume, but the petticoat is larger than in most of the other cantons, while the neat white sleeves, which are full and short, and the snow-white stockings and black shoes, give a picturesque appearance to the dress, which is heightened by the curiously shaped little straw hat, decorated with



flowers and ribbons, and placed so as to show a broad plait of the hair which peeps from beneath it. Sometimes the hat is nearly as flat as a plate, surrounded with bows of ribbon and edged with black velvet.

At Neuchâtel and Geneva, probably from the visits of numerous foreigners, the paysannes have abandoned their national costume, and generally appear in gowns, caps, and shawls, of a French make.

In the Pays de Vaux, the bodice is worn without

a stomacher; it is often green, the jupe striped in white, scarlet, and blue, the apron of snowy linen, fastened with a pink ribbon, and a pink fêche over the neck completes the dress. The large straw hat



is placed on one side, and within it is a cap of black lace, which sets off the complexion most becomingly. The crown of the hat is curiously shaped.

Near Gougisberg, the head is adorned with a colored handkerchief, twisted round it like a turban. The little black jupe, bordered with scarlet, does not reach to the knees, which are uncovered, the stockings being gartered below them. The shoes have large red rosettes, the bodice is scarlet; above it the chemise reaches to the throat, where it is fastened with a black and scarlet collar; over this is worn a brown jacket with long sleeves, and a white apron.

ROME.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

SHE lies beneath the South's resplendent skies,
Earth's royal purple, faded though its dyes,
Still folded closely o'er her silenced heart;
And all the radiant gems of lofty art
Set like a diamond upon her head—
Yet Rome is dead!
Though green around her grows the orange grove,
And glowing bend the azure skies above,
The enemy doth sit within her gate,
And she is desolate.

Instead of crowns, the death-damp gems her brow;
Instead of sceptres, chains are on her hands,
And through her kingdom sweep the Austrian's bands
Her sons are fettered now.

Heard'st thou thy children's moan? Rome, raise thy head!
Ah, Rome is dead!

Yet glorious art thou, Rome!
More beauteous in thy desolation,
More queenly in thy mournful lamentation,
Than other cities in their new-fledged glory;
For on thy brow the hand of History
Hath placed a diadem, whose light shall blaze
Adown the Future, with unclouded rays.
Long after Time hath crumbled tower and dome,
Thy name shall live, proud Rome!
Thy name shall live, O crushed and fallen Rome!

THE CAMPBELLS AND THE CLIFTONS.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY MISS META M. DUNCAN.

(Continued from page 266.)

Our limits will not allow us to follow minutely Edward's career. It will be sufficient to say that he found his uncle quite as "odd" a person as he had any reason to expect, and that the task of pleasing him did not appear by any means an easy one. However, with patience, good humor, and unflinching perseverance, his task became light; and, as his character developed itself, Edward no longer felt these asperities. Either he grew accustomed to them, or they became softened down. Edward believed the latter to be the case, for he soon learned to regard the singular old man with a sincere affection, and to treat him with a frank confidence which must have often made him secretly smile. Edward had about him that feminine craving for affection, which may have been partly traceable to his peculiar education by a woman of great tenderness of nature. Certain it is, he never drew near to any one whom he liked and respected, without exhibiting this trait in his character. On his arrival in New Orleans, his uncle, who was an extensive shipping merchant, placed him in a desirable situation in his counting-house, with a handsome salary. Mr. Fairly was a close observer of character, and he watched his nephew narrowly for many months. When he discovered that half the money which he had sent to Edward in Philadelphia had been left behind with his step-mother, and that monthly more than half his pay was received in a draft on Philadelphia for the use of that mother, he, without comment, doubled his salary. At the expiration of two years, with an open expression of satisfaction at Edward's conduct while with him, he elevated him to one of the highest posts in his establishment, with an income so munificent as to enable him to provide for his mother as he wished. Edward's exultation may be well conceived at this early accomplishment of some of his brightest visions, and, during the visit to Philadelphia which quickly followed, he made every arrangement for placing his mother in a small but comfortable house of her own.

It was during this visit, in the summer previous to the opening of our tale, that the domestic affliction which Mrs. John Campbell had alluded to, in her conversation with her sister-in-law, occurred. Arthur Campbell, the twin brother of Elinor, had always been a peculiar child. His constitution, much less vigorous than his sister's, inclined him to inactivity,

and a shy, reserved disposition rendered him far less attractive. Too indolent to study, he was nevertheless devoted to books, provided he could get them of the sort he preferred; and all his leisure hours, and many a stolen one, were devoted to the wild legends, volumes of poetry, and romantic tales that he loved best. Elinor, whose love for him was absorbing, was his friend, playfellow, and confidante. They were inseparable, and, during the summer, when in the country, they wandered together during a great part of every day, sitting in shady nooks, reading fairy tales, endless ballads, or, better than all, *Crasoe's* enchanting story, and shaping out, with all the extravagance of childish imaginations, adventures strange and wild for themselves. The boy, unknown to himself, to others was a poet; he lived in a poet's world, and it was through the force of this one strong pervading quality that he led the far better balanced mind and more vigorous intellect of his sister. She was spell-bound through her imagination, through her engrossing love for him, and drank from his mind with a blind thirst. Her girlish amusements and employments were distasteful, because he could not share them, and the rougher plays and boyish pursuits which he indulged in, became hers. Mrs. Campbell's authority was interposed to prevent this tendency to masculine habits in her daughter; but the boy's health was delicate, and the children too ardently attached to render it possible for her entirely to neutralize her son's influence. Thus they grew together till nearly the age of fourteen, leaning upon and loving each other with an ardor and enthusiasm common to both their natures.

One fine summer morning, to her great regret, Nora was called upon to accompany her mother and Mrs. Clifton to town, and Arthur was obliged to amuse himself alone. On their return, at dinner time, inquiry was made for Arthur, but he was not to be found. Dinner was served and eaten, and still he came not. As such deviations from established rules were not permitted, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell became extremely uneasy. Messengers were sent in all directions to the neighboring residences; but no tidings could be heard of him. That some accident had befallen him became now the universal feeling, and servants and laborers were sent out to search for him. Elinor's anxiety was distressing to witness. She begged, entreated, and prayed her mother to suffer her to go seek for her brother.

She knew his haunts better than any one, she said. She pleaded in vain, till Edward Clifton, seeing and pitying the agony her apprehensions made her endure, added his persuasions to hers, and offered to accompany her. Mrs. Campbell finally consented, and, led by the little girl, he followed her rapid steps as she led the way to a neighboring creek which ran, shallow and noisy, through piles of broken rock that lay in huge masses for several miles along its shore, shaded from the towering banks above by overhanging trees, which threw their dark shadows over the glistening waters. Elinor sped on, climbing the rugged pathway, searching in many a hidden nook and concealed hiding-place, which her knowledge of her brother's favorite haunts led her to, occasionally pausing to call upon his name in loud and frantic accents.

What is that? Is it a sound she hears? Her arms are suddenly flung up in the air, and she darts with the fleetness of the wind round a point of rock. Edward Clifton, who hears no sound, follows her. He scrambles over the broken and uneven rocks; he flings himself down an abrupt declivity, and beholds, in a little green dell at the bottom, Elinor kneeling upon the grass, supporting the head of her brother. The boy's countenance was deadly pale, but his eyes were open and fixed upon his sister's face; a stream of blood was welling from his side, and near him lay a fowling-piece, the silent exponent of the scene. Clifton immediately stanching the flowing blood with one of Nora's muslin skirts, with which she promptly supplied him, and, raising the boy in his arms, proceeded to carry him home, Nora leading the way by a less rugged path. Arthur was again senseless, and happily suffered little in the conveyance.

The shock which their arrival produced may be conceived. Physicians were summoned, and everything that skill and affection could suggest was done, but in vain; the boy's constitution was not strong enough to enable him to rally, and death released him in a few days. His senses were restored, however, and his mind was clear and calm, fully comprehending the great change which was about to take place. He explained how his wound had been received. Some neighboring boys having laughed at him for his ignorance of firearms, he had taken his father's gun, during the absence of the family, to a sequestered spot, to practice, and the result we have seen.

The sorrow which this painful event occasioned in the Campbell family was increased greatly by the distressing effects which it produced upon Nora. While her brother lived, it was scarcely possible to tear her from his side. She would not believe that he must die, and, when death came, her frantic grief terminated in a brain fever which, for many weeks, held her on the verge of the grave. When strength and health again slowly returned to her, her whole nature seemed changed. Hitherto wild, heedless,

and brave as a boy, with all his insensibility to danger, she had become a timid, shrinking girl. Half-forced smiles, a slow and languid step, and low dejected tones had succeeded to the active movement, the merry laugh, the noisy sports, and independent habits in which she had formerly indulged. She shunned all her former haunts. She never spoke of her brother, but clung to her mother with a close and desperate earnestness, that, while it showed the state of nervous helplessness to which grief and illness had reduced her, proved also the depths of that love so rudely torn asunder, and now thrown back with sudden shock upon herself. Unresisting and meekly patient, she yielded herself to the guiding hand of her mother, and Mrs. Campbell turned from the sorrow which, she doubted not, had been sent to her in mercy, to rejoice in fear and trembling over the treasure which God had restored to her.

Mrs. Clifton, during these trials, had been a great support to Mrs. Campbell. Her unaffected piety and practical good sense rendered her an invaluable assistant in scenes of sickness and sorrow. Edward, too, though obliged to return to New Orleans before Elinor was pronounced out of danger, had been a great comfort to the afflicted family. Arthur had always been strongly attached to him. He was never satisfied, after his accident, unless Edward was near his bed, and, during the few days that his life was prolonged, Edward sat up a part of every night with him. His last audible words were addressed to him: "You will take my place, Edward, and be a brother to Nora if she should need it," he said, gazing upon his sister, who, in silent agony, leaned over him, her eyes fastened upon his face, around which the blue shades of death were already beginning to gather.

Edward, deeply moved, assented, and, bending down, he kissed both the children in silent token of his pledge.

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell returned to town this autumn at an unusually early period, partly for the purpose of removing Nora from the scene of their recent sorrows, and partly out of consideration for Mrs. Clifton, whose own house was prepared for her to go into, and who would not leave her kind friends in the solitude of the country to their sad feelings.

As time passed on, Mrs. Frederic Campbell's hopes with regard to her daughter were fully confirmed. Emily grew up a beautiful girl, and Madame Foulard succeeded in her efforts to make her an accomplished woman, far beyond her expectations. Emily had naturally a good temper, and circumstances all conspired to keep it so. The plain, poor, and neglected are those whose natures are hardened, and whose tempers become embittered, by want of appreciation and by the cold sneers of indifference. Emily had everything in the world to make her satisfied with herself and others—beauty, wealth,

station, and influence. She was the idol of her school-fellows, and a general favorite with her teachers. Careless of money, and lavish to all around, she reaped a harvest of adulation and love, for to the youthful mind there is no quality so dazzling as that of a free and generous nature. Her will was the law; no one opposed her, for no one had the inclination to do so.

When Emily approached the age of eighteen, her mother found it impossible to keep her any longer at Madame Foulard's. She was too impatient to taste the pleasures of that "society" for which she had been educated, and Mrs. Frederic consented to her leaving school; and, when she returned home, it is on record that no less than thirty-four daguerreotypes of her charming face were added to the private property of Madame Foulard's pupils.

The school days of Elinor, if less brilliant than those of her cousin, were equally satisfactory to her mother. Mrs. Osborne, though she did not wholly repudiate "polkas," considered "parsing" of more consequence, and, in her school, Paris was looked upon more in a historical point of view, as the capital of a great nation and the theatre of strange events, than as the place where the *Magasin des Modes* was issued, and whence "loves of bonnets" came. For the rest, Elinor's accomplishments were thoroughly acquired; her French and music would not have disgraced Madame Foulard's establishment. She drew well, and sang with a taste and feeling that touched the heart even more than it gratified the scientific ear.

Elinor's impetuosity and gay buoyant spirits had never returned after her brother's death. Time did its work in softening her grief and reconciling her to her loss, but the shadow which it had cast over her lingered with her still, giving to her manner a quietude and reserve which some called pride. But Elinor was not proud, according to the term as applied to her. If she wanted sympathy with her companions, it was because, like all those who have personally experienced moral convulsions, she was older than her years. The same strong feeling, the same deep but earnest enthusiasm that marked her earlier days, still belonged to her, though concealed beneath the subdued demeanor of a disciplined character. Elinor, as a child, gave but little promise of beauty; her eyes were large, changeful, and expressive, and her hair and teeth were fine; otherwise, her features were harsh. As she approached womanhood, however, her countenance grew more and more harmonious, as if the inward graces of her mind had moulded the lineaments which gave it expression. Finely formed, and above the middle height, Elinor possessed one of those springy, lithe, and active figures, such as it would be natural that her early unrestrained habits should have developed. No one ever thought of suggesting comparisons between the two cousins; but few ever turned from her to gaze upon the brilliant face and fairy-like little

form of Emily, without being unconsciously impressed by her.

Elinor, who was more than a year younger than her cousin, remained a pupil of Mrs. Osborne's, while Emily made her first appearance in society. Mrs. Frederic consoled herself for the misfortune of having a grown-up daughter, by the *éclat* which Emily's *début* caused. Several persons told her, to be sure, that she and Emily looked like sisters, and she believed them! This, perhaps, helped to support her under the trial.

Emily's little head preserved a wonderful degree of steadiness amid all the whirl, excitement, and flattery of her first winter. She had had a pretty good seasoning at Madame Foulard's, however, and it was not easy to overwhelm the original of thirty-four daguerreotypes! At the end of the season, everybody acknowledged that Emily was a sweet girl. And so she was, for, though she had never had a drop to embitter her cup through life, we all know that there are people whom no blessing, no degree of prosperity, can sweeten! But Emily was sweet and pleasant to all. Unlike that unfortunate "miller who lived upon the Dee," she cared for everybody, for everybody cared for her.

Emily's dulcet character ran some risk of deserting her, however, the following summer, when she found that her father had purchased a neat country house, close to Clover Hill, the seat of her uncle, instead of taking them to a watering-place, as had been his custom. The opportune announcement of the expected arrival of Edward Clifton alone enabled her to bear the disappointment with some degree of fortitude. She remembered the admiration of her which he had exhibited two years before, on his former visit, when she was but a half-grown girl, and she thought how pleasant it would be to have such a tall handsome fellow as Edward to flirt with and make miserable during the summer. "I shall make mamma invite Mrs. Clifton to spend the summer with us, instead of with Uncle John, and then I can have him all to myself." Such were the pleasant thoughts that ran through Emily's little head!

Edward Clifton, during his residence with his uncle, had elevated himself so much in his opinion, and won so much of his regard, that Mr. Fairly signified his intention of taking him as a partner in his business—a step which insured to Edward ultimately, if no untoward events occurred, the possession of a handsome fortune. Those who speculated upon such matters decided that Edward must be his uncle's heir; but Edward himself, with a singleness of mind that was one of his peculiar characteristics, never even thought of such a contingency, and labored in his vocation as one who not only had vast returns to make for the generous kindness he had received, but as one whose future fortunes were dependent upon his daily efforts. Mr. Fairly was too observant a man not to have weighed thoroughly his nephew's character; and the confidence which he

placed in him proved the high opinion which he had of him.

Edward Clifton arrived, and Mrs. Frederic, having signified to Mrs. Clifton the injustice she would be doing them if she always preferred Mrs. John Campbell's house to theirs, left the old lady no alternative but to accept her invitation to pass the summer with them in the country, which invitation of course included Edward.

This arrangement was more satisfactory to Mrs. Frederic than to Mrs. Clifton, who would have preferred her accustomed plan of passing the hot months at the younger brother's. She was warmly attached to Mrs. John, in whom she had found a congenial friend in her hour of sore trial; but she owed too many obligations to the Campbell families to wish to appear ungracious in refusing an invitation urged in such a shape, and she went, after enjoying Edward's society alone for a few days in town.

Emily's feminine instincts had not misled her when she decided that Edward Clifton admired her. He did, and, when he again saw her, he thought her the most perfect vision of beauty that had ever crossed his path. Edward was not what is called a susceptible young man, but his refinement of mind gave him an intense appreciation of beauty, and Emily had no reason to complain of his want of admiration of her.

Satisfied that he was not a man to fall in love with mere beauty of person alone, that he had other tastes to gratify than those of the eye, and that there were other and more important requirements necessary to make up his ideal of womanly perfection, Edward set to work to scan Emily's character after his imagination and senses were dazzled. With what success may be imagined. Amability and an affectionate loving nature were two indispensable in woman, according to his opinion, and these he perceived Emily possessed in a high degree. The "sweetness" for which she had always been so distinguished never shone with greater lustre than it did just now. She was in her happiest mood, and her numerous friends who visited them during the summer bore testimony to this acknowledged trait.

Edward sank deeper and deeper into love's meshes as he continued this pleasant inquisition, till finally he concluded that, as marriage was a thing he had looked forward to when he could afford it, the time was perhaps now come when he should make an effort to secure his future happiness. "If I can only be so fortunate as to gain such a prize, an engagement for two or three years, till I can see my way clear before me, will not be unreasonable; and think how pleasant it will be to have the dear girl loving me, and thinking of me all the while I am away!"

Edward thought so much on this subject that it was not long before he imparted it to Emily, who, to tell the truth, was surprised and considerably agitated as he poured out his confession, and told of his dreams and plans. Emily did not conceal

her regard from him, but told him "she was frightened, very much frightened," and begged him not to "talk about it any more." But Edward was obstinate, and returned to the subject again and again.

"Why is it, Emily," he asked, upon one occasion, "if you love me, as you say you do, that you will not suffer me to speak to your parents, and ask their approval. I do not feel that I am acting honorably in thus secretly appropriating their daughter's affections, and this too while living under their very roof."

"If papa and mamma knew it," half sobbed Emily, "every one would know it, and I could never bear to go into society if everybody knew I was engaged. It is very unpleasant; you don't know how unpleasant it is for a girl to be going out when her"——

"Lover," suggested Edward.

"When the gentleman to whom she is engaged is absent."

"Well, Emily, I do not pretend to understand these feminine niceties; but it appears to me, if I was a woman, I should not object to the whole world's knowing I was engaged, provided I was not ashamed of the man."

"And I am very much ashamed of you, you know," returned Emily, looking up caressingly into his face. "Is that the idea, Edward?"

"No, Emily, I have not humility enough for that apprehension. But tell me, what am I to do about my own mother? I must tell her."

"Oh, dear, dear Edward, it would never do to tell Mrs. Clifton! She would inform papa of it directly. I can never consent to that!"

"But I have never kept a secret of my own from her in my life, Emily; and I am sure she already suspects that I love you."

"Tell her you love me as much as you please, Edward dear; but do not tell her I know it, I entreat."

And thus it was that Edward Clifton, who had never concealed a thought from his mother, consented to keep her in ignorance of the most important event of his life. Afraid to enter upon the subject for fear of saying too much, he seldom spoke to her of Emily, contenting himself with giving her to understand that, if he could "bend circumstances to his will," could feel free to do as he wished, &c. &c., he should not return to New Orleans without deciding a matter all important to his happiness.

At this revelation, Mrs. Clifton did not exhibit her usual eager interest in all that concerned Edward, but, on the contrary, looked very grave and unsympathizing.

"Why do you listen so coldly, dear mother?" he asked, noting this change. "You like Emily. You told me, the other day, that you thought her a very sweet girl. What fault do you find with her?"

"I do not wish to find any fault, dear Edward,"

sighed Mrs. Clifton. "On a point so important, you must suit yourself. It was, perhaps, a feeling of disappointment that made me unintentionally look so grave."

"Disappointment! how came you to feel disappointment? Tell me what it is you mean, dear mother."

"Oh! nothing, my dear boy," said Mrs. Clifton, a little nervously. "Only, some how, I had unconsciously fixed upon some one else as your wife, and that gave me the feeling of disappointment."

"You dear artful old soul," said Edward, playfully putting his arms round her, and kissing her cheek, "who would have dreamed of your turning match-maker, or thinking of such matters at all! Pray, who is the damsel whose hand you intended I should appropriate?"

But Mrs. Clifton shook her head, and would say no more.

Edward's devotion to Emily was too undisguised to escape observation; yet, in her own family, no notice was taken of it. Mr. Campbell was a kind, easy-tempered man, who never interfered with his wife in the management of his children, and Mrs. Campbell appeared to look upon such attentions as her daughter's due. Mrs. John privately communicated to her husband her suspicion as to what was going on, and Mr. John thought it would be "a very good match." Mrs. Clifton did not speak to any one on the subject, and Nora preserved an equally profound silence.

Emily and her cousin, though their intercourse was constant and familiar, were not what girls call "intimate." They did not tell their secrets to each other; there were no mysterious allusions going on between them about things which they, as the initiated, only could understand. No *côte-à-côte* confidences, or note-paper explanations. Emily, truth to tell, looked upon Nora very much as an "inexperienced chit," whose old-fashioned notions would render any effort to enlighten her hopeless. While Nora, who perceived the true state of the case, settled it with herself at once, by saying, "Emily and I have no sympathy with each other." Nevertheless, they were very good friends. They lent each other patterns, worked, talked, rode, and practiced together, passing much of their time in each other's society; but their inner lives rolled on in separate and hidden currents.

The intercourse between Mrs. Clifton and Nora, notwithstanding the difference of age, was much more justly entitled to the term of friendship. Congeniality of tastes, temper, and pursuits knit them closely together; and, next to Edward, Nora was the dearest object in life to her. Confiding in her as she did, it would have been most natural that Mrs. Clifton should speak of the state of things evidently existing between Edward and Emily; but, independently of the complicated state of her feelings on the subject, there was another reason

which imposed silence upon her. Mrs. Clifton, from long habit, had yielded to a reserve which Nora had exhibited relative to Edward ever since the death of her brother. For a long time after that sad event, she could never hear his name mentioned, closely connected with it as it was, without agitation and tears, and, as all around her were sensible of the sacredness with which she guarded the memories of that painful period of her life, her sensitiveness was always carefully respected. When time had softened the poignancy of her feelings, she was able to speak of Edward with calmness, and meet him without emotion; but her shyness never entirely disappeared. She listened with kindly sympathy to the outpourings of Mrs. Clifton's grateful love and pride in her "dear boy," and was an attentive auditor to most of those "delightful letters" which Mrs. Clifton pored over as the miser does over his treasures; but she never led the conversation to him herself, and spoke of him only when necessary as one in whom her friend was interested.

In any other person, this apparent want of interest in one so loved would have been offensive to Mrs. Clifton; but she was satisfied, though Nora had never expressed it, that she had as high an appreciation of Edward's excellent qualities as she had herself, and she felt only sympathy for that sensitiveness which made her shrink from the painful past and all associated with it, hoping ever that the cloud would one day be lifted, and that she would feel for Edward all that she desired.

With this picture of the state of feeling in the parties described, we might be content, did it not become our duty, as faithful historians, to probe somewhat beyond the mere surface of things. The death of her brother, and her consequent illness, had, it is true, left Ellen's nerves so unstrung that the effects lingered long; but, when health and strength returned, these morbid feelings disappeared, giving place to an interest blended so closely with those tender memories that, though she never sounded its depths, her consciousness of its existence rendered it impossible for her to shake off her early shyness and reserve with regard to him. We, whose province it is to analyze more strictly, can detect in those hidden depths the germ of feeling that, like hidden waters, required only a touch of the true diviner's rod to well forth in purity and strength.

The period allotted to Edward Clifton's visit drew rapidly to a close. He and Emily parted, their faith mutually pledged, but unrevealed to her parents. With his natural frankness, such a state of things could not have continued had he remained at Mr. Campbell's much longer. The only circumstance that reconciled him to acting thus contrary to his feelings and judgment was that his attentions to Emily had been too undisguised to be mistaken, and, no objection having been made by her parents, he had every right to infer that they were not con-

trary to their wishes. "In another year," he said, "I will ask her father's consent; I shall then perhaps be able to fix a time for our marriage, and it would be cruel in me not to yield to the dear girl's wishes. She is young, light-hearted, and gay; and I must not be selfish. I shall meet with no repulse from Mr. Campbell; let her enjoy society now as fully as she can. One day, I shall want her all to myself."

The winter following was one of great gayety. Elinor "came out," and accompanied her cousin into society, where, if she did not occupy so prominent a position as Emily, her success was such as more than satisfied her modest appreciation of herself. Many an eye turned from the brilliant beauty of Emily to dwell upon the graceful girl, whose refined exterior and expressive countenance seemed to typify her mind.

Emily would not suffer Edward to write often to her, for fear of exciting "suspicion," and her own letters were not frequent. The spring was far advanced when she received a letter from him informing her that, instead of visiting Philadelphia the coming summer, as he had hoped, he would be obliged to sail immediately for Marseilles, to settle some important affairs connected with their "house," and urged upon her the propriety of informing her parents of their engagement. To which request Emily gave no heed.

The course of our history now obliges us to follow Edward Clifton to the distant lands in which he had become a wanderer. The business which called him to Marseilles was not accomplished till late in the autumn; and, being desirous of making a short run into Italy before his return home, he accepted the invitation of an old friend, who was a lieutenant on board an American man-of-war which had touched at Marseilles, to join their mess as a guest, as far as Genoa, to which port they were bound. Lieutenant Selby had numerous questions to ask of Edward about persons and things at home, for his ship had been absent three years, and he was thirsting for news. He was a Philadelphian, and his questions principally regarded the people of that town.

"Can you tell me anything about the Campbells?" he asked. "I don't know them myself, but one of our lieutenants is engaged to Miss Campbell, and we hear a monstrous deal about her. Is the father as rich as he is reported to be? He is one of the firm of Frederic and John Campbell."

"Engaged!" exclaimed Edward, coloring. "Impossible!"

"Not at all, my dear fellow; the engagement must have taken place after you left there. Indeed, it was late last spring, for he only joined us this summer. His name is Harvey. 'Handsome Harvey' he is called in the navy. He is a great lady-killer, and has an eye to the money-bag."

With some confusion, Edward remembered that

Emily was not the only Miss Campbell; that Elinor must be now "out," and the lady referred to.

"What is her name?" asked Edward. "Is it Elinor?"

"Yes, that is the name," replied Selby; "Elinor, a very sweet name, and a very sweet-looking girl she is, too. I have seen her miniature often. Harvey is very good natured," continued Selby, in a tone of careless irony; "he imparts his happiness freely. I have seen her letters too, very affectionate effusions!"

Edward Clifton's eyes flashed as he listened to these remarks. That any member of a family whom he respected so highly, and to whom he was knit by so many ties, should be thus spoken of, filled him with indignation; and, when he pictured to himself Elinor's modesty and refinement, and beheld her thus subjected to the free remarks of a ward-room mess-table, her picture and letters offered to the coarse jests of men who could not be expected to respect the delicacy of a woman whose lover thus exposed her, he felt eager to meet and call to account the man who could so far forget what was due to a woman whose innocent and unsuspecting mind, he doubted not, had led her to rely implicitly upon her lover's honor. At the same time, it was with a pang of deep regret that Edward felt himself obliged to yield to the conviction that Elinor, whose dignity of mind and high qualities he had always admired, had placed her affections upon one so unworthy of her.

Edward's desire to meet with Mr. Harvey was not gratified. That gentleman had decided to join the ship at Leghorn, his leave of absence having not yet expired, and Edward departed upon his travels with his wish ungratified. Mr. Fairly's request that he would see all he desired in Europe, while there, prolonged his stay several months later than he intended, and it was not until late in the following spring that he returned to the United States.

Meanwhile, disasters of a most distressing nature had overtaken the Campbell family. A commercial crisis had completely wrecked their fortunes. They failed. A mere pittance was saved from the ruin of their fortunes, and they were left, advanced in years, to begin the world anew. Houses, furniture, and plate, pictures, carriages, and horses, all fell under the hammer, and the brothers were obliged to retire to their country houses, the sole remains of all their vast possessions, and live in the most restricted manner.

The good sense and prudence exhibited in Mrs. John Campbell's method of education were now apparent. Elinor was able not only to assist her mother in educating her little brothers, but she was qualified to undertake many household duties which, with their establishment now reduced to one servant, she must perform herself, or submit to see left undone—duties which, if neglected, would render their

home one of discomfort and discontent, and subject her parents to a thousand privations. With cheerful alacrity, she gave herself up to her new mode of life. She arose betimes, went through her household occupations with an activity that imparted itself to their "maid of all work," and found time, after all her duties were performed, to keep up her studies and accomplishments. All who knew her marveled at the change which had come over her. It seemed as if in her heart some secret well of happiness was overflowing, brightening her eye, lending smiles to her lip, and lightness to her step. No one, to look upon that cheerful sunny home, would have believed in the entire revolution which had so recently taken place in the circumstances and mode of life of the occupants. Elinor's satisfaction in the result of her active duties was increased tenfold by the grateful praises of her parents, whose pride in her had never been so great. The pillow which she smoothed for her mother was softer to her than down; and the pie which she baked, and the bread which she made, were sweeter to her father than any he had ever eaten before. It was a pretty sight to see Elinor occupied with her domestic duties, and with the innate elevation of her mind dignifying even the meanest household offices.

From this picture, we must turn to one wholly different in all its features. Mrs. Frederic Campbell and Emily were paralyzed by the reverses which had overtaken them. They were unable to accommodate themselves to their altered circumstances, or to turn with healthful minds to the blessings still left to them. To increase their many comforts by their own exertions, to exert themselves for the happiness of each other, never occurred to them as a duty they were called upon to perform. To dwell upon the past, and repine at their lot, was all that occupied them.

Elinor's example, and its happy results, had no effect on Emily; both she and her mother had unconsciously cherished an idea that they were very different people from Mrs. John and Elinor, which idea, put into words, would indicate that they believed themselves formed of a "finer porcelaine of human clay," incapable of being subjected to mean uses. The training of both had, in fact, been so devoid of moral discipline and practical lessons, that they were incapable of understanding what was their duty even when it was pointed out to them. The consequences of such a course may well be conceived; habits of luxury were to be reconciled with narrow means, and indulgences were yielded to that wealth alone could warrant. It was in vain that old Nanny Foster exerted herself with tenfold energy to stop every gap. She labored unceasingly, compensating herself the while by incessant grumbling; but it was all in vain. One servant could not do the work of six, and where no one stretched forth a hand to aid, and all required services, it was impossible that anything like domestic comfort could prevail. No

servant staid long with them; neatness, cheerfulness, and content were unknown; and, when Mr. Campbell returned at night from the harassing cares of business, he came to a neglected hearth, a littered room, a repining wife, and a listless daughter, who scarcely thought it worth her while to rise from the sofa on which she was lounging to welcome him home, much less to minister to his comfort, or make his home more lively. The only bright things about the house were the children, and they, though neglected and suffered to run wild, were their father's chief comfort. Society was of course quite out of the question with the Campbells now. Economy and seclusion must be their lot for years to come. To Emily, however, it was "the breath of life;" and the only thing that supported her under her reverses was the hope of soon marrying and leaving her home, with its privations and dullness, to enter again into that world where beauty was admired and compliments paid.

Edward Clifton heard, on his arrival, with deep concern, the change which had taken place in the fortunes of his friends. In his first private interview with Emily, he told her that his uncle, to whom he had spoken of his wishes, had, in a recent letter, urged him to marry, making him the most liberal offers if he did so. "And now, Emily," he said, "as there is nothing to prevent our marrying, you must suffer me to speak to your parents, to tell them all." Emily, after musing a little while, signified her consent; and it was decided that, as soon as Mr. Campbell returned from Boston, where he had gone on business, the application should be made

(To be concluded.)

TO A GERANIUM LEAF.

PALM, withered leaf! this morning thou didst bloom
In all the freshness of thy native air;
To-night is wasted all thy sweet perfume,
And all thy greenness gone beyond repair!

Art thou an emblem of the gentle one
From whose dear hand I took thee, faded leaf?
Will all her loveliness so soon be gone,
And will her life of beauty be so brief?

Oh no! it must not be. There is a heart
That now is bathed in Hope's refreshing dews;
But all its gladness will at once depart,
When o'er her face shall steal Death's sickly hue.

True, she, like thou, must soon or later die;
Her form, like thine, must to the earth be given;
But thou shalt in the dust forever lie,
While she shall rise to live again in Heaven.

Not long on her shall rest the heavy clod—
Soon shall she burst the casement of the tomb;
And a sweet flower beside the throne of God,
In ever-during freshness there shall bloom.

WOOLING THE WIDOW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," "PLEASE THE PARISH," ETC. ETC.

"When I said that I would live a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married."—BENEDICK.

Much Ado About Nothing.

EARLY marriages, every one protests, are very bad things. That is, middle-aged people will tell you so, with a grave shake of the head, and they make about as much impression upon their auditors as the like counsel did upon them when they wished to "see the folly of it, too." But, after all, how few people, who have had the patience or good fortune to wait until the judgment is matured, and impulse is in a measure subdued, make marriage anything more than a matter of simple worldly utility, or invest it with any of the romantic hues that fade soon enough into the sombre light of everyday domestic life!

So thought Colonel Hayward, or rather so mused he over a very fine cigar, as he sat with his feet elevated to the window-sill of a front room in the St. Charles, on his way home, after the fatigues and dangers of camp life were ended by the last treaty with Mexico. He had had his share of hallucination, as what cadet with bright buttons has not? There was a time—he could remember it distinctly—when a miniature-case received more of his devotion than the Bible his good mother had put into his hands at parting. He played the flute then to the annoyance of his immediate neighbors, and the disgust of the echoes in and around West Point—echoes supposed to have heard some very good music in their day. He had delicious reveries by moonlight of a home that was to be Paradise itself—in a small way—with a garden that grew prize strawberries, and a wife to choose them for his peculiar gratification. Adelaide was to be the wife's name; he scribbled it over his equations, and ornamented the margin of all his drawings with the mystic letters done in German text. But the fair Adelaide had come to the sensible conclusion that a lieutenant's pay could not furnish and maintain the above-mentioned cottage; perhaps it was with the advice of a mother, who had seen the folly of early marriages herself. So the dream of eternal fidelity that was to outlast evil and good report, or even a seven years' captivity, was rudely broken; for the lady of his dreams had accepted the home and grounds of a wealthy widower, "in the cotton trade and sugar line." What was military glory to winters in town, and a suite of rooms at the Astor!

Then later, when the young lieutenant had shone as the best dancer and rider—out of the dragoons—then at — Barracks, he had indulged in certain fancies he scarcely cared to recall now. There was

the daughter of the commanding officer—he confided the story of his cruel disappointment to her attentive ears—holding her fair white hand the while, and looking up into her tearful eyes. He revived the flute practice for a serenade; but he was most mysteriously ordered away the very next week, though General —, her father, bade him a most cordial and regretful adieu, and wished him all distinction in the future. He never could quite understand it; for Tompkins, of the 4th, was retained, and that stupid Jones with the heavy moustache. They paid much more attention to the lady than he had done, and were despised by all their brother officers; although Tompkins was a son of Governor Tompkins, of Tompkinsville, and Jones had three thousand a year, besides his pay, left by his maternal grandmother. Hayward never heard from her until he received a delicate envelop, with the bridal cards of Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.

There was the dashing Miss Smith, who had been a belle at Washington three winters; she won his heart—shall we say?—by a *coup de main*. She taught him the polka when it first came out, and clapped her hands so prettily at his slight mistakes, and called him "such a dear awkward fellow!" And with what a charming *naïveté* she addressed him as "Charlie," the second time of their meeting, and then begged his pardon so gracefully; for "she had had a cousin Charlie, who was a great favorite of hers, and she heard his brother officers call him 'Charlie' so much. He was such a favorite with them—did he know it?"

All this was very soothing, to say the least, until he heard the same remarks made to young Carson, who blushed up to his curls with delighted self-love.

These were some of the colonel's experiences. For a while, he took to men entirely—after his mother's death, and his sister's marriage. He talked knowingly over his wine of feminine vanity and deceit; that women had no hearts deeper than the end of a purse, and no souls above a Paris bonnet. Lieutenant Hayward was getting to be thirty, and had found several gray hairs in his dark locks. Fortunately, while thus endeavoring to convert himself into an established woman-hater, the affairs of our government with Mexico needed the slight interference of the army to bring things to rights again. Pity was quite wasted when given to those gallant men who went so willingly to the exposure of a wretched climate and a revengeful enemy. They

felt their lives rusting out in the tedium of keeping an inland post from falling to decay, and frontier skirmishes were just enough to provoke one's appetite for military distinction. It was a good thing for the army, whatever it may have been in general, and none was braver than the discarded lover of Adelaide. Holding an important command, and having had the good fortune of turning the tide of one of the most decisive battles, he received the most rapid promotion ever known in our army. The war was ended now, and he found himself colonel, and the whole newspaper press of the country ringing with his praise. His arrival at the St. Charles, five days before, had been telegraphed northward under the head of "movements of distinguished individuals," and it was seeing this in a Baltimore paper, which he still held between his fingers, that had induced these serious reflections. He had bidden farewell to his best friends, who were hurrying to their families on leave. One told him of his wife he had not seen in two years, and whose letters he always wore about him. Another was so anxious to see his son and namesake, who was old enough to send messages to "papa," in a great scrawling hand, at the foot of "mamma's" letters. Somehow, he always envied these men when the post came in. It was nothing to him: a business letter or so; perhaps a dozen lines from some gentleman friend, talking of the races or the last theatrical star. These men always appeared so provokingly happy! And now, because he had no wife or family awaiting him, he was detained on a tiresome court martial, in the very height of a New Orleans summer.

Just-to-night the colonel wished he was married. He should not like to go about it himself; he would rather face a battery than lay siege to a lady's good will. But he thought how nice it would be if, without his aid or connivance, he could wake some fine day and find himself settled into the calm of matrimony, with a child on each knee, and a charming wife devoted to his comfort. He thought of Adam, and envied the brevity of our great progenitor's wooing. But where to find an Eve? He had entirely kept aloof from ladies' society for the past five years. His whole female acquaintance only included his sister, his friend Logan's mother—a charming old lady, always advising him to marry—and his laundress. He could not conveniently marry either of the three; he was principled against general society.

The colonel threw away the stump of his cigar, and put his hand to his head with a natural meditative gesture. He didn't like the bald place that met his touch; it reminded him that his thirty-sixth birthday was not far off.

It was the suddenness of the colonel's manoeuvres that had so disconcerted the enemy at Palo Alto; in little more time than it would take him to give the word of command, he had dashed off a letter to his friend, Major Porter, the happy father of the pre-
cious juvenile, wherein he had intrusted a most im-
portant commission—nothing less than to choose
him a wife.

cious juvenile, wherein he had intrusted a most important commission—nothing less than to choose him a wife.

"I am heartily tired of this," said the applicant for matrimonial honors; "there's no one to talk to me when I'm melancholy, or count my things for me when they come from the wash. I want somebody to read to me, to keep house so that I can entertain my friends; in fact, to be a kind of general and invariable quartermaster. Never off duty, and always on guard. She must be sensible, economical, straightforward. I think I should prefer a widow. She would have no ridiculous sentimental notions, which I have outlived, and would thoroughly understand housekeeping. If she has two or three children, so much the better. They make a home cheerful, I've heard you say. Ask your wife about it.

"P. S. I should prefer girls; boys take too much managing."

When the colonel had once formed a plan, it was prosecuted with his characteristic vigor. He made a thousand admirable plans, as he battled with the heat and mosquitoes, that seemed determined to reduce what Mexico and the enemy's sharp fire had spared. These plans were a great assistance during the three long weeks that intervened before the well-known termination of Major ——'s trial, which interested even the community at large, though the charges did prove too frivolous to mention. At last, just before the court martial was broken up, giving the colonel liberty to report himself at Washington, came the looked-for letter from Major Porter. It must be confessed, the colonel opened it with alight trepidation.

"Sensible fellow," wrote the major. "I always told Eliza you had excellent common sense packed away, if you could only stop to get at it. Know just the lady to suit you. Intimate friend of Eliza's, schoolmates and all that. Amiable, a little money—enough to pay her milliner's bills, as she's tolerably economical—steps out well, good teeth, and has one child. The sooner you apply the better. Several are quite ready to take the command, Eliza says.

"P. S. My boy is a match for anything. Want to show him up, as you can't snub children any longer."

The colonel gave orders for immediate departure. Truth was, he feared that his valor, like that of the celebrated Bob Acres, might ooze out at his fingers' ends. He intended to "take time by the fore-lock;" and, as he sped northward with all the speed of railroads and steamboats, his reveries very naturally turned on the important step he was about to take.

"If Porter had been a little more explicit!" quoth the colonel, in confidence, to his cigar and the flag-staff of the deck he was treading. "Not a word about eyes or hair; and he knows, if I have a single weakness towards the sex, it takes the shape of fine

eyes. But, now I think of it, I can't say I spoke of personal beauty. Can't say I did. Left it out of the question altogether, with the romance. Stout, good-natured woman, I suppose, about my own age, say; dark stuff frocks, black silk apron, cap and streamers." The colonel was unconsciously drawing on his recollections of Mrs. Logan, senior, and, save the age, the portrait was tolerably correct. "Motherly sort of a somebody; understands gruel and rheumatism, and all that sort of thing. Girl, I suppose; tall girl in pantalettes and curl papers; calls me papa, and wheedles me for mint-stick. By and by, just as her mother and I begin to get along comfortably, brings a lot of jackanapes into my quarters, who drink my wine and smoke my cigars, and talk nonsense to Mrs. Hayward. 'Mrs. Hayward!' Good! that's what I never thought of! She must have my name, of course."

Truth was that, by the aid of such inward cogitations, the colonel, like many another raw recruit, began to wish he had not enlisted. He registered his name on the books of the United States Hotel, Philadelphia, with a half hope that he should find no letter awaiting him; but he was fairly committed, as he saw by a dispatch from his friend Porter, dated Fort —, where he was now stationed, and saying that he had arranged for him to meet the lady referred to at his very pleasant quarters, where he soon hoped to introduce him to "Elisa," and that remarkable child whose sayings and doings had filled so many sheets of paper in times past.

It was a cool morning for August, and Chestnut Street remarkably quiet, the colonel's cigar unusually fine, and the hotel piazzas shady. He occupied a large arm-chair, with his feet in the elevated position he was so fond of, and watched the few customers that came at this early hour to shop at Levy's. Perhaps more than one glance was bestowed on his soldierlike figure, the close military cap drawn so as to shade his eyes, marking him as in the army, and, of course, one of those heroes at present the theme of public praise. The regulation, mowing the faces of our officers as clean as an English lawn, with a small bit of side shrubbery, had not yet gone into effect; and the colonel's personal pride—our hero was but human—centered in a ferocious, but decidedly military mustache, having an abrupt upward curl, the result of long twisting, usually the left hand accompaniment to his cigar.

Presently, his attention was arrested by a very graceful figure poised on the low step of the entrance to Levy's, while a very fine pair of eyes looked up and down the street as if for an omnibus. There were none in sight; though, as usual, when one appeared, a continuous line followed. The lady did not notice her opposite neighbor, but seemed annoyed at the detention. The colonel thought he should like a nearer view. That little foot looked remarkably well in the distance. Presently, he threw away his cigar, not half consumed; the lady

had signaled a Chestnut Street stage, and he saw Fairmount upon it in large white letters. It was several years since he had been at Fairmount. There was the whole morning on his hands—what could he do better? Ah, colonel, the *ruce* was worthy a practiced man of the world! It was far too well conceived for a modest soldier. He must have moved quickly as usual, for he reached the centre of the street just as the lady did. Of course, she drew back, hesitated, and finally stepped in, while the colonel bowed politely, held open the door, and stepped in after her; but not until he had noticed he was quite right about the foot, and that the hand, in its dark glove, was equally slender.

As I said, it was early in the morning, and the Chestnut Street line being principally employed to carry up-town merchants to business, was nearly deserted on its return trip. There was a nurse maid with two children going to Fairmount for the fresh air, the fair unknown, and the gallant colonel. He could not look at the sunny side of the street forever; besides, it twisted his neck to a most uncomfortable position, and, when he turned, it was equally impossible to avoid looking his neighbor directly in the face. He tried not to, however. He examined the skirt of her dress until he had counted the tucks six times over: he could have sworn to the pattern of that neat blue cambrie years after. He even examined the seal and key of her watch-chain curiously; but, after all, his eyes reached her face, deliberately as they had traveled. It so chanced that their eyes met. It was very provoking, certainly. No wonder that the lady's color rose as she drew down her veil with a quick jerk; but it was one of those short veils so fashionable a little time since, scarcely more than a flounce of black lace, which only heightened the delicacy of her complexion, and left the chin and throat half revealed. The lady wound her purse tightly around her fingers, and began talking to the child next her in the most interested manner possible. It was a bright little creature, and smiled and caroled good-naturedly in return to her advances. The colonel began to notice it, too, and thought if all children were like it, the race would be tolerable. Then came a vision of the tall girl in pantalettes, who seemed to rise between him and his fair *vis-à-vis* menacingly. He turned away in disgust, and with a stronger disinclination than ever to taking his passage next morning for Fort —.

As the omnibus turned down Schuylkill Seventh Street, the lady made a faint attempt at the check-string, and the colonel had the extreme pleasure of arresting the stage, passing up the silver coin her hands had pressed, and holding open the door for her descent. He dared not offer his hand to assist her; but, as he had the last glimpse of her figure ascending the tall marble steps of the corner house, he contented himself with talking to the child she had honored with her notice. The colonel had not

looked at a baby before, unless by particular request, in the last seven years; yet now the delighted nurse maid thought "the gentleman must be very fond of children!"

Alas for the widow's prospects! and the misfortune of having one's time on his hands on a bright summer morning in a strange city!

The colonel thought Fairmount had improved very much since he had visited it before. Whether it was the sunshine or not, everything had a pleasant glow. The marble Cupid, sending up a *jet d'eau* from his distended cheeks, seemed more smiling than ever. He looked at the Diana, and thought of the foot that had first arrested his attention; the musical murmur of the fountain recalled her voice, as she thanked him for his courtesy—the colonel, used to the rough tones of command, thought every woman's voice *Æolian*. At any rate, he passed a very delightful morning, and he *did not* think of the widow. He looked earnestly at the corner house when the omnibus passed again, but the shutters were jealously closed: no wonder, as it was mid-day. He looked closely at every blue dress he saw all the way down Chestnut Street; nay, he even strolled its full length, past the high marble steps again, that evening; but there was not even a glimpse afforded him of the fair incognito.

As he gave orders for an early departure, he thought uncomfortably of the morrow's engagement.

It was long before broad day when he rose from an unquiet sleep, wherein he had dreamed that he was walking at Fairmount with his acquaintance of the morning, enjoying a most delightful conversation, when the widow, still in cap and streamers, had suddenly appeared thrusting her over the dam in the most revengeful manner, and that he saw her drawn up under the huge revolving wheels, her long fair hair floating upon the tide, and her hands stretched out imploringly towards him! No wonder the colonel awoke with a start; but he saw nothing but the porter dashing Fairmount water upon the steps of the opposite Custom House, and a solitary milkman creeping along half asleep, in spite of his early drive. It was quite a relief when the jingling of bells, and the quick tread of waiters through the passage, announced the day fairly commenced.

The boat was not very regular in its trips, as it plied between the small towns on the river and Philadelphia, principally for the benefit of the market people. It was filled with this class of passengers and their wares, brooms, pails, and grocery sundries, in exchange for the potatoes and early peaches they had carried to town. The little cabin—he glanced in as he passed—had its complement of their wives and daughters, short, stout women with large baskets and bundles, and several children in chints sun-bonnets. The colonel's valise gave him very little to look after. He had read the morning papers at the breakfast-table, and he did

not see a single person that he felt inclined to talk to. Just as the last bell rang, his interest was quickened by a party he saw moving through the barrels and boxes of the wharf—a gentlemanly, middle-aged man, a young boy, and a lady somewhat resembling the subject of his dreams. No, he could not be mistaken; the dark mousseline dress and cape, and the thick blue veil, could not disguise that face and figure. The colonel leaned forward, forgetful of place and etiquette; they were late, the gang-plank was withdrawn. The boat moved slowly from the wharf. He stretched out his hand just in time to assist her to spring upon the deck; the carpet-bag was thrown after her by the porter; the old gentleman and the boy waved their adieus. They were not going, then? for the boat moved out more rapidly, and there stood the gallant colonel by the side of his incognito, actually blushing from his late courtesy, and in a whirl of emotions he could not define, from this unexpected and most delightful meeting.

The lady, who, in her haste, had evidently taken him for the commander of the boat, was the first to recover composure. She thanked him very politely, without raising her eyes to his face, and disappeared within the cabin. The colonel's spirits sank again. If there had been any gentlemen with her, there were a thousand pretexts for addressing them, and at least learning her name. Or she would have walked on deck with them: he wondered how she could breathe in that horrid cabin, with those stupid people! The colonel managed to get into a heat between these cogitations, and a quick walk in the neighborhood of the machinery.

But he was hastening to the widow as fast as the revolutions of the wheels could carry him. The green banks of the unromantic island, upon which the fort was situated, began to emerge from the broad waters of the Delaware. He caught a glimpse of the stars and stripes fluttering in the light wind, and, as the long swells dashed in among the marsh grasses in anticipation of their landing, he distinguished his friend Porter waiting upon the miniature wharf to welcome him. The colonel forgot his errand, and, for an instant, his fair fellow-traveler, in the pleasure of the hearty welcome he received from his old companion in arms.

"And this is my Willy!" said the major, pointing to a shy juvenile in his "first pair," who stood eyeing the new arrival as if it had been an importation from a menagerie. "But is it possible Agnes has not come? Didn't you see her on board?"

As the colonel was entirely at sea with regard to the *personnel*, or even the *locale* of the said young person, his answer was not very satisfactory; but a lady, emerging from the cabin, and kissing her hand gayly to the major, gave conclusive affirmative evidence. It was no other than the fair incognito, answering to the title no longer, however, but introduced to our friend under her real name, Miss

Agnes Lawrence! And she, too, was a guest of the major, who, in his blunt, good-natured way, insisted upon "Hayward's offering his arm to her," while he looked after the carpet-bags and bundles.

The colonel was afraid he was dreaming again opposite the Custom House; the reality of knowing Miss Lawrence, nay, of feeling that light hand resting on his arm, seemed too great a happiness for waking bliss. The pressure, slight as it was, gave him a heart-thrill he had not experienced since the days of Adelaide and the flute practice.

I do not believe either spoke from the time they left the wharf until the Sally-port appeared before them, a graceful, but massive archway, and the dark guns peered curiously over the white wall down upon them. But the major made amends, keeping up a continual fire of interrogatories, half of which he answered himself, forgetful that the rest had ever been expressed. Willy was industriously assisting the orderly, who followed in the rear with their baggage. Once the wind blew a corner of the blue veil directly across the colonel's face, but the major had caught a view of his household, and did not notice it.

He did well in describing his quarters as pleasant. The neat yellow walls of the barracks, the green piazzas of the officers' quarters, the major's own house, which he occupied by right of commanding officer, were as neat, and, withal, as picturesque an arrangement as one could desire. The men in their blue jackets were lounging in and out of the building assigned to them, dinner being just over, and the shrill sound of a fife drowned the hum of the insects, as the small, but ambitious musician pursued the practice of a new quickstep.

"Eliza"—for that was all the introduction the major vouchsafed—came forth to meet her guests. She was a sensible, rather stylish-looking woman, with a merry glance in her black eyes, and a half-formed smile "chasing the dimples on her cheek." She wore a neat-fitting white muslin, and the most captivating black silk apron. The colonel was not in the least afraid of her, and watched the affectionate meeting with Miss Lawrence in a mood he could not attempt to define. The camp-weary soldier began to find the meaning of the word home, particularly when seated in the shaded parlor so neatly furnished, and so suggestive of a woman's tasteful presence. There was the sewing-chair by the work-table, with a little apron half hemmed, surmounted by a golden thimble, just as she had thrown it down to meet them. A wineglass held one delicate white rose, with its buds and foliage; a larger bouquet ornamented the open piano. Eliza was one of those rare wives who "find time to practice." The colonel threw himself down on the chintz-covered sofa in a dreamy and abstracted mood, while the ladies disappeared to deposit bonnets and shawls, and the major was detained near the guard-house for an instant. Now this was just what he had fancied for himself, only the picture was more delicately touched,

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and he began unconsciously to fill up his own rough outlines after the same fashion, only—Miss Lawrence would perseveringly remain seated in the widow's chair, and he had forgotten the stepdaughter altogether.

"Eliza! Eliza!" called the major, his heavy approaching step shaking the piazzas. "Mrs. Johnson hasn't come—I forgot to tell you—and won't be here until Monday; and here's Tom all this while!"

"Pray don't trouble yourself about me," exclaimed the colonel, starting up and striding to the window; for he comprehended by intuition that Mrs. Johnson could be no other than the widow. "I can wait very well, I assure you. I"—

"Why, my dear fellow," said the major, and the aggrieved colonel saw a twinkle in his merry eyes, "you are really very accommodating to put up with our society alone for three whole days! Now I think of it, the note says Tuesday instead of Monday; for she has some arrangements to make about Sallie's next term."

"Sallie," indeed! "Johnson and Sallie!" It spoke well for the romance of the future Mrs. Hayward. The colonel somehow hoped Miss Lawrence was not within hearing; and then the major could carry him off, just as he heard the ladies returning, to show him "the fixtures," as he said, and introduce Lieutenant Morris. What did he care for a trumpety lieutenant with a downy chin, who blushed when he heard Miss Agnes had arrived? What business had he to blush at any such intelligence?

But the colonel's star became more propitious. By a tacit consent, Mrs. Johnson and her prospects were not alluded to before Miss Lawrence; and he sat opposite to her at dinner, and near her on the piazza, when the ladies brought out their work to join them, and it was as quiet and domestic a party as one could wish to see. The colonel began to feel as if he had always been there, and in the habit of seeing Eliza and Agnes, as the major called them, every day. He stole a glance now and then; and, by the end of an hour, came to the conclusion that Miss Lawrence was about twenty-four, tall, but not too slender, with just the hair and eyes he preferred, and the most sensible woman he had ever met.

"And so time ambled, withal," through three days, comprising so much of rational enjoyment, that our hero looked back upon it as if years had passed since he had come to the quiet haven. Several times the major had evidently been bent upon disturbing his dream of happiness, by allusions to the lady so soon to arrive; once even he had called him "the oddest fellow he had ever seen, to have so little curiosity about the lady he was going to marry, especially a friend of Eliza's!" but he had invariably managed to change the subject as soon as possible.

Monday evening had come—the last day of grace drawing to a close; and the colonel found that, with their isolated position, the major's engagements, and

Eliza's housekeeping, he had said more to Miss Lawrence than any lady he had ever met before. They had exchanged views on a hundred topics, some of which agreed wonderfully; and others had called forth gay bantering from the lady, and a playful war of words, that made them none the less good friends.

Monday evening—the sunset already fading from the clouds—and the colonel grew desperate. He felt that he had committed himself rashly, and, with characteristic coolness and calculation, sought the major to tell him so.

"It's no use!" said the unhappy victim of impulse; "I cannot see that horrid Mrs. Johnson! I don't wish to marry! I should make a most hard-hearted step-father. Tell her so; and that she's had a fortunate escape. I will go in the first boat to-morrow, and apply for a frontier station. I wasn't meant for a Benedick; but, if you think my word of honor is at stake"—and he fairly groaned.

"I must say," answered the major, stoutly, "this is what I never expected from you. Here you write, in the most unprovoked manner, to Eliza and myself to choose you a wife. We exert all our common sense, and choose one you virtually accept. She comes down here to meet you; you show the white feather, and run away from a pair of eyes! I must say that it's ungrateful, and Eliza and I feel hurt!"

The major was evidently offended, past present conciliation. The colonel was miserable, and went out of a neighboring sally-port, self-accused as a coward and a simpleton. He met Miss Lawrence coming slowly homewards from a ramble with Willy. He forgot everything but her presence, and gave the well-satisfied juvenile his cane for a horse. Back scampered the delighted equestrian, leaving them alone. Alone, and the moon coming up large and full over the quiet waters, the willows swerving silently to the pointed marsh grasses, and a low murmur as the advancing tide broke almost at their feet.

"You will walk with me—I am sure you will; and it may be the last time."

He could not see her face; but she walked on as he turned from the yawning archway, casting a broad shadow over their path.

An instant before, and the colonel had intended to depart at daybreak without seeing her again; but now the quick tide of impulse was turned, and he told her why he had wished to go. That she had become so dear, so very dear to him—united all he had ever imagined of sister and wife—had brightened his life with such pleasant dreams—marriage with any other seemed like sacrilege, and his whole soul revolted. He spoke with energy, passion, and tenderness combined. He looked into her face once more. It was not turned from him now, and large tears were standing in her eyes. His hand trembled as he covered with it her own lying upon his arm.

"And you love me?" she said, as if she were musing, rather than speaking.

"Love you?"

"And you will not marry the one your friends have chosen for you?"

"Never!"

It seemed so cruel and heartless in her to smile at the emphasis which he gave the word. He had not expected it; and he released her hand, grieved and growing colder.

"Not even if I should prove to be the lady?"

"Oh, Agnes!"

"It was Miss Lawrence a moment ago. And, now I think of it, Mrs. Johnson has been waiting for her husband's return from Washington."

"Mrs. Johnson! You—you surely have never been married?"

"Nevertheless, I am the lady referred to by the major; and my little Jeannie is to come down with Mrs. Johnson to-morrow. She is a most excellent person, and has not the most remote idea of killing her husband, even for the honor you propose doing her."

"Oh, Agnes, do not trifle with me! Tell me all your history. Why did they conceal your name? Can I ever hope to supply the place?"

"Of who? Jeannie is an orphan niece I have adopted. No one but yourself ever imagined me a widow. And you must blame no one else," she said, with a bright smile, and offering her hand again. "No mystery was intended until we discovered your mistake. And are you quite sure you will not marry the major's choice?"

The tea-table had been waiting an hour and a half; in fact, it was only the drum-beat that startled them into the thought of a return.

Eliza looked up with a questioning smile as they entered, and the major "hemmed!" loudly, as he asked what they had been doing all this time.

"Taking a lesson in coast survey," replied Agnes, for the somewhat abashed colonel; "and I had no idea it was so pleasant a study."

SONNET.—POWER OF TIME.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

How mighty are thy ruins, Time! Along
The dark and lengthening vistas of the past
Look we to learn thy power. What wrecks! what vast,
What spectral forms do unto thee belong!
All nature quakes beneath thy iron rod,
O Desolation's lord! Thy ruthless sway
All own. Towers, cities, battlements decay;
And rocks fall headlong where thy feet have trod;
Palmyra, Balbec, Babylon, even they
With one, the mother of dead empires stand,
Sad ghost-like spectacle to every land—
O'er them thy car hath passed destroyingly;
E'en flinty pyramids—brass walls descend;
Before thee all but nature's God must bend.

MY BROTHER TOM.

BY PATIENCE PRICE.

THERE was a thought of naming him Isaac. At least that was my mother's thought when Tom was born, for he was the child of her old age. But my father would not listen to it; and although my mother did think of making a practical use of the sentence in the baptismal service, "Name the child," by popping Isaac into the clergyman's ear, and before my father could recover from his astonishment completing the Hebraism, she did not venture on it. So he was christened Thomas.

There were before him six of us, myself the eldest—Miss Price by courtesy, and of the same name still, for no one has thought of changing my patronymic. I am now aged—But no matter; while there is life there is hope, and I can boast the experience of four married women, and one married man. I will not anticipate, but begin at the beginning. It is of Tom that I am to speak, and not of myself; and if my own story comes out incidentally, I hope to be acquitted of egotism. Sure I am that I have been so Thomased all my life that I am not quite sure of my own identity.

When Tom was born, there was great rejoicing. For a short time there was also great contention; for my four younger sisters and I clamored which should hold the baby. Mother settled the dispute, and to my infinite complacency said, "Let Patience have him; she is the eldest." Short-sighted child that I was, I was delighted at this decision. I am older and wiser now. With what importance did I then assert my right and prerogative! Nobody could hold the baby but mother and I. The young tyrant soon learned to tolerate no one else, and he grew to us like a fixture. To his mother he clung from necessity; to me for recreation. He crowed and shouted with delight at my appearance, and gave his first tokens of appreciativeness by putting out his arms to me. I was in ecstasy. It was delight—triumph; and in the first magnificent feeling of womanly consequence, I twisted up my hair and put in a comb.

"Bless me!" cried my father, "how like an old woman cut short!"

"Indeed," said my mother, "Patience is quite a woman, and I should not know what to do without her."

"Humph!" said my father. But his eye caught the reflection of a gray hair or two in the mirror opposite, and he said no more—if saying "humph" be saying anything. And I inwardly resolved that the tucks in my present frocks should be "let out," if the baby ever gave me an opportunity, and that

the next should be of greater longitude. Why not? I was in my fifteenth year. It is wonderful how in some respects brother Tom brought me forward; and if in others he has kept me back, perhaps that is only compensatory justice.

My father died when Tom was four years old. Poor little Tom! he was very fond of him, and showed a knowledge and a feeling quite beyond his years in his lamentations. Mother was inconsolable and helpless, and Tom was fastened on me more closely than ever. I was only sixteen, but seemed a woman grown, so much had household cares and duties brought me forward. I was the admiration of all our friends, and was pointed out as the model daughter. Such indeed I was; but, if there had been less model in me, my mother would have more wisely shaped herself, and my sisters would not have been quite so useless. I tried to direct them. They rebelled. I appealed to my mother, and she said, "You are a dear good girl, Patience, and it is easier for you to do all than to ask them." They felt the rebuke, and I the praise; and, while they tried to do more, I strove to anticipate them. So at eighteen I was housekeeper in fact, and my mother only my police force, in last resort, to quell rebellions. It was all on account of brother Tom, for he had placed me in my dangerous elevation.

As Tom grew to boyhood, he became the apple of my eye and the pride of my life. No lad in the neighborhood was better dressed. While my sisters slept, and my mother dozed and wondered, my frocks, scarce worn, were transformed into fancy costumes for little Tom. Oftentimes I scrimped a pattern, or bought just a little more, to fit him out in a jacket or sack of brilliant colors. I was delighted when the little rogue said, "All Patty's frocks made of a bit of mine!" That idea grew with him. He thought—bless the man, he thinks now—that I and mine, soul, body, and wardrobe, are part of him and his! This is true—with a difference. The boy's egotism and selfishness have merely reversed the fact. He is a type of his sex—begging the gentlemen's pardon—perhaps a little exaggerated, but not much. Such selfish and arrogant, self-sufficient and presuming—But I must be cool.

Young friends began to cluster about the house. There were five Miss Prices, and it would have been misprision of treason against Cupid if no man called on them. Young lady friends of my sisters brought their brothers, then the brothers came of themselves, and then their friends came with them. In our bloom we were quite the fashion. We were

pretty and well bred, accomplished, and not very poor. In a word, we were respectable. And my eldest brother William, he had his friends too. So, on the whole, in our set we were quite the fashion.

We! I had forgotten. *They*, I should say—for where was I? Overshadowed by Tom—brother Tom—dear brother Tom! At eight years of age he would not go to sleep unless some one sat in his room. Sisters had company. The housemaid, like all housemaids, was *always* out. Mother was busy. "Couldn't I just sit in his room and draw up his day's rents, or sew a button on to-morrow's trousers?" I could just do nothing else. The company was always sisters'. And Tom waked up and cried so. It was croup, or earache, or colic, or cholera morbus, or terror, or—no matter what. Sister Patience was the catholicon, the panacea, the anodyne. The others always asked, "How can you hear him cry so?" It was as if I alone had the key of his vocal organs, and the charge of grand pacificator. Our guests must not hear his noise; but nobody thought of any one's quelling the riot, except Patience. All fell on poor me! And this was in part the reversion of my mother's praise—"Patience is the eldest. Patience is quite a woman." I submitted, and looked forward to the day—which I then trusted would come some time—that Tom could wipe his own nasal promontory. It was a sort of a dream life; but I had hope.

I waked from my dream to hear that sister Carry was to be married! She was the next oldest, and had fairly, or rather unfairly, stolen my turn. Thomas—dear brother Tom—consoled me. "You won't go and get married, and go away to leave us, will you, sister Patty?" And mother, with a sigh, said, "No, Tommy, sister Patty is *such* a good daughter! We could not live without her." There was a half tear in mother's eye, and a whole one in my own. It was not that I wanted to be married. Oh no! But any other servant who had been so long in the family would have been trusted with the secret before quite all the arrangements were determined on. However, I had some solace. Caroline grew affectionate. There were worlds to do, and sister Patience—dear sister Patty—was quite in request. She helped to get up various dresses, and even Tom was a little taken off her hands. I must say, however, that they neglected him. His hair was not half combed, and his jackets got all out at elbows; and, to crown all, they made him sick with cake, and I held him on my knees in the nursery, while my sister Caroline promised to love, honor, and obey, in the parlor. They were all *so* sorry! "But then," they said, "nobody *could* take care of Tom but sister, and they were afraid he would be sick." Why didn't they prevent it?

I need not dwell on collateral matters. All were married, brother Will bringing up the rear—all, I mean, except Tom. He grew up to a fine lad, and sister Patty became more obsolete than ever—obso-

lete except in cases of croup, convulsions, christenings, fittings out for the country and seaside, and the other demands of a baker's dozen of aunts and cousins. In the ailments of all their mothers, sister Patience is invaluable. But these things are not my theme. I only mention them in illustration of my boast, before spoken, that I have the experience of four married women, and one married man.

Now came Tom's youth, and now came my hardest trials. Four young married sisters and a brother kept open house for him. Sister Patience dropped in upon them with their mother in a sociable way. Brother Tom was the Mercury for each. He sang at their young parties, and turned over the pages for musical misses. Sister Patience never was asked, for they "knew she would not come." How they knew without asking is a mystery to my powers of divination. Sister Patience never would get married—for who could take care of Tom? Mother could "visit round," or keep house very comfortably alone—but poor Tom! They were horrified on his account, mother and all. And sister "was really getting old; she never liked society, and she could not begin now."

Heigh-ho! I found I had raised a brother for my sisters. I was always his favorite—when he was sick. I was his dear sister—when there was a vest to embroider. I was his angel—on slippers and watch-cases; his divinity—when he needed a new dozen of shirts. But the others found him such a delightful stop-gap when their husbands were morose or busy, and would not go out; so useful in summer picnics and winter parties and sleigh rides; so capital a hand to fight up to the box-office for star-tickets, that mother and poor I had no knowledge of him except to keep his wardrobe in order. And that all fell on me. Mother declared that Patience always was such an assistance to her! And to think that Tom has the assurance to offer me a quarter of a dollar's worth of entertainment at some wandering lecturer's levee once every winter, and, because I don't accept such fippennybit civility, goes away and declares that he would gladly wait on me out, but I prefer to be at home with mother! "She is *so* good and daughter-like!" Was there ever such kind appreciation!

I cannot understand where the man spends his evenings—all his evenings. I know that a portion of them are spent at his sister's; but where does he wind up? He is always out till eleven o'clock, and often until midnight. His clothing, his hair, his very imperial, and his red-republican hat and Kossuth plume smell dreadfully of cigars. And yet he is a great invalid, my brother Tom. He never has any appetite in the mornings, except when I can manage to get up something uncommonly tempting for him. He frequently begs me so gently to bring him a cup of coffee to his bedside, that I cannot refuse. I rebel inwardly; but when I see his face—Tom is handsome—and when he "dear sisters" me, what

can I do? I am so afraid he will get married, and his wife will not take half care of him! He is so fragile and delicate! Several times he has attempted business, but is always driven back by indisposition. Indeed, the very thought seems to throw him into a fever.

My mother is as anxious as I am. She says Tom is the stay of the house, now that the others are all gone. (I am only a parenthesis, and can be dropped out.) Indeed, he does furnish us with occupation—mother with sighs, and wonders, and ejaculations; and me with labor, from morn till dewy eve, and so on till midnight. Something is always to be said, or feared, or hoped for Tom. That is mother's province. I have her to cheer, and Tom to labor for. I could wish that he were a thought more grateful and considerate; but mother says that all men are like him, and that they feel more than they express. Indeed, it is to be hoped they do.

There is an end to patience, and I fear sometimes Tom will make an end of me. He cannot pack his trunk. He cannot even hang up his coat. He does not so much as put away his tonsorial apparatus. He drops his dry goods and pocket furniture, his books, papers, pencils—everything but his loose change—all over the house, and for whatever he wants raises a hue and cry like Giant Grim for his supper. He borrows all the money I have, and anticipates mother's semi-annual dividend. He dines out on a five dollar note, wines and cigars included, and mother economizes fifty cents on her marketing and treats herself to "a tea dinner." All his shirts must be made in the house, and my eyes ache over the fine stitches. Mother says that the three or four dollars a pair it would cost to make them fit for Tom's wear are an item in housekeeping, and must be saved. That is true, and I submit. But I overheard him say the other day to a friend who sometimes calls to take him out, when he might chance to stay at home, that if he (the friend) could find cigars fit to smoke for twenty-five dollars a thousand, "it was an object." He (brother Tom) could find none under thirty. And I am sure he smokes a thousand in a week—I mean a month. Or suppose it three—are not one hundred and twenty dollars a year a pretty item to burn up? say, mamma! And must we eat cold mutton and hash to his *ragouts* and *pâtés*, and turn the carpets, and renovate the beds, and alter the curtains, and buy our frocks off the same piece, that my skirt may make her a new body, and *vice versa*, that he may figure in Chestnut Street, and quarrel about Jenny Lind and Catherine Hayes? Must I make fifty shirts to find him in smoke for a quarter? Must we do the shabby genteel to keep him in oyster suppers, and not save enough in a year to give him extras for a month—and after all he be "ashamed of our appearance!" O Tom, dear brother Tom—*dear* with a dollar mark, which is worse than dear with a vengeance! And yet I love the fellow!

It is wonderful the troops of friends he has, and the hopes he entertains from them. He is quite a Mæcenas in a small way; a patron of the fine arts. His portrait is extant in as many forms as a presidential candidate's—all presents; first attempts of aspiring genius, presented with compliments, but costing each, in the long run, more than a picture by Sully. He is always "forced by position" to take boxes at benefits, and figures in complimentary committees. Such very neat presents as he receives from various people! And so many, many times he has been groomsman. The brides all say he has such a delicate taste in his presents on such occasions! My bonnet has been altered the third time after Mr. Godey's invaluable fashion plates—and by my own fingers! I *did* intend to put new material in the last time, but dear brother Tom had a wedding tour to make. He couldn't be mean. He did not want to go, and he told me so, when he borrowed my last ten dollars, and mother's too. "Dear Patty," he said, "I wish I was out of it. My friend offers to pay all the expenses; but that would be small in me to accept, you know." So off he went. I did keep back a reserve fund, of which he knew nothing; but a tailor's bill came in, of his, while he was gone, and swept the last corner of my *porte-monnaie*. I did not want mother to hear of it, so paid it, and said nothing.

People say it is all our own fault—mother's and mine; that we have spoiled him: but his younger sisters and their set need not make him such extravagant Christmas and New Year's presents; they know he will not be outdone, though his mother and I go naked for it. If he is spoiled, how is he to be unspoiled? that's what I would like to know; and what am I to do? Do tell me, dear "Lady's Book," for, in a few months or years more, I shall be a ruined spinster. He has even now begun his approaches to induce mother to mortgage the house, which she holds in her own right, that he may "go into business." Business, indeed, it will be. I shall have to take up his notes for him, for anything harder to draw than a Spanish cigar will certainly make him hopelessly sick. He would be thrown entirely on his back by the danger of a protest, and go to his room in hard times, never to emerge till money was easy.

P. S. Tom is to be married!

I have just learned it, confidentially, from mother. And he has actually, the ingrate, served me as all the rest did. And they have combined to entertain mother at a round of visits among them; and the house, the old family mansion, is to be mortgaged, to furnish the parlors; and my room is to be taken for the bridal chamber; for Tom, dear brother Tom, says it is the best in the house. And I am already looked to for various exertions and preparations. Tom says he will give me a home as long as he lives. Will he, indeed! And am I to be Aunt Pattee quite into my grave by a troop of new-comers? Am I to

hold the babies while my new sister receives her guests? Am I to take care of Tom's wardrobe while he and his bride are spending evenings out? O Tom, dear brother Tom!

Shall I submit? What else can I do?

SECOND P. S. I am to be married.

A widower with ten children has proposed, and I have accepted him. That is about the number I should have been entitled to if I had married at the proper time, instead of being brother Thomased into a nonentity. I would not accept my man if he had one child less, for ten is the very least number that will give me a title to stay at home and mind my own business. The care of my six sisters' and brothers' families threatens to be quite too onerous; and since Tom turns me out of my own house—fairly and properly mine—and then coolly offers me, with great condescension, a part of my own, "as long as I live," it is high time I sought a more permanent establishment.

Thomas is highly indignant. Even the Irish girl

in the kitchen declares against my marrying a "widow man." My mother begs me, on account of "poor Tom," to think better of it. Poor Tom, indeed! Where is poor Patience? If the boy will get married, his wife may take care of him, and I wish her joy of it.

Here end the confessions of a maiden sister; for, before this appears in print, Miss Price will be no more. I ought, perhaps, to go back and correct the doubts at the beginning of my confessions—but, no matter. I might harmonize some apparent incongruities—but they are no matter either. The thing, as it stands, is a sort of a diary, which Miss Price leaves as a legacy to the mothers of our land, to warn them against patting and wheedling girls of domestic inclinations into old-maid nurses of brother Toms. Let the boy creatures learn to take care of themselves!

But then—after all—I do hope—when my son is born, that his ten elder sisters and brothers will be kind to him!

FLORINE GREENWAY.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTS.

"So, Florine, you expect to enjoy yourself this evening?" asked a young man of his charming sister, as she tripped gracefully into the room where he sat, and courtesied before him to display the fairy-like dress of pink gauze which floated airily around her person.

"Enjoy myself!" exclaimed the maiden, with an astonished air; "why, certainly; what should prevent? Well, how do you like me?" and she turned with a merry smile to a full-length mirror which revealed her radiant countenance, its fascinating beauty lit up with a world of eloquent pleasure that chided her thoughtful brother for even asking whether she anticipated enjoyment. How could it be otherwise, when she was always the idol of her circle, the flattered, the caressed, and (to whisper a truth which had not yet struck her own fancy forcibly), the coquette?

"You look very well!" replied her brother, after running his eye over her tasteful dress. He endeavored to check a smile of admiration; it melted into a sort of sober, comical curl of his under lip, which was peculiar to himself when he wished to throw a damper upon her. "I suppose you would look just as well baking pancakes in the kitchen!"

"O yes, I dare say!" returned Florine, half laughing and half vexed. "If you will carry a furnace and griddle to Mrs. Woods's, I'll take the batter and bake for the amusement of the company. You are so old fashioned in your notions, I verily believe that you would be delighted to see me make my

appearance to-night in a calico frock and apron, with a bundle of sewing in my arms. But, my dear sir, it can't be! The wise declare that youth is the happiest period of life, and therefore I shall devote my exclusive attention to!"

"Flirting!" interrupted her provoking companion. Florine gave a quiet glance, and turned disdainfully away to tie on her bonnet and draw on her gloves. When she looked at him again, he was bending thoughtfully over his book.

"Well, I might as well be patient," thought the young girl; "I am not really a flirt; Horace is overstrained in some of his ideas. I will do better some of these days; but I can't bother my head with reform just now!" So, approaching him, she laid her hand over the page he was reading, and said, with an imperious shake of her queenly head, "Come, Horace, this minute! play the agreeable, and try to convince me that there is some chivalric feeling folded up in your loving nature!"

"Ay, ay, sweet sister, I have that within me which you wot not of," he answered, with affectionate gayety, taking up her prettily arranged little head, bonnet and all, between his hands, and saluting either cheek, as the good people did in the days of yore.

"You are spoiling my hair!" cried Florine, trying to release herself; "you know that I don't want you to do that! I wish, Mr. Horace, you would remember that your displays of affection are not agreeable to me, when I am all trimmed off. Fraternal love is

entirely out of place at such times; it is the most annoying thing that I can conceive of, now! You are the greatest trial I have in the world. Just as I begin to think I look peculiarly well, you stir up the 'feeling infinite,' which prompts you to render my trouble useless. This is the fiftieth time I've had to tell you it sometimes happens that young ladies are to look at, not to touch; so save up your bursts of affection, until I sit placidly down in the kitchen, prepared to bake cakes. If I had time, I'd extend this Caudling to a more judicious length, but the carriage is at the door; so get your hat and follow sail!" The peerless scold swept out of the room, followed by Horace, who laughed at far oftener than he blamed her.

She was a beautiful and graceful creature, Florine Greenway; one of those bewitching beings who excite an interest in every heart; full of sweetness, and yet full of faults; self-willed, yet locking up within her bosom a well of tenderness to gush forth in grief over her own waywardness; possessed of high-souled feelings, and yet yielding with perfect heedlessness to present impulses. The gayety, enthusiasm, and thoughtfulness that marked her character threw about her a novel charm and freshness which made the observers desirous to penetrate beneath this changeful exterior, and to gain some knowledge of the heart that betrayed and yet hid itself. Too frequently uncontrolled by principle, Florine followed the promptings of a gay and ardent temperament which, it is true, sometimes led her right, but quite as often pointed in an opposite direction; and then, when reflection came, it brought regret and tears. The persuasions and reasonings of Horace were not without effect; but they were passed over, for the time being, with a put-off resolution to give up her dissipated life at a more convenient season. No circumstance had as yet arrested her feelings sufficiently to awaken her energies, and to call forth, on this subject, her powers of thought and action. Aware of her power, it seemed natural and right to her that all should worship at her shrine. She was a coquette, although without premeditation; surrounding circumstances were favorable to this. Living under a step-mother's roof, she had only Horace to lead her aright. He endeavored to imbue her mind with the pure principles which governed his own conduct; but, unlike him, she had not in childhood been privileged to listen to a mother's sacred teachings. Before her lips could breathe the name of parent, she was left an orphan. The difference of years between herself and Horace was not great; but, having early been thrust into the office of Mentor, he had never resigned it. Florine was too wild for that, he thought.

"You will meet with two gentlemen this evening who were old classmates of mine in college, Florine!" exclaimed Horace, breaking silence, as they rode along.

"Ah!" said his sister. "Well, are they very in-

teresting? I hope so, if you are going to introduce them to me."

"Both of them are men of the finest talent. I will introduce both, and you can tell me the opinion you form of them afterwards. I would only recommend you to cultivate the acquaintance of one; you can easily judge which one that will be, after a short conversation."

"I shall do as I please!" said the young lady to herself; "Horace is forever telling me who I must like, and who I must not."

They soon alighted at Mrs. Woods's. On her entrance into the drawing-room, Florine was immediately made the centre of a fashionable circle. She glanced around for the friends of Horace. The expectation of being interested and entertained caused her to find it an effort to tax her capabilities of pleasing for those who had often wearied her. It was not long before her brother brought forward a pale and somewhat grave-looking young man, and introduced him by the name of Arnold. Florine was at first rather disappointed in the "prosy face," as she involuntarily termed it in her own mind; but, when the owner of that same face bowed and smiled with a dignified courtesy of manner, and bent upon her an observant eye, through which flashed his soul, a brilliant smile of surprise sprang to her lip, and she recognized, on the instant, a strong and noble nature. After a brief but mutually interesting conversation, Arnold led the fair girl forth to dance, which proceeding caused some lowering clouds to sweep momentarily over the brows of those that surrounded her, who, like many people in this wicked world, seemed to have the inveterate desire of always paying their homage just where the tide flowed, and simply because the tide *did* flow there. Knowing well that there were some such peculiar characters in the circle of her acquaintance, the respectful and yet independent manners of Arnold were far more gratifying to the observing Florine. She felt that she was valued, for herself alone, by one who could not be biased by the prejudices of others. She forgot, for a time, her own matchless attractions, and the *un-Grecian* cast of her new friend's features, in her admiration of the character which he revealed. To her surprise, she began to surmise that the English language might be equal to the silvery flow of her favorite Italian, as with patient ear she listened to the pure and elegant diction in which Arnold clothed sentiments worthy of being poetically expressed. Ah! bright Florine, that rebellious heart of thine is in danger; beware of coquetish impulses, and be not heedless as ever! After dancing, Arnold led his fair companion to a seat, and, as several flocked around her, he retired to a distant corner, and, more eagerly than he himself was aware of, marked every expression of her speaking countenance.

"Good evening, Arnold!" exclaimed a young man with an eminently handsome countenance, laying

his hand familiarly upon his shoulder. "Quite a jam! Warm enough to melt all the sense out of a man's brains! I have just arrived. How have you amused yourself? Is Greenway here?"

"How many more questions, Harrington?" asked Arnold, smiling. "Yes, it is a jam. Warm also! I have been very well amused, tripping on the light, fantastic toe with a lady, and afterwards indulging my powers of observation upon this little stage of action. I have met Greenway; he is in the other room. Now, I believe, all the queries you propounded have been answered."

"Very satisfactorily!" returned Harrington. He bent forward, and sent a restless glance around the room; his eyes fell upon Florine. "Ah! who is that young lady?" he exclaimed, eagerly; "how very beautiful! I must get an introduction, if possible. I have been told that Greenway's sister is the belle; is it she?"

"It is," said Arnold, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume. "There is quite a collection of beauty here," he added, looking around. "There is a fine, classical face!" indicating a majestic woman who was leaning with graceful indolence against a heavy arm-chair.

"Yes!" answered Harrington, bestowing upon the lady a careless look; then exclaiming, as his admiring gaze returned to the unconscious Florine, "I must find Horace to pioneer me to his sister. Wish me success, for I shall doff my brightest plumes at her feet!"

"Success!" repeated Arnold, while the anxious beating of his heart said "a failure!" Lip and heart are often at war with each other. It was with earnest but regretful eyes that Arnold followed the splendid figure of his friend. He saw him grasp the hand of Horace warmly; and presently both advanced towards Florine, who smiled so graciously that the pleasure it conferred upon Harrington was about proportioned to the dissatisfaction of Arnold. Chiding himself for his selfishness, and wondering that his interest in a stranger should be so great, he left his corner, and sought new objects of interest. But that same bright face filled his thoughts, shining in their midst as a single star, outvying all others. Almost unconsciously, he turned to look upon it, and each time he saw, with displeasure, that it was quite as animated as when his own words had chased one expression after another over it. He also saw that his gifted classmate was calling forth his unrivalled powers of pleasing, and he could not but acknowledge that there were few men apparently so well endowed by nature. "I have no right to blame Miss Greenway for being interested," he thought; and yet he did blame her. A spirit of perversity had descended upon Florine. Perhaps every person possessing a good memory can recall times when all the wicked little spirits in their natures sprung up into busy life, and seemed to go on their way rejoicing, perfectly deaf to all whispers but their

own. This was the case with the busy spirits that impelled Florine to vex Horace, by showing her independence in not heeding his caution with regard to one of his two classmates; that one she knew to be Harrington. She saw that his strong intellect and brilliant imagination were not united to a warm and gentle heart; she marked a certain recklessness in his sentiments; but she was led by the promptings of the moment, and, partly fascinated herself, she stooped to win the lion to her feet. She had never coquetted so heartlessly before. Arnold approached to take an early leave. There was a curious mixture of feeling in his heart as he bent his penetrating eyes upon the beautiful trifter. She blushed, and a sudden feeling that she was acting unworthily swept over her. Pride checked the outward display of that feeling, and brought a smile to her lip, as she said, with a friendly and perfectly self-possessed air—

"Good evening, Mr. Arnold! I should be happy to see you at our domicile. My brother's friends are always welcome."

"Thank you: good evening!" returned the young man, with a stately bow. Without any further remarks, he turned upon his heel and left the company, soliloquizing upon the faults of Florine. Her list of imaginary virtues also stood before him after awhile, as is usual in such cases. A cloud came and shadowed the wayward heart of Florine, as she pondered upon the altered manner of Arnold, and felt a consciousness that her lightness was the cause of it. She saw that she had fallen in his estimation: she was weary of herself, and of those around her. How great a luxury would have been the solitude of her own little room! An hour or two passed away slowly enough to Florine, for she was playing a part, and her naturally ingenuous character was little suited to disguise. To a careless observer she was the gayest of the gay; but the deep home within was filled with images of sadness: she had carelessly, nay purposely, done just as Horace wished her not to do. He had accompanied her, not to gratify himself, for he would have preferred a book at home, but to give her pleasure. She turned away from these reflections with a light sally upon her beautiful lip, but, like the restless waves, they rolled back upon the ocean of her thoughts, and she was powerless to bid them haunt her no more: therefore, she left abruptly, far sooner than she had intended.

"Did you anticipate too much pleasure?" questioned Horace, as they rolled along the silent streets on their return home.

"I am wearied now," replied Florine; "but I enjoyed the first part of the evening. I suppose you will be glad when I can say that I dislike a gay *société* like this?"

"Oh no! all things in moderation: but I shall be glad when you dislike to attend them so often. How did you like my friends?"

"I admired them very much!"

"Which of them had the larger share of your admiration?"

"Mr. Arnold."

"Then why, Florine, did you bestow nearly all your attention upon Harrington?"

The young girl was silent: darkness hid the crimsoning tide that rushed to her temples, the quiver of her lip, and the hot tear that rolled over her cheek; the busy little spirits that had led her on were no longer at command.

"Harrington is one of the handsomest men I ever saw," pursued Horace, a little vexed that his sister, in her usual careless way, did not give *some* reason, though slight, for her trifling. "I suppose you were vain of your power over the lion."

The word *vain* jarred on the feelings of the proud girl, and she answered with hasty bitterness, "You have no right to judge of my motives, Horace; why are you so cross to-night?"

"Perhaps if you scan your heart closely, you can guess why I *appear* cross. You fancy you see your ill feelings reflected in me, and"—

"When I cannot find any other amusement," interrupted Florine impatiently, "I'll scan my heart for your satisfaction, but not now; I am too sleepy to catch your ideas." She had no sooner ceased her bitter speech, than she regretted it: she folded her hands tightly together, and wept until she was perfectly wretched. "Oh! Horace, forgive me!" trembled on her lip a dozen times; but no, she could not admit that she was so entirely to blame as she felt that she was. How all the tender and watchful kindness of that devoted brother came before her mind! Each bygone word of love, each little act of self-sacrifice on his part, each bright smile of approval when she made ever so slight an effort to do right, went to her heart. "Even if I should humble myself and confess that I have been to blame," suggested a wavering fear, "I might do the same thing again. I can never be consistent. I despair of becoming different from what I am. Oh! my nature is so unfortunate, my wild impulses will forever lead me astray. Why am I not calm and unbroken, strong and even, like others? All the domestic virtues were left out of my composition; I am not fond of shedding a light around home; I am a miserable being; I do not deserve that Horace should love me. What shall I do?" These thoughts coursed rapidly through the mind of Florine. Horace sat in gloomy silence. Anxious to make him forget her unkindness, and yet unable to tame down the pride of her rebellious spirit, the wayward girl pondered upon a middle course, and turned over a thousand amiable sentences in her mind; but some objection arose in regard to each. She was bent upon not having the same subject renewed; at last she said, with a sort of timid desperation—

"Don't you feel cold, Horace?"

"No!" was the chilling reply.

It went like an ice-bolt to her heart, for her advances had always been met with more cordiality. She pressed her white hand over her eyes, and fervently wished that she had remained at home. "I deserve it," she mused, and felt almost glad that she was meeting with her deserts. The middle course was tried again.

"The wind blows in these windows, Horace; hadn't you better wrap your cloak more closely around your neck?"

"No!" he replied, in the same tone, without changing his position.

In a few moments they reached home. Florine sprang from the carriage the instant the steps were let down, and hurried into the house, weeping vehemently. She did not look back to say "good night," when her brother followed her rather hastily. She sought her chamber, and, throwing aside her bonnet, sank down in a chair; burying her face in the pillows of the bed by which she sat, she gave herself up to the unhappy feelings that crowded upon her. There came a "still, small voice" from out the depths of her soul, and its murmurs peopled that solitary apartment; she wept over the past, over the present, which was eloquent only to tell of misery. The future—it chanced to be the eve of her twentieth birthday, and, as the recollection struck her, her heart swelled with a half-defined dread of hours to come. All things seemed to whisper of past errors, of broken resolutions, and the guardian angels, who never desert us while below, implored a change. She listened to the pleadings of her softened nature, and the tenderness of repentance came to her bosom. Her tears flowed with that abandoning luxury which is so dear, after the barriers are broken down that would fain have imprisoned the influences of Heaven. She mused upon her unkindness to Horace.

"I must ask his pardon," she murmured. "My pride makes it a hard resolve. If that is made, it must be followed by resolutions harder still to keep. What would it avail for me to express my regret, and still do as I have done? No; I must either stop, or rush on and be led I know not where. I am growing more and more dissipated and confirmed in my habits. Shall I pause, or shall I yield to the thousand voices that still urge me on to seize a fleeting moment's bewildering pleasure? I never realized until now that beauty is an unfortunate dower; it has thrown into my hands an influence which I fear I have not hesitated to make others feel and regret. Oh, why have I done so? Had it not been for that, my spirit might perhaps have been clothed with a deeper beauty, that might outlast this transient casket, which *must* fade. It is not now too late; but can I hush the selfish heart that throbs for absorbing admiration? It has so long been fed and cherished by those who call themselves my friends. Each year has deepened within my bosom the impress of the world in which I have lived.

Oh, if society were but different, I would not be what I am—what I hate to look at by the light of truth! The corrupting influence that breathed around has tainted my very soul, and turned the whiteness of warm-hearted innocence into blackness. Why have I lived to stain the soul which God has given me? If I had but died in infancy, then the voice of conscience would never have rung so like a knell upon my ears, warning me that my daily life is building within me a Heaven for eternity or its opposite. And yet I hesitate; I try to blame society, when a deep-toned voice bids me look first within. I see my danger! Why do I wander so recklessly upon the brink of a precipice, when I shudder to behold the depths below? Have all good influences forsaken me?"

The last words broke despairingly from her half-closed lips; the pale face which she had uplifted in the earnestness of her feelings, drooped again; and she was silent with the heaviness of temptation that swept darkly over her. The hours wore on amid doubt, irresolution, and deep struggles, which nerve the heart with power, provided our better nature awakes to full life. She wearied herself at last into a troubled sleep. Daylight dawned into her apartment, and a warm sunbeam broke, in its loving brightness, over her young cheek, revealing there a single tear; yet it was worth more than the most joyous smile, for it had been chastened "far on her heart's deep sea." How often, in weariness of the soul, slumber comes to calm its restlessness, and give new life to its fainting purpose, hushing the throbs of passion, and dropping a veil of repose over excitement and gloomy disquiet! Thus it came to Florine; and, when she awoke, it was to think earnestly and clearly, and to decide. It required no slight effort for one so beautiful and courted to resign a desire for the adulation in which she had long breathed; but her course was taken, and, weak as she felt herself to be, she yet realized a heavenly support as in deep humility she prayed for a new spirit to direct her in future. She thought of Horace; there was no one in the wide world so dear to her as the brother who chided her, because he loved her deeply; no one could so soon melt her wayward spirit, and open in her heart the fountains of pure feeling that lay there, to prove, as they ever must, a blessing or a bane to the possessor. She did not quench the love that taught her her duty, but followed its leadings. Amid the changeful and mingling elements of her wild young heart, there flowed that tide of tenderness which saved her; love for a brother was the leaf that floated over the heaving waters of her soul, guiding its fate; that love, in its holy dignity, silenced all petty feelings, and made her truly noble in her meek-heartedness.

Wary and exhausted, she roused herself to lay aside the ornaments she had neglected in a heavy hour, while heedless of all but the stormy world within. Ever and anon, she bent her listening head

to catch the sound of Horace's step as he passed her door. It was yet early. After neatly arranging herself for the day, she took up a book with an effort to read. Her eye ran unintelligibly over a few lines, and then came the step. The book went she knew not whither, as she sprang to the door, and, hastening out into the hall, exclaimed—

"Horace!"

"What is it?" he asked, quietly.

"Will you come here a moment?" she returned, opening the door of an apartment that joined her own.

"Certainly," he answered, his countenance softening, when he observed her pale face and slightly trembling lip. As they crossed the room to stand in their favorite window recess, he drew his arm around her waist. She lifted up a hasty glance: it told all.

"Forgive me!" she murmured, bursting into tears of mingled joy and pain. She laid her head upon his shoulder, reposing with perfect trust upon his goodness.

"I have been to blame as well as you, Florine," he said, with deep gentleness. "After this, I trust we shall both be more forbearing."

"Oh yes," sobbed the poor girl; "have patience with me, Horace, and I will try to be more worthy of your kindness. I will be more watchful. I am always hasty: how shall I ever help it? Last night I suffered for my follies; they came before me in bold relief, and made me miserable. Oh, I would not pass another such night for worlds! I was so stung with self-reproach for the past. I will not disregard your advice as I have so often done. I will endeavor to cultivate the virtues that give value to the character. But I will not promise much, for I have before this tried, in some degree, to do better; yet never, until now, have I paused and thought long and deeply; never before was there a firm, prayerful purpose set in my heart. I am conscious of my weakness, dear Horace; only help me when I seem to yield to the faults which it may take a long time to overcome fully. I trust that I shall not fail in the end, though I faint often by the way."

"Thank God for your resolutions! Oh, Florine, you cannot know how happy you have made me! I have grown sad, as I have watched you, many a time; I knew you to be capable of so much more goodness than you aimed at. I will not fear for you; look to the right Source, and you will be steadfast."

He clasped her to his heart with a pure thrill of joy, such as the angels feel over one sinner that repenteth. A tear rolled over his manly cheek, but he dashed the drop aside. Florine observed it, and the flood of grateful feelings that poured over her saddened spirit already rewarded her for what she had suffered. Horace remained with her but a short time. When alone, thought after thought came stealing through her mind with a serene and heavenly power; like the waves of the sea at sunset, so

gently rose the waves of love in her heart, moved by new and tender sympathies. With all thy faults, Florine, thou needest not despair; wild and changeable as thou seemest, yet deep within thy nature has been sown the germ of many a noble and steadfast virtue—still shalt thou pursue thy way, and thy faltering step shall grow firm and free!

Several weeks after the evening which had brought so much sadness to Florine, she attended a similar assembly; a quiet softness breathed over her fair countenance, and her whole demeanor was marked by that modest grace which gives assurance of true worth. The same dark, deep eyes that watched with pain her motions on the previous evening now followed her with a satisfied interest. Arnold blessed her for the gentle reserve that revealed her character in the pure light he loved. She was not aware that he was present. He had placed himself in a retired room, by a reading-table, before she arrived; a glass door gave him ample opportunity to observe the busy scene within, which afforded him much amusement, until the light figure of Florine caught his eye. Her unusual quietness gave her a chance of being somewhat retired among the crowd. Attracted by the fragrance of some rare

exotics, she entered the room occupied by Arnold. The fair girl thought she was alone, and Arnold fancied there was a shade of sadness upon her countenance. He started up and instantly met her. Her sudden smile of pleasure and recognition induced him to offer his arm; they paced up and down that charming apartment, and occasionally paused to look from the open windows upon the glory of the firmament, set with hosts of silent stars. They descanted upon the world in general, and the world of people around them; and, last of all, upon that beautiful world, a loving heart.

"How lightly falls the foot of time,
That only treads on flowers!"

Florine started, and blushed deeply, when she saw that all the company had left the parlors for supper without their observing it. Arnold laughed, exclaiming, "Will you allow me?"—Without finishing the sentence, he led the way to the supper-room, where they endeavored to enter into the gayety around them.

It is unnecessary to particularize upon the effects of the acquaintance. In about a year, Florine was settled into the amiable, home-delighting little wife of Arnold.

HELEN AND BELLA.

A LEAF FROM LIFE.

BY P. LANTUS.

READER, wish you a life-picture—one whose quiet nooks and green valleys the pencil of fancy has not tinged with an unreal hue? Read.

It was an autumn day in the country. Not yet had the snows bound their fleecy garlands upon the brows of the mountains, nor loaded the dark green hemlocks upon the hillside with their spotless treasure; but the winds were cold, and the bare trees shivered as they saw the sun sink in the clear west. Evening shades gathered thickly around the little school-house, and darkened its small patched windows. The children had long before gone frolicking to their cheerful homes and warm firesides, but still the teacher sat musing in the school-room. The fire sent out a few flickering rays of light, which played upon the wall, sportively tossing about his great shadow, sometimes pitching him in effigy headlong among the deep shadows of the old-fashioned seats, and anon twisting his face into the most uncouth contortions. But he noticed not their undignified proceedings, wrapped up in his deep reveries. At length, aroused by a fiercer blast howling around the building, rising with an abstracted air, he repeated these lines—

"Rouse thee, heart!
Bow of my life, thou yet art full of spring!

My quiver still hath many purposes;
Yet what is worth a thought of all things here?
How mean, how miserable every care!
How doubtful, too, the system of the mind!
And then the ceaseless, changeless, hopeless round
Of weariness and heartlessness and woe,
And vice and vanity! Yet these make life:
The life at least I witness, if not feel.
No matter, we are immortal! How I wish
I could love men! For, amid all life's guests,
There seems but worthy one—to do men good.
It matters not how long we live, but how!"

He closed the brown shutters, turned the creaking lock, and departed.

Walter Warren—for such was his name—was a friend of mine early and loved. Country-born, he had imbibed an enthusiasm for all its glorious scenery. He loved to listen at midnight to the hurrying tread of the wintry tempest along the tree tops, and to hear the creaking of the brave old oaks which for fifty years had shaded his home with their summer foliage. And he loved, too, the softer scenes of evening, when

"Far off in the distant east,
The mirror of the day-god rose, up borne
By angel hands."

Then would he sit and watch the silvered mountain

peaks stretching their dark shadows out over the mountain lake, while the nimble rill, "dancing with prattling footstep" down the neighboring steep, made music soft and clear to chime with his own thoughts. Naturally retiring, he made few friends; but, in his seclusion, he awoke in his own breast a passion for books and quiet reverie, which afterwards became a distinctive trait in his character. In college, he lived secluded and almost alone in his little attic-room, with vines over its windows. A few extracts from an old diary, in which he used occasionally to jot down a thought, will give you a better peep into his heart than my pen is able to afford.

"Dec. —, —. The college halls are still, the hour of midnight is at hand. No sound save my little 'Gothic' upon the mantle tossing the seconds over into eternity. How solemn to watch one's very life, as steadily it is given and steadily returns to the Giver! That little pendulum very nearly measures our own heartbeats: and are not these all numbered? They are passing away—one less—one less—one less. It is a cold starry night, and the deep crispy snows cover the whole landscape. I love to look at those bright, beautiful stars—

'In their silver volumes writing
Vows of hearts in love uniting,
Truth and love forever plighting,
Lasting as their holy light'—

and think of the scenes they witness: the dimple-cheeked child sleeping by the window, and dreaming of the angels she asked God a little while ago to send to watch over her; the ardent lover and soft-eyed maiden weaving their bright life-dreams; the dead sleeping in the churchyard—they see them all. Their rays linger upon the birth-couch, altar, and grave."

"April —, —. It has been a lovely day, and now the cool night breeze comes round from tree to tree and gently shakes their waving hands. An April mist curtains the hill tops, and the city below me is silent—still are the busy streets, dark the homes of the happy. As I sit here in my window-seat, thoughts promiscuous and strange come surging through my mind. Sometimes they seem born of the landscape before me, and linked with its own beautiful features, and anon whispered in my spirit's ear by silence itself. When

'Ten thousand stars are in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;'

when the leaves of the trees and window-vines are trembling in the evening breeze, and silvered over with holy moonlight; when the broad bosom of the river beyond mirrors the sparkling stars, or paves mist-built cities with silver—emotions will be stirred in my breast which I love. How solemn and still is it here! There are times when it seems as if we could hear the tread of angels about us. So seems it now! Hark! Are those heartbeats mine?

Is not this sighing wind a voice—a voice to my spirit? Does it not call me gently, like the words of early love? Here, angel, take my hand, if I am worthy, and lead me ever. I have, I honestly confess, at little tarrying-places along the road of life, raised my hand to take that of my angel, and almost thought I felt the gentle pressure of an angel grasp. Call it folly, if you will, but it is a beautiful, yea, a *strengthening* belief that an angel is watching over us. I remember one beautiful night like this, only more quiet and glorious, when it seemed, as now, that an angel stood by my side. The moon was sprinkling a silver shower of glory on all things—silence reigned profound. I attempted to give expressions to my feelings in a few lines of poetry, but never experienced so fully the poverty of language. These feelings, natives of the spirit world, cannot be woven into numbers of earthly texture. Their soft presence floats over the soul but seldom, and we should welcome them as visitors from that unseen world whose glories are too bright even for our dreams."

"May 1st, —. May-day again! Ay, it says another year is gone; but for this it brings consolation in every little flower that springs up in our pathway. A nice little bouquet is here on my table of wild flowers, of my own gathering. Ah, how their little heads seem crowding up into sight, some almost reproving me, as they look up from among the taller, gayer ones, for having plucked them to be crowded down among the rest, unnoticed, to perish! Poor flowers! ye are like many hearts in this world. Clouds gathered round the sun to check his course; he burst forth from their deep purple folds, threw a lovely woven crown of light upon the head of earth, and, sinking, crowned her his 'May Queen.' Where was my May Queen? I saw her all radiant in my heart; I wore a crown of beauty, and encircled her brow. My heart sung out a light May-song, and low I bowed before my 'queen.' Mary last night sang—

'You must wake and call me early, mother—
Call me early, mother dear!'

Who to-day have realized their song, will they ever sing the other parts? Few. The youth of most is as short almost as May, and, when it is gone, they sing no more—sing *heart-songs*, I mean. Ah, give me the one whose song and heart are as light and free when she beholds her last May flower, as when the rose-crown was twined in her ringlets!"

"May 2d. Last night, as I lay 'twixt sleeping and waking,' I saw from out my window the glad stars join their far-reaching hands and dance around the May Queen of the heavens—the green clad earth; and I could hear floating along the breeze the May-song of the stars!"

Walter, at the time of his introduction to you, kind reader, had been absent from college one week, engaged in teaching. It was Monday night, and he

was going to a new boarding-place; for to "board around" was the inevitable fate of pedagogues in all that region. It was a nice white farmhouse, situated about a mile and a half from the school. As he pursued his way thither, he stopped often to see evening shake her dark locks over the wild hills about him, until he declared his belief that she was doing it just to delay him, and keep him there admiring her beauties. So, bidding the sly brunette good-night, he hastened on. Of his reception, you shall have his own account, which he gave me in a letter soon after.

"Dear P——, you cannot imagine what a complete little paradise I have found here at my new boarding-place—an actual oasis in the desert of school-keeping. Ah, that mindeth me of an old song we used to sing, of

'A mental oasis,
Where love and the graces
Prohibit long faces—
O yes! O yes!'

My oasis is not without flowers, P——. The first evening, I talked an hour or two with Mr. and Mrs. Minor, but could not resist the temptation to emigrate to the other side of the snug, nice parlor, where their daughter Helen sat holding 'Cousin Bella's' hand. Oh, I wish I could describe her to you as she was! Her light, graceful curls hung trembling down her neck; but in front they were drawn back like curtains from before a picture of heavenly beauty, as, indeed, they were. From the folds of these, soft-footed smiles would spring and race across her face, sometimes nestling in her sweet dimples, and again hiding in her mazy ringlets. Her lips were the most beautifully curved and kiss-provoking you ever saw. The rosy flush of seventeen was on her cheek, and her eye was as blue as distant mountains. Helen was one to whom you would love to give your last thought at night, dream about, and then wake to think of in the morning. Bella was a nervous little music-teacher, romantic, and passionately fond of poetry. She, too, had flaxen locks, and eyes of 'melting blue;' but one reads more years in her face. She has a heart complaint: it is said to be too small for its *pericardium*, and a little excitement makes it flutter like a prisoned bird. Had you seen me that night, you would have said, 'Walter has lost his heart now, notwithstanding his stout bachelor pretensions.' You know, dear P——, how troubled I have always been with my natural diffidence and *mauvaise honte*; but how strange the effect of time and circumstance! By some mysterious agency, a miracle was wrought, and the string of my tongue unloosed. Words and thoughts flowed so easily and smoothly, that I was surprised at myself. Whence the change? Do not interpret it after the manner of modern tale-writers, *beaucoup* you."

Next morning, our *maître d'école*, after a fine chat
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with his new-found agreeables, set out with a light heart for school. But his reveries in the old school-house were ended. The day seemed long and tedious. The scholars were dismissed with a brief good-night. "Copies" were "set" with a most reprehensible haste, and with a copy of "Festus" under his arm, Walter was again on his road to the residence of Mr. Minor. He found the ladies in the parlor as gay and lively as ever. Said he—

"I believe Satan made the most egregious blunder he ever committed, when he contrived expedients for trying the patience of Job. If he had known as much as I do, he would have commanded him to teach such a set of impenetrable blockheads as I hope, for the honor of my race, can be found nowhere in the realms of mortality, except in District No. 5, C——, Ct."

"Perhaps there were no such professional ordeals at that time," remarked Helen.

"I presume not," rejoined Walter; "and I wonder not that such a cruel and excruciating torment was beyond the ingenuity of his blackness, the Evil One himself. By the way, have you ever read 'Festus'? Look at these characters, *dramatis personæ*: God, Lucifer, angels, fiends, parson and student, Festus and Clara, Elissa and Helen; and these scenes: 'Heaven,' 'Hell,' 'the Sun,' 'the Center,' 'Elsewhere,' 'Anywhere,' &c. &c."

"What a strange book!" exclaimed Bella.

"Yes," continued Walter; "blasphemy, bombast, sublimity, and beauty are woven together as fantastically as the drapery of our dreams. You shall read it to-morrow while I am gone to my office, making my day-book entries in 'the red-leaved volume of the heart.' You cannot have it now, for I cannot compete with him in entertaining you; and, if he should succeed in attracting all your attention, who knows but 'Festus' and I would have a duel?"

"There is a kitten engrossing all Helen's attention now," said Bella. "I hope no such serious results will occur between you and Miss Kit. Is your jealousy as furious as that?"

"No, no, Bella; I am always very tender-hearted towards the dumb beasts, especially—*entre nous*—when they possess the regard of so fair a mistress, and, like Evangeline's heifer, walk 'as if conscious of human affection.' You remember those beautiful lines in the 'Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner?'—

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
Hath made and loveth all.'

A rare old piece is that, and I love it. I thought of it to-day, as I found this line in Festus—

'Love all below, and worship all above.'

See here, I have marked it."

"I declare," said Helen, "if you are not trying to prove it my duty to sit here and fondle this poor

little, darling innocent, by all the authority of Old England's bards. I recommend that you quote Cowper next, 'with variations,' as Bella would say, where he declares he would not enter on his list of friends the man

'Who needlessly sets foot upon a cat.'

By the by, if some editor of Cowper's works would introduce that new reading into his edition, methinks he would receive a most decisive demonstration of gratitude from scores of poor, downtrodden grimalkins throughout the country. But cats aside," continued she, tossing a couple into the corner, "let's go to tea; here comes Charles to announce it."

After tea, our trio found themselves seated again in the parlor, industriously testing the motive functions of three huge rocking-chairs.

"You cannot imagine," said Walter, "the luxury of a good old rocking-chair to a student of lively sensibilities in college. Just think of him, shut out from the society of all, in his cold college world, meeting no roguish glances from roguish eyes, which make his heart thrill, and tell me if he will not prize the thought that, at his room, those arms are ever open to receive him. And how glorious, as one reclines in them, to know that they will never tire with the burden, and that they have no wicked little hands wherewith 'to make concussion loud' upon a fellow's auriculars! Verily, I fear my old rocking-chair has made a bachelor of me already."

"Rather your life, for a few years past, has given you a taste for seclusion," said Bella.

"Perhaps you are right, Bella; and perhaps it will soon disappear in mingling with the great world again. But, truly, I love solitude. I was one day walking thoughtfully along, at some distance from college, upon the country road; leaving this by a woody path, I soon came to as beautiful a spot as I had ever seen. It was a small secluded grove, carpeted with the softest moss, upon the bank of a deep ravine, along whose bottom, perhaps sixty feet below me, a mountain stream foamed and dashed. As I stood there, and beheld this beautiful scene, and listened to the gentle music of the proud old hemlocks above me—

'As o'er their mellow harp-strings ran
The fairy-fingered breeze'—

mingling with the clearer melody of the silver waters far below, I worshiped the divinity of solitude. I searched around for a name for my newly-discovered retreat; one which, in its own significance, should be suggestive of the sacred feelings which rendered it so pleasant. I took 'Alone,' transposed, or rather reversed its letters, and named it 'Enola.'

"A beautiful name, truly," said Helen. "It sounds like Italian."

"It does," replied Walter. "Enola! it is as melodious as her own water-voices. Oh, I love to

sit there upon the mossy bank, and read until Evening comes and lays her hand upon the page, saying, with her most witching smile, 'You must read no longer!' Then she sits down at my side, and we linger long, listening to the tales which the dark old trees whisper to each other; or we watch the leaves upon the distant hill, laying themselves against the warm, ruddy cheek of the West, blushing with the sun's last kiss. Sometimes the moon comes, and creates a fairy-land for us; the fleecy light-flakes, trembling upon the leaves, resemble silver lamps hung in the tree-boughs by some elfin hand to light the dim halls of their dance."

"You remind me of 'Raphael,'" said Bella. "What a complete love-sigh is that whole book!"

"And yet it must be that those are pages from the 'book of life' of some one. They are too lifelike to have been counterfeited. Still how hard to believe 'Raphael' the stern-browed statesman, Lamartine!"

"Can you believe that poets *feel* all they sing?" asked Bella. "If so, what a true and noble life is theirs—a life of soul-thought and feeling!"

"It seems almost impossible sometimes," returned Walter, "when we see them, and find them only poor mortals, whose coats will wear out at the elbows, and who must needs eat and drink three times a day, like other people. But we must believe that their words are but types and shadows of what fills their souls in the hour of their inspiration. I do believe that oftentimes their wildest hyperboles convey but faint and poor ideas to us, with the world's great tides sounding in our ears, of the noble thoughts of the writer. It is true that we are occasionally imposed upon by the pseudo-poet, who has learned to imitate the language of the heart, but knows nothing of its deep meanings. But I speak of the true poet. Experience is a great mine for the poet, from which to draw the material of which fancy will construct the most beautiful productions of mind. No wonder that Goëthe, after so rich and varied an experience, could portray all characters with such ability."

"One needs only to compare the character of Adelheim, in 'Göts Von Berlichingen,' with that of Clkroben, in 'Egmont,' to see his power in that respect," said Bella.

"The world of mind," resumed Walter, "is divided into the realms of intellect and sensibility. Most great men are great in but one of these. If great in the department of intellect, pursuing, with deep consecutive thought, the abstruse mysteries of the moral and physical world, they are almost total strangers to the finer and holier yearnings of our inner natures. And, on the other hand, those who have learned to paint the slightest shadings of tenderness, and to speak to the *heart*, know little of the great truths of philosophy, or canons of reasoning, but depend for life almost upon the sympathies of their fellow-beings. Not so with Goëthe. He was equally qualified for pursuing the occult specula-

tions of metaphysics, and for describing the first whisperings of love in a young maiden's heart."

"But what think you of the fidelity of his love?" asked Bella.

"Indeed, by his own confession," said Walter, "he was very fickle. But his cruel and heartless conduct towards Fredrika, the vicar's daughter, merits our hearty and total disapprobation. Having insinuated himself into the warm love of this guileless maiden, and encouraged hopes which made her heart throb high, to cast her off from such a cold and worldly motive, has stained his character in our eyes with lasting disgrace."

"And who knows," added Bella, sadly, "but many of those beauties of thought, scattered through his works, are gems stolen from the casket of *her* heart when he rifled it?"

A silence of some minutes followed as they sat thinking of her remark, until it was broken by Helen taking up a copy of "*Lalla Rookh*," and saying how much she admired it. Walter did not concur in all the praise she bestowed upon it, but thought "*Paradise and the Peri*" a fine piece. Whereupon he commenced repeating it, and, by his animated recital, almost betrayed a deeper love for it than he had at first allowed it worthy.

"How thoroughly imbued Moore appears to have been, while writing that book, with the spirit of the East—that land over which poetry has woven a misty veil of deepest witchery," said Helen. "Oh! how I love the dim old East, with its lofty minarets glittering in such a sunlight as shines nowhere else! There have the rare old sciences of alchemy and astrology found their truest and most zealous devotees. And who loves not to go back in imagination and stand beside the wrinkled old magician in his fearful cell, surrounded by crucibles and alembics, and all around the preparations for his dark conjureries?"

"'Tis a superb jaunt," replied Walter, "and often have I performed it. I used to love, when the quick pulses of boyhood were in my veins, to dream of those wild old scenes in the twilight of the world. I have often looked for similar occupation among the moderns, for the love of the marvelous is confined to no clime or age; and, after investigating the handiwork and brain-work of almost every class of men, I think I have at last one as strange and mysterious."

"Pray, what is it?" asked both at a breath.

"Perhaps you have never heard of it," resumed Walter; "but it is strange if you have not, for it is practiced as frequently in the country as elsewhere, and surely, I think, more in accordance with the spirit of the old wizards. The proceedings are as deeply hid in silence and secrecy as was the black rite of the early days. As solemn incantations are muttered, accompanied by sounds totally unmeaning to the listener, as the planets ever heard from the eastern land."

"But what is the object of the rite?" asked Bella.

"Not to seek the Alkahest or Life-elixir; but perhaps it borders somewhat upon divination. The real object is difficult to be understood by the uninitiated, but——"

"Can we not try the experiment?" said Bella, eagerly.

"Capital, Bella! he'll be wizard, and we'll be witches!" added Helen.

"Perhaps we will in a few moments," replied Walter dryly; "but the ceremony must be performed by two only. Upon the night of the first day of the week usually, when the planets are all in peculiar places, they enter the darkened room, and perform the solemn ceremonies. They practice a rare and mysterious alchemy there, for, after regular meetings for long months, they come forth and announce the accomplishment of their object—they have exchanged hearts!—Shall we try the experiment now, Bella?"

"Oh no! no, you wizard!" said she, half laughing and half blushing; "I should never dare submit to your *charms*!"

Thus the evening passed away until both hands upon the old kitchen clock pointed upwards. Walter, regretting to leave his agreeable companions, at last retired, blessing all the stars that had ever exerted any influence over his destiny, that he had found such a nice retreat amid the vexations of school keeping. It was long before he could persuade his eyelids to close, so joyfully did the glad thoughts dance in his brain. At last, however, he fell asleep, half dreaming of the last sound he had heard—Helen's fawn-like footstep upon the old staircase.

Remembering that no city etiquette was making it incumbent upon him to remain in bed until eleven in the forenoon, Walter found himself in company with Helen and Bella at an early hour, standing at the eastern window of the parlor watching for the sun to rise. They were telling their dreams to each other when he joined them, and speculating upon the interpretation of them. Being asked to contribute his dream, he said, "I can remember nothing of mine, except that I saw your faces peeping in through the cold air-curtains of my bed, smiling all the time, just as you looked last night." Attention was attracted now to the East. It was, indeed, a splendid sight! Cloudy mountains stood upon earthly ones, and over their deep blue precipices played the first red rays of sunlight—now shooting through the deep dark ravine, and now trembling on a lofty cloud-spire in golden beauty. "How glorious! how beautiful!" was heard on every side.

"Look!" cried Helen; "there he comes! See him let fly that shower of golden arrows at the dun-bearded mountain-heads!"

"Rather say," said Bella, "though it be less romantic, See him lay his broad hands of light upon them in holy benediction!"

Breakfast was announced and dispatched; and, after a chat, Walter tore himself away to attend to his school duties. In this delightful manner passed the days and nights at the "Highland Home," until nearly the close of the week. Every poet from Homer to Holmes had passed under their review, and often did they laugh at what others would call their pedantry. Right merrily sped the hours for them, engaged in such conversation as related above.

Thursday evening came. "Uncle Minor," "Aunt Anne," and "Aunt Harriet" (Bella's mother), sat in the tidy kitchen, talking of their youthful days, as the cold wind mournfully swept round the corners of the house, suggesting sad and pensive thoughts. Walter and the young ladies were in the parlor, thinking that in a day or two more Bella would be in Albany, Walter boarding at one of the miserable old houses of which the neighborhood mostly consisted, and Helen left alone. I will not deny that sundry sighs were heard, and sad faces seen, as they cast their eyes backwards a few days, and met the rosy light of their joy, then forward to the ever-hidden future. At last, Walter broke their musings by a proposal as fanciful as appropriate. It was that they should all sit down at the table and write whatever each one chose; these writings were to be sealed up until one year from that hour, when—wherever they might be, in America or Europe, in city or country—they were to open and bestow a few moments' thought upon the happy "by-gones" of the days when they were together under that roof. His proposal met with hearty approval, and they immediately set themselves to work, much to the astonishment of the good aunts, who could not imagine the object of this unexpected call for pens and paper. They took their seats, dipped their pens in the standish, smoothed their paper; but no one could begin. They looked at each other, and laughed heartily at their embarrassment, until it was proposed that each should take the same text—"Look not mournfully into the Past," from "Hyperion." They did so, and soon all were busy. Helen's pen ran over the white sheet as swiftly and gracefully as a fawn runs across the plain. Bella's ran more slowly, as if she was addressing to herself what she might never read. Walter's page consisted mostly of short sentences, dashes, and hieroglyphics—each of which, should they ever meet his eyes again, would speak a deep meaning to his spirit. Bella, having written about a page and a half, her face growing more sad every moment, tore it off and declared she would burn it. "I have forgotten my text," said she. "I have been looking mournfully, too mournfully, into the Past. It will only make me sad if I ever read it." But she commenced again, and they all soon finished and sealed their self-directed letters with each other's seals, superscribing them—"Sacred to my own fingers. To be opened Nov. 21st, 18—, 10 o'clock P. M." . . .

A year rolled by, with its burden of human joys

and woes. Winter frosts, spring breezes, and summer mists had passed away. Frosts had again tricked out the flowing forests with their gala dress, and the bacchan trees had quaffed at the huge flagons of the Air-king until, reeling with the intoxicating draught, they leaped and staggered in their wild and wanton dance, waving their golden plumes high in the sunlight, and glistening in their beauty. All this had gone by. November had come. It is the evening of the "21st," and the stars twinkle brightly in the clear frosty air. You see a light stealing out from the closely-curtained parlor window of the "Highland Home." Helen is waiting the appointed hour, at the same table where those letters had been written. There she sits, as smiling and beautiful as ever! Ah! who is that with her? Avaunt! we are trespassing. "Heart alchemy" going on here! But hold! let's wait and see if she keeps her engagement. Five minutes to ten! Hark! the front door closes. How fortunate! She will now be alone. Now let's peep again. She is sitting with the letter in her hand. Now she opens it. How the smiles and clouds chase each other over her face! Now she looks where each one sat—gone! Ah! now her bright eye dims. She leans forward upon the table, and is silent. . . . At last, she takes up a book mechanically, and the following, upon the flyleaf, strikes her eye for the first time—

"W. F. WARREN.

"When 'twere sinful
To be unhappy."

"HELEN."—*Festus*.

"HIGHLAND HOME, Nov. 21st, 18—."

Yes, Helen, he left that there for thee!

Bella is sitting in a city chamber. The rumbling tide of life in the street below has somewhat abated its surgings; yet an occasional dash is still heard along the brick-paved shores. She sits in her large easy chair, gazing into the bright, cheerful grate. But her thoughts chime not with its cheerful glow, for she is gazing backward, and her eye looks deeper as the heavens look higher at sunset, when the sun's rays fly back over the day's course. The clock strikes. A sigh! "The hour has come," she mused. "This is the letter I have so often charged mother to burn unopened should I go to my grave-sleep before this day. Where are Walter and Helen to-night!" She opens the double seals, and, as she runs over the remembered lines, her eyelid quivers. She throws it into the grate, leans back in her chair, and is lost in reverie. Bella! thou art "looking mournfully into the past!"

In his little attic room, which he still kept, though a "senior," for the memories he had associated with it, was Walter. He had not forgotten the day. As the concerted hour approached, he took, from a portfolio of *souvenirs* and other treasures in his trunk, his well-kept letter. He then locked the door and

walked the room in deep meditation. He was but a few miles from the home of Helen, and might very easily have been there to read their epistles in common, but he *dared not trust his heart*. Now he feels lonely and sad. His "little Gothic" tells ten, and he opens the year-sealed page. Every word speaks to his soul. He bows his head, and tears glisten! He *feels* that he is alone in the wide world, and his heart is heavy. Presently, he goes to the window and gazes out upon the night-scene. The holy stars seem to soothe his spirit. Turning his eyes towards the hill visible at the home of Helen, he says: "They are thinking of me. I'm not alone. Does not this great blue dome cover us all? I'm *not alone!*"

Such was the night of November 21st. Who noted it, or thought of the interest some warm hearts were attaching to it? None. Who knows, reader, but to-night, so unnoticed by us, is another November 21st to other hearts as full of interest?

Other years passed on in the mighty rounds of time. It was a summer evening, and Helen of the lofty brow and "heaven-blue eye" sat in the piazza of a beautiful New England country-seat, surrounded by a prattling group of fair-haired and bright-eyed children—her own. All the beautiful scene before them was lit up with golden moonbeams, and, as she raised her eyes to the Giver in thankfulness for her lot, she pointed out to her little nestlings the beauties which God had scattered so profusely around them, and tried to lead their minds away to the fairer bowers of the better land. The name of one was Bella—of another, Walter.

That same golden evening of New England settled over lovely Italy in all the witchery of Italian moonlight. Walter was there. Having rambled through all her galleries, and drank deeply the inspiration of her master minds from the noble works they left behind them, he was this evening strolling among the less artistic monuments of a quiet little graveyard. Upon one he read—

"BELLA SLEEPS."

Struck by the beauty of the inscription, as well as by the language (the others all being Italian), he learned, upon inquiry, that it was the grave of a young American lady whose aged mother had consigned her to her last resting-place under the mild skies she used so well to talk of. They were on a tour for health, but the poor mother had gone back with a desolate heart, leaving her only daughter in the foreign land—and in the grave! Walter, remembering the enthusiasm with which she used to talk of visiting the home of music and painting, doubted not that this was "*Bella's*" grave, and she too, he remembered, was an only daughter. He sat down upon her grave and wept; his stout heart gave way. He culled a few wild flowers, and placed at her head, saying—

"You used to love flowers; but sweeter ones are

yours now. You loved pictures; but, though you no longer see

"the one
Which God hangs nightly on the ruddy West,"

yet brighter ones are yours in the galleries of the 'New Jerusalem.' Peace to thee, Bella—peace to me!"

He wrote the initials of his name upon the marble slab, and underneath—

"Whose heart was wrinkled long before his brow."

Then, taking one farewell look at the green-fringed grave, he took up his weary life-journey again, more lonely and sad than ever.

I have finished, dear reader. I promised but a life-scene, and I have given it. Ye who cannot endure a tale without the *dénouement* of a marriage, cast aside these simple pages, and say you have wasted your time.

THE ENTHUSIAST.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"I acknowledge that I love him, but he shall never come between me and Heaven. I am used to sorrow."

Oh, cruel heart that would my heart lay bare,
And seek with earthly love to spread a snare!
Oh, spirit strong, that would my spirit thrall,
And chain to earth its hopes and longings all!

I know thy power, yet hold myself to be
Able to triumph o'er the world and thee—
Renouncing earthly love, if need require,
While in my breast there glows a purer fire.

Though troublous sorrows compass me around,
Though grief doth leave its ever rankling wound,
Yet still in duty's path I'll persevere,
Nor hardships great, nor hidden dangers fear.

Life hath ne'er been to me a field of flowers;
The world hath never built for me her bowers;
In youth, I found the thorn before the rose—
Seldom for me the buds their sweets disclose.

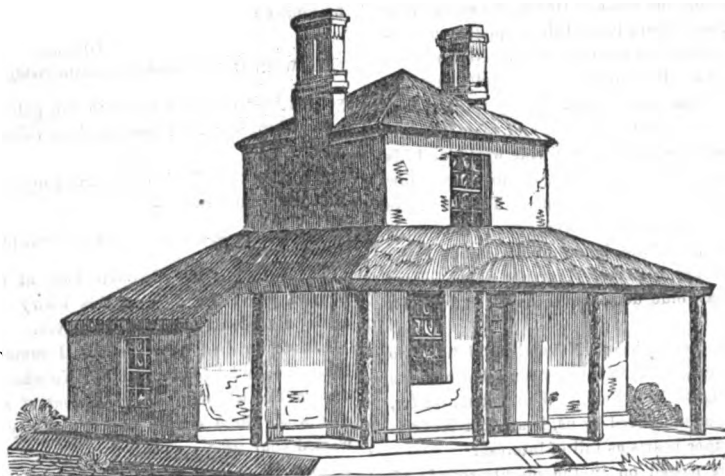
"Sometimes they're nipped by the untimely frost;
Sometimes by blight or hidden worm they're lost;
But, though I mourn, my sorrow I restrain—
God loveth those to whom he giveth pain.

Renounce the world!—its pomp, its gilded show—
And seek the well-springs of thy heart to know!
Its turbid waters then shall grow more pure,
And Folly's giddy whirl no longer lure.

Renounce the world! it yields nor peace, nor joy,
Nor aught of happiness without alloy:
Strive for the crown the humblest Christian wins,
And seek forgiveness for thy many sins.

For thee my heart shall frequent plead in prayer;
Though strong its love, it shall not prove a snare:
"I know thy power, yet hold myself to be
Able to triumph o'er the world and thee."

MODEL COTTAGE.



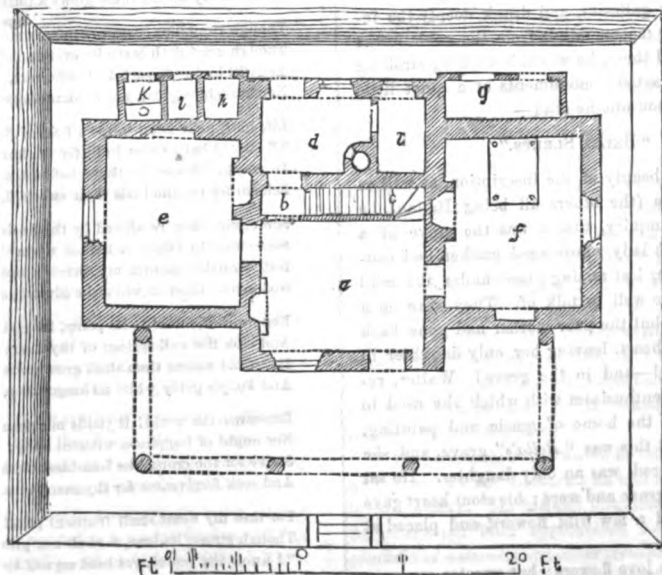
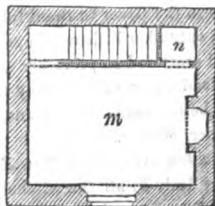
A Dwelling with four rooms and other conveniences, and a large rustic portico.

Accommodation.—The entrance is direct into the kitchen, *a*, from which there is a passage, *b*, to the back-kitchen and to the cellar stairs; staircase to the bed-room *c*; *d* is the back-kitchen, from which there is a pantry, *l*; *e* is the parlor; *f*, a bed-room; *g*, a place for fuel; *h*, a dust-hole; *i*, a place for poultry; and *k*, a water-closet. On the chamber floor there are a good bed-room, *m*, and a closet, *n*.

Construction.—The walls are formed of stone, thickly coated with plaster within, and covered with roughcast without. The columns which support the

roof are native trunks of trees with the bark on—very picturesque fashion, which is now becoming common.

General Estimate.—Cubic contents, 14,798 feet, at 10 cents per foot \$1,479 80, at five cents \$739 90



THE SOLDIER'S SON; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY MARY, OF FLEMINGTON, N. J.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

"SHALL I take your baggage, sir?" said an intelligent-looking boy to a traveler, who had just arrived at one of the principal hotels at Louisville.

"My servant takes charge of it," replied the gentleman.

But, struck with the peculiar expression of his countenance, as the boy retired, he flung him a piece of money. The boy looked at it with hesitation, and his pale cheek reddened to crimson. Picking it up at length, he approached the traveler with an air of embarrassment.

"Excuse me, sir; I sought employment, not alms."

"True, my little son," said the gentleman, laughing; "but you surely will not return so small a trifle on my hands."

The boy stood for a moment in silence; his young spirit evidently recoiled from the idea of appropriating the humiliating gift. He remained twirling it in his fingers. There was an expression of mingled haughtiness and gratitude in his manly features, and his slender form assumed all the irregular attitudes of indecision. At this moment a beggar approached, and his countenance brightened.

"Permit me," said he, bowing gracefully to the traveler—"permit me to transfer your bounty." And, presenting the coin to the humble mendicant, he instantly disappeared.

The little incident made a strong impression on the mind of the stranger. Two days afterwards, he distinguished the elastic figure of the boy amongst a group of laborers. Pleased at again seeing him, he immediately approached him.

"May I ask your name, my young acquaintance?" he inquired, in a tone of kindness.

"Wilder Lee," replied the boy; and he still continued to ply the instrument of labor with increasing diligence.

Our traveler, whose name was Wilton, looked at him with increased interest. The extreme beauty of his countenance, its marked expression of high and noble feeling, strongly contrasted with the coarseness of his dress and the rudeness of his employment.

"Have you no parents?" inquired Mr. Wilton.

"I have yet a father."

"And what is his vocation?"

"He is a worn-out soldier, sir, of the Revolution."

And the boy applied himself to his task with an intensity that seemed intended to prevent any further interrogation. The tenacious stranger, however, was not to be shaken off.

"Do you live with your father?"

"Certainly, sir."

"And where?"

The boy pointed in silence to a decayed and miserable-looking dwelling. Mr. Wilton sighed. A keen November blast, which at the moment whistled around him, told him the inadequacy of such a shelter.

"A soldier," he mentally exclaimed; "and perhaps his blood has been shed to secure the rights of those who now revel in luxury."

A few hours afterwards, he knocked at the door of the shattered habitation. If an interest in the father had been already awakened by the son, it was at once confirmed by the appearance of the old man now before him. He had raised his head slowly from his staff, on which he was leaning, at the entrance of the stranger, and discovered a countenance on which the lines of sorrow and suffering were distinctly traced. Still, there was something in his high, though furrowed brow, that told his affinity with the proud Wilder; and the ravages of infirmity had not altogether robbed his wasted form of the dignity of the soldier.

"Will you pardon the intrusion of a stranger?" said Mr. Wilton. "I have been led hither merely to chat an hour with a Revolutionary veteran."

"He who comes to cheer the solitude of darkness must be welcome," said the old man.

And Mr. Wilton now perceived that he was entirely blind. The events of the Revolution afforded an easy clue to conversation, and they chatted without effort.

"I would," said Mr. Wilton, "that every one who assisted in our glorious struggle might individually share the prosperity it has confirmed to our nation. I fear, however, that there are many whose blood cemented the proud fabric of our independence that are themselves left in want and obscurity."

"True," said the old man; "the decayed soldier, whose strength was wasted in the conflict, has but little for himself at home. But I trust his posterity will reap the harvest he has sown."

"You have a son," said Mr. Wilton, "worthy of such a harvest. Is the youth called Wilder your all?"

"All that survives of a large family. He alone, the child of my old age, has been spared to save me from utter dependence."

"Have you been long deprived of sight?" asked Mr. Wilton.

"Only two years."

"And, during that period, have you had no resource but the labor of your son?"

"None. But the wants of a soldier are few, and the filial piety of my boy renders him cheerful under every privation that affects only himself. He labors incessantly, and I have no regret but that of seeing him thus fettered to servitude."

"I would," said Mr. Wilton, with enthusiasm—"I would I could place him in a sphere more suited to his worth! With the advantages of education, he would become an ornament to society. But this, under your peculiar circumstances, he cannot have even in an ordinary degree."

"But for his taste for learning," said the old soldier, "he must have been utterly destitute. There were hours, however, when he could not labor, and, as these were always devoted to study, he has gradually acquired its common principles."

The entrance of Wilder himself interrupted the conversation. He had brought some little delicacies for his father, the avails of his day's labor.

"I have just been thinking," said Mr. Wilton, "of making some arrangements, with the approbation of your father, for your future establishment. I grieve to see a boy of promise thus losing the spring-time of life."

"You forget, sir," said Wilder, respectfully bowing, "that I can accept no proposal that would separate me from my father, however advantageous."

"Certainly not, in his present situation; but I have friends here who will readily assist me in making a suitable provision for his support; and you may then be put to business that will secure you a future competence."

"Impossible, sir. My father can have no claims like those on his son. 'Tis but a short time since my weakness required his support; and shall I now transfer the duties of filial gratitude to the hand of charity?"

Mr. Wilton knew not what to reply.

"Do not think me ungrateful for your proffered kindness," continued the boy, while his dark eyes swam in tears, and every trace of pride suddenly gave place to the liveliest expression of gratitude. "I feel most deeply your solicitude for my interest; but, indeed, sir, I am perfectly happy in my present condition. My father, too, is satisfied with the slender provision which my labor affords; and, should it hereafter become insufficient, I will not scruple to ask the aid of benevolence."

Mr. Wilton was affected. The soldier again leaned his head over his staff, and was probably invoking blessings on the head of his son. A storm had commenced, and the sleet was even then dripping through the broken roof. Mr. Wilton rose to depart.

"Must I then go," he exclaimed, "without rendering you any service? Will you not even accept?"—and he put his hand into his pocket.

But Wilder drew back with an expression that answered the unfinished sentence.

The old man gave him his hand with an air of benignity—

"Accept my thanks, sir; and suffer me to inquire the name of him who has thus sought the dwelling of poverty?"

The stranger gave him his name and address, and, receiving a promise that they would seek him in future need, reluctantly left them.

Mr. Wilton was a man of feeling, but he was also a man of pleasure; and, with the votaries of dissipation, the soft and holy whisperings of benevolence are too often lost in more seductive strains. The scene he had now witnessed had, however, awakened all his better principles. The dignified submission of the father, the proud humility of the son, preferring the most servile labor to the shadow of dependence, his deep, but quiet tenderness for his unfortunate parent, and his perfect exemption from selfish feeling, all were vividly impressed on the visitor. If intercourse with the good influences even cold and torpid hearts, that influence must be strong, indeed, on the soul of feeling.

For a little time, the pageantry of the world lost its power on the gay Wilton, and all the haunts of pleasure were forgotten. He shuddered as he contrasted the elegancies that surrounded him with the destitution he had witnessed. The straw pallet of age and infirmity, the picture that memory drew, seemed even yet more vivid than the reality. The following day, Mr. Wilton had left the city; but a blank cover, inclosing two hundred dollars, had been placed, by an unknown hand, in that of the old soldier.

Years passed away, and the glow of unearthly pleasure that the traveler then experienced was gradually forgotten. The blandishments of pleasure resumed their wonted influence, her glittering wave hurried him onward without the power of reflection; and, if a momentary wish would have led him to inquire the further fate of Wilder Lee, the bright phantasms that surrounded him diverted his purpose. Death had deprived him of an amiable wife, whose influence might have won him from the sphere of illusion; and his only child, early accustomed to the rounds of fashionable pursuits, thought not of opposing them.

The exalted sentiments, however, which, even in childhood, she had imbibed from her mother, preserved her from that contaminating influence; and, amid the blights of a gay world, the purity of her character remained stainless as the snows of the unapproachable cliff. Gentle as the reed of summer, she yielded to the impulses of those with whom her lot was cast; but her mind, supported by high and frequent communion with the memory of her sainted mother, escaped the thralldom which habit might otherwise have secured. At the age of fifteen, she accompanied an invalid friend to the medical springs

of Harrodsburg. This village, at that time, was a place of fashionable resort, and, to a mind like that of Isabel Wilton, afforded themes of limitless reflection. The buoyancy of health was here contrasted with the languor of disease; the hectic of death with the laugh of revelry; palpable images of mortality mingled with the votaries of pleasure; the listless who strove to annihilate time, and the dying who sought to add yet a few more days to those they had now to number.

Soon after the arrival of Isabel, she was one day struck, on entering the common sitting-room, by an old man, who sat alone, and apparently unnoticed. His sightless eyes, his palsied limbs, and the white locks that were thinly scattered over his pallid features, all at once riveted her attention. Her heart throbbed with pity, but reverence mingled with compassion, as she marked the settled and placid expression of his countenance. At no great distance, a group of ladies were indulging in bursts of merriment, which, at this moment, struck discordantly on her heart. She felt that the presence of unfortunate age should at least inspire respect, and, involuntarily approaching the unheeded old man, she was half resolved to address him. Her natural timidity, however, withheld her, until she was at length called by one of the gay group to partake of some strawberries. The irresolute expression of her countenance at once changed to that of pleasure.

"I will beg some," she said, unhesitatingly, presenting her work-basket, "for this old gentleman." And she then approached him without embarrassment. "Will you accept some strawberries, sir?"

The voice of Isabel was like the low, sighing tones of an instrument; it touched every chord of the soul. The old man received them with a smile that spoke a benediction; while an elegant, though youthful stranger, who stood reading a newspaper with his back towards them, suddenly turned round and fixed his eyes on the blushing girl with mingled admiration and surprise. She instinctively retreated, and joined the group she had hitherto shunned, mingling in their trifling.

Soon after, the youth himself approached with her basket. Presenting it with a look of indescribable import, he said, "Accept, miss, the thanks and blessings of age for your delicate attention." He then disappeared. In a short time, he returned, and addressed the old man in a tone of respect and tenderness: "I have at length found more quiet lodgings, sir, and will attend you whenever you feel able to walk." The old man rose, and, leaning on the arm of the youth, they left the apartment.

"They are to be temporary sojourners in the village," thought Isabel, and a sensation of pleasure, of which she was perhaps unconscious, arose from the idea of again meeting them.

They met the next morning at the spring, and again and again met.

Who shall describe the mingling of kindred spi-

rits? Who shall trace the intricate and delicate sources of that mysterious passion which sweeps like a torrent over the human soul? Scarcely a word had passed between the youthful strangers; they knew nothing of each other beyond the limits of a few short days; yet the years that preceded had become to them as a tedious dream, their present was their all of existence, and resembled the renovated life of the chrysalis, when it "sails on new wings through summer air."

As yet, however, unconscious of the dangerous source of this new sense of enjoyment, they met without embarrassment. The blush that dyed the cheek of Isabel in the presence of the stranger was that of abstract pleasure; and the light which flashed upon his eye at her approach was brilliant as the rays of heaven. The failing health of the old blind man, whom he daily attended to the spring, afforded their only clue even to a passing remark. The deep interest which his appearance excited in the bosom of Isabel conquered the scruples of vestal reserve, and she frequently ventured a timid inquiry respecting the aged invalid.

There are a thousand nameless attentions too trifling for description, that come with a cheering influence over the feeling heart, like the imperceptible breeze that stirs the delicate leaf. Such were the attentions which misfortune invariably elicited from the hand of Isabel, no matter how narrow her sphere of action. Her voice, her step, were already known to the discriminating ear of the old man; and, if his cane was dropped, or a seat brought, he knew the ready hand that presented them. He was, however, evidently and rapidly failing; and, at length, Isabel met the interesting stranger no longer.

Three days elapsed, and her attendance on her friend became a penance. A walk was proposed, and, weary of herself, she gladly became one of the party. As they passed within view of the village cemetery, her attention was arrested by a funeral procession. Their duties were finished, and they were returning; but there was one who yet lingered, and, with folded arms, leaned over the new-made grave. Could it be?—yes, it was the young stranger, and Isabel comprehended the melancholy scene! The party proceeded, and, ere their return, the surrounding landscape was flooded with the silver light of the full moon.

The feelings of Isabel were rendered yet more intense by the softening influence of the hour, and, almost unable to proceed, she leaned on the arm of her friend, whose health was yet but imperfectly restored, and fell behind her gayer companions. Again her eye was turned towards the last asylum of humanity; the solitary mourner had left the spot, and, with a faltering step, was slowly returning to the village. Their paths intersected, and he was already before her. He bowed, and both were some moments silent. He at length said, in a voice of suppressed emotion—

"The cause that brought me hither is now terminated in the grave. I leave this place to-morrow. Permit me, then, miss, even at this moment of sorrow, to thank you for the interest you have evinced in the sufferings of my departed father, and for the soothing attentions you have paid him. If the cup of affliction is ever yours, may some spirit gentle as your own temper its bitterness—some being, bright and lovely as yourself, hover around your pillow!"

Isabel could not reply. Her party had now halted, and she rejoined them.

The young stranger uttered a stifled farewell, and, striking into another path, disappeared.

On her return, the subdued Isabel was pressed to the bosom of her father. If anything at that moment could have given her pleasure, it was his arrival, as she was anxious to leave a spot that was now utterly devoid of interest. The light adieu of ceremony were easily concluded, and, early the following morning, she was equipped for departure.

As her father handed her into the carriage, he stopped to speak to an acquaintance, while a young man, who was passing at the moment, suddenly paused, and, clasping his hands, exclaimed—

"Mr. Wilton, my benefactor!"

"I do not understand you, sir," said the astonished Wilton. "I know of no one who can give me so flattering a title."

"Ah!" said the young man, whose countenance and voice were but too familiar to the trembling Isabel, "am I then so changed? I am Wilder Lee, the soldier's son, whom seven years ago you rescued from poverty."

Mr. Wilton pressed his hand with emotion.

"You mean I would have rescued, but for his intolerable pride."

"Ah, sir, evasion is unnecessary. We could not mistake the hand that relieved us. Have you, then, no interest in hearing—will you not suffer me to tell you what has been the effect of your bounty?"

"I shall gladly listen to anything in which you are concerned," said Mr. Wilton.

"Two days after you left us, my father was removed to a more comfortable dwelling, and I was entered at school. I could yet attend to the personal wants of my father; and, incited to exertion by every claim of gratitude and duty, I could but progress in my studies. I was soon a ready penman and accountant; and, a year afterwards, was received into a wealthy mercantile house as a clerk. My wages enabled me to make immediate provision for my father, and they were yearly augmented; and now," he added, in a subdued tone, "since he is called to receive far higher wealth than that of earth, my first exertion will be to discharge the pecuniary part of my obligation, which has so greatly influenced my present destiny."

"The obligation you speak of does not exist," said Mr. Wilton. "An ample equivalent was at once received, in the pleasure of assisting those who

were worthy. Do not, then, wound my feelings by so unjust an allusion. But, tell me, is your venerable father no more?"

Wilder briefly sketched the late events. And Mr. Wilton now shook him warmly by the hand.

"Farewell, dear Wilder; my carriage has been some time waiting. Believe me that I rejoice in your prosperity, and remember that you may always command my friendship."

Wilder looked wistfully after him as he departed, but the form of Isabel was not visible. She had shrunk back in the carriage at his approach, and had thus escaped observation. From her father, who was himself too much excited to notice the agitation of his child, she now heard a description of his first knowledge of Wilder Lee. She made no comments, but every word was treasured up in her heart; and, though years passed away without a single event to recall his memory, every vision of her fancy, every idea of romantic excellence in the imagination of Isabel, was identified with his image. This imperishable attachment, however, partook of the high tone of her mind. It was a deep and sacred principle, hidden in the recesses of her heart, and leaving no trace on the surface of her character.

Isabel was far too lovely to remain unsought, and Mr. Wilton was astonished at her decided rejection of repeated and splendid offers. He expostulated, he entreated, he taxed her with perverseness. She deprecated his anger with seraphic gentleness. She anticipated his every wish; but her firmness remained unshaken. His attention was at length called to objects of yet deeper anxiety. His love of pleasure, his recklessness of gain, had gradually wasted an estate which, though sufficient for all the chaster elegancies of life, was inadequate to the support of prodigality.

He now stood on the verge of ruin, and those who had shared his substance looked coldly and carelessly on his wreck; while the unhappy Wilton, driven to madness, could scarcely believe the perfidy of the world he had implicitly trusted. The family seat was to be publicly sold, and the fearful day arrived. While it was yet under the hammer, a new bidder appeared, apparently from a distance; his horse dripped with sweat, and his countenance was pale and agitated. The property, as usual in such cases, was going at half its value, and the stranger bid it off. Mr. Wilton was still the occupant, and the new proprietor waited on him immediately. Isabel had that moment left her father for some domestic call, and the unfortunate man was musing on their impending expulsion from their recent residence, when Wilder Lee stood suddenly before him.

"Welcome, most welcome to my heart, dearest Wilder," he exclaimed; "I can no longer welcome you to my home. You have come to witness my removal from all that was once mine. I am now here only on sufferance. To-morrow I may have no shelter for my head."

"Not so," cried Wilder; "you have yet a shelter; your present home is still yours; and no earthly power can expel you from it."

"What mean you?" said the astonished Wilton.

"Fourteen years since," he replied, "you presented my father a sum which then preserved him from want, and secured my subsequent wealth. He received it but as a loan, and that debt devolved on me. True, you disclaimed it; but it was yet uncancelled. Reluctant to offend you, I delayed its discharge, though the amount was long since appropriated in my imagination for that purpose. It has not, however, lain idle. The profits of the house in which I some years ago became a partner have been considerable. Your little capital has acquired its share, and its amount has this day redeemed your forfeited estate. By a mere accident, I had seen it advertised, and I lost no time in hastening hither; and now," he added, with a smile, taking the hand of Mr. Wilton, "will you not welcome your Wilder to your home? It is not long since you gave me a check on your friendship; I have come to claim it: and surely you can no longer refuse the title of my benefactor, when from your bounty I derived not only wealth, but the pleasure of this moment."

Mr. Wilton wept. The thoughtless man of the world wept at the sacred triumph of virtue. Wilder himself was overcome by the scene, and paced the floor in silence. A portrait of Isabel hung directly opposite him, and it now caught his eye. Starting back with amazement, he gazed at it as a lovely phantom. It looked indeed like a thing of life. The blue eye seemed to beam with expression through its long dark lashes, and there was surely breath on the deep red lip. Just so the auburn hair was parted on her white forehead when he last saw her. Just so its shining ringlets strayed over her snowy neck.

"Tell me," he at length exclaimed, turning to Mr. Wilton, "who is the original of this picture?"

Surprised at the agitation of his manner, Mr. Wilton replied—

"Have you never seen her?"

"Seen her! oh yes; her image has long been engraved on my heart; but of her name I am yet ignorant."

"Her name is Wilton," said the astonished father. "She is my only child."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Wilder, "what new excitement awaits me!"

"May I ask the cause of this emotion, Wilder? How, or in what manner, have you known my beloved Isabel?"

Wilder gave a wild and passionate description of their early and limited acquaintance, and the long concealed attachment of his daughter was at once revealed to Mr. Wilton.

"Tell me," he said, taking the throbbing hand of his friend, "tell me, Wilder, in sacred faith, if this imperfect knowledge of my child has awakened a sentiment of tenderness."

Wilder flung himself into his arms.

"Ah, sir, have I not cherished her memory through the long season of utter hopelessness? has not my spirit turned from all allurements of the world, to commune with the recollection of her virtues?"

Mr. Wilton left the room in silence, and returned with the trembling Isabel.

"You are worthy of each other," he said, and joining their hands, he invoked the blessings of heaven on the dearest objects of his heart. He then left them to pour out his gratitude to Him who had thus redeemed the everlasting promises.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

It is seldom that a great man has not some imitators, a troop of meeker minds who follow more or less obediently in the footsteps of their exemplar. A man is possessed by some new idea—it gives him no rest till he brings it before the world in the shape of words or deeds; instantly up start a throng of people to whom that idea has come as the embodiment of their life-dream; and as Correggio, when, ignorant and untought, he stood before the pictures in the old cathedral, exclaimed, "And I, too, am a painter!" so do they gird up their loins and set out on the path which their great pioneer has hewn for them through the wilderness. Somewhat like these were my reflections when I read the "Confidences of Lamar-tine." Not that he can claim the merit of perfect

originality, which even in the days of Solomon was a departed glory, for Rousseau far surpasses the poet and politician of Paris in the fullness of his self-revealings. But few would venture to hold themselves up to blame or contempt like Rousseau; while there is hardly one among us who looks back over some forty or fifty years, who could not, if he chose,

"Shoulder his crutch and fight his battles over again,"

and tell tales of tender love and youthful adventure, of strange scenes and very peculiar people, that would both amuse and astonish the heavens to find that such common-place persons should have seen so much. And so I have been looking for

"Tales of my Youth," by Mrs. Jones, or "Revelations of Bygone Years," by Mrs. Smith; but as, so far, no one seems inclined to soar into immortality in the track made illustrious by Lamartine, the thought struck me that I might supply the desideratum, and give the public some of my own adventures "a long time ago."

I woke up one morning when I was "just seventeen," no matter how many years ago. I have refused for a long time to tell any one, even the census man, who I thought pressed the question in rather an inconsiderate manner, to say the least: he said the law required him to do so; but what business have laws with women's ages? So I stood on my reserved rights, and the poor man does not know to this day how old I am, and I do not see but the country gets along as well as ever. When I woke up I remembered that my education had been finished, technically speaking, three months before; that I had spent time enough in visiting my relations; and that now I must do something for myself. I could do nothing but teach, and the thought that then perplexed me was as to the place in which I should exert my untried powers. In the city in which I was educated teachers swarmed, and filled to overflowing every nook and corner, and I was too young and diffident to push my way through the crowd. But an opportunity soon presented itself. One of my relations had a friend who had established a large and flourishing academy in Alabama. I had been for some time in the habit of reading her letters; and as they spoke of picnics, and roses, and balmy breezes, at a time when we were wrapped in furs, wading through the snow or slipping on the ice, with our noses blue from the east winds, and our cheeks stiff with the frosty air, Loudon in Mississippi had become a perfect paradise of delight in my imagination. To have the whole year hardly anything but one long and glowing summer, was such a contrast to the 'three hot days and a thunder shower,' as that fitful season in my own State has been too truly described, that I was seized with a desire to see for myself the beauties described, and enjoy the pleasures of the far-off southern land.

I brooded over my wish in silence for several days, not dreaming that it could be accomplished. At last I ventured to speak of it to my aunt, who, to my astonishment, said instantly, "Yes, certainly; it will be the very thing for you; it will give you confidence: I will write to Mrs. Carrington about it directly." In the course of a few weeks' matters were settled entirely to my satisfaction. Mrs. Carrington was very glad to receive the niece of her old friend, and wrote to me to come on as soon as possible, with a music teacher whom she had engaged from the same city. We had but a few days for preparations and adieu, and almost before I had time to reflect, I found myself seated in the cars, and waving a smiling farewell to my cousin, who came to see me off. My companion, Miss Johnson, a lady

no longer in her "first youth," was so astonished at my hard-heartedness that she forgot the tears she had intended to shed, in seeing that I laughed, actually laughed when the cars started, and looked round at her for sympathy. I did not understand her gaze of scorn and superiority, I merely thought she looked cross; but before long she enlightened me. At the first opportunity, though we were almost strangers, she took her handkerchief from her eyes and assured me that she thought me worse than stony-hearted—pebble-hearted—and that if I did not feel any sorrow at leaving my friends, I ought to have the grace to feign a little. I stared at her and laughed again, and she again buried her face in her handkerchief.

The gentleman who had the charge of us was a good sort of a man, and certainly did his duty by our baggage faithfully: he would have done the same by me if I would have permitted him, but he was guilty of a great indiscretion, which entirely lost him my favor; he attempted to pet me in a fatherly sort of way, and that being contrary to all my preconceived ideas of a woman and a teacher, I decidedly withdrew from him and retired into myself. His next offence was to ask me at every jolt of the stage, and whenever we were going up and down hill, "Are you frightened, my dear Miss Pauline?" In those days nothing ever frightened me; I had "no nerves and no sensations;" and my indignant denials created a great deal of amusement for the rest of the company at our expense. I had no idea that they were observing us till, in the midst of a thunder shower which overtook us in the middle of the night on the top of one of the Alleghanies, there came a flash of lightning so vivid and near that the peaks of the mountains all around appeared for a moment on fire; in a second followed a tremendous crash of thunder rattling among the hills, and seeming almost to shake them from their foundations. Never, before or since, have I witnessed a scene of such terrible beauty; I was entranced by the sight, but no thought of terror entered my breast. In fact, all my powers were so absorbed that, when my tormentor asked, as usual, "Are you frightened, Miss Pauline?" my reply of "At what?" was given with such evident surprise and unconsciousness, that it was received with a burst of laughter from all the rest of the company, excepting Miss Johnson, who scolded me severely at our next stopping-place for my very unfeminine conduct. As for herself, she shrieked and caught hold of our old gentleman every two or three minutes; and he, declaring that I had too much philosophy for him, devoted himself to her for the rest of the journey.

It had been settled that the first few weeks of our residence in Loudon should be spent at a planter's hospitable house, till we could make other arrangements for ourselves. This pleased me very much, for in my imagination a Southern planter held a sort of a middle place between a baron in the old feudal times of Europe, and a northern farmer. Visions

of magnificence, of boundless liberality and hospitality, rose before me whenever my thoughts turned to my future home. I recalled a country-seat near Boston, remarkable even there for its beauty; I enlarged and improved it to suit my own ideas; I laid out around it extensive grounds in groves, orchards, and gardens; within the house all was luxury, without all was beauty and order; and well-trained servants, each performing the duties allotted to them with faithfulness and devotion, completed the picture.

Full of these thoughts, I stepped into the carriage that was to take us from the last inn to Mr. Percy's, our hospitable host. We said good-by to our old gentleman, and rattled off over a road that at any other time I should hardly have considered passable; but I was trembling with excitement, and underwent the formation of several new phrenological developments on Squire Easy's principle, without a murmur, and almost without consciousness. Not so with Miss Johnson.

"Did you ever see such an old rattle-trap as this carriage?" she exclaimed, after having tried in vain to settle herself comfortably. "I wonder if this is their state affair?"

I examined it with more care, and found that it had a rather battered and shabby look. It had evidently seen good service, and the springs seemed to be resting from their labors. They probably thought they had done their duty, and that it was our turn to take the jolting, which we did per force in our own way; I laughing heartily, while Miss Johnson's groans would have silenced Heracitus. Laughter has always been my besetting weakness—I will not call it sin; it has carried me too lightly and buoyantly over many of the minor miseries of this life for me to treat it so ungratefully, though now and then, I must confess, it has pitched me upon some terrible rocks.

Just as it was growing dark, a little ragged boy—colored, of course—jumped down from behind the carriage, and threw open a gate, which formed part of an unpainted fence that seemed to divide the road from a dense forest.

"Where on earth are we going?" groaned Miss Johnson, as the carriage turned into the woods. "We might be killed and buried here, and nobody know anything about it! Driver"—putting her head out of the window—"are you sure this is the right way?"

"Yes, mistress," was the reply, and we heard him chuckling to himself all the rest of the way.

After threading the mazes of the forest for about half a mile, the carriage stopped at a smaller gate, round which were clustered any number of little black children, with some two or three white ones among them, some on the top of the fence, and others holding the gate open and peeping from behind it to see the strange ladies alight. Standing in the porch of the house were Mr. and Mrs. Percy.

They were the same stately and courteous persons, and had the same gracious and cordial manner that I had prefigured to myself. There was nothing to cause disappointment either in their manners or appearance, and never shall I forget the spontaneous kindness with which they welcomed us poor way-worn wanderers. If we had been rich relations, their reception could not have been warmer. But the house! Poor Miss Johnson's eyes almost started from her head, as well as her heart from her mouth, while she gazed upon it. It was a low, square edifice, built of unhewn logs, and whitewashed. There was neither front nor back door; but, as we stood on the porch, we looked directly through a broad passage upon another porch, and then into the open air. On each side of this passage were two rooms; a parlor and library on one side, on the other, a dining and sleeping-room. The kitchen was separate, and at a little distance from the house.

We were ushered into the parlor, where, in an immense chimney, a bright fire was burning. There was a Brussels carpet on the floor; on one side stood a rosewood piano, and in the corner a side-board loaded down with silver—more silver than I had ever seen in one family in my life. The incongruity between the furniture and the house struck me, wearied as I was; and I found out, afterwards, that this was a mere temporary shelter, only intended to be used till a more commodious dwelling could be erected. A snug, comfortable house is not so essential at the South as at the North, and is, consequently, more readily dispensed with. That, of course, I did not know at the time, and could only sit and wonder in silence at the strangeness of everything around me. I found it impossible to reconcile the elegant and highly polished manners of Mr. and Mrs. Percy with the rudeness of their dwelling, and the apparently careless and slipshod way in which everything seemed to be managed.

The evening was uncomfortably cold, and I drew close to the blazing fire; but yet my shoulders ached with the chilling night winds that blew about them almost as freely as if I had been in the open air. I looked behind, to see if a window were open, and, between two of the logs, where a part of the "chinking" had fallen out, I caught a star peeping down at me as placidly and unblinkingly as if the hole had been made at its own particular request. It caused a new sensation, and new sensations are rare—to sit at the fireside, with doors and windows closed, and look at the stars through the chinks. I was glancing over my shoulder, at short intervals, and saying nothing, all the rest of the evening.

The only person, besides Mr. and Mrs. Percy, whom I particularly remember as connected with my first evening at Loudon, was their eldest daughter, Virginia, but who was called Tom, because, as she was the eldest, she ought to have been a boy; but, as she unfortunately did not turn out to be one, Mr. Percy determined to keep up the illusion as

long as possible; and, though now she was a little older than I was, the name still clung to her. She came in, looking as if just roused from an afternoon nap, with her hair falling in tumbled, but picturesque curls about her neck. She was a tall, pale, slender, pretty girl, with a lustrous gleam in her dark-blue eyes, which gave her, to my bewildered fancy, an uncanny look. Seating herself nearly opposite to me, she gazed at me unflinchingly for two mortal hours; but we spoke not a word. Between fatigue and the mesmeric effect of those elfish eyes, I began to show symptoms of sleepiness, which kind Mrs. Percy observing, said—

"Tom, show the ladies where they are to sleep. I am sorry I cannot accommodate you better; but I hope you will soon feel at home."

Our sleeping apartment was a large room, standing a little detached from the main building; and, as we were crossing a covered passage-way that led to it, Miss Percy stopped, and, turning to me, began "to shiver and to shake" violently.

"I believe I have a chill," said she, gazing at me.

"I should think you had," was my internal rejoinder, not understanding then the meaning she attached to the word "chill." In my vocabulary as yet, it only meant to feel cold.

"Shall I carry the candle?" asked I, seeing that it nearly dropped from her hand.

"Oh no," said she, smiling, and at the same time opening the door of our room, or rather house. It was quite a large apartment, and there were two beds in it. "My little sister and I sleep here," said Miss Percy, pointing to one bed. "That one," motioning to the other, "is for Miss Johnson and you."

The one allotted to us loomed up from its corner of the room like one of the snow-covered mountains of my own State. The bedstead was high, and on it were heaped any number of feather beds and mattresses. We went up to it by three carpeted steps placed at the side, and even from them it was something of an exertion to reach safely the top; but, when I was fairly ensconced, my sensations were delightful. I was, indeed, "enthroned in lofty state," uplifted above all common cares; for all the "Marthas" in these "lower grounds of sorrow," as the Baptist minister at Loudon used to call the world, I would recommend just such an elevated resting-place. As a proof of its efficacy, Miss Johnson sank into the arms of Morpheus without unburending her heart of a single complaint.

I was roused in the morning by a wail so loud, so long, and so mournful, that I started up, half expecting to see the cold, gray figure of a Banshee. At the open door stood Miss Percy, in her night-gear, and screaming, at intervals, "O—h, Elsie! e—h, Elsie!" I despair of conveying any idea to those who have not heard the sound, of the dismal cadence given to the exclamation.

"What is the matter?" asked I, in some alarm.

"Nothing; only I want Elsie to dress me," was the reply.

"I wonder if she cannot dress herself?" thought I, as I sprang up and began the operation.

"Wait a minute," said she; "Elsie will come to help you." And she began her cries again.

A stranger would have thought some one was murdering us. Presently, a stout, good-natured colored damsel appeared.

"Elsie, dress Miss Forsyth," said Miss Percy.

"Oh no, I thank you," was my reply; "I do not need any assistance."

A look of surprise appeared on Miss Percy's countenance, as she languidly resigned herself to the charge of her waiting-maid, and was dressed somewhat after the fashion of a big doll. Presently, Elsie disappeared on some errand, and, half attired, Miss Percy sank into a chair. She waited patiently for some time, and at last recommenced with her "O—h, Elsie!" Elsie returned.

"Why have you not given me some water?" asked Miss Percy.

And Elsie filled the ewer from the pitcher.

"She has been waiting all this time for some one to pour out her water for her" thought I. "I wonder if Elsie washes her face?"

No, Miss Percy did that herself; and, for the rest, I saw no more, for I went out to take a short survey of the premises, and see if the fresh morning air had improved their appearance. But I cannot allow the reader to form so hasty and incorrect a judgment of Miss Percy as I did, and class her among those helpless young ladies who have been aptly likened unto the lilies of Solomon. When once the arduous task of dressing was accomplished, Tom appeared another being. With a large basket of keys on her arm, she went about the house, "giving out dinner, breakfast, and supper," for the servants as well as for the family. In the course of time, I discovered that she fitted and made all her own dresses—an art still an inscrutable mystery to me; that she cut out nearly all the clothes for the servants; and that very day I went down with her to the "negro-quarter," a collection of little dwellings about half a mile from the house, where she gave a sick woman some medicine that she needed, and attended to the dressing of an injured limb with the patience and kindness of a nurse, and yet with the authority of a mistress. Then I began to learn not to make the mere peculiarities of place or education a standard of right or wrong.

We spent part of the morning in walking through the town, a rambling, untidy-looking place, very unlike the trim, yet simple and rural appearance of our New England villages. The houses, built either of brick, which seemed but half-baked, or of wood that had once been painted white, but was now dingy and discolored, stood immediately upon the street. The gates to the gardens swung loosely

upon their hinges, and the fences were woefully out of repair. Of course, there were some exceptions, but the general appearance of the place was suggestive only of indolence and unthrift. This was the exterior more, and would be noticed only at first. I had not been there many weeks, before the warm, cordial hearts that dwelt in those neglected houses threw such a *glamour* over them that I became as unmindful of the "outward walls" as the inhabitants seemed to be.

Miss Johnson insisted on going into several of the shops and pricing everything, from a spool of thread to a piece of muslin; and great was her indignation, and long and loud her complaints, even to the merchants themselves, when she found that not a single article could be obtained for the price she had been accustomed to pay for it. They suggested the expense of bringing the goods so far; but she would not listen to their explanation. You would have thought, by her manner, that they were committing some great injustice upon her.

When we returned to the plantation, we found dinner ready, and the most striking peculiarities of that repast were the hot corn bread, which is used in the South at almost every meal, and at dinner supplies the place of wheaten bread entirely, and the practice that prevailed there of drinking milk instead of water at the dessert. After dinner we received our first call; and I must describe it, premising that the lady is by no means a fair sample of the rest of the inhabitants, but was considered an oddity ever at home. She was an ignorant, uneducated woman, who had married a wealthy man, and had lately spent several winters in Washington, where she had developed a strong love for dress and fine talking. I was then, of course, quite new to the world, and her conversation was so unique that much of it still remains in my memory.

Our visitor, who was introduced as Mrs. Robinson, was a tall, showy-looking woman with an aquiline nose, and restless little black eyes. Her dress was green velvet covered with gimp and bugles, a red Cashmere shawl, a bonnet which seemed to be all feathers and flowers; and, as it was a cold day, her feet, although she came in a carriage, were encased in strong substantial shoes and black woolen stockings.

"What do you think of our place?" asked she of Miss Johnson.

"Well," was the reply, "I must say I am disappointed in the country. I have always lived in the city, and I had imagined something entirely different. Now, for instance, at Boston Common—you have heard of the Common at Boston of course;—well, then, whenever you pass it there is always the smell of new-mown hay until the ground is covered with snow, and here I do not perceive anything of the kind."

"Oh, you are mistaken," interrupted I; "you are thinking of the times when they mow the grass."

"No, indeed, it is always the same," asserted Miss Johnson in her most dogmatic manner. "I have lived in Boston all my life, and I ought to know."

"You will be more disappointed perhaps when spring comes," said Mrs. Robinson, consolingly. "It is really quite ridiculous then to walk in the fields and see the multitude of little flowers all about."

"And there is another thing that strikes me as very strange," said Miss Johnson; "to see so few houses built of brick, and none at all of stone; now many of our public buildings in Boston are of granite, and you have no idea how handsome they are. I am surprised to see that you do not use it at all."

"This is not a granite country," I observed timidly.

"Why, Pauline, how can you be so ignorant? There is granite everywhere. The whole world rests on it. A geologist told me so."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Robinson, "the transition must be indeed severe to you; and how are you pleased with our poor village?" turning to me.

"Very well," said I, more politely than truthfully.

"I am glad to hear that, my dear; I hope you will like it so well that before long you will make it the place of your nativity. We have some very nice gentlemen here, I assure you." And Mrs. Robinson smiled, and nodded, and bridled, and plumed herself for several minutes, so well pleased was she with her gentle insinuation.

"By the way, Miss Forsyth," continued she, "do you know Mr. Newton, a representative from your State?"

"Very well," I replied; "he is my cousin."

Instantly two long arms were thrown round me, and I was pressed to her maternal bosom. A sense of suffocation, a conviction that my nose would be flat for the rest of my life, and that my face was taking an impression of the countless bugles on the velvet dress, is all that remains to me of that terrible moment.

"Forgive my enthusiasm," exclaimed Mrs. Robinson, releasing me; "I am a creature of impulse, and a relation of Mr. Newton's must be my mutual friend. Is he well?"

"Very well, I believe," I replied.

"I am delighted to hear it. I saw something about the death of Sir Isaac Newton in the papers lately; but his name is not Isaac, is it?"

"No, ma'am; it is Joseph."

"Ah, yes; I knew it was one of them old antediluvians. I admire him more than I can express."

"I am surprised as well as pleased to hear you say so, for I understood that he was not very popular in Washington," said I.

"No, my dear, I must allow that he was not; but persecution always brings out one's qualities in such base relief that it endears them to me immediately. Are you fond of reading, my dear?"

"Yes, ma'am, very fond," I replied.

"I knew you would be if you were Mr. Newton's

cousin. You must come out to my place; Washington Woodlands I call it. Mr. Robinson has quite a library, and you can amuse yourself with it whenever it is agreeable. Bulwer is my favorite. I have just been reading his 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Have you seen it?"

"You mean the 'Pilgrims on the Rhine,' do you not?" asked I.

"Oh yes, I believe that is the title; it is all the same, though; not much difference, I fancy. What is that volume you have in your hand?"

"Shakspeare, ma'am."

"Ah, my dear, I am sorry to see that. I cannot understand why people think so much of Shakspeare. In my opinion, he is positively immoral, and quite improper for young ladies. The manner in which that Romeo and Juliet conversed together when they first met at some party, so shocked all my refinement that I have never endured the book since. Have you read all his plays?"

"Almost all of them," replied I; "but some time ago, when I was too young to care for anything but the story."

"Story! my dear; why, there is no story to them—nothing but questions and answers."

With this sweeping but certainly original criticism, Mrs. Robinson rose to take leave. After giving us a very cordial invitation to "Washington Woodlands," and making us several gracious cour-

tesies, with mincing steps and fluttering feathers she walked out to her carriage.

"What a singular woman!" said I.

"But how beautifully she was dressed!" observed Miss Johnson. "That velvet must have cost at least ten dollars a yard."

"Her husband is one of the richest and most influential men in the country," said Miss Percy, whose eyes were not yet satisfied with gazing at me. It seemed as though she expected at each minute that I would throw off the quiet and subdued manner natural to me, and appear in some startling and unexpected character. I cannot express the embarrassment her unwearied watchfulness caused me. It almost paralyzed my powers of mind and body. The evening drew on dark and stormy. No other visitor appeared to enliven us; and, for the first time since my departure from home, a feeling of desolation and homesickness stole over me. I cried myself to sleep that night, from emotions excited more by those remorseless eyes, that reminded me at each moment that I was "a stranger in the land," than from any other cause. I had not realized, till then, the full importance of the plunge which I had taken into the stream of real life; and, though I have since learned to float upon its uneasy waters with as much hardihood as most other people, I have never forgotten the shudder with which I first felt its cold waters encompassing me round.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY HARLAND GOULTAS.

THAT department of the natural sciences which treats on the laws governing the development and distribution of plants on the earth's surface, is exceedingly beautiful, important, and interesting.

Much time and care is expended in the cultivation of the flowers of foreign lands; and it is undeniable that they are more noticed than the flowers which spring up spontaneously around us. We spare no expense in procuring foreign flowers, and in transporting them from their native habitats. They are brought to us from all parts of the civilized world, and even from spots where civilization has not yet planted her footstep. I am far from denying that, in warmer climates, vegetation assumes a richer growth and luxuriance, a more gorgeous and resplendent appearance than in the colder regions of the earth. But the flowers which we cultivate with so much care in the greenhouse, and in the tropical atmosphere of our stoves, are, after all, nothing but an expensive collection of the pretty wild flowers and weeds which grow in foreign countries, and ought not to be permitted to exclude from our thought and admiration the many beautiful and interesting wild flowers of our native land.

There is much native and neglected beauty growing in the woods, on the rocks, and beside the streams, within a few miles from this city. The wild flowers around Philadelphia! There are spots which our city botanists love to visit, where wild flowers grow, which, though they have neither the warm sun nor the bright sky of tropical lands, nevertheless far surpass in attractive beauty and delightful fragrance the choicest cultivated exotics of the conservatory.

What, for instance, can be more beautiful and interesting than some of the rock plants now in bloom, the *Aquilegia canadensis*, or American columbine, with its bright scarlet flowers; and the *Kalmia latifolia*, or mountain kalmia, with its curious contrivance in the corolla for fertilisation? Then there is that ever-welcome little flower, herald of early spring, the *Epizea repens*, or trailing arbutus, whose blossoms are so sweet-scented; and the *Houstonia cærulea*, or innocence, whose flowers cluster together and look so lovely on the mossy bank and green hillside. The readers of the "Lady's Book" must have noticed these beautiful flowers, and many more equally pretty and interesting, and, I have no doubt,

will cheerfully read any communication which is written to afford information about them, and to increase the pleasure of their rambles in the country at this delightful season of the year.

In a letter which I received from Dr. Gray, the author of that most admirable work entitled "The Botanical Text Book," there is this passage: "For botany alone, there is little encouragement in this country. Whoever prosecutes it must make many sacrifices." My own experience offers a mournful confirmation of this sad truth. The wild flowers around Philadelphia, so attractive in beauty, so curious in organisation, so much *prized abroad*, are, comparatively speaking, a neglected race. I have been laboring for years to introduce the study of wild flowers into the schools and families of the residents in this city. I have gone out and collected the most beautiful mosses and ferns, the native denizens of their rocks, hills, and streams, that they might be induced to notice them as well as the wild flowers of distant lands. I have succeeded with a few minds; and have seen, when the snow was on the ground, specimens of wild flowers gathered in early spring, dried, pressed, and preserved, so that they looked as beautiful as when first collected. What pleasure in looking at such a collection on a stormy winter's evening, when the world is wrapped in shade and desolation, and in being thus reminded of the warm sun, the healthy breeze, the bright stream, and all the loveliness of rejoicing earth!

I have intimated that flowers, cultivated with so

much care under glass, are but a collection of the wild flowers and weeds of foreign countries. They are unquestionably interesting, and deserve the care and science which are bestowed on their culture. But *all* wild flowers and weeds are interesting.

Let us take, not the rare and costly exotic, but any common wild flower or weed. What exquisite symmetry and elegance of form! The choicest works of art, the most finished productions of genius, are but as the poor efforts of savages when contrasted with this wonderful work of nature! We know that this humble flower grows when fanned by winds, watered by rains, warmed by the sun, and that it must derive some portion of its substance from the soil. But how does Nature form this green and this beautiful blossom? We see her constantly engaged in building up these living forms, and weaving the earth, the air, and the water into every imaginable variety of vegetable form and fabric. The whole earth is, in fact, one vast workshop or chemical laboratory, where Nature is ever operating with an untiring industry in fabricating living beings out of rude inorganic matter. Let us endeavor to trace the movements of this glorious mechanism framed by the hand of the Almighty; let us "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." Leisure time is well spent which is devoted to the study of those wild flowers which have again arisen from the darkness of the sepulchre and the ruins of the grave, and now cover the hills and beautify the valleys.

MR. HARRISON'S CONFESSIONS.

CHAPTER I.

THE fire was burning gayly. My wife had just gone up stairs to put baby to bed. Charles sat opposite to me, looking very brown and handsome. It was pleasant enough that we should feel sure of spending some weeks under the same roof, a thing which we had never done since we were mere boys. I felt too lazy to talk, so I ate walnuts and looked into the fire. But Charles grew restless.

"Now that your wife is gone up stairs, Will, you must tell me what I've wanted to ask you ever since I saw her this morning. Tell me all about the wooing and winning. I want to have the receipt for getting such a spicy little wife of my own. Your letters only gave the barest details. So set to, man, and tell me every particular."

"If I tell you all, it will be a long story."

"Never fear. If I get tired, I can go to sleep, and dream that I am back again, a lonely bachelor, in Ceylon; and I can waken up, when you have done, to know that I am under your roof. Dash

away, man! 'Once upon a time, a gallant young bachelor ——' There's a beginning for you!"

"Well, then, 'Once upon a time, a gallant young bachelor' was sorely puzzled where to settle, when he had completed his education as a surgeon.—I must speak in the first person; I cannot go on as a gallant young bachelor.—I had just finished walking the hospitals when you went to Ceylon; and, if you remember, I wanted to go abroad like you, and thought of offering myself as a ship-surgeon; but I found I should rather lose caste in my profession; so I hesitated; and, while I was hesitating, I received a letter from my father's cousin, Mr. Morgan—that old gentleman who used to write such long letters of good advice to my mother, and who tipped me a five pound note when I agreed to be bound apprentice to Mr. Howard, instead of going to sea. Well, it seems the old gentleman had all along thought of taking me as his partner, if I turned out pretty well; and, as he heard a good account of me from an old friend of his, who was a surgeon at Guy's, he wrote to propose this arrangement: I

was to have a third of the profits for five years; after that, half; and, eventually, I was to succeed to the whole. It was no bad offer for a penniless man like me, as Mr. Morgan had a capital country practice; and, though I did not know him personally, I had formed a pretty good idea of him as an honorable, kind-hearted, fidgety, meddlesome old bachelor; and a very correct notion it was, as I found out in the very first half-hour of seeing him. I had had some idea that I was to live in his house, as he was a bachelor and a kind of family friend; and I think he was afraid that I should expect this arrangement, for when I walked up to his door, with the porter carrying my portmanteau, he met me on the steps, and, while he held my hand and shook it, he said to the porter, 'Jerry, if you'll wait a moment, Mr. Harrison will be ready to go with you to his lodgings, at Jocelyn's, you know;' and then, turning to me, he addressed his first words of welcome. I was a little inclined to think him inhospitable; but I got to understand him better afterwards. 'Jocelyn's,' said he, 'is the best place I have been able to hit upon in a hurry, and there is a good deal of fever about, which made me desirous that you should come this month—a low kind of typhoid, in the oldest part of the town. I think you'll be comfortable there for a week or two. I have taken the liberty of desiring my housekeeper to send down one or two things which give the place a little more of a home aspect—an easy chair, a beautiful case of preparations, and one or two little matters in the way of eatables; but, if you'll take my advice, I've a plan in my head which we will talk about to-morrow morning. At present, I don't like to keep you standing out on the steps here, so I'll not detain you from your lodgings, where I rather think my housekeeper is gone to get tea ready for you.'

"I thought I understood the old gentleman's anxiety for his own health, which he put upon care for mine, for he had on a kind of loose gray coat, and no hat on his head. But I wondered that he did not ask me in doors, instead of keeping me on the steps. I believe, after all, I made a mistake in supposing he was afraid of taking cold; he was only afraid of being seen in *deshabille*. And as for his apparent inhospitality, I had not been long in Duncombe before I understood the comforts of having one's house considered as a castle into which no one might intrude, and saw good reason for the practice Mr. Morgan had established of coming to his door to speak to every one. It was only the effect of habit that made him receive me so. Before long, I had the free run of his house.

"There was every sign of kind attention and forethought on the part of some one, whom I could not doubt to be Mr. Morgan, in my lodgings. I was too lazy to do much that evening, and sat in the little bow-window which projected over Jocelyn's shop, looking up and down the street. Duncombe

calls itself a town, but I should call it a village. Really, looking from Jocelyn's, it is a very picturesque place. The houses are anything but regular; they may be mean in their details, but altogether they look well; they have not that flat, unrelieved front, which many towns of far more pretensions present. Here and there a bow-window—very now and then a gable, cutting up against the sky—occasionally a projecting upper story—throws good effect of light and shadow along the street; and they have a queer fashion of their own of coloring the white-wash of some of the houses with a sort of pink blotting-paper tinge, more like the stone of which Mayence is built than anything else. It may be very bad taste; but, to my mind, it gives a rich warmth to the coloring. Then, here and there a dwelling-house has a court in front, with a grass-plot on each side of the flagged walk, and a large tree or two—limes or horse-chestnuts—which send their great projecting upper branches over into the street, making round dry places of shelter on the pavement in the times of summer showers.

"While I was sitting in the bow-window, thinking of the contrast between this place and the lodgings in the heart of London, which I had left only twelve hours before—the window open here, and, although in the centre of the town, admitting only scents from the mignonette boxes on the sill, instead of the dust and smoke of — Street—the only sound heard in this, the principal street, being the voices of mothers calling their playing children home to bed, and the eight o'clock bell of the old parish church bim-bomming in remembrance of the curfew;—while I was sitting thus idly, the door opened, and the little maid-servant, dropping a courtesy, said—

"Please, sir, Mrs. Munton's compliments, and she would be glad to know how you are after your journey."

"There! was not that hearty and kind? Would even the dearest chum I had at Guy's have thought of doing such a thing? while Mrs. Munton, whose name I had never heard of before, was doubtless suffering anxiety till I could relieve her mind by sending back word that I was pretty well.

"My compliments to Mrs. Munton, and I am pretty well: much obliged to her.' It was as well to say only 'pretty well,' for 'very well' would have destroyed the interest Mrs. Munton evidently felt in me. Good Mrs. Munton! Kind Mrs. Munton! Perhaps, also, young, handsome, rich, widowed Mrs. Munton! I rubbed my hands with delight and amusement, and, resuming my post of observation, began to wonder at which house Mrs. Munton lived.

"Again the little tap and the little maid-servant—

"Please, sir, Miss Tomkinsons' compliments; and they would be glad to know how you feel yourself after your journey.'

"I don't know why, but Miss Tomkinsons' name had not such a halo about it as Mrs. Munton's.

Still, it was very pretty in Miss Tomkinsons to send and inquire. I only wished I did not feel so perfectly robust. I was almost ashamed that I could not send word I was quite exhausted by fatigue, and had fainted twice since my arrival. If I had but had a headache, at least! I heaved a deep breath: my chest was in perfect order; I had caught no cold; so I answered again—

“Much obliged to the Miss Tomkinsons; I am not much fatigued; tolerably well; my compliments.”

“Little Sally could hardly have got down stairs, before she returned, bright and breathless—

“Mr. and Mrs. Bullock’s compliments, sir; and they hope you are pretty well after your journey.”

“Who would have expected such kindness from such an unpromising name? Mr. and Mrs. Bullock were less interesting, it is true, than their predecessors; but I graciously replied—

“My compliments; a night’s rest will perfectly recruit me.”

“The same message was presently brought up from one or two more unknown kind hearts. I really wished I was not so ruddy-looking. I was afraid I should disappoint the tender-hearted town when they saw what a hale young fellow I was. And I was almost ashamed of confessing to a great appetite for supper when Sally came up to inquire what I would have. Beef-steaks were so tempting; but perhaps I ought rather to have water-gruel, and go to bed. The beef-steak, however, carried the day. I need not have felt such a gentle elation of spirits, as this mark of the town’s attention is paid to every one when he arrives after a journey. Many of the same people have sent to inquire after you—great, hulking, brown fellow as you are—only Sally spared you the infliction of devising interesting answers.

CHAPTER II.

“THE next morning Mr. Morgan came before I had finished breakfast. He was the most dapper little man I ever met. I see the affection with which people cling to the style of dress that was in vogue when they were beaux and belles, and received the most admiration. They are unwilling to believe that their youth and beauty are gone, and think that the prevailing mode is unbecoming. Mr. Morgan will inveigh by the hour together against frock-coats, for instance, and whiskers. He keeps his chin close shaven, wears a black dress-coat, and dark-gray pantaloons; and in his morning round to his town patients, he invariably wears the brightest and blackest of Hessian boots, with dangling silk tassels on each side. When he goes home, about ten o’clock, to prepare for his ride to see his country patients, he puts on the most dandy top-boots I ever saw, which

he gets from some wonderful boot-maker a hundred miles off. His appearance is what one calls ‘jemmy’; there is no other word that will do for it. He was evidently a little discomfited when he saw me in my breakfast costume, with the habits which I brought with me from the fellows at Guy’s; my feet against the fire-place, my chair balanced on its hind legs (a habit of sitting which I afterwards discovered he particularly abhorred), slippers on my feet (which, also, he considered a most ungentlemanly piece of untidiness ‘out of a bedroom’); in short, from what I afterwards learned, every prejudice he had was outraged by my appearance on this first visit of his. I put my book down, and sprang up to receive him. He stood, hat and cane in hand.

“I came to inquire if it would be convenient for you to accompany me on my morning’s round, and to be introduced to a few of our friends.’ I quite detected the little tone of coldness, induced by his disappointment at my appearance, though he never imagined that it was in any way perceptible. ‘I will be ready directly, sir,’ said I; and bolted into my bedroom, only too happy to escape his scrutinizing eye.

“When I returned, I was made aware, by sundry indescribable little coughs and hesitating noises, that my dress did not satisfy him. I stood ready, hat and gloves in hand; but still he did not offer to set off on our round. I grew very red and hot. At length he said—

“Excuse me, my dear young friend, but may I ask if you have no other coat besides that—‘cut-away,’ I believe you call them?—We are rather sticklers for propriety, I believe, in Duncombe; and much depends on a first impression. Let it be professional, my dear sir. Black is the garb of our profession. Forgive my speaking so plainly, but I consider myself *in loco parentis*.”

“He was so kind, so bland, and, in truth, so friendly, that I felt it would be most childish to take offence; but I had a little resentment in my heart at this way of being treated. However, I mumbled, ‘Oh, certainly, sir, if you wish it!’ and returned once more to change my coat—my poor cut-away.

“Those coats, sir, give a man rather too much of a sporting appearance, not quite befitting the learned professions; more as if you came down here to hunt than to be the Galen or Hippocrates of the neighborhood.’ He smiled graciously, so I smothered a sigh; for, to tell you the truth, I had rather anticipated, and, in fact, had boasted at Guy’s, of the runs I hoped to have with the hounds, for Duncombe was in a famous hunting district. But all these ideas were quite dispersed when Mr. Morgan led me to the inn-yard, where there was a horse-dealer on his way to a neighboring fair, and ‘strongly advised me’—which in our relative circumstances was equivalent to an injunction—to purchase a little, useful, fast-trotting, brown cob, instead of a fine showy horse, ‘who would take any fence I put him

to,' as the horse-dealer assured me. Mr. Morgan was evidently pleased when I bowed to his decision, and gave up all hopes of an occasional hunt.

"He opened out a great deal more after this purchase. He told me his plan of establishing me in a house of my own, which looked more respectable, not to say professional, than being in lodgings; and then he went on to say that he had lately lost a friend, a brother surgeon in a neighboring town, who had left a widow with a small income, who would be very glad to live with me, and act as mistress to my establishment; thus lessening the expense.

"She is a lady-like woman,' said Mr. Morgan, 'to judge from the little I have seen of her; about forty-five or so; and may really be of some help to you in the little etiquettes of our profession; the slight delicate attentions which every man has to learn, if he wishes to get on in life. This is Mrs. Munton's, sir,' said he, stopping short at a very unromantic-looking green door, with a brass knocker.

"I had no time to say, 'Who is Mrs. Munton?' before we had heard Mrs. Munton was at home, and were following the tidy elderly servant up the narrow carpeted stairs into the drawing-room. Mrs. Munton was the widow of a former vicar, upwards of sixty, rather deaf; but, like all the deaf people I have ever seen, very fond of talking; perhaps because she then knew the subject, which passed out of her grasp when another began to speak. She was ill of a chronic complaint, which often incapacitated her from going out; and the kind people of the town were in the habit of coming to see her and sit with her, and of bringing her the newest, freshest, tid-bits of news; so that her room was the centre of the gossip of Duncombe;—not of scandal, mind; for I make a distinction between gossip and scandal. Now you can fancy the discrepancy between the ideal and the real Mrs. Munton. Instead of any foolish notion of a beautiful blooming widow, tenderly anxious about the health of the stranger, I saw a homely, talkative, elderly person, with a keen observant eye, and marks of suffering on her face; plain in manner and dress, but still unmistakably a lady. She talked to Mr. Morgan, but she looked at me; and I saw that nothing I did escaped her notice. Mr. Morgan annoyed me by his anxiety to show me off; but he was kindly anxious to bring out every circumstance to my credit in Mrs. Munton's hearing, knowing well that the town-crier had not more opportunities to publish all about me than she had.

"What was that remark you repeated to me of Sir Astley Cooper's?" asked he. It had been the most trivial speech in the world that I had named as we walked along, and I felt ashamed of having to repent it: but it answered Mr. Morgan's purpose, and before night all the town had heard that I was a favorite pupil of Sir Astley's (I had never seen him but twice in my life); and Mr. Morgan was afraid that as soon as he knew my full value I should

be retained by Sir Astley to assist him in his duties as surgeon to the royal family. Every little circumstance was pressed into the conversation which could add to my importance.

"As I once heard Sir Robert Peel remark to Mr. Harrison, the father of our young friend here—"The moons in August are remarkably full and bright."—"If you remember, Charles, my father was always proud of having sold a pair of gloves to Sir Robert, when he was staying at the Grange, near Biddicombe, and I suppose good Mr. Morgan had paid his only visit to my father at the time; but Mrs. Munton evidently looked at me with double respect after this incidental remark, which I was amused to meet with, a few months afterwards, disguised in the statement that my father was an intimate friend of the Premier's, and had, in fact, been the adviser of most of the measures taken by him in public life. I sat by, half indignant and half amused. Mr. Morgan looked so complacently pleased at the whole effect of the conversation, that I did not care to mar it by explanations; and, indeed, I had little idea at the time how small sayings were the seeds of great events in the town of Duncombe. When we left Mrs. Munton's, he was in a blandly communicative mood.

"You will find it a curious statistical fact, but five-sixths of our householders of a certain rank in Duncombe are women. We have widows and old maids in rich abundance. In fact, my dear sir, I believe that you and I are almost the only gentlemen in the place—Mr. Bullock, of course, excepted. By gentlemen, I mean professional men. It behooves us to remember, sir, that so many of the female sex rely upon us for the kindness and protection which every man who is worthy of the name is always so happy to render."

"Miss Tomkinson, where we next called, did not strike me as remarkably requiring protection from any man. She was a tall, gaunt, masculine-looking woman, with an air of defiance about her, naturally; this, however, she softened and mitigated, as far as she was able, in favor of Mr. Morgan. He, it seemed to me, stood a little in awe of the lady, who was very *brusque* and plain-spoken, and evidently piqued herself on her decision of character and sincerity of speech.

"So, this is the Mr. Harrison we have heard so much of from you, Mr. Morgan? I must say, from what I had heard, that I had expected something a little more—hum—hum! But he's young yet; he's young. We have been all anticipating an Apollo, Mr. Harrison, from Mr. Morgan's description, and an *Æsculapius* combined in one; or, perhaps, I might confine myself to saying Apollo, as he, I believe, was the god of medicine!"

"How could Mr. Morgan have described me without seeing me? I asked myself.

"Miss Tomkinson put on her spectacles, and adjusted them on her Roman nose. Suddenly relaxing from her severity of inspection, she said to Mr

Morgan—"But you must see Caroline. I had nearly forgotten it; she is busy with the girls, but I will send for her. See had a bad headache yesterday, and looked very pale; it made me very uncomfortable."

"She rang the bell, and desired the servant to fetch Miss Caroline."

"Miss Caroline was the younger sister—younger by twenty years; and so considered as a child by Miss Tomkinson, who was fifty-five, at the very least. If she was considered as a child, she was also petted, and caressed, and cared for as a child; for she had been left as a baby to the charge of her elder sister; and when the father died, and they had to set up a school, Miss Tomkinson took upon herself every difficult arrangement, and denied herself every pleasure, and made every sacrifice in order that 'Carry' might not feel the change in their circumstances. My wife tells me she once knew the sisters purchase a piece of silk, enough, with management, to have made two gowns; but Carry wished for flounces, or some such fal-lals; and, without a word, Miss Tomkinson gave up her gown to have the whole made up as Carry wished, into one handsome one; and wore an old shabby affair herself as cheerfully as if it were Genoa velvet. That tells the sort of relationship between the sisters as well as anything, and I consider myself very good to name it thus early, for it was long before I found out Miss Tomkinson's real goodness; and we had a great quarrel first. Miss Caroline looked very delicate and die-away when she came in; she was as soft and sentimental as Miss Tomkinson was hard and masculine; and had a way of saying, 'Oh, sister, how can you?' at Miss Tomkinson's startling speeches, which I never liked—especially as it was accompanied by a sort of protesting look at the company present, as if she wished to have it understood that she was shocked at her sister's *outré* manners. Now, that was not faithful between sisters. A remonstrance in private might have done good—though, for my own part, I have grown to like Miss Tomkinson's speeches and ways; but I don't like the way some people have of separating themselves from what may be unpopular in their relations. I know I spoke rather shortly to Miss Caroline when she asked me whether I could bear the change from 'the great metropolis' to a little country village. In the first place, why could not she call it 'London,' or 'town,' and have done with it? And in the next place, why should she not love the place that was her home well enough to fancy that every one would like it when they came to know it as well as she did?"

"I was conscious I was rather abrupt in my conversation with her, and I saw that Mr. Morgan was watching me, though he pretended to be listening to Miss Tomkinson's whispered account of her sister's symptoms. But when we were once more in the street, he began, 'My dear young friend'—

"I winced; for all the morning I had noticed that when he was going to give a little unpalatable advice, he always began with 'My dear young friend.' He had done so about the horse."

"My dear young friend, there are one or two hints I should like to give you about your manner. The great Sir Everard Home used to say, 'a general practitioner should either have a very good manner, or a very bad one.' Now, in the latter case, he must be possessed of talents and acquirements sufficient to insure his being sought after, whatever his manner might be. But the rudeness will give notoriety to these qualifications. Abernethy is a case in point. I rather, myself, question the taste of bad manners. I, therefore, have studied to acquire an attentive, anxious politeness, which combines ease and grace with a tender regard and interest. I am not aware whether I have succeeded—few men do—in coming up to my ideal; but I recommend you to strive after this manner, peculiarly befitting our profession. Identify yourself with your patients, my dear sir. You have sympathy in your good heart, I am sure, to really feel pain when listening to their account of their sufferings, and it soothes them to see the expression of this feeling in your manner. It is, in fact, sir, manners that make the man in our profession. I don't set myself up as an example, far from it; but—This is Mr. Hutton's, our vicar; one of the servants is indisposed, and I shall be glad of the opportunity of introducing you. We can resume our conversation at another time."

"I had not been aware that we had been holding a conversation, in which, I believe, the assistance of two persons is required. Why had not Mr. Hutton sent to ask after my health the evening before, according to the custom of the place? I felt rather offended."

CHAPTER III

"THE vicarage was on the north side of the street, at the end opening towards the hills. It was a long, low house, receding behind its neighbors; a court was between the door and the street, with a flag walk and an old stone cistern on the right-hand side of the door; Solomon's seal growing under the windows. Some one was watching from behind the window-curtain; for the door opened, as if by magic, as soon as we reached it; and we entered a low room, which served as a hall, and was matted all over, with deep, old-fashioned window-seats, and Dutch tiles in the fireplace; altogether, it was very cool and refreshing, after the hot sun in the white and red street."

"'Bessy is not so well, Mr. Morgan,' said the sweet little girl of eleven or so, who had opened the door. 'Sophy wanted to send for you; but papa said he was sure you would come soon this morning.

and we were to remember that there were other sick people wanting you.'

"Here 's Mr. Morgan, Sophy,' said she, opening the door into an inner room, to which we descended a step, as I remember well; for I was nearly falling down it, I was so caught by the picture within. It was like a picture; at least, seen through the door frame. A sort of mixture of crimson and sea-green in the room, and a sunny garden beyond; a very low casement window, open to the amber air; clusters of white roses peeping in, and Sophy sitting on a cushion on the ground, the light coming from above on her head, and a little, sturdy, round-eyed brother kneeling by her, to whom she was teaching the alphabet. It was a mighty relief to him when we came in, as I could see; and I am much mistaken if he was easily caught again to say his lesson, when he was once sent off to find papa. Sophy rose quietly, and of course we were just introduced, and that was all, before she took Mr. Morgan up stairs to see her sick servant. I was left to myself in the room. It looked so like a home, that it at once made me know the full charm of the word. There were books and work about, and tokens of employment: there was a child's plaything on the floor; and against the sea-green walls there hung a likeness or two, done in water colors: one, I was sure, was that of Sophy's mother. The chairs and sofa were covered with chintz, the same as the curtains—a little pretty red rose on a white ground. I don't know where the crimson came from, but I am sure there was crimson somewhere; perhaps in the carpet. There was a glass door besides the window, and you went up a step into the garden. This was first, a grass plot, just under the windows, and beyond that, straight gravel walks, with box-borders and narrow flower-beds on each side, most brilliant and gay at the end of August, as it was then; and behind the flower-borders were fruit trees, trained over woodwork, so as to shut out the beds of kitchen-garden within.

"While I was looking round, a gentleman came in, who, I was sure, was the vicar. It was rather awkward, for I had to account for my presence there.

"I came with Mr. Morgan; my name is Harrison,' said I, bowing. I could see he was not much enlightened by this explanation; but we sat down and talked about the time of year, or some such matter, till Sophy and Mr. Morgan came back. Then I saw Mr. Morgan to advantage. With a man whom he respected, as he did the vicar, he lost the prim artificial manner he had in general, and was calm and dignified; but not so dignified as the vicar. I never saw any one like him. He was very quiet and reserved, almost absent at times; his personal appearance was not striking; but he was, altogether, a man you would talk to with your hat off wherever you met him. It was his character that produced this effect—character that he never thought

about, but that appeared in every word, and look, and motion.

"Sophy,' said he, 'Mr. Morgan looks very warm; could you not gather a few jargonelle pears off the south wall? I fancy there are some ripe there. Our jargonelle pears are remarkably early this year.'

"Sophy went into the sunny garden, and I saw her take a rake and tilt at the pears, which were above her reach, apparently. The parlor had become chilly—I found out afterwards it had a flag floor, which accounts for its coldness—and I thought I should like to go into the warm sun. I said I would go and help the young lady; and, without waiting for an answer, I went into the warm, scented garden, where the bees were rifling the flowers, and making a continual busy sound. I think Sophy had begun to despair of getting the fruit, and was glad of my assistance. I thought I was very senseless to have knocked them down so soon, when I found we were to go in as soon as they were gathered. I should have liked to have walked round the garden, but Sophy walked straight off with the pears, and I could do nothing but follow her. She took up her needlework while we ate them: they were very soon finished, and, when the vicar had ended his conversation with Mr. Morgan about some poor people, we rose up to come away. I was thankful that Mr. Morgan had said so little about me. I could not have endured that he should have introduced Sir Astley Cooper or Sir Robert Peel at the vicarage; nor yet could I have brooked much mention of my 'great opportunities for acquiring a thorough knowledge of my profession,' which I had heard him describe to Miss Tomkinson, while her sister was talking to me. Luckily, however, he spared me all this at the vicar's. When we left, it was time to mount our horses and go the country rounds, and I was glad of it.

CHAPTER IV.

"By and by, the inhabitants of Duncombe began to have parties in my honor. Mr. Morgan told me it was on my account, or I don't think I should have found it out. But he was pleased at every fresh invitation, and rubbed his hands, and chuckled, as if it was a compliment to himself, as in truth it was.

"Meanwhile, the arrangement with Mrs. Rose had been brought to a conclusion. She was to bring her furniture, and place it in a house of which I was to pay the rent. She was to be the mistress, and, in return, she was not to pay anything for her board. Mr. Morgan took the house, and delighted in advising, and settling all my affairs. I was partly indolent, and partly amused, and was altogether passive. The house he took for me was near his own: it had two sitting-rooms down stairs, opening into each

other by folding-doors, which were, however, kept shut in general. The back room was my consulting-room—the library, he advised me to call it; and gave me a skull to put on the top of my book-case, in which the medical books were all ranged on the conspicuous shelves; while Miss Austen, Dickens, and Thackeray were, by Mr. Morgan himself, skillfully placed in a careless way, upside down, or with their backs turned to the wall. The front parlor was to be the dining-room, and the room above was furnished with Mrs. Rose's drawing-room chairs and table, though I found she preferred sitting down stairs in the dining-room, close to the window, where, between every stitch, she could look up and see what was going on in the street. I felt rather queer to be the master of this house, filled with another person's furniture, before I had even seen the lady whose property it was.

"Presently, she arrived. Mr. Morgan met her at the inn where the coach stopped, and accompanied her to my house. I could see them out of the drawing-room window, the little gentleman stepping daintily along, flourishing his cane, and evidently talking away. She was a little taller than he was, and in deep widow's mourning; such veils and falls, and capes and cloaks, that she looked like a black crape hay-cock. When we were introduced, she put up her thick veil, and looked around, and sighed.

"Your appearance and circumstances, Mr. Harrison, remind me forcibly of the time when I was married to my dear husband, now at rest. He was then, like you, commencing practice as a surgeon. For twenty years I sympathized with him, and assisted him by every means in my power, even to making up pills when the young man was out. May we live together in like harmony for an equal length of time! May the regard between us be equally sincere, although, instead of being conjugal, it is to be maternal and filial!"

"I am sure she had been concocting this speech in the coach, for she afterwards told me she was the only passenger. When she had ended, I felt as if I ought to have had a glass of wine in my hand to drink, after the manner of toasts. And yet I doubt if I should have done it heartily, for I did not hope to live with her for twenty years; it had rather a dreary sound. However, I only bowed, and kept my thoughts to myself. I asked Mr. Morgan, while Mrs. Rose was up stairs taking off her things, to stay to tea; to which he agreed, and kept rubbing his hands with satisfaction, saying—

"Very fine woman, sir; very fine woman! And what a manner! How she will receive patients, who may wish to leave a message during your absence! Such a flow of words, to be sure!"

"Mr. Morgan could not stay long after tea, as there were one or two cases to be seen. I would willingly have gone, and had my hat on, indeed, for the purpose, when he said it would not be respectful,

'not the thing,' to leave Mrs. Rose the first evening of her arrival.

"Tender deference to the sex—to a widow in the first months of her loneliness—requires this little consideration, my dear sir. I will leave that case at Miss Tomkinson's for you; you will perhaps call early to-morrow morning. Miss Tomkinson is rather particular, and is apt to speak plainly if she does not think herself properly attended to."

"I had often noticed that he shuffled off the visits to Miss Tomkinson's on me, and I suspect he was a little afraid of the lady.

"It was rather a long evening with Mrs. Rose. She had nothing to do, thinking it civil, I suppose, to stop in the parlor, and not to go up stairs and unpack. I begged I might be no restraint upon her, if she wished to do so; but—rather to my disappointment—she smiled in a measured, subdued way, and said it would be a pleasure to her to become better acquainted with me. She went up stairs once, and my heart misgave me when I saw her come down with a clean folded pocket-handkerchief. Oh, my prophetic soul!—she was no sooner seated than she began to give me an account of her late husband's illness, and symptoms, and death. It was a very common case, but she evidently seemed to think it had been peculiar. She had just a smattering of medical knowledge, and used the technical terms so very *mal-à-propos* that I could hardly keep from smiling; but I would not have done it for the world, she was evidently in such deep and sincere distress. At last, she said—

"I have the 'dognoses' of my dear husband's complaint in my desk, Mr. Harrison, if you would like to draw up the case for the 'Lancet.' I think he would have felt gratified, poor fellow, if he had been told such a compliment would be paid to his remains, and that his case should appear in those distinguished columns."

"It was rather awkward; for the case was of the very commonest, as I said before. However, I had not been even this short time in practice without having learnt a few of those noises which do not compromise one, and yet may bear a very significant construction if the listener chooses to exert a little imagination.

"Before the end of the evening, we were such friends that she brought me down the late Mr. Rose's picture to look at. She told me she could not bear, herself, to gaze upon the beloved features; but that, if I would look upon the miniature, she would avert her face. I offered to take it into my own hands, but she seemed wounded at the proposal, and said she never, never could trust such a treasure out of her own possession; so she turned her head very much over her left shoulder, while I examined the likeness held by her extended right arm.

"The late Mr. Rose must have been rather a good-looking jolly man; and the artist had given

him such a broad smile, and such a twinkle about the eyes, that it really was hard to help smiling back at him. However, I restrained myself.

"At first, Mrs. Rose objected to accepting any of the invitations which were sent her to accompany me to the tea-parties in the town. She was so good and simple, that I was sure she had no other reason than the one which she alleged—the short time that had elapsed since her husband's death; or else, now that I had had some experience of the entertainments which she declined so pertinaciously, I might have suspected that she was glad of the excuse. I used sometimes to wish that I was a widow. I came home tired from a hard day's riding, and, if I had but felt sure that Mr. Morgan would not come in, I should certainly have put on my slippers and my loose morning-coat, and have indulged in a cigar in the garden. It seemed a cruel sacrifice to society to dress myself in tight boots, and a stiff coat, and go to a five o'clock tea. But Mr. Morgan read me such lectures upon the necessity of cultivating the good will of the people among whom I was settled, and seemed so sorry, and almost hurt, when I once complained of the dullness of these parties, that I felt I could not be so selfish as to decline more than one out of three. Mr. Morgan, if he found that I had an invitation for the evening, would often take the longer round, and the more distant visits. I suspected him at first of the design, which I confess I often entertained, of shirking the parties; but I soon found out he was really making a sacrifice of his inclinations for what he considered to be my advantage.

CHAPTER V.

"THERE was one invitation which seemed to promise a good deal of pleasure. Mr. Bullock—who is the attorney of Duncombe—was married a second time to a lady from a large provincial town; she wished to lead the fashion—a thing very easy to do, for every one was willing to follow her. So, instead of giving a tea-party in my honor, she proposed a picnic to some old hall in the neighborhood; and really the arrangements sounded tempting enough. Every patient we had seemed full of the subject; both those who were invited and those who were not. There was a moat round the house, with a boat on it; and there was a gallery in the hall, from which music sounded delightfully. The family to whom the place belonged were abroad, and lived at a newer and grander mansion when they were at home; there were only a farmer and his wife in the old hall, and they were to have the charge of the preparations. The little kind-hearted town was delighted when the sun shone bright on the October morning of our picnic; the shopkeepers and cottagers all looked pleased as they saw the cavalcade

gathering at Mr. Bullock's door. We were somewhere about twenty in number; a 'silent few,' she called us; but I thought we were quite enough. There were the Miss Tomkinsons, and two of their young ladies—one of them belonged to a 'county family,' Mrs. Bullock told me, in a whisper; then came Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Bullock, and a tribe of little children, the offspring of the present wife. Miss Bullock was only a stepdaughter. Mrs. Munton had accepted the invitation to join our party, which was rather unexpected by the host and hostess, I imagine, from little remarks that I overheard; but they made her very welcome. Miss Horsman—a maiden lady who had been on a visit from home till last week—was another. And last, there were the vicar and his children. These, with Mr. Morgan and myself, made up the party. I was very much pleased to see something more of the vicar's family. He had come in occasionally to the evening parties, it is true, and spoken kindly to us all; but it was not his habit to stay very long at them. And his daughter was, he said, too young to visit. She had had the charge of her little sisters and brother since her mother's death, which took up a good deal of her time, and she was glad of the evenings to pursue her own studies. But to-day the case was different; and Sophy, and Ellen, and Lizzie, and even little Walter, were all there, standing at Mrs. Bullock's door; for we gone of us could be patient enough to sit still in the parlor, with Mrs. Munton and the elder ones, quietly waiting for the two chaises and the spring-cart, which were to have been there by two o'clock, and now it was nearly a quarter past. 'Shameful! the brightness of the day would be gone.' The sympathetic shopkeepers, standing at their respective doors with their hands in their pockets, had, one and all, their heads turned in the direction from which the carriages—as Mrs. Bullock called them—were to come. There was a rumble along the paved street; and the shopkeepers turned and smiled, and bowed their heads congratulatingly to us; all the mothers and all the little children of the place stood clustering round the doors to see us set off. I had my horse waiting; and, meanwhile, I assisted people into their vehicles. One sees a good deal of management on such occasions. Mrs. Munton was handed first into one of the chaises; then there was a little hanging back, for most of the young people wished to go in the cart; I don't know why. Miss Horsman, however, came forward, and, as she was known to be the intimate friend of Mrs. Munton, so far was satisfactory. But who was to be third?—bodkin with two old ladies, who liked the windows shut? I saw Sophy speaking to Ellen; and then she came forward and offered to be the third. The two old ladies looked pleased and glad—as every one did near Sophy—so that chaise full was arranged. Just as it was going off, however, the servant from the vicarage came running with a note for her master. When he had read it, he went

to the chaise-door, and I suppose told Sophy, what I afterwards heard him say to Mrs. Bullock, that the clergyman of a neighboring parish was ill, and unable to read the funeral-service for one of his parishioners who was to be buried that afternoon. The vicar was, of course, obliged to go, and said he should not return home that night. It seemed a relief to some, I perceived, to be without the little restraint of his dignified presence. Mr. Morgan came up just at the moment, having ridden hard all the morning to be in time to join our party; so we were resigned, on the whole, to the vicar's absence. His own family regretted him the most, I noticed, and I liked them all the better for it. I believe that I came next in being sorry for his departure; but I respected and admired him, and felt always the better for having been in his company. Miss Tomkinson, Mrs. Bullock, and the 'county' young lady were in the next chaise. I think the last would rather have been in the cart with the younger and merrier set, but I imagine that was considered *infra dig*. The remainder of the party were to ride and tie; and a most riotous, laughing set they were. Mr. Morgan and I were on horseback; at least, I led my horse, with little Walter riding on him; his fat, sturdy legs standing stiff out on each side of my cob's broad back. He was a little darling, and chattered all the way, his sister Sophy being the heroine of all his stories. I found he owed this day's excursion entirely to her begging papa to let him come; nurse was strongly against it—"cross old nurse!" he called her once, and then said, "No, not cross; kind nurse; Sophy tells Walter not to say cross nurse." I never saw so young a child so brave. The horse shied at a log of wood. Walter looked very red, and grasped the mane, but sat upright like a little man, and never spoke all the time the horse was dancing. When it was over, he looked at me, and smiled—

"You would not let me be hurt, Mr. Harrison, would you?" He was the most winning little fellow I ever saw.

"There were frequent cries to me from the cart, 'Oh, Mr. Harrison! do get us that branch of blackberries; you can reach it with your whip-handle.' 'Oh, Mr. Harrison! there were such splendid nuts on the other side of that hedge; would you just turn back for them?' Miss Caroline Tomkinson was once or twice rather faint with the motion of the cart, and asked me for my smelling-bottle, as she had forgotten hers. I was amused at the idea of my carrying such articles about with me. Then she thought she should like to walk, and got out, and came on my side of the road; but I found little Walter the pleasanter companion, and soon set the horse off into a trot, with which pace her tender constitution could not keep up.

"The road to the old hall was along a sandy lane, with high hedge-banks; the wych-els almost met overhead. 'Shocking farming!' Mr. Bullock called out; and so it might be, but it was very pleasant

and picturesque-looking. The trees were gorgeous, in their orange and crimson hues, varied by great dark-green holly bushes, glistening in the autumn sun. I should have thought the colors too vivid, if I had seen them in a picture, especially when we wound up the brow, after crossing the little bridge over the brook—what laughing and screaming there was as the cart splashed through the sparkling water!—and I caught the purple hills beyond. We could see the old hall, too, from that point, with its warm, rich woods billowing up behind, and the blue waters of the moat lying still under the sunlight.

"Laughing and talking is very hungry work, and there was a universal petition for dinner when we arrived at the lawn before the hall, where it had been arranged that we were to dine. I saw Miss Carry take Miss Tomkinson aside, and whisper to her; and presently the elder sister came up to me, where I was busy, rather apart, making a seat of hay, which I had fetched from the farmer's loft for my little friend Walter, who, I had noticed, was rather hoarse, and for whom I was afraid of a seat on the grass, dry as it appeared to be.

"Mr. Harrison, Caroline tells me she has been feeling very faint, and she is afraid of a return of one of her attacks. She says she has more confidence in your medical powers than in Mr. Morgan's. I should not be sincere if I did not say that I differ from her; but, as it is so, may I beg you to keep an eye upon her? I tell her she had better not have come if she did not feel well; but, poor girl, she had set her heart upon this day's pleasure. I have offered to go home with her; but she says, if she can only feel sure you are at hand, she would rather stay."

"Of course, I bowed, and promised all due attendance on Miss Caroline; and in the mean time, until she did require my services, I thought I might as well go and help the vicar's daughter, who looked so fresh and pretty, in her white muslin dress, here, there, and everywhere, now in the sunshine, now in the green shade, helping every one to be comfortable, and thinking of every one but herself.

"Presently Mr. Morgan came up.

"Miss Caroline does not feel quite well. I have promised your services to her sister."

"So have I, sir. But Miss Sophy cannot carry this heavy basket."

"I did not mean her to have heard this excuse; but she caught it up and said—

"Oh, yes I can! I can take things out one by one. Go to poor Miss Caroline, pray, Mr. Harrison."

"I went; but very unwillingly, I must say. When I had once seated myself by her, I think she must have felt better. It was, probably, only a nervous fear, which was relieved when she knew she had assistance near at hand; for she made a capital dinner. I thought she would never end her modest requests for 'just a little more pigeon-pie, or a merry-thought of chicken.' Such a hearty

meal would, I hoped, effectually revive her, and so it did; for she told me she thought she could manage to walk round the garden, and see the old peacock yews, if I would kindly give her my arm. It was very provoking; I had so set my heart upon being with the vicar's children. I advised Miss Caroline strongly to lie down a little and rest before tea, on the sofa in the farmer's kitchen; you cannot think how persuasively I begged her to take care of herself. At last she consented, thanking me for my tender interest; she should never forget my kind attention to her. She little knew what was in my mind at the time. However, she was safely consigned to the farmer's wife, and I was rushing out in search of a white gown and a waving figure, when I encountered Mrs. Bullock at the door of the hall. She was a fine, fierce-looking woman. I thought she had appeared a little displeased at my (unwilling) attentions to Miss Caroline at dinner-time; but now, seeing me alone, she was all smiles.

'Oh, Mr. Harrison, all alone! How is that? What are the young ladies about to allow such churlishness? And, by the way, I have left a young lady who will be very glad of your assistance, I am sure—my daughter, Jemima (her step-daughter, she meant). Mr. Bullock is so particular, and so tender a father, that he would be frightened to death at the idea of her going into the boat on the moat unless she was with some one who could swim. He is gone to discuss the new wheel-plough with the farmer—(you know agriculture is his hobby, although law, horrid law, is his business). But the poor girl is pining on the bank, longing for my permission to join the others, which I dare not give, unless you will kindly accompany her, and promise if any accident happens, to preserve her safe.'

'Oh, Sophy, why was no one anxious about you?'

CHAPTER VI.

"Miss BULLOCK was standing by the water-side, looking wistfully, as I thought, at the water party; the sound of whose merry laughter came pleasantly enough from the boat which lay off (for, indeed, no one knew how to row, and she was of a clumsy flat-bottomed build) about a hundred yards, 'weather-bound,' as they shouted out, among the long stalks of the water-lilies.

"Miss Bullock did not look up till I came close to her; and then, when I told her my errand, she lifted up her great heavy, sad eyes, and looked at me for a moment. It struck me, at the time, that she expected to find some expression on my face which was not there, and that its absence was a relief to her. She was a very pale, unhappy-looking girl, but very quiet, and, if not agreeable in manner, at any rate not forward or offensive. I called to the party in the boat, and they came slowly enough

through the large, cool, green lily-leaves towards us. When they got near, we saw there was no room for us, and Miss Bullock said she would rather stay in the meadow and saunter about, if I would go into the boat; and I am certain from the look on her countenance that she spoke the truth; but Miss Horsman called out in a sharp voice, while she smiled in a very disagreeable knowing way.

"'Oh, mamma will be displeased if you don't come in, Miss Bullock, after all her trouble in making such a nice arrangement.'

"At this speech the poor girl hesitated, and at last, in an undecided way, as if she was not sure whether she was doing right, she took Sophy's place in the boat. Helen and Lizzie landed with their sister, so that there was plenty of room for Miss Tomkinson, Miss Horsman, and all the little Bullocks; and the three vicarage girls went off strolling along the meadow side, and playing with Walter, who was in a high state of excitement. The sun was getting low, but the declining light was beautiful upon the water; and, to add to the charm of the time, Sophy and her sisters, standing on the green lawn in front of the hall, struck up the little German canon, which I had never heard before—

'Oh wie wohl ist mir am abend,' &c.

At last we were summoned to tug the boat to the landing-steps on the lawn, tea and a blazing wood fire being ready for us in the hall. I was offering my arm to Miss Horsman, as she was a little lame, when she said again, in her peculiar disagreeable way, 'Had you not better take Miss Bullock, Mr. Harrison? It will be more satisfactory.'

"I helped Miss Horsman up the steps, however, and then she repeated her advice; so, remembering that Miss Bullock was in fact the daughter of my entertainers, I went to her; but though she accepted my arm, I could perceive she was sorry that I had offered it.

"The hall was lighted by the glorious wood fire in the wide old grate; the daylight was dying away in the west; and the large windows admitted but little of what was left, through their small leaded frames, with coats of arms emblazoned upon them. The farmer's wife had set out a great long table, which was piled with good things; and a huge black kettle sang on the glowing fire, which sent a cheerful warmth through the room as it crackled and blazed. Mr. Morgan (who I found had been taking a little round in the neighborhood among his patients) was there, smiling and rubbing his hands as usual. Mr. Bullock was holding a conversation with the farmer at the garden door on the nature of different manures, in which it struck me that if Mr. Bullock had the fine names and the theories on his side, the farmer had all the practical knowledge and the experience, and I knew which I would have trusted. I think Mr. Bullock rather liked to talk about Liebig in my hearing; it sounded well, and

was knowing. Mrs. Bullock was not particularly placid in her mood. In the first place, I wanted to sit by the vicar's daughter, and Miss Caroline as decidedly wanted to sit on my other side, being afraid of her fainting fits, I imagine. But Mrs. Bullock called me to a place near her daughter. Now I thought I had done enough civility to a girl who was evidently annoyed, rather than pleased by my attentions, and I pretended to be busy stooping under the table for Miss Caroline's gloves, which were missing; but it was of no avail; Mrs. Bullock's fine severe eyes were awaiting my re-appearance, and she summoned me again.

"I am keeping this place on my right hand for you, Mr. Harrison. Jemima, sit still!"

"I went up to the post of honor, and tried to busy myself with pouring out coffee to hide my chagrin; but after forgetting to empty the water put in ('to warm the cups,' Mrs. Bullock said), and omitting to add any sugar, the lady told me she would dispense with my services, and turn me over to my neighbor on the other side.

"Talking to the younger lady was, no doubt, mere Mr. Harrison's vocation than assisting the elder one.' I dare say it was only the manner that made the words seem offensive. Miss Horsman sat opposite to me, smiling away. Miss Bullock did not speak, but seemed more depressed than ever. At length Miss Horsman and Mrs. Bullock got to a war of innuendoes, which were completely unintelligible to me; and I was very much displeased with my situation. While at the bottom of the table, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Bullock were making the young ones laugh most heartily. Part of the joke was Mr. Morgan's insisting upon making tea at that end; and Sophy and Helen were busy contriving every possible mistake for him. I thought honor was a very good thing, but merriment a better. Here was I in the place of distinction, hearing nothing but cross words. At last the time came for us to go home. As the evening was damp, the seats in the chaises were the best and most to be desired. And now Sophy offered to go in the cart; only she seemed anxious, and so was I, that Walter should be secured from the effects of the white wreaths of fog rolling up from the valley; but the little, violent, affectionate fellow would not be separated from Sophy. She made a nest for him on her knee in one corner of the cart, and covered him with her own shawl; and I hoped that he would take no harm. Miss Tomkinson, Mr. Bullock, and some of the young ones walked; but I seemed chained to the windows of the chaise, for Miss Caroline begged me not to leave her, as she was dreadfully afraid of robbers; and Mrs. Bullock implored me to see that the man did not overturn them in the bad roads, as he had certainly had too much to drink.

"I became so irritable, before I reached home, that I thought it was the most disagreeable day of pleasure I had ever had, and could hardly bear to an-

swer Mrs. Rose's never-ending questions. She told me, however, that from my account the day was so charming that she thought she should relax in the rigor of her seclusion, and mingle a little more in the society of which I gave so tempting a description. She really thought her dear Mr. Rose would have wished it; and his will should be law to her after his death, as it had ever been during his life. In compliance, therefore, with his wishes, she would even do a little violence to her own feelings.

"She was very good and kind; not merely attentive to everything which she thought could conduce to my comfort, but willing to take any trouble in providing the broths and nourishing food which I often found it convenient to order, under the name of kitchen-physic, for my poorer patients; and I really did not see the use of her shutting herself up, in mere compliance with an etiquette, when she began to wish to mix in the little quiet society of Duncombe. Accordingly I urged her to begin to visit, and even when applied to as to what I imagined the late Mr. Rose's wishes on that subject would have been, answered for that worthy gentleman, and assured his widow that I was convinced he would have regretted deeply her giving way to immoderate grief, and would have been rather grateful than otherwise at seeing her endeavor to divert her thoughts by a few quiet visits. She cheered up, and said, 'as I really thought so, she would sacrifice her own inclinations, and accept the very next invitation that came.'

CHAPTER VII.

"I WAS roused from my sleep in the middle of the night by a messenger from the vicarage. Little Walter had got the croup, and Mr. Morgan had been sent for into the country. I dressed myself hastily, and went through the quiet little street. There was a light burning up stairs at the vicarage. It was in the nursery. The servant, who opened the door the instant I knocked, was crying sadly, and could hardly answer my inquiries as I went up stairs, two steps at a time, to see my little favorite.

"The nursery was a great large room. At the farther end it was lighted by a common candle, which left the other end, where the door was, in shade, so I suppose the nurse did not see me come in, for she was speaking very crossly.

"Miss Sophy" said she, 'I told you over and over again it was not fit for him to go, with the hoarseness that he had, and you would take him. It will break your papa's heart, I know; but it's none of my doing.'

"Whatever Sophy felt, she did not speak in answer to this. She was on her knees by the warm bath, in which the little fellow was struggling to get his breath, with a look of terror on his face that I

have often noticed in young children when smitten by a sudden and violent illness. It seems as if they recognized something infinite and invisible, at whose bidding the pain and the anguish come, from which no love can shield them. It is a very heart-rending look to observe, because it comes on the faces of those who are too young to receive comfort from the words of faith, or the promises of religion. Walter had his arms tight round Sophy's neck, as if she, hitherto his paradise-angel, could save him from the dread shadow of Death. Yes! of Death! I knelt down by him on the other side, and examined him. The very robustness of his little frame gave violence to the disease, which is always one of the most fearful by which children of his age can be attacked.

"Don't tremble, Watty," said Sophy, in a soothing tone; 'it's Mr. Harrison, darling, who let you ride on his horse.' I could detect the quivering in the voice, which she tried to make so calm and soft to quiet the little fellow's fears. We took him out of the bath, and I went for leeches. While I was away, Mr. Morgan came. He loved the vicarage children as if he were their uncle; but he stood still and aghast at the sight of Walter—so lately bright and strong—and now hurrying alone to the awful change—to the silent mysterious land where, tended and cared for as he had been on earth, he must go—alone. The little fellow! the darling!

"We applied the leeches to his throat. He resisted at first; but Sophy, God bless her, put the agony of her grief on one side, and thought only of him, and began to sing the little songs he loved. We were all still. The gardener had gone to fetch the vicar; but he was twelve miles off, and we doubted if he would come in time. I don't know if they had any hope; but the first moment Mr. Morgan's eyes met mine, I saw that he, like me, had none. The ticking of the house-clock sounded through the dark quiet house. Walter was sleeping now, with the black leeches yet hanging to his fair, white throat. Still Sophy went on singing little lullabies, which she had sung under far different and happier circumstances. I remember one verse, because it struck me at the time as strangely applicable.

'Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy rest shall angels keep;
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need.

Sleep, baby, sleep.'

The tears were in Mr. Morgan's eyes. I do not think either he or I could have spoken in our natural tones; but the brave girl went on, clear though low. She stopped at last, and looked up.

"He is better, is he not, Mr. Morgan?"

"No, my dear. He is—ahem!"—he could not speak all at once. Then he said—"My dear! he will be better soon. Think of your mamma, my dear Miss Sophy. She will be very thankful to have one of her darlings safe with her, where she is."

"Still she did not cry. But she bent her head

down on the little face, and kissed it long and tenderly.

"I will go for Helen and Lizzie. They will be sorry not to see him again.' She rose up and went for them. Poor girls, they came in in their dressing-gowns, with eyes dilated with sudden emotion, pale with terror, stealing softly along, as if sound could disturb him. Sophy comforted them by gentle caresses. It was soon over.

Mr. Morgan was fairly crying like a child. But he thought it necessary to apologize to me for what I honored him for. 'I am a little overdone by yesterday's work, sir. I have had one or two bad nights, and they rather upset me. When I was your age, I was as strong and manly as any one, and would have scorned to shed tears.'

"Sophy came up to where we stood.

"Mr. Morgan! I am so sorry for papa. How shall I tell him?" She was struggling against her own grief for her father's sake. Mr. Morgan offered to await his coming home; and she seemed thankful for the proposal. I, new friend, almost stranger, might stay no longer. The street was as quiet as ever; not a shadow was changed; for it was not yet four o'clock. But during the night a soul had departed.

"From all I could see, and all I could learn, the vicar and his daughter strove which should comfort the other the most. Each thought of the other's grief—each prayed for the other rather than for themselves. We saw them walking out, countrywards; and we heard of them in the cottages of the poor. But it was some time before I happened to meet either of them again. And then I felt, from something indescribable in their manner towards me, that I was one of the

'Peculiar people whom Death had made dear.'

That one day at the old hall had done this. I was, perhaps, the last person who had given the little fellow any unusual pleasure. Poor Walter! I wish I could have done more to make his short life happy!

CHAPTER VIII.

"THERE was a little lull, out of respect to the vicar's grief, in the visiting. It gave time to Mrs. Rose to soften down the anguish of her weeds.

"At Christmas, Miss Tomkinson sent out invitations for a party. Miss Caroline had once or twice apologised to me because such an event had not taken place before; but, as she said, 'the avocations of their daily life prevented their having such little *réunions* except in the vacations.' And, sure enough, as soon as the holidays began, came the civil little note:

"The Misses Tomkinson request the pleasure of Mrs. Rose's and Mr. Harrison's company at tea, on

the evening of Monday, the 23d inst. Tea at five o'clock.'

"Mrs. Rose's spirit roused, like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, at this. She was not of a repining disposition, but I do think she believed the party-giving population of Duncombe had given up inviting her, as soon as she had determined to relent, and accept the invitations, in compliance with the late Mr. Rose's wishes.

"Such snippings of white love-ribbon as I found everywhere, making the carpet untidy! One day, too, unluckily, a small box was brought to me by mistake. I did not look at the direction, for I never doubted it was some hyocyamus which I was expecting from London; so I tore it open, and saw inside a piece of paper, with 'No more gray hair,' in large letters, upon it. I folded it up in a hurry, and sealed it afresh, and gave it to Mrs. Rose; but I could not refrain from asking her, soon after, if she could recommend me anything to keep my hair from turning gray, adding that I thought prevention was better than cure. I think she made out the impression of my seal on the paper after that; for I learned that she had been crying, and that she talked about there being no sympathy left in the world for her since Mr. Rose's death; and that she counted the days until she could rejoin him in the better world. I think she counted the days to Miss Tomkinson's party, too; she talked so much about it.

"The covers were taken off Miss Tomkinson's chairs, and curtains, and sofas; and a great jar full of artificial flowers was placed in the centre of the table, which, as Miss Caroline told me, was all her doing, as she doted on the beautiful and artistic in life. Miss Tomkinson stood, erect as a grenadier, close to the door, receiving her friends, and heartily shaking them by the hands as they entered; she said she was truly glad to see them. And so she really was.

"We had just finished tea, and Miss Caroline had brought out a little pack of conversation cards—sheaves of slips of card-board, with intellectual or sentimental questions on one set, and equally intellectual and sentimental answers on the other; and as the answers were to fit any and all the questions, you may think they were a characterless and 'wersh' set of things. I had just been asked by Miss Caroline—

"*"Can you tell what those dearest to you think of you at this present time?"* and had answered,

"*"How can you expect me to reveal such a secret to the present company?"* when the servant announced that a gentleman, a friend of mine, wished to speak to me down stairs.

"*"Oh, show him up, Martha, show him up!"* said Miss Tomkinson, in her hospitality.

"*"Any friend of our friends is welcome,"* said Miss Caroline, in an insinuating tone.

"I jumped up, however, thinking it might be some one on business; but I was so penned in by

the spider-legged tables, stuck out on every side, that I could not make the haste I wished; and before I could prevent it, Martha had shown up Jack Marshland, who was on his road home for a day or two at Christmas.

"He came up in a hearty way, bowing to Miss Tomkinson, and explaining that he had found himself in my neighborhood, and had come over to pass a night with me, and that my servant had directed him where I was.

"His voice, loud at all times, sounded like Sten-tor's in that little room, where we all spoke in a kind of purring way. He had no swell in his tones; they were *forte* from the beginning! At first it seemed like the days of my youth come back again, to hear full manly speaking; and I felt proud of my friend, as he thanked Miss Tomkinson for her kindness in asking him to stay the evening. By and by he came up to me, and I dare say he thought he had lowered his voice, for he looked as if speaking confidentially, while in fact the whole room might have heard him.

"*"Frank, my boy, when shall we have dinner at this good old lady's? I'm deuced hungry."*

"Dinner! Why, we had tea an hour ago! While he yet spoke, Martha came in with a little tray, on which was a single cup of coffee and three slices of wafer bread-and-butter. His dismay, and his evident submission to the decrees of Fate, tickled me so much, that I thought he should have a further taste of the life I led from month's end to month's end, and I gave up my plan of taking him home at once, and enjoyed the anticipation of the hearty laugh we should have together at the end of the evening. I was famously punished for my determination.

"*"Shall we continue our game?"* asked Miss Caroline, who had never relinquished her sheaf of questions.

"We went on questioning and answering, with little gain of information to either party.

"*"No such thing as heavy betting in this game, eh, Frank?"* asked Jack, who had been watching us. *"You don't lose ten pounds at a sitting, I guess, as you used to do at Short's. Playing for love, I suppose you call it."*

"Miss Caroline simpered, and looked down. Jack was not thinking of her. He was thinking of the days we had had at the Mermaid. Suddenly he said, *"Where were you this day last year, Frank?"*

"*"I don't remember!"* said I.

"*"Then I'll tell you. It's the 23d—the day you were taken up for knocking down the fellow in Longacre, and that I had to bail you out ready for Christmas-day. You are in more agreeable quarters to-night."*

"He did not intend this reminiscence to be heard, but was not in the least put out when Miss Tomkinson, with a face of dire surprise, asked,

"*"Mr. Harrison taken up, sir?"*

"O yes, ma'am; and you see it was so common an affair with him to be locked up that he can't remember the dates of his different imprisonments."

"He laughed heartily; and so should I, but that I saw the impression it made. The thing was, in fact, simple enough, and capable of easy explanation. I had been made angry by seeing a great hulking fellow, out of mere wantonness, break the crutch from under a cripple; and I struck the man more violently than I intended, and down he went, yelling out for the police, and I had to go before the magistrate to be released. I disdained giving this explanation at the time. It was no business of theirs what I had been doing a year ago; but still Jack might have held his tongue. However, that unruly member of his was set a-going, and he told me afterwards he was resolved to let the old ladies into a little of life; and accordingly he remembered every practical joke we had ever had, and talked and laughed and roared again. I tried to converse with Miss Caroline—Mrs. Munton—any one; but Jack was the hero of the evening, and every one was listening to him.

"Then he has never sent any hoaxing letters since he came here, has he? Good boy! He has turned over a new leaf. He was the deepest dog at that I ever met with. Such anonymous letters as he used to send! Do you remember that to Mrs. Walbrook, eh, Frank? That was too bad!" (the wretch was laughing all the time.) "No; I won't tell about it—don't be afraid. Such a shameful hoax!" (laughing again.)

"Pray do tell," I called out; for he made it seem far worse than it was.

"Oh no, no; you've established a better character—I would not for the world nip your budding efforts. We'll bury the past in oblivion."

"I tried to tell my neighbors the story to which he alluded; but they were attracted by the merriment of Jack's manner, and did not care to hear the plain matter of fact.

"Then came a pause; Jack was talking almost quietly to Miss Horsman. Suddenly he called across the room—"How many times have you been out with the hounds? The hedges were blind very late this year, but you must have had some good mild days since."

"I have never been out," said I, shortly.

"Never!—whew!—! Why I thought that was the great attraction to Duncombe."

"Now was not he provoking? He would condole with me, and fixed the subject in the minds of every one present.

"The supper-trays were brought in, and there was a shuffling of situations. He and I were close together again.

"I say, Frank, what will you lay me that I don't clear that tray before people are ready for their second helping? I'm as hungry as a hound."

"You shall have a round of beef and a raw leg

of mutton when we get home. Only do behave yourself here."

"Well, for your sake; but keep me away from those trays, or I'll not answer for myself. "Hould me, or I'll fight," as the Irishman said. I'll go and talk to that little old lady in blue, and sit with my back to those ghosts of eatables."

"He sat down by Miss Caroline, who would not have liked his description of her; and began an earnest, tolerably quiet conversation. I tried to be as agreeable as I could, to do away with the impression he had given of me; but I found that every one drew up a little stiffly at my approach, and did not encourage me to make many remarks.

"In the middle of my attempts, I heard Miss Caroline beg Jack to take a glass of wine, and I saw him help himself to what appeared to be port; but in an instant he set it down from his lips, exclaiming—"Vinegar, by Jove!" He made the most horribly wry face; and Miss Tomkinson came up in a severe hurry to investigate the affair. It turned out it was some black currant wine, on which she particularly piqued herself; I drank two glasses of it to ingratiate myself with her, and can testify to its sourness. I don't think she noticed my exertions, she was so much engrossed in listening to Jack's excuses for his *mal-à-propos* observation. He told her with the gravest face that he had been a teetotaler so long that he had but a confused recollection of the distinction between wine and vinegar, particularly eschewing the latter, because it had been twice fermented; and that he had imagined Miss Caroline had asked him to take toast-and-water, or he should never have touched the decanter.

CHAPTER IX.

"As we were walking home, Jack said, 'Lord, Frank! I've had such fun with the little lady in blue. I told her you wrote to me every Saturday, telling me the events of the week. She took all in.' He stopped to laugh; for he bubbled and chuckled so that he could not laugh and walk. 'And I told her you were deeply in love'—another laugh—'and that I could not get you to tell me the name of the lady, but that she had light brown hair—in short, I drew from life, and gave her an exact description of herself; and that I was most anxious to see her, and implore her to be merciful to you, for that you were a most timid, faint-hearted fellow with women.' He laughed till I thought he would have fallen down. 'I begged her, if she could guess who it was from my description—I'll answer for it she did; I took care of that; for I said you described a mole on the left cheek, in the most poetical way, saying Venus had pinched it out of envy at seeing any one more lovely—oh, hold me up, or I shall fall, laughing and hunger make me so weak:—well, I say, I

begged her, if she knew who your fair one could be, to implore her to save you. I said I knew one of your lungs had gone after a former unfortunate love affair, and that I could not answer for the other if the lady here were cruel. She spoke of a respirator; but I told her that might do very well for the odd lung; but would it minister to a heart diseased? I really did talk fine. I have found out the secret of eloquence: it's believing what you've got to say; and I worked myself well up with fancying you married to the little lady in blue.'

"I got to laughing at last, angry as I had been; his impudence was irresistible. Mrs. Rose had come home in the sedan, and gone to bed; and he and I sat up over the round of beef and brandy and water till two o'clock in the morning.

"He told me I had got quite into the professional way of mousing about a room, and mewing and purring according as my patients were ill or well. He mimicked me, and made me laugh at myself. He left early the next morning.

"Mr. Morgan came at his usual hour; he and Marshland would never have agreed, and I should have been uncomfortable to see two friends of mine disliking and despising each other.

"Mr. Morgan was ruffled; but, with his deferential manner to women, he smoothed himself down before Mrs. Rose; regretted he had not been able to come to Miss Tomkinson's the evening before, and consequently had not seen her in the society she was so well calculated to adorn. But, when we were by ourselves, he said—

"I was sent for to Mrs. Munton's this morning—the old spasms. May I ask what is this story she tells me about—about prison, in fact? I trust, sir, she has made some little mistake, and that you never were—that it is an unfounded report.' He could not get it out—'that you were in Newgate for three months!' I burst out laughing; the story had grown like a mushroom indeed. Mr. Morgan looked grave. I told him the truth. Still he looked grave. 'I've no doubt, sir, that you acted rightly; but it has an awkward sound. I imagined from your hilarity just now that there was no foundation whatever for the story. Unfortunately there is.'

"I was only a night at the police-station. I would go there again for the same cause, sir.'

"Very fine spirit, sir—quite like Don Quixote; but, don't you see, you might as well have been to the hulk at once?'

"No, sir; I don't.'

"Take my word, before long, the story will have grown to that. However, we won't anticipate evil. *Mens conecia recti*, you remember, is the great thing. The part I regret is that it may require some short time to overcome a little prejudice which the story may excite against you. However, we won't dwell on it. *Mens conecia recti*! Don't think about it, sir.'

It was clear he was thinking a good deal about it.

CHAPTER X.

"Two or three days before this time, I had had an invitation from the Bullocks to dine with them on Christmas day. Mrs. Rose was going to spend the week with friends in the town where she formerly lived; and I had been pleased at the notion of being received into a family, and of being a little with Mr. Bullock, who struck me as a bluff, good-hearted fellow.

"But this Tuesday before Christmas day, there came an invitation from the vicar to dine there; there were to be only their own family and Mr. Morgan. 'Only their own family!' It was getting to be all the world to me. I was in a passion with myself for having been so ready to accept Mr. Bullock's invitation—coarse and ungentelemanly as he was; with his wife's airs of pretension, and Miss Bullock's stupidity. I turned it over in my mind. No! I could not have a bad headache, which should prevent my going to the place I did not care for, and yet leave me at liberty to go where I wished. All I could do was to join the vicarage girls after church, and walk by their side in a long country ramble. They were quiet; not sad, exactly; but it was evident that the thought of Walter was in their minds on this day. We went through a copse where there were a good number of evergreens planted as covers for game. The snow was on the ground; but the sky was clear and bright, and the sun glittered on the smooth holly leaves. Lizzie asked me to gather her some of the very bright red berries, and she was beginning a sentence with—

"Do you remember'—when Ellen said 'Hush,' and looked towards Sophy, who was walking a little apart, and crying softly to herself. There was evidently some connection between Walter and the holly-berries, for Lizzie threw them away at once when she saw Sophy's tears. Soon we came to a stile which led to an open, breezy common, half covered with gorse. I helped the little girls over it, and set them to run down the slope; but I took Sophy's arm in mine, and, though I could not speak, I think she knew how I was feeling for her. I could hardly bear to bid her good-by at the vicarage gate; it seemed as if I ought to go in and spend the day with her.

CHAPTER XI.

"I VENTED my ill humor in being late for the Bullocks' dinner. There were one or two clerks, towards whom Mr. Bullock was patronizing and pressing. Mrs. Bullock was decked out in extraordinary finery. Miss Bullock looked plainer than ever; but she had on some old gown or other, I think, for I heard Mrs. Bullock tell her she was always making a figure of herself. I began to-day to

suspect that the mother would not be sorry if I took a fancy to the stepdaughter. I was again placed near her at dinner, and when the little ones came in to dessert, I was made to notice how fond of children she was; and, indeed, when one of them nestled to her, her face did brighten; but the moment she caught this loud-whispered remark, the gloom came back again, with something even of anger in her look; and she was quite sullen and obstinate when urged to sing in the drawing-room. Mrs. Bullock turned to me—

“Some young ladies won’t sing unless they are asked by gentlemen.” She spoke very crossly. ‘If you ask Jemima, she will probably sing. To oblige me, it is evident she will not.’

“I thought the singing, when we got it, would probably be a great bore; however, I did as I was bid, and went with my request to the young lady, who was sitting a little apart. She looked up at me with eyes full of tears, and said, in a decided tone, which, if I had not seen her eyes, I should have said was as cross as her mamma’s—‘No, sir, I will not!’ She got up, and left the room. I expected to hear Mrs. Bullock abuse her for her obstinacy. Instead of that, she began to tell me of the money that had been spent on her education; of what each separate accomplishment had cost. ‘She was timid,’ she said, ‘but very musical. Wherever her future home might be, there would be no want of music.’ She went on praising her till I hated her. If they thought I was going to marry that great lubberly girl, they were mistaken. Mr. Bullock and the clerks came up. He brought out Liebig, and called me to him.

“‘I can understand a good deal of this agricultural chemistry,’ said he, ‘and have put it in practice—without much success, hitherto, I confess. But these unconnected letters puzzle me a little. I suppose they have some meaning, or else I should say it was mere bookmaking to put them in.’

“‘I think they give the page a very ragged appearance,’ said Mrs. Bullock, who had joined us. ‘I inherit a little of my late father’s taste for books, and must say I like to see a good type, a broad margin, and an elegant binding. My father despised variety; how he would have held up his hands aghast at the cheap literature of these times! He did not require many books, but he would have twenty editions of those that he had; and he paid more for binding than he did for the books themselves. But elegance was everything with him. He would not have admitted your Liebig, Mr. Bullock; neither the nature of the subject, nor the common type, nor the common way in which your book is got up, would have suited him.’

“‘Go and make tea, my dear, and leave Mr. Harrison and me to talk over a few of these matters.’

“We settled to it; I explained the meaning of the symbols, and the doctrine of chemical equiva-

lents. At last he said, ‘Doctor, you’re giving me too strong a dose of it at one time. Let’s have a small quantity taken “hodie;” that’s professional, as Mr. Morgan would call it. Come in and call when you have leisure, and give me a lesson in my alphabet. Of all you’ve been telling me, I can only remember that C means carbon and O oxygen; and I see one must know the meaning of all these confounded letters before one can do much good with Liebig.’

“‘We dine at three,’ said Mrs. Bullock. ‘There will always be a knife and fork for Mr. Harrison. Bullock, don’t confine your invitation to the evening.’

“‘Why, you see, I’ve a nap always after dinner, so I could not be learning chemistry then.’

“‘Don’t be so selfish, Mr. B. Think of the pleasure Jemima and I shall have in Mr. Harrison’s society.’

“I put a stop to the discussion by saying I would come in in the evenings occasionally, and give Mr. Bullock a lesson, but that my professional duties occupied me invariably until that time.

“I liked Mr. Bullock. He was simple, and shrewd; and to be with a man was a relief, after all the feminine society I went through every day.

(To be concluded.)

THE MOTHER’S LAMENT.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

I LOVE to listen to the murmured song
Of sephyrs reveling over beds of flowers;
Their airy music, as it floats along,
Speaks to my heart of past and hallowed hours
When that sweet rainbow of my life—our boy—
Solaced each care, and heightened every joy.

Brilliant in beauty as the humming-bird
When its soft plumage glistens in the sun;
Blithe as the lambkin of the snowy herd—
As gentle, too, was our lamented one!
His merry laugh still echoes in mine ear;
His fairy footsteps still I seem to hear!

And can it be? Oh! is it not a dream,
That he has left forever earth’s fair scene?
He that was so loved, so beautiful, so bright!
Who to my soul was breath, was life, was light!
In the dark tomb has that dear form been laid?
Was’t by his bier we knelt, and wept, and prayed,
While funeral rite and psalm, at twilight dim,
Were said and chanted, O my God! o’er him?

’Twas even so! Death claimed him for his own,
And made me desolate, heart-stricken, lone
Now oft, like Cain, I feel as if my share
Of earthly woe is more than I can bear.
Now, soon to rest within that deep, cold grave,
Where sleeps my child so still! is all I crave,
Till the last trump shall peal along the skies,
And the awakened, conscious dead arise!
Then, in communion sacred, blest, and sweet,
Our angel cherub we again shall meet.

S.-M. C.

SCENES IN REAL LIFE

BY CHARLES BLACKBURN.

"READ on, Charles, read on," said my uncle; "I am in the vein for Carlyle to-night, and his rough, strong sentences are to me wonderful exciters of thought and remembrance.

Before complying with this command, we would inform our reader that we were seated in the library of an uncle to whom I was much attached, and who in his turn felt all the interest in me which most men feel in those whom they have adopted as their peculiar *protégés*. He was a man whose life had numbered almost sixty years, with undiminished vigor of body and mind. His active life had been passed as a lawyer of eminence in the city of B—, and now he had retired from business in the possession of a large fortune, and with the consciousness of having discharged well the duties he owed to himself and to his fellow-men. A few miles from the city in which he had lived he built an elegant mansion, and, having surrounded himself with everything necessary to his comfort, determined to spend the rest of his days in the ease and quiet which none can expect or possess, save the polished, kind, and affluent old bachelor.

It was a winter evening in January, 1843, that we were beguiling its tedium, by reading the "*Sartor Resartus*" of the author above mentioned, relieved and enlivened by many pithy remarks, and sometimes by scenes from the history of his own life, thrown in by my uncle as illustrations of the author's thoughts. Without, all was dark and cold. The wind was whistling through the old forest trees that surrounded the house, with that peculiar sound which makes every one within draw closer to his friend, and closer to the blazing hearth. The stars could only now and then be seen through the window; and, by their faint light, large masses of cloud could be observed driven swiftly across the face of the heavens. With an involuntary shiver, caused by the bleakness of the night, my uncle stirred up the crackling hickory, and again commanded me to read on. I resumed just where he had interrupted me with a remark concerning his fear of death—

"Nevertheless, the unworn spirit is strong; Life is so healthful that it ever finds nourishment in Death; those stern experiences planted down by memory in my imagination, rose there to a whole cypress forest, sad but beautiful, waving, with not unmelodious sighs, in dark luxuriance, in the hottest sunshine, through long years of youth:—as in manhood also it does, and will do; for I have now pitched my tent under a cypress tree; the tomb is now my inexpugnable fortress, ever close by the

gate of which I look upon the hostile armaments, and pains and penalties of tyrannous Life placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still smile. O ye loved ones that already sleep in the noiseless bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye, who wide-scattered still toil lonely in the monster-bearing desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood, yet a little while and we shall all meet *there*, and our mother's bosom will screen us all; and oppression's harness, and sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehonna bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Sime, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!"*

"The Clothes-Philosopher speaks well," exclaimed my uncle; "there is a voice in my heart that answers to his words. A world of remembrances are stirred up within me, and you may lay aside the book and listen for a while to me. I have planted in my life many a cypress tree, 'over loved ones that now sleep in the noiseless bed of Rest.' I have been one of many different circles, and I have lived to see those who stood on my right hand, and on my left, stricken down; to behold the circles thinned, until but two or three are left standing with me. The passage you have read has brought vividly to my mind the gayest and most joyous of all those circles, my college class. Alas! how many are sleeping beneath the cypress tree. Those who remain, 'wide-scattered, still toil lonely on in the monster-bearing desert.' And 'yet a little while, and we shall all meet *there*, and our mother's bosom will screen us all.'

"Charles Woodworth was the genius of the class. His mind was of the first order; brilliant, without gaudiness, overflowing with thought, and always under the dominion of strong common sense. He had an exquisite sympathy with of everything that was beautiful in thought, or graceful in expression; and as a moving power to all his fine qualities, he had that lofty, self-sustaining enthusiasm which insures the performance of whatever its possessor fully purposes to do. It was universally conceded that, wherever he chose to exert his abilities, he was sure to surpass all others. Woodworth, however, had but two main wishes, to wit: to be the most eloquent man, and the most popular fellow in college. He succeeded in both. The professors praised his performances, and prognosticated his future greatness. The students admired him for his dashing gayety, and his generous and noble qualities. His class-

* Sartor Resartus, Book 2, Chap. 3.

mates were proud of him, and those who were his most intimate friends absolutely worshiped him. The aristocracy of the village welcomed him to their dwellings. The idol of the college became the observed of all observers in society. Beauty smiled on him with her rarest and most bewitching smiles. Mammās, inexorable to every one else, were propitious to the 'handsome, the talented, the rich Mr. Woodworth.' The best proof of his real worth was that all this adulation failed to spoil him. He was still the noble, open-hearted, kind 'Charley Woodworth.'

"Well do I remember the commencement-day, on which, with many kindly counsels, and many blessings, we were sent forth from the walls of 'old Nassau Hall.' The scenes of that day resembled very much the scene of similar days everywhere else. A number of speeches, 'good, bad, and indifferent,' were made, which the audience patiently bore. It was evident that all were waiting for some one from whom they anticipated much. The programme announced that Mr. Woodworth was to pronounce the valedictory address. As he rose to perform the duty assigned to him, stillness spread itself over the vast audience, and every eye turned intently towards the speaker. Woodworth was a model of manly beauty, and the excitement of the occasion had thrown a fine glow over his expressive face. He was sensible that much was expected from him, and for this reason his speaking at first was less faultless than usual. There was evidently a little straining, as if the speaker was determined to exceed all anticipations—to excel himself. Those who had heard him before remarked that there was an absence of that ease and grace that marked his ordinary style of speaking. These faults, however, were soon lost. Woodworth forgot himself, and his position, and the expectations of his friends, in the tumultuous crowd of emotions that rushed upon him. His feelings were always deep and ardent, so as to be at times altogether uncontrollable, and the duty which he was performing was one suited to call forth all his emotions. A change was perceptible in his speaking. His voice had deepened as he advanced, and its tones evinced that he was expressing the feelings of his heart. His deep tones sank into the hearts of those around him, and tears soon testified how much they sympathized in his feelings. The interest, so exciting as to be almost painful, increased as he went on. It was evident to all that his emotions would master him, for tears were rolling down his cheeks, and his utterance was now and then choked, and his voice faltered, and his whole frame was trembling under the power of his awakened and agitated spirit. The struggle to conquer his feelings was intense, but he succeeded. Rising to his fullest height, as if in the strength of a final and most resolute purpose, he pronounced the last sentence and the final 'Farewell!' But the exertion was too much. The chord had been stretched too tightly,

and it rebounded suddenly and fearfully. He sank back, exhausted and almost senseless, into the arms of his classmates. The audience were all in tears. From all parts of the vast assembly there came a sound of suppressed sobbing, in which old and young, stern man and gentle woman, the refined and ignorant—all joined. As the tide of feeling subsided, a venerable man arose, and, in a fervent prayer, commended us to the guidance and guardianship of Him by whose guidance alone we can walk safely in life, and by whose guardianship alone we can be preserved from the manifold evil that is in the world. On the next morning with sad and heavy hearts we separated, each to enter upon his chosen walk in life. Woodworth returned to his home in the far South.

* * * * *

"For several years after our graduation I heard but little of Woodworth. I knew that he had studied law, and was practicing his profession in his native town; and occasionally rumors of his increasing fame reached my ears. Seven years after we separated, I was called by business to the city of Washington. I arrived late in the evening, and was whiling away an hour or two before going to bed in reading the newspapers of the day. While thus engaged, I heard a gentleman near me mention the name of Woodworth, and after listening a few minutes to the conversation, gathered that my quondam classmate was to appear on the morrow before the Supreme Court in behalf of his native State. The case was one which excited much interest, on account of the important principles involved, and because of the serious consequences that were expected to ensue, should the decision be adverse to the State for which Mr. Woodworth appeared. I silently determined to hear my old friend, without, if possible, being recognised by him, and accordingly, in the morning, I mingled with the multitude that crowded the court room, called there either by the character of the suit, or the rumors of the eloquence of some of the lawyers engaged in it. Having succeeded in obtaining a position from which I could view the whole room, I glanced hastily around for the face of Woodworth. He was standing in the midst of his associates and antagonists, calm, dignified, and thoroughly self-possessed, awaiting the opening of the court. He was somewhat altered in appearance and manner since we parted. He was then in the fresh beauty of youth; he had now ripened into manhood. The freshness was gone from his face, but it had left in its place a calm, contemplative look which agreed better with his present age. His manners had lost much of their freeness, and with more of reserve had also more of polish. Woodworth had evidently mingled much with the world, and learned to keep his warmest feelings for his dearest friends, and give to the rest of the world only respectful kindness.

"My criticisms on my friend were interrupted by

the noise and bustle attending the opening of the court, and a glance towards the bench informed me that all the judges were present, and also that the argument was about to commence. Woodworth was standing before the bench, with his brief in his hand. I watched him narrowly for some sign of trepidation, for this was the first time that he had appeared before that august court, and his fame was all at stake. I could discern nothing of fear in his aspect, and he afterwards told me that all private and personal considerations had been completely overshadowed by the fact that he was contending for the rights of his native State before that venerable court to whose bar alone the States could be brought, and whose decisions are law alike in the forests of Maine, and the verandahs of Louisiana. He prefaced his speech by a succinct history of the case from its origin, and then proceeded to unfold his argument. And a noble one it was. It was not encumbered with ornament, or with any extraneous matter, yet no part was deficient. Everything necessary to the completeness of the argument was there, arranged with wonderful skill, and placed in such a position as to give to it its highest force; so that when he had completed it, the whole of it rose up to the mind's eye as clear, as well defined, as severe in its simplicity as ever did the Parthenon to the eye of the Greek. A murmur of admiration passed through the crowd as he sat down, while those near him, both friends and antagonists, pressed around him to offer congratulations. His triumph was complete. His fame as a lawyer was fully established by this one successful and splendid effort.

"Soon after this, I called on Woodworth, and spent a few happy hours in recalling the past, and communicating our anticipations of the future. I found that his prospects were bright. He was amassing wealth by the practice of his profession. His reputation was as great and wide-spread as in his wildest dreams he had wished it to be. He had bound to him a circle of warm and true friends; and he was in a few days to be married to the only daughter of one of the judges of the court before which he had made so flattering a *débüt*. He invited me to be a witness of the ceremony, and rarely have I seen more of that nobility of carriage and of appearance which we instinctively look for in great men; or more of that glorious beauty which has so often made the greatest of men the slaves of woman, than were vouchsafed to Charles Woodworth and his bride. The suit in which he had been engaged having been decided in his favor, he left, a few days after his marriage, for his home in the South. The next news that I heard of him was that he had been elected one of the representatives in Congress, from his native State. I felt sad when I read this, (although no premonition of the fearful end of his political life visited me,) as I always do when I see young men turn away from the calmness of professional life to the ruinous excitement, and the hoarse

and angry disputing of the political world. Sadly did Woodworth pay for obeying the impulses of ambition. I was called, the winter he took his seat in Congress, to the seat of government by some business before the Supreme Court. When I arrived, I was informed that my friend was probably at that time making his maiden speech in the House, and without delay I hurried to the Capitol. The Senate chamber was deserted, but the magnificent hall of the Representatives was thronged. It was well known that Woodworth was to speak on that day, and all crowded to hear the new and eloquent member. The subject was one of interest, being one of those painful cases of oppression which has most justly made the Indian the foe of the white man. It was generally believed, also, that one of the leading members of the House had shared largely in the profits of the iniquitous transaction. With all the honesty and with all the enthusiasm of his nature, Charles Woodworth spoke out against the cruelty of the proceeding. He was closing his speech, when I entered the hall, in a strain of the fiercest invective, and the excitement was intense. Members crowded around the orator, catching every word. Directly opposite to him sat the member implicated in the disgraceful business, with his face turned towards Woodworth, as if determined to hear the worst. The orator gradually became more unguarded in his language, and grew fiercer in his invective as he drew near the end of his speech. He had all along been hinting at the guilty member without naming him. In the last sentence, however, fixing his eye intently upon him, he hurled against him the accusation in the most unqualified terms.

"For a moment after he concluded, the silence of the grave reigned in the House. Next came the sharp, clear voice of the accused, and the words '*It is a lie*' rang upon the ear of every listener. The next moment all was confusion. The House adjourned informally, and every one went home with a beating heart, anticipating the next step. What followed may be briefly sketched. According to the laws of the society to which Charles belonged, a duel must be fought. It was fought, and he was shot through the heart at the first fire. His young wife died, a maniac, in two weeks from that day. In the congressional cemetery there is a monument to the memory of the Hon. Charles Woodworth, and few pass it without feeling sad as they remember the history of one so noble, so gifted, and so early called.

"It would be idle to conceal the fact that the unhappy fate of my classmate made a deep impression on my mind. Especially did it give to me an invincible repugnance to that bloody law of 'honor,' as it is called, which demands blood for every petty insult. I have never ceased to make war upon that ill-formed and monstrous public opinion which yearly is sending so many young men, with blood on their souls, to the presence of their Judge; and while I

yet remember the fate of Charles Woodworth, may Heaven forbid that I should ever cease to be earnest in this most holy war! Never, Charles, never consider yourself amenable to such a law. Bow not to the opinion, were it the opinion of millions. You will have enough to bear in this life, without bearing the just curses of the widow and orphan. You will have guilt enough to carry to the bar of God, without carrying there the weighty burden of murder. Be not governed by this law of savages, generated by revenge, and perpetuated only by the fiercest and basest passions of man. Be more. Be governed by a higher and holier law, which descended from

heaven to bring peace and good-will to man, and obedience to whose precepts will make holy your life and happy your death."

We rose from our seats as my uncle concluded his sad story, and found that it was already past midnight. The fire had burned low on the hearth, the wind was howling still among the trees, and the dark clouds still rapidly passing over the sky. We parted for the night, wiser it may be, but surely sadder men. We had walked beneath the cypress tree, and its shadow rested on our souls.

COOKS.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

(See Plate.)

MR. JOHN BROWN was a man of orderly mind and systematic habits. His business went on like clock-work; and he would have it so. If the least irregularity appeared, you may be sure he would see it and know the reason.

"All you have to do," he would sometimes say, "is to will to have things right. A resolute purpose is everything."

This doctrine he uniformly preached to Mrs. Brown on the occasion of every domestic irregularity; and especially when she complained that she could not make cook, nurse, or chambermaid do as she wished.

"Establish a certain rule, and see that it is obeyed," he would say to her. "That's my plan, and I have no trouble. An *employee* of mine knows that it is as much as his place is worth to go contrary to rule; and, if you made the keeping of a place in your household dependent on strict obedience to your orders, you would have far less trouble."

"It is very easy to talk," Mrs. Brown would generally reply to these suggestions.

"And just as easy to act," would respond Mr. Brown. "I know. I've tried it. You have only to resolve to have a thing done right, and it is done. Nothing more easy in the world. There is Judson, my neighbor, an easy sort of a man, with no order in his mind. Well, of course, everything around him is at sixes and sevens; and he's always complaining that he can never get anybody to do as he wishes. Give him the best clerk in the city, and he'll spoil him in three months. And why? There is no order in the man's business. He has no system. I have two young men in my store who were so worthless with Judson, according to his own account, that he had to send them off. I wouldn't ask for better clerks. In the beginning, I let them un-

derstand that I was a man who would have things my own way; and they soon understood that this was not a mere matter of words. It's the order, Jane—the order. Fix an order in your household, and all this trouble will cease."

"Order among intelligent clerks may be easily enough attained," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, one morning, after some remarks of this kind, which had arisen from the fact of company being expected to dinner; "but I'd like to see the order you would maintain with a parcel of subordinates like our Biddy to deal with. I imagine you'd find your hands full. Ignorant Irish girls are not so easy to bring into order."

"A good system and a good resolution are all that is wanted."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"I wish you had the trial for a week."

"You'd see a different state of things," confidently replied the husband.

"No doubt of it," returned Mrs. Brown, who was hurt by her husband's rebuking manner, and showed it in her tone of voice.

Mr. Brown was a kind-hearted man—what cannot always be said of every orderly people—and was pained to see the effect of his words.

"Oh, well, never mind, Jane," said he, soothingly. "We can't all do alike. I know you manage excellently on the whole. But won't you, to-day, watch Biddy a little closer, and see that she has dinner at the hour? She is so apt to be late. I wouldn't like Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Agnew to notice anything irregular in our household economy."

"I presume our household arrangements are fully as good as theirs," said Mrs. Brown, a little sharply, for she was more fretted in mind than her husband supposed.

"That may all be; but won't you see that Biddy has dinner precisely at three?"

"I'll do the best I can, but can't promise anything," said Mrs. Brown, whose mind her husband had chafed so much that she did not attempt to conceal her annoyance.

Mr. Brown went away grumbling to himself, and Mrs. Brown went into the kitchen, and, in no very amiable tone of voice, said to Biddy—

"We're to have company to dine with us to-day, and Mr. Brown expects dinner on the table precisely at three. Now, pray, don't let it be a minute later."

Biddy always made it a point to be cross whenever there was company. This announcement alone, no matter in how amiable a tone it had been made, would have sufficed to arouse her ill nature; but coming as it did, in a fretful voice, she was filled instantly with a spirit of opposition. Not the slightest reply did she make—not the smallest sign that she heard escaped her.

Mrs. Brown stood a few moments, and then said, angrily—

"Did you hear what I said?"

"I'm not deaf, marm," pertly returned Biddy.

"Then why didn't you answer me?"

Biddy turned away with a contemptuous toss of the head, and resumed her work.

"See here, my lady!"—But Mrs. Brown checked herself, for she knew Biddy's temper, and understood that, in entering into a regular contest with her, the question of victory would be doubtful. In all probability, it would end in her being compelled to order the insolent creature out of the house; and, then, who was to cook the dinner? This thought caused Mrs. Brown to curb her feelings, and to put a bridle upon her tongue.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Brown, after pausing a few moments to compose herself. She spoke calmly, "we are to have company to-day, and I wish dinner on the table precisely at three o'clock."

Then Mrs. Brown left the kitchen, and went up to her sitting-room, feeling, as may well be supposed, no little "out of sorts." As to dinner being ready at three precisely, she had no expectation of the thing whatever. Mr. Brown would be seriously annoyed, and all her pleasure would, of course, be destroyed. No very agreeable anticipation this, in view of having company.

An hour after Mr. Brown went away, one of his men brought home a basket of marketing. On its arrival, Mrs. Brown descended once more to the lower regions of her house, in order to ascertain the nature of the provision that had been made, and to give some directions to her cook. Biddy received her mistress in no very amiable mood. In fact, she cast upon her a glance of defiance as she entered. The basket looked over, and a few brief directions given, Mrs. Brown retired. There was to be trouble that day with Biddy—nothing was more apparent.

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About twelve o'clock the ladies, who were engaged to dine, arrived. Their husbands would come at three, with Mr. Brown. Mrs. Brown's heart was full; and, as from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, she entertained her visitors during the first hour with her troubles with servants. The subject was an interesting one to them, for they were housekeepers, and prepared to sympathize. They had also their own trials to relate, and were eloquent upon their sufferings. As for cooks, they were all voted to be a most horrible set of creatures, and the authors of more domestic misery than was to be charged to any other account. In the midst of an interesting discussion of this kind, Mrs. Brown excused herself, and went to pay a visit of exploration into Biddy's department. Things didn't look very encouraging. She had been intrusted with the work of preparing certain articles of dessert; but Mrs. Brown saw at a glance they were destined to be spoiled unless she took charge of them herself. So, without remarking on the subject, she told Biddy to go up to her room and get her an apron.

This was done with a certain air, the meaning of which was not mistaken. But Mrs. Brown didn't choose to be drawn into a regular quarrel. She took the apron, and, tying it on, went to work at the puddings, and soon had them just to her liking. After giving careful directions to have the ovens in good order before they were put in, she went up stairs and rejoined her company. At two o'clock, Mrs. Brown visited the kitchen again. Nothing was as forward as it should have been, and cook was in as bad a humor as ever.

"You'll be late, Biddy, after all," said Mrs. Brown. "This is no kind of a fire."

"The coal won't burn," replied Biddy.

"It always has burned. Strange that it doesn't burn now!"

And Mrs. Brown began to examine the range.

"No wonder," said she, "with this damper half closed. How could you expect coal to burn without a free draft? There, you can see the fire increasing already. Now do, Biddy, stir yourself; it's after two o'clock."

Biddy didn't deign an answer to this appeal; and Mrs. Brown, after standing as an observer of her movements for a little while, went up stairs, satisfied that no dinner would be ready at three o'clock.

Just at a quarter before three, Mr. Brown arrived, with Mr. Clark and Mr. Agnew, whose wives had already made their appearance.

"Dinner most ready?" said he to Mrs. Brown, whom he found in the dining-room, soon after his entrance.

"I believe so," replied Mrs. Brown.

"It's ten minutes of three."

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Brown.

"But I hope, Jane, that dinner isn't going to be late." Mr. Brown spoke in a nervous manner.

"It won't be ready at three, that's certain. Bid

dy's been in a dreadful humor all the morning, and has done nothing right."

"Oh, dear! This want of punctuality does distress me! Why do you keep such a creature about you?"

"Do, Mr. Brown," said his wife, in an appealing voice, "go into the parlor and wait as patiently as you can until dinner is ready! I'm so nervous now that I can hardly hold a thing in my hands."

Mr. Brown did as he was desired to do; but his organ of punctuality was in a state of active excitement. Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, even forty minutes passed, and there came no welcome sound of the dinner-bell. Unable to curb his impatience any longer, Mr. Brown left the parlor, and once more sought his wife. She was still in the dining-room, where the table was set, but where no other sign of the hunger-quelling banquet was discernible.

"In Heaven's name, my dear!" said Mr. Brown, "what has made all this delay?"

"Go and ask Biddy," replied the over-tired lady; "and, if you get any satisfaction from her on the subject, you will be more fortunate than I am."

Upon this hint, and acting on the spur of the moment, Mr. Brown hurried off towards the kitchen. He would regulate the matter in quick order! He would have dinner on the table in a twinkling, or know the reason! Such were his thoughts and purposes. Mrs. Brown, anticipating trouble, followed close after her husband.

"See here, my lady!" was the salutation with which Mr. Brown met Biddy, as he entered the kitchen. "What's the meaning of all this work today? Why isn't dinner ready? Are you to be the arbiter of affairs in my house?"

Now Biddy, as the reader understands by this time, was in a defiant humor. The kitchen she felt to be her castle, and was ever inclined to dispute with any and every one the right of entrance. Had Mrs. Brown kept away during the morning, dinner would have been ready at the hour. But, every time the mistress appeared, the cook's temper was more and more ruffled, and her spirit of opposition more and more aroused. Since her husband's arrival, Mrs. Brown had manifested herself to Biddy not less than half a dozen times, and, at each appearance, made some fretful and irritating remarks touching the lateness of dinner. The climax to all this was the sudden entrance of the incensed Mr. Brown. As he came in, Biddy was in the act of turning from the range with a dish in her hands, on which was a large sirloin of beef. The words of Mr. Brown did not have the effect of subduing the spirit of Biddy, as he had anticipated. For a moment, she glared at him with a look of defiance, while her face grew scarlet with anger; then tossing the dish and its contents with a crash at his feet, and plentifully scattering the gravy over his pantaloons and the silk dress of his wife, who came to his side at the moment, she exclaimed, fiercely—

"There's your dinner! And I hope you're satisfied!"

There was a long pause of consternation on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, during which Biddy retired from the kitchen with a dignity that may be imagined, but not described. Mr. and Mrs. Brown also retired, and in a manner quite as indescribable; and, seating themselves in the dining-room, collected their scattered wits for a council of war. The lady's silk dress was a sight to be seen. It was perfectly ruined, large patches of grease being freely distributed over the front breadth for the distance of more than half a yard from the bottom. The gentleman's pantaloons were in no better condition.

"Oh, dear! what is to be done?" said Mrs. Brown, with pale face and panting bosom. "I declare, I'm right sick!"

"Well, if that doesn't get ahead of me!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, who, struck with the ludicrousness of the whole scene, hardly knew whether to laugh or give an angry vent to his feelings.

"But what are we to do? It's nearly four o'clock now, and the beef is lying upon the kitchen floor!" said Mrs. Brown, in great distress.

Mr. Brown was a man for an emergency. He was not to be put down teetotally under any circumstances. He had met and conquered many difficulties in his time, and he was not to be overcome by this one.

"Do the best we can, Jane," said he, speaking with a sudden cheerfulness of manner. "Go and tell Nancy to come down and serve up the dinner, while you change your dress as quickly as possible. I will see our friends in the parlor, and make an apology for the delay. Put a good face on it. Laugh at the joke, and all will be well."

Mrs. Brown, after demurring a little, went up and did as her husband suggested, while he, becoming more and more alive every moment to the ludicrousness of the scene he had just witnessed, entered the parlor laughing. Here, to the amusement of all parties, he related, in his own way, what had just occurred, exhibiting, at the same time, some evidences of the recent scene in his soiled garments.

"And now, ladies," said he, smiling, "if you'll take pity on my poor wife, who is changing her dress, and go down and see that Nancy, our good-humored chambermaid, serves up the dinner in some kind of order, you will help to turn a serious matter into a source of merriment."

Up sprang the two ladies at this hint, and were off to the kitchen in a jiffy; and, with such right good will did they go to work, that the dinner-bell rang ere Mrs. Brown had finished her toilet.

A pleasanter dinner-party never assembled at the table of Mr. and Mrs. Brown before nor since. There was good humor, and free and easy conversation in plenty. The cooking stories that were told, if written out, would fill a volume. Cooks were voted to

be the veriest torments on the face of the earth. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Agnew, in relating some of their experiences, frequently set the whole party in a roar.

"One girl I had," said Mrs. Agnew, "went ahead of everything for ignorance; although, when I hired her, she said that she had been one of the cooks for four years in the United States Hotel. One day, late in the fall, Mr. Agnew brought home some very nice Jersey sausages. A couple of friends from the country dropped in during the afternoon, and, as I knew them to have good appetites, I said to Madge—it was the third day after she came to me—'We'll have some of the sausages with the tea.' At supper time, I served out the tea, and soon noticed, as one and another sipped it, that a very unsatisfactory expression of countenance followed. 'What ails this tea?' said my husband. 'It has a curious taste.' 'I'm sure I don't know,' was my reply. Just then, I noticed that the Jersey sausages I had directed to have cooked for tea were not on the table. I rang the bell, and Madge entered.

"Did you understand me about the sausages, Madge?" I asked.

"O yis, mum," returned Madge, confidently.

"Where are they, then?"

"Wid the tee, mum. Ye said yees wanted 'em wid the tee."

"And, sure enough, they were 'wid the tee;' for, on removing the tea-pot cover, and thrusting a spoon within, I fished up a couple of links of half-boiled sausage! Of course, Madge and I parted on the spot. I was too angry with the ignorant creature."

"Madge—Madge," said Mrs. Clark, when Mrs. Agnew ceased speaking. "Was she a short, fat, vulgar-looking girl, with brown hair?"

"Yes."

"I know her very well; and had my own time with her for a month."

And then followed half a dozen more laughable stories about cooks, that prolonged the good humor, and which we would relate for the reader's amusement, if we had not already extended our article its appropriate limit.

POETRY

SISTER, I MISS THEE.

BY J. B. DURAND.

Summ, I miss thee in those hours of gladness
When round me flit the beautiful and gay;
Then o'er my spirit comes a tinge of sadness,
And from the scene I fain would turn away.
Bright eyes may sparkle, and soft words may greet me;
Companions may be winning—sweet their smile;
Yet, if there be no answering eye to meet me,
My heart, 'midst all their joy, is sad the while.

Sister, I miss thee when day-cares are pressing
Upon my mind, usurping every thought:
Oh! 'tis such times as those I miss the blessing
That once a sister's cheering influence wrought.
They pass away without the power of soothing—
Those earth-born strifes, and bustling, rankling cares,
When hope and peace a loved one round are breathing,
When hopes are brightened by a sister's prayers.

Sister, I miss thee when the day is waning—
When comes the love-inspiring vesper hour,
A breathing stillness all around us reigning—
The heart given o'er to inspiration's power.
Once, in such moments, with responsive feeling,
You wandered, gazed, and did admire with me;
But now around me memories are stealing,
And all my thoughts, dear sister, are with thee.

Sister, I miss thee ever. Scenes the brightest
Cannot thy fancied image from me part;
Forms that are fairest, and gay hearts the lightest,
Drive not the lonely feelings from my heart.
But to that hour Hope points her cheering finger,
When, home returning, I again shall greet
A smiling sister, and with her shall linger,
At morn and eve, again in converse sweet.

STANZAS.

BY A STRAY WAIF.

SHUN the words that anger urge;
Restrain them ere they leave thy tongue:
Sadder rocks than ocean merges
By passion on life's strand are flung.
Hearts by dearest bonds united,
Outraged and estranged forever;
Friendship lost; affection blighted;
Hate aroused, to slumber never.

Ah! what avails the sharp retort?
A fierce wave shivered on a rock!
Emotion wasted, winning naught
But selfabasement from the shock.
A firebrand flung, to kindle hate;
A scorpion born, whose venomous fangs
Of cherished friends may fies create,
Yet leave behind still sharper pangs

Vain the anguish of the morrow
O'er the ties by passion riven;
Words will leave a sting of sorrow,
Unforgotten though forgiven.
Through the mind like phantoms gliding,
Startling mem'ry 'mid its treasures;
With a vell fond hearts dividing;
Words plant quicksands 'mid our pleasures.

Check, oh check each angry feeling;
Leave the bitter words unspoken.
Will the wounds thy tongue is dealing
Pay for self-respect so broken?
Is thy fellow 'gainst thee sinning?
Thy anger will but steal his heart.
Art thou wrong? Thou art but winning
A scourge 'neath which thyself will smart.

SABBATH EVENING ON THE BALTIC SEA.

BY NADREHDA.

It is the evening hour,
 Yet not a single star
 Its modest radiance o'er the waters sendeth;
 For still the cloudless sky
 Hath the soft roseate dye
 That the bright orb of day so richly lendeth!

The fair blue Baltic's wave
 Our gallant bark doth lave,
 And now, like a young steed all wildly prancing,
 They lightly spring and leap,
 And to their music deep,
 Light as the sea-nymphs, they are gayly dancing.

This lovely Sabbath eve,
 Its memory may not leave
 My soul, while it the power to think shall keep!
 For it hath glided by
 In garb so heavenly,
 It seemeth like a vision of my sleep!

The sun, in gory red,
 Hath sought his briny bed—
 Yet all around, his farewell rays are gleaming;
 And, ere the lovely dye
 Leaveth the evening sky,
 The moon's cold light upon us will be streaming.

How solemn 'tis to be
 Thus tossing on the sea,
 Naught save "the blue above and blue below!"
 And yet no thought of fear
 Creepeth upon me here—
 For *He*, the Mighty One, our course doth know!

He, that the voice hath heard
 'E'en of the tiniest bird,
 When unto Him its feeble chirp ascendeth,
 Oh! He our souls doth keep
 Whilst here upon the deep
 Our solitary bark its pathway wendeth.

Oh! how the thoughts of home
 Involuntarily come
 Upon us in this solemn evening hour!
 O Father! wilt thou not
 Protect the dear, loved spot?
 For *Thine alone*, O Holiest! is the power.

And, oh! should tempests sweep
 The bosom of the deep,
 While we are dreaming, we will doubt thee *never*!
 So thou art watching here,
 Thou, who art everywhere,
 And we, thine own, will trust in thee forever.

THE FLOWING RIVER.

BY G. R. READ.

Down within an olden valley,
 Where the shadows are at play,
 Glides a brooklet musically
 All the blooming summer day;
 There the sweetest murmurs dally
 In the glowing morns of May.

Down its winding course it floweth
 To its parent in the deep;
 Like a silver flash it gloweth
 When the sunbeams o'er it creep;
 Starry night its music knoweth,
 When the world is rocked in sleep.

And the fairy tune it singeth
 Trembles in the upper air,
 And an echo ever ringeth
 From the forest everywhere,
 Telling all it only bringeth
 Echoes to a holy prayer.

Thus the soul is flowing ever,
 Breathing music's undertone,
 Down the valley of Life's river,
 Where the phantom shadows moan
 And its echoes seem to quiver
 Upward to the Holy One.

And it floweth upward, onward,
 To its parent, still and broad;
 And its breathings, gliding onward,
 Are the whispers to its God—
 Are the whispers, scattered downward,
 But to sanctify the sod.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

"My guardian angel, tell
 What thus infatuates. What enchantment plants
 The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death,
 Already at the door. Yours.

They tell me I am dying; that the eager hand of death
 Is knocking at life's portal, to claim my passing breath:
 My youthful frame is yielding to a slow but sure decay,
 And with this glorious springtime I too must pass away.

I watch them move about me with a soft and noiseless
 tread—
 But their whispered words of pity ne'er fill my soul with
 dread;
 For life beats strong within me, and my spirit knows no fear,
 While Hope is ever whispering, "the end is not yet near."

If my soul indeed were quitting this tenement of clay,
 And from its earthly prison-house struggling to break away,
 The strong life-cords that bound it, with anguish sure
 would break,
 And hues of gloomy sorrow its parting hour would take.

But my brow is all unruffled by the rude touch of pain;
 My eye undimmed by suffering—only through my frame
 There steal a dreary languor and a longing for repose,
 As twilight lulls the world to rest, and gently shuts the
 rose.

If the grim shadow hovered so close above my head,
 And the dark valley opened to my reluctant tread,
 Would not the darkness of those wings enwrap my soul in
 gloom—
 My trembling footsteps shrink and fear this foretaste of the
 tomb?

But not a cloud disturbs my peace; the morning sun, that
 steals
 And lingers in my darkened room with bright and hopeful
 beams,
 Is not more cheering in his rays than the sweet thoughts
 that come
 To people all my solitude with Fancy's motley throng.

What though this form is weak and frail? The mind
burns strong and bright;
And what seemed distant once, and dark, it grasps with
firm delight;
And things forgotten long ago, by memory brought back,
May vanish like the meteor—yet leave a shining track.

And all my dreams are full of joy—there seems no room
for fear;
The sound of laughter when I wake is ringing in my ear:
I wake to feel my sister's tears fall hot upon my cheek—
To meet my mother's mournful gaze: ah! wherefore do
they weep?

I know the birds have come again—I hear their merry
trill;
And the fresh flowers are springing far down the sunny
hill;
And the streams in all the meadows are laughing as they
flow:
The world ne'er seemed so beautiful—I cannot, cannot go!

M. W.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

BY SHUQUALAK.

The morning breaks! What cavalcade is high?
What laughing echoes on the gale are borne?
What girls—what wreaths—what choral revelry?
What melting melodies of pipe and horn?
Let bells ring out! let trumpets shake the sky!
For this is May's mad, merry-making morn,
Returned to greet us in a realm as fair
As e'er was flattered with the kiss of air!

On every hedge hath Heaven dropt a rose!
Past violet-banks the gilded vessels swim,
Where emerald meadows in the eye repose,
And forests, nodding o'er the river's brim,
Gaze, like Narcissus, as the current flows,
Upon their azure image, which, though dim,
And dark, and tremulous, can never pass,
But beams as though 'twere written on a glass!

And far and near the clouds in amber stray,
Where rosy cherubs might repose and dream,
And seraphs wear the balmy time away
In soft *abandon*; for the rising beam
Paints bowers of bliss, too exquisite to stay,
On skyey canvas, till we almost deem
That we can people them; and scan the sphere,
As though we thought an angel would appear.

Match me, ye soft and warm Italian skies,
With these serenest heavens! Can ye show,
In storm or calm, such fascinating dyes
As kindle here, and gladden while they glow,
And spread their gorgeous treasures to the eyes,
As if in mockery of all below?
Or vaunt your classic glories, as you can,
Your landscape smiles, but not the face of man!

Yet brighter than the skies that cover me
Are sparkling eyes that flash upon me now;
And redder than the blooms upon the tree
Are cheeks that ripen in the mead below;
And sweeter far than buds that feast the bee
Are lips, where kisses never fail to glow,
With nectar steeped (as roses dashed with dew),
Pouting defiance, while they ravish you!

The children shine, in merry masquerade,
Like Cupids tricked more beautiful to seem,
And some with plumes and pennants are arrayed,
That toss sublimely in the morning's beam:
They sail the lake, or gambol in the shade,
And some run races with the laughing stream
That scrambles past them in uproarious glee,
As if its wave partook their revelry.

Around—around—a giddy-hearted throng,
There thum the ground with charivari feet,
And ever to their steps soft hearts prolong
Entrancing murmurs, which the rocks repeat
Until the earth and air are filled with song
So wild, and clear, and ravishingly sweet,
The heart with huge Titanic joy is dumb;
But the eye speaks its loud delirium.

Some crown the wine—some weave the living flowers—
Some playful place them on their sunny brows—
And some apart, in sentimental bowers,
Decline their ear to Love's delicious vows:
Above, no cloud upon their beauty lowers;
Below, the trees extend their slanting boughs,
Whose fruit, rejoicing in the jocund hour,
Descends, like Danâe, in a golden shower.

And every sweet carnation that you spy
Is some fair face that half conceals its charm,
But grows upon the vision till the eye
Aches with its sweetness! First a rosy arm
And lip of nectar make the bosom sigh—
Until, in perfect loveliness, her form
Breaks forth all radiantly, like Beauty's birth,
And brings the heavens nearer to the earth.

Not in the vales of pleasant Arcady,
Not where the Brenta pours its azure stream,
Not in the realms that round Circassia lie,
Not in the musings of my deepest dream,
Not where the Houris dwell beyond the sky,
And nightly with the stars in concert beam—
Are sweeter heavens, zephyrs, girls, or flowers,
Than woo and bless us in this land of ours!

A CONFESSION.

BY BEATA.

'TWAS I, poor pretty Katy, I who did
Refuse thee shelter in my pleasant room;
I searched, and found thee in the curtain hid,
And thrust thee forth to midnight gloom.

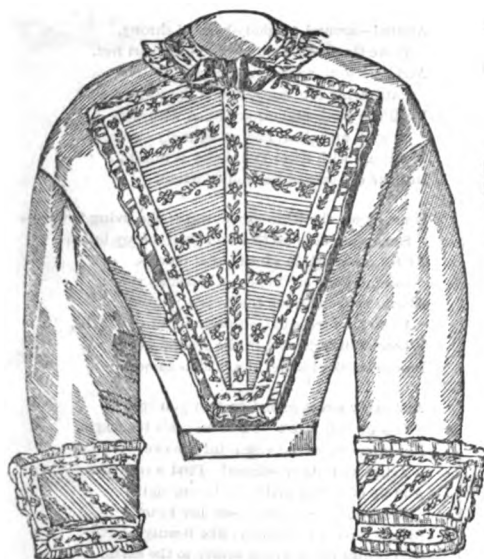
In vain thy plaintive cry, and all in vain
Thy struggles, clinging to the fold;
Perchance a rival watched thee through the pane,
And thou wert filled with jealous pangs untold.

I did it, Katy—yes, and to my shame
I must confess, no sorrow felt;
Nor did the chirping of thy rustle name,
Nor bright green coat, my feelings melt.

So now, at last thou knowest who could turn
A deafened ear to such deep woe;
And from thy dire distress a lesson learn—
Into a *lady's* *sanctum* never go.

CHEMISETTES.

No. 1.



No. 2.



THESE are, of course, still worn as the gilet, and marquisse waists continue to be in vogue. We give cuts of two entirely new styles.

No. 1 is in the form of a habit shirt, with sleeves to correspond. It is intended to be worn with a vest. The front is ornamented with alternate rows of lace and needlework, disposed horizontally, with a narrow edge of the same surrounding it. The collar is somewhat larger than has been worn, and is finished with a neat tie. The sleeves have cuffs

of needlework and lace, to correspond with the chemisette, made to turn over square. The whole has a very elegant effect, with a neat silk vest.

No. 2 is of cambric, a peculiarly rich and elegant pattern, the work so disposed that it may be worn with a low-necked dress; the front arranged for an open corsage. The small fluted collar may be dispensed with, and in its place a simple edging of rich Valenciennes lace added.

A LADY'S NIGHTCAP IN CROCHET.

Explanation: ls, long stitch; dc, double crochet; ch, chain; sq, square.

Three reels No. 20 Evan's Boar's Head Cotton. No. 4 Penelope hook.

Make 386 chain, turn back, work 1 ls, 2 ch, 1 ls into 3d loop, make 138 squares.

2d row.—*Insertion.*—6 sq, * 9 ls, 3 sq, repeat from *, end with 9 sq.

3d.—Decrease a sq, by dc on 1st ls, 3 ch, 1 ls on 2d ls, then 6 sq, * 9 ls, 3 sq, repeat from *, end with 7 sq, decrease a sq.

4th.—Decrease a sq, then 6 sq, * 9 ls, 3 sq, repeat from *, end with 5 sq, decrease a sq.

5th.—Decrease a sq, then 2 sq, * 9 ls, 3 sq, these

3 sq should come over the 9 ls of last row, repeat from *, and end with 1 sq, decrease a sq.

6th.—1 sq, 9 ls, 3 sq, repeat from *, end with 3 sq.

7th.—9 ls, 3 sq, repeat from *, end with 4 sq.

8th and 9th.—2 rows of squares.

10th.—Decrease a sq, then 8 sq, 5 ch, 1 ls under every 2 ch till within 9 squares of the end, then 3 sq, decrease a sq.

11th.—Decrease a sq, then 7 sq, 5 ch, 1 ls under every 5 ch, then 7 sq, decrease a sq.

12th.—7 sq, 5 ch, 1 ls under every 5 ch, 7 sq.

13th.—Decrease a sq, then 6 sq, 5 ch, 1 ls under every 5, 6 sq, decrease a sq.

14th.—6 sq, work as before, end with 6 sq.



15th.—Decrease a sq, 5 sq, work as before, then 5 sq, decrease a sq.

16th.—5 sq, 1 ls, under every 5 ch, with 2 ch between each 5 sq.

17th and 18th.—2 rows of squares.

19th.—Begin with 6 squares, then work the same as at 1st row of insertion, and end with 9 sq.

20th.—Begin with 7 sq, work as 2d row of insertion, end with 10 sq.

21st.—Begin with 8 sq, work as 3d row of insertion, end with 5 sq.

22d.—Begin with 5 sq, work as 4th row of insertion, end with 5 sq.

23d.—Begin with 4 sq, work as 5th row of insertion, end with 6 sq.

24th.—Begin with 3 sq, work as 6th row of insertion, end with 7 sq.

25th, 26th, and 27th.—3 rows of squares.

To slope the back of the Cap.—Begin on the right side of the work, under the 1st 2 ch, work 2 ls with 2 ch between each, then 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls, this must be carefully attended to, otherwise 1 stitch will be lost; after this, work 38 sq, then 2 ch, do on next ls, turn on reverse side, 3 ch, do on 1st ls, then 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls, then 38 sq, 2 ch, 1 ls under the last 2 ch, 2 ch, 1 more ls under same, turn on reverse side, 5 ch, 1 ls under the 1st 2 ch, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 16 sq, 2 ch, do on next ls, turn on reverse side, 3 ch, do on 1st ls, 2 ch, do on next ls, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 15 sq, 2 ch,

1 ls into the 5 ch at the end, turn on reverse side, 5 ch, 1 ls under 1st 2 ch, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 8 sq, 2 ch, do on next ls, turn on reverse side, 3 ch, do on 1st ls, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 8 sq, 2 ch, 1 ls under the 5 ch, turn on reverse side, 5 ch, 1 ls, under 2 ch, 2 ch, 1 ls on 1st ls; after this, work 5 sq, 2 ch, do on next ls, turn on reverse side, 3 ch, do on 1st ls, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 5 sq, 2 ch, 1 ls under 5 ch, turn on reverse side, 5 ch, 1 ls under 2 ch, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 3 sq, 2 ch, do on next ls, turn on reverse side, 3 ch, do on 1st ls, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 3 sq, 2 ch, 1 ls under the 5 ch, turn on reverse side, 5 ch, 1 ls under the 2 ch, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 2 sq, 2 ch, do on next ls, turn on reverse side, 3 ch, do on 1st ls, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 2 sq, 2 ch, 1 ls under 5 ch, turn on reverse side, 5 ch, 1 ls under 2 ch, 2 ch, 1 ls on next ls; after this, work 1 sq, 2 ch, do on next ls. This finishes the slope on one side; now slope the other side the same, only beginning on the wrong side of the work instead of the right. Now crochet the two sides together, and under every space, and under the chain stitches which form the slope, all round and where the crown is to be sewed in, work 2 dc stitches; and round the front and back, where the border will be worked, crochet 3 dc stitches into every space, making 7 dc at the 2 corners.

For the Crown of the Cap.—Make 7 ch, unite, 7

ch, dc into every loop, thus making 7 chains of seven. The cotton must be cut off at every row.

2d.—Do into centre loop of 7, 7 ch, repeat.

3d.—Do into centre loop of 7, 7 ch, dc on dc stitch, 7 ch, repeat.

4th.—Same as 2d.

5th.—Same as 3d.

6th.—Same as 2d.

8th.—Same as 3d.

Now repeat again 2d, 3d, and 2d rows.

12th.—Do into centre loop of 7, 5 ch, repeat.

13th.—1 ls, 2 ch, 1 ls into 3d loop all round, including the dc stitches. In this row there are not sufficient stitches for the next row by 5, therefore, for 5 times miss 1 loop instead of 2, at different intervals. There must be 114 squares in this row, therefore it is not very material whether 1 loop or 2 be missed occasionally, so that 114 squares are made.

14th.—10 ls, 3 sq, * 9 ls, 3 sq, repeat from * all round.

15th.—10 ls the 1st on 4th ls of the 10 ls, * 3 sq, 9 ls, repeat from *.

16th.—The same as last.

17th.—10 ls the 1st on the last of the 9 ls, * 3 sq, 9 ls, repeat from *.

18th.—10 ls the 1st on the last ls of the 2d sq, * 3 sq, 9 ls, repeat from *.

19th.—The same as last row. This pattern is simply the same as the insertion in the front

20th.—1 ls, 2 ch, miss 1 loop, repeat.

21st.—5 ch, dc on every ls.

22d.—5 ch, dc into centre loop of 5 ch, repeat.

23d, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th.—The same as 22d.

28th.—1 ls into the centre loop of the 5 ch, 2 ch, repeat.

29th.—Begin on a ls, 10 ls in the next 7 loops, including the 1st stitch, 3 sq, 9 ls, in the next 7 loops, 3 sq, 9 ls, in the next 7 loops, * 3 sq, 9 ls, in the next 9 loops, repeat from *; the reason for commencing the row in this manner is, that there were not squares enough in the last row for the pattern. This row is the same as 14th row. Now work as at 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th rows.

Now 1 ls, 2 ch, 1 long into 3d loop.

Now 1 ls on ls, 2 ch, repeat.

2 dc under every 2 ch, worked tightly. Now sew the crown into the front, gathering it in as may be required.

Border.—1st Row.—Work all round 1 ls into every loop, with 2 ch between each.

2d.—5 ch, 1 ls, under every 2 ch, all round.

3d and 4th.—1 ls under the 5 ch, 5 ch, repeat.

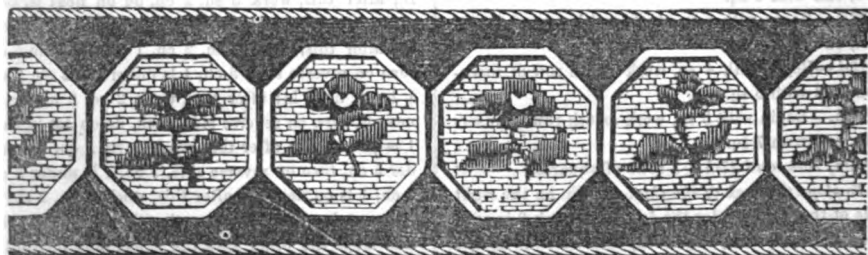
5th.—Work an extra row the same as the last, along the front, beginning and ending at the ears, just where the chains of 5, in the centre of the 2 rows of insertion, begin.

6th.—Work all round, * 5 ls with 3 ch, between each, under the 5 ch, 3 ch, dc under next 5, 3 ch, dc under next 5, 3 ch, repeat from *, under next 5.

7th.—3 ch, dc under every 3 ch, all round.

Narrow ribbon, or wide white cotton braid, may be drawn in round the crown and along the front, but it is not actually necessary excepting for ornament.

BERLIN WORK.—GENTLEMAN'S BRACES.

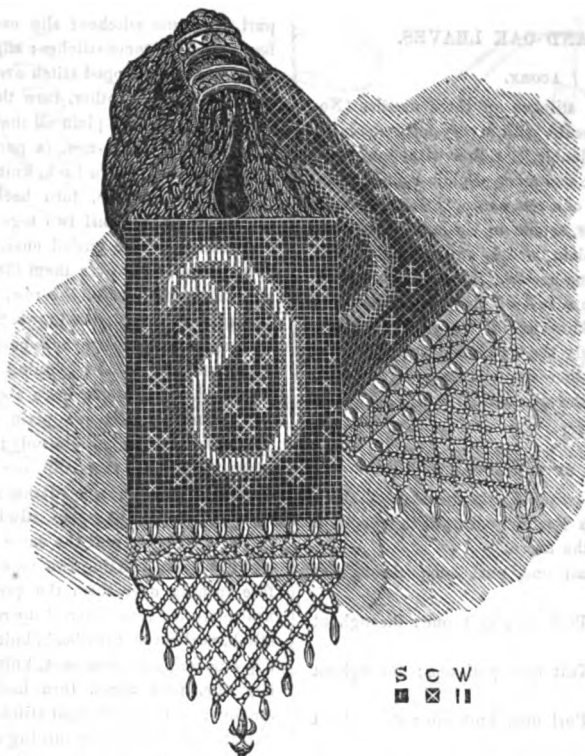


Materials.—One yard and an eighth of white silk canvas, one nail in width; two shades of green, two ditto of blue, two ditto of scarlet, and one of amber embroidery silk. Black silk will also be required for the grounding.

Work, in cross stitch, the outline of the medallions with amber; the stems and the lower portion of the leaves with dark green; the upper part with

the light shade. Work the five stitches in the centre of the flowers with amber, the lower portion with the dark shade, and the upper with the light. Work alternately a scarlet and a blue flower. Leave the spaces within the medallions, but fill in the remainder of the ground with black. Line with white ribbon, and make up in the usual style.

EMBROIDERED PURSE.



Materials.—Half a yard of French canvas, No. 40, 5 inches wide, 2 hanks of large gold beads, 8 strings of transparent white, of the same size, 4 skeins of emerald green floss silk, 2 skeins of netting silk to match, and half a yard of sarsnet ribbon of the same hue; 2 fringed purse-ends and rings.

The mode of working this purse, by doing the ends on fine canvas, is one now first introduced to the public. It is particularly suitable for those who carry a good deal of money about with them, as the ends can never tear or give way. We all know the consequences of a *dropped loop* in knitting, and of a stitch giving way in crochet; and how often a handsome purse is thus rendered utterly useless. Embroidered ends are quite free from this defect, and have a very handsome appearance.

A diagram is given of one side of the canvas work. The two sides of each end are worked on one piece, divided only by a cross stitch line of floss silk, on which the fringed garniture is sewed. The pattern must be worked from the diagram given, the gold beads being first put on; these are distinguished by a \times in the centre of a white square. The white beads are then to be added: they are marked by a

white round on a black square. The grounding is done in green floss silk. Of course, the canvas must be properly stretched on a frame before it is worked. The beads are put on with strong silk. Leave an inch or two of canvas between the pieces, for the two ends.

The space for the rings is knitted in the following manner: Green netting silk, and two needles, No. 17. Cast on 84 stitches, and knit one plain row.

Pattern: \times knit 1, make 1, knit two together \times . Repeat this to the end, and continue it for every row, until sufficient is done: then knit one plain row, and cast off.

To make up the Purse.—Sew up the sides of the canvas as closely as possible—which can only be done by sewing them on the right side. Make linings of the ribbon to fit the ends, put them in, and run them together at the seams and ends. Sew the knitting to one end, letting the opening come in the centre of one side; slip on the rings and run on the other end. Conceal the joins of the sides of the canvas, and those where the knitting is sewed on, by a row of gold beads, fasten on the fringe, and the purse is complete.

KNITTED BERRIES AND FRUIT.

ACORN AND OAK LEAVES.

ACORN.

CAST on eighteen stitches on three needles (No. 20); six on each needle, with a very light shade of China silk, wound double, or rather with fine purse twist single. Work a number of plain rounds sufficient for the length of a real acorn, then one round, knitting two stitches, as one in the middle of each needle; another plain round, and gather all the stitches with a sewing needle. Then on the top of a double wire make a tuft of green wool, sufficient in length and thickness to fill the silk acorn just knitted, fasten neatly the gathered stitches to the top of the tuft, gather the stitches of the other aperture, fasten off the silk, and your acorn is ready for its little cup.

CUP OF THE ACORN.

Cast on eighteen stitches; six on each of three needles, with green Berlin wool, split in two, of a darker shade than the acorn.

First round.—Knit one, purl one; throughout the round.

Second round.—Purl one, knit one; throughout the round.

Third round.—Knit one, purl one; throughout the round.

Fourth round.—Purl one, knit one; throughout the round.

Fifth round.—Knit together as one the two first, and the two last stitches of each needle; the other stitches plain.

Sixth round.—Plain, and gather the stitches with a rug needle.

Place the acorns in the cup, and fasten them together by a few stitches round the edge of the cup.

LEAF.

Needles, No. 19.—Cast on one stitch, with green wool split, or purse twist, rather fine.

First row.—Make one, knit one.

Second row.—Make one, purl two.

Third row.—Make one, knit three.

Fourth row.—Make one, purl four.

Fifth row.—Knit two, make one, knit one, make one; knit the remainder of the row.

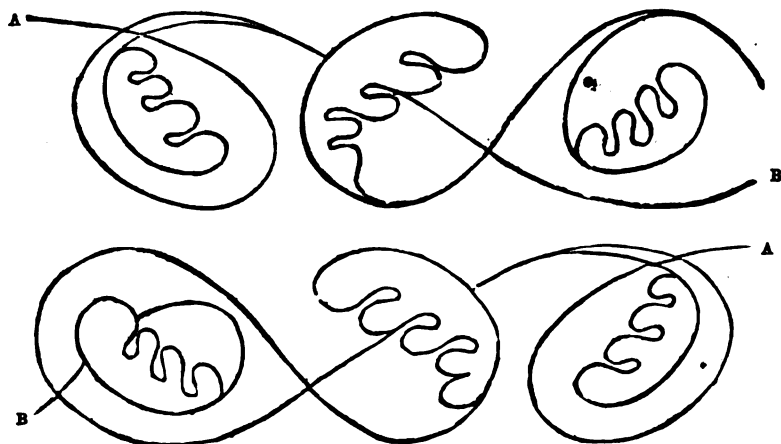
Sixth row.—Purled.

Continue in alternate plain and purled rows, making one stitch before, and one after the middle stitch in every knitted row, till you have thirteen stitches on the needle; then, in the next front or knitted row, slip one stitch, knit two, turn back,

purl the same stitches; slip one, knit three, turn back, purl the same stitches; slip one, knit two together, turn the slipped stitch over the knitted ones; knit two more together, turn the stitch last made over them, and knit plain all the stitches on the left hand needle. Next row, (a purled one,) slip one stitch,* purl two, turn back, knit the same stitches; slip one, purl three, turn back, knit the same stitches; slip one, purl two together, turn the slipped stitch over the purled ones, purl two more together, and turn over them the stitch last made, purl the remainder of the row. Then resume the alternate plain and purled rows, making, in the plain row, one stitch before and one after the middle stitch, and one at the beginning of every row, plain or purled. When you have about twenty stitches on the needle, knit one plain row, increasing as before, but in the middle only; and purl one row without increase, then, slip one stitch, knit seven, turn back, purl the same stitches; slip one, knit five, turn back, purl the same stitches; slip one, knit three, turn back, purl the same stitches. Cast off eight stitches, knitting two together each time before turning over them the preceding stitch, and knit plain the remainder of the row. Then, slip one stitch, purl seven, turn back, knit the same stitches; slip one, purl five, turn back, knit the same stitches; slip one, purl three, turn back, knit the same stitches; and cast off eight stitches, purling two together each time before turning over them the preceding stitch; purl the remainder of the row. Work one or two more scallops like this last, according to the size of the leaf which you intend to make; then, one much smaller, and finish your leaf by decreasing one stitch at the beginning of the front, and one at the beginning of the back row, cast off the few remaining stitches; cover a wire with green wool split, sew it neatly round the leaf, preserving carefully the shape of the scallops; sew another wire, covered with green wool, along the back of the nervure in the middle of the leaf; twist together all the wires, and cover them with green wool, to make the stem of the leaf. Half a dozen leaves of different sizes and shades, and about as many acorns make a very handsome branch. Too much regularity in the size or shape of the leaves ought to be rather avoided than aimed at; as it is not in nature. Acorns and oak leaves might be used with excellent effect for ornamenting the fringe of very handsome mats, and two acorns, back to back, filled with emery, are pretty and useful in a work-box.

* All slipped stitches in the purling rows are to be taken from the back.

PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



THESE are designed to form a continuous pattern } touching each other, and the two ends marked B
to be united at the ends, the two parts marked A } touching each other. To be wrought with cord.



COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.

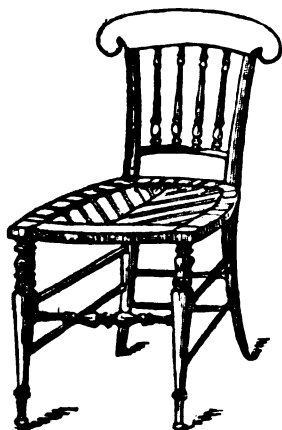


Fig. 2.

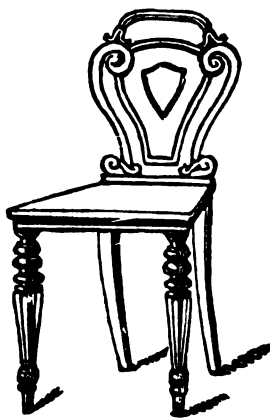


Fig. 3.

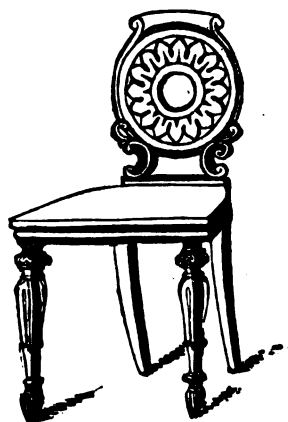


Fig. 1 is a fancy chair for the drawing-room.

Figs. 2 and 3 are hall chairs, which may be made

} either of mahogany or oak, or of other wood painted
in imitation of oak.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MAY! The very word is poetic, and seems naturally followed by *flowers*. We look out, expecting to catch a glimpse of buds and blossoms among the unfolding leaves and soft green grass that, whispering of the youth of Nature, almost tempts age to believe in the rejuvenescence of humanity. It is pleasant to be young, even in fancy; to live over the hopes of those bright, long days of childhood, when it seemed as though the sun would never go down.

"O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when with dark winter's sadness
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharpest?"

But it matters not whence she comes; or, rather, we feel—though Shelley might not—that Spring comes by the purpose and from the love of Him who promised that, "while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." This divine promise assures the material condition of humanity. Nature obeys God. On this obedience even the atheist reckons, when he hopes for the return of Spring. But how poor and cold are his hymns to Nature, to which he ascribes this regularity in the wonder-working power of the Seasons, compared with the love and gratitude animating the heart of the Christian, who thanks God for thus watching over the "round world, and they that dwell therein!"

THE PRESENT.—If ever there was a time that required deep and fervent faith in God and in his Word, it is now. The Old World is quaking with fears that the great deeps of humanity are soon to be broken up. A storm seems impending which makes proud England tremble, and turn, in her forebodings, for help to our new nation. The Mother feels she must lean on the strong arm of the Daughter, or she may be overwhelmed. Every mail from abroad brings fresh indications of the coming struggle. This must be met and managed by men;—but who are to be the helpless victims, the weepers who "will go about the streets," the mourners who "cannot be comforted?" Will not the saddest lot fall, where it has hitherto always fallen from the sins of men, on the home and heart of woman? Take the sin of INTemperance, that, in our land, is the *great sin*, as that of WAR is in Europe, and calculate its effects on the condition of the drunkard and his family. He destroys himself, to be sure—but he does have some enjoyment, some gratification of his debased appetites and passions, during the debauch with his boon companions; while his wretched wife and helpless children—hungry, cold, ragged, and diseased—are suffering all these extremities of misery from his wickedness, and that of the greater criminal, the vile RUM-SELLER!

A drunken man in Baltimore, not long since, drove his wife from their home by his abusive cruelty, and then murdered their two children. He killed himself also;—and thus the broken-hearted, childless mother is left to weep alone for the crimes of her husband as well as over his death. And yet editors of public journals, giving pathetic account of this awful tragedy, caused by the *selling of spirit*

uous liquors, can still disparage the "*Maine Liquor Law*," and try, covertly if not openly, to hinder its being passed by the Legislatures of other States!

We have never echoed the cry of "Woman's Rights," but only sought to encourage her to do her DUTIES. Not at the polls, but in the parlors, must she canvass this subject of Temperance. Her *voice*, not her *vote*, is what the times require.

Women of America, be true to your duties! Persuade, entreat, advise those men—over whose happiness and homes you—as mother, wife, sister, friend—have the guardianship next to that of the angels—to abolish by law the manufacture and traffic in Rum and its substitutes. Then America may stand proudly forth as the hope of the world. Then Great Britain may look to our land as to the pillar of fire that is to lead her through the night of darkness that she fears is coming upon her. America, breaking the bands of Intemperance from off her breast, and trampling the intoxicating bowl under her feet, would become the best, the strongest, the noblest champion of humanity the world ever saw, and might well take the lead in all that makes the true glory of mankind!

"AN EXPENSIVE WOMAN.—An economist the other day observed a lady who carried one day's labor of two thousand men upon her shoulders, and that of as many more hanging from her ears. There was not a limb in her body which did not call for the work of an entire day of one hundred men or women; and if it were usual to adorn the person with gold, like a Chinese pagoda, instead of silks and furs and textures of lace and wool, what was expended on her dress would have plated her all over with the precious metal."

We copied the above from a religious paper. Without intending to deny the facts stated, or dissent from the conclusions drawn, we would respectfully ask the writer to calculate the cost of the tobacco used in smoking and chewing by *professing Christian men in our land*. The jewels and finery about the lady's person were not all wasted—they had some real worth, which might be of use to her in a reverse of fortune. Of what worth or advantage is the habit of using tobacco? This habit not only requires the cost of much labor from those who raise and prepare the dirty weed, but takes the precious time of those who give themselves up to its power. Even clergymen—ministers of the Gospel—often waste, amid the fumes of tobacco smoke, those minutes they should employ in prayer, those hours they should devote to the poor among their people.

But we are not designing to cover, even by a merited rector, the wrong doings of our own sex. Women are too much given to fashion. They spend too much time in dress, idle gossip, and light reading. Whose fault is it that women are thus trifling? *It is the fault of men*. They neither give their daughters a sound, liberal, soul-enlightening education, nor will they permit them opportunities of using their talents in a way that might be of any profit to themselves or others.

Look at a rich father—a Christian of high standing in his church. He will listen to the words of St. Paul, "He who liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth," and thin-

the rebuke of female vanity is well merited. But how does this father train his own daughters? At the fashionable female schools, or by the music-master, chiefly. Years are wasted by girls who have no talent for music, in thrumming the piano—because it is fashionable for young ladies to play. The father who gives his son an education which he can make useful, allows his daughters to waste their time in pursuits that are only meant, in their highest accomplishment, to give pleasure. Yet "she who liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

But it will be said, Woman's destiny is to marry, and she does not want a profession. How is woman's destiny any more connected with marriage than man's? They must marry together. If she need an education that will make her a good wife, he equally needs an education that will make him a good husband. Woman wants something to do—an aim and pursuit for life—which will harmonize with her condition as an accountable being, as well as enable her to discharge with better knowledge her duties as daughter, sister, wife, and mother, and mistress of a family, should all be her lot. There are three pursuits that harmonize with woman's character and condition, viz: teaching, ministering to the sick, and having the care of charitable institutions, which are chiefly designed for their own sex and for children.

The daughters of rich men should be as thoroughly educated as their sons. Such young ladies should be able to give instruction to others, even if never needed to act as teachers. And how can woman, to whom God has given a body more complicated than that of man, be safely kept in ignorance of her own wonderful formation? God has placed her at the fountain of life, given into her care the new-born child. Has He not given her capacity to learn how the child should be ordered, and how her own peculiar diseases should be treated? Many rich young men study medicine because they wish to have a pursuit—not that they intend to practice. Many rich young ladies might, most advantageously, devote the time they waste on frivolous pursuits or foolish accomplishments to this science. Then they would know how to take care of their own health—and they might do many acts of kindness to the sick poor by this knowledge; thus gaining strength of mind and peace of conscience.

Christian fathers, which do you give your daughters—an education that makes them dependent on fashion and show for their happiness, or one that will qualify them to do good and to communicate blessings to others?

STATISTICS OF FEMALE TEACHERS.—Massachusetts has in her public schools about 8,000 (in round numbers) teachers. Of these, 6,000 are females, or in the proportion of *three to one* compared with the male teachers.

Brooklyn City, L. I., has in its public schools 120 teachers—17 males, 103 females, or in the proportion of *seven to one*.

Philadelphia employs 781 teachers in its public schools, viz: 82 males, 699 females, or the proportion of *eight to one*.

Is not this view encouraging for the prospects of female education and employment? A blessed circumstance it is to our country that the men are learning to value and employ rightly the talents of woman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Even Measure," "The Altar of Earth," "The Wedding Ring," "Woman, Rights and Writing," "Parting Words," "Evening Hymn," "Stanzas—There is a glow of purest

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light," "Address to the Soul," "The Soldier's Dream of Home," "Love and Truth," "To Signora B****," "Moon light," "L'Amour," "God must be merciful to Kings," "Hermene," "Memory," "Rocks," "Last Words," "Our Three Marriages," "The Little Girl's Inquiry."

We are obliged to *decline* the following:—some of these, as we learn from their authors, have been already published (in "provincial papers"), which effectually prevents their appearance in the "Lady's Book"—"A Story in Three Parts," "Heaven," "Dawn," "The Two Sisters," "Desert not the Cottage," "The Heart that's Always True," "Ode on Spring," "The West Wind," "Spring Musings," "Clouds," "The Miniature Ring," "The Erring Son," "Oblivion," and "Angela."

THE LADIES' NEW ENGLAND ART-UNION OF NEEDLEWORK.—Mr. Godey returns his thanks to George Stimpson, Esq., for the "certificate of membership" to this "Union," which he has transmitted him. Mr. Godey is proud to receive such evidences of approbation from the accomplished ladies who are engaged in perfecting the art of needlework. He will endeavor to make his "Lady's Book" worthy of their patronage; then he is sure it will continue to win general favor.

As the plan of this society should be widely known, we subjoin the programme. The management is under the care of Mrs. C. A. Stimpson, No. 9 Bow Street, Charlestown, Mass.

During the last few years, much has been said, and many efforts have been made for the amelioration of the condition of those who obtain a livelihood by the use of the **NEEDLE**, and it may be admitted that something has been done worthy of commendation. But it is believed there is yet room for further advancement, and therefore the Manager begs leave to lay before the public her plan for a *Ladies' Art-Union of Needlework*, for the encouragement of those who would gain an honorable livelihood in this beautiful branch of art. If the Art-unions, which now find so much favor with the public, are deserving of encouragement, it is believed that this effort to give employment to a number of deserving females will meet with all the encouragement and support its most ardent friends anticipate.

The payment of *Five Dollars* will constitute membership for one year.

Every subscriber, upon the payment of *Five Dollars*, will receive a printed certificate of membership, which shall entitle him or her to—

1st. A copy of a new and splendid book, entitled "**BEAUTIES OF SACRED LITERATURE**." This work is embellished with *eight* beautiful steel-plate engravings, namely—
 "Suffer little children to come unto me," engraved by SADD.
 Moses smiting the Rock, - - - "DONEY.
 Daniel in the Lion's Den, - - - "
 The Raising of Lazarus, - - - "SADD.
 The Rescue of Moses, - - - "DONEY.
 The youthful Saviour in the Temple, - "ORMSBY.
 The Friend of Adversity, - - - "SADD.
 Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, - "PELTON.

This work will be beautifully printed, and bound in a style equal to any of the *Annals*.

2d. A chance to obtain the beautiful piece of Embroidery, entitled "**MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS RESIGNING THE CROWN AT LOCHLEVIN CASTLE**." This piece measures three feet by four feet six inches, and is valued at \$300.

Other works of this art will be given to the subscribers, according to the success of the Union.

OUR TREASURY.

OAK PLANTING.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade, nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing, and increasing, and benefiting mankind, long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields. Indeed, it is the nature of such occupations to lift the thoughts above mere worldliness. As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy. There is a serene and settled majesty in woodland scenery, that enters into the soul, and dilates and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations. The ancient and hereditary groves, too, that embower this island, are most of them full of story. They are haunted by the recollections of great spirits of past ages, who have sought for relaxation among them from the tumult of arms, or the toils of state, or have wooed the muse beneath their shade. Who can walk, with soul unmoved, among the stately groves of Penshurst, where the gallant, the amiable, the elegant Sir Philip Sidney passed his boyhood; or can look without fondness upon the tree that is said to have been planted on his birthday; or can ramble among the classic bowers of Hagley; or can pause among the solitudes of Windsor Forest, and look at the oaks around, huge, gray, and time-worn, like the old castle towers, and not feel as if he were surrounded by so many monuments of long-enduring glory? It is, when viewed in this light, that planted groves, and stately avenues, and cultivated parks, have an advantage over the more luxuriant beauties of unassisted nature. It is that they team with moral associations, and keep up the ever-interesting story of human existence.

It is incumbent, then, on the high and generous spirits of an ancient nation, to cherish these sacred groves that surround their ancestral mansions, and to perpetuate them to their descendants. Republican as I am by birth, and brought up as I have been in republican principles and habits, I can feel nothing of the servile reverence for titled rank, merely because it is titled; but I trust that I am neither churl nor bigot in my creed. I can both see and feel how hereditary distinction, when it falls to the lot of a generous mind, may elevate that mind into true nobility. It is one of the effects of hereditary rank, when it falls thus happily, that it multiplies the duties, and, as it were, extends the existence of the possessor. He does not feel himself a mere individual link in creation, responsible only for his own brief term of being. He carries back his existence in proud recollection, and he extends it forward in honorable anticipation. He lives with his ancestry, and he lives with his posterity. To both does he consider himself involved in deep responsibilities. As he has received much from those that have gone before, so he feels bound to transmit much to those who are to come after him. His domestic undertakings seem to imply a longer existence than those of ordinary men; none are so apt to build and plant for future centuries, as noble-spirited men, who have received their heritages from foregone ages.

I cannot but applaud, therefore, the fondness and pride with which I have noticed English gentlemen, of generous temperaments, and high aristocratic feelings, contemplating those magnificent trees, which rise like towers and

pyramids from the midst of their paternal lands. There is an affinity between all nature, animate and inanimate: the oak, in the pride and lushness of its growth, seems to me to take its range with the lion and the eagle, and to assimilate, in the grandeur of its attributes, to heroic and intellectual man. With its mighty pillar rising straight and direct towards heaven, bearing up its leafy honors from the impurities of earth, and supporting them aloft in free air and glorious sunshine, it is an emblem of what a true nobleman *should be*; a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed, a defence for the defenceless; warding off from them the peltings of the storm, or the scorching rays of arbitrary power. He who is *this*, is an ornament and a blessing to his native land. He who is *otherwise*, abuses his eminent advantages; abuses the grandeur and prosperity which he has drawn from the bosom of his country. Should tempests arise, and he be laid prostrate by the storm, who would mourn over his fall? Should he be borne down by the oppressive hand of power, who would murmur at his fate?—"Why cumbereth he the ground?"

WOMAN.

BY EDWARD D. MANSFIELD.

THERE is a beautiful *parallelism* between the condition of woman in her domestic life, and the character of a nation. She is the mother of men, and the former of their minds, at that early age when every word distills upon the heart, like the dew-drop upon the tender grass. There is to that young mind no truth or falsehood in the world but that whose words flow from the mother's lips. There is no beauty in character, nor glory in action, which has not been concentrated by her praise. There is to that climbing child no path where the mother's feet has not trod. Her mind is to his the supernatural pillar of fire which illumines his mid-night ignorance, and the silvery cloud which at mid-day precedes him in every highway to the world. And, even when science has conducted her pupil through the highest walks of knowledge; or when art has polished him into the accomplished citizen; or when power has dignified him with the memorials of office, *she still lives in his soul*, which she has imbued from her heart's

"pictured urn,

With thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

It is thus that society is formed in its social and moral ideas, and thus that its condition must ever present, on a large scale, a parallelism in its moral life, to the condition of woman. It is not matter of fancy, but a great social fact.

Literary Notices.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), corner of Fourth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

MARCUS WARLAND; OR, THE LONG MOSS SPRING.

By Caroline Lee Hents, author of "Linda," "The Mob Cap," etc. In this work, the object of the authoress has been to present to the reader that which she conceives to be a fair view of the social institutions of the South. Her residence in several of the Southern States has enabled her to perform this duty impartially; and she claims that no one will accuse her of having set down aught in malice, and asserts that she has in nothing extenuated. This we believe. Mrs. Hents is a lady endowed with a superior mind, quick to perceive error, and ever ready to condemn it; but, at the same time, she is a lady of great charity, willing to concede that circumstances

may have such an influence upon the conduct and the appearances of others as should induce us to weigh with great care all the facts relating to their positions before we pronounce an opinion. It is greatly to be regretted that writers generally do not partake more liberally of her kind sentiments in this regard, even if they do not possess her genius, and thus, where they cannot praise the condition of things, at least do justice to the circumstances of individuals.

—
FROM CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

A REEL IN A BOTTLE, FOR JACK IN THE DOLDRUMS: *being the Adventures of two of the King's Seamen in a Voyage to the Oriental Country.* Edited, from the Manuscript of an old Salt, by the Rev. Henry T. Cheever, author of "The Whale and his Captors," "Island World of the Pacific," etc. This is a very attractive book, written in a very pleasant style, on highly important subjects. Those who are fond of sea stories will find in it all the quaint peculiarities that belong to seafaring characters; but none of those features which so often render such portraits objectionable. It is, in fact, a kind of Pilgrim's Progress on the ocean, in which the author has been careful to display all the virtues, and all the duties of a Christian life. One who has, in times past, had some experience among seamen, thinks it would be an admirable book to put into the hands of such as traverse the deep, as well as in the hands of those who are not familiar with the shoals and quicksands that threaten destruction to all in the eventful voyage of life.

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FROM J. W. MOORE, 128 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—
QUAKERISM; OR, THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By a Lady, who, for forty years, was a member of the Society of Friends. There are some peculiarities about this volume for which we do not intend to be in the remotest degree responsible. To tell the truth about it, it is a severe stricture upon the conduct and principles of a numerous and respectable religious society, against whom but little has heretofore been said that has had any lasting impression on the public mind. Indeed, much that the author has represented to be facts, and much that forms the basis of her arguments, has already been denied; but whether successfully refuted we are not able to say. We have spoken this candidly, but with a determination not to be involved in religious or sectarian disputes.

A LEGEND OF THE WALDENSES, AND OTHER TALES. By Mary J. Windle. This is the third edition of a volume of tales, which, on account of the interest they create in important historical events, will long remain favorites with readers of taste and discrimination.

CHAMBERS' PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE. Volume 4. The historical and scientific merits of this work are so universally known, and so highly appreciated, that we deem we need only refer our readers to the fact of their publication, as the volumes appear.

—
FROM THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & Co., Philadelphia:—
THE STANDARD SPEAKER: *containing Exercises in Prose and Poetry, for Declamation in Schools, Academies, Lyceums, and Colleges, newly Translated or Compiled from Celebrated Orators, Authors, and Popular Debaters, Ancient and Modern. A Treatise on Oratory and Elocution. Notes Explanatory and Biographical.* By Epees Sargent. 1 vol. foyal 12mo., 558 pages. Boys who want "capital pieces for speaking," will not be long in finding out the attractions of this handsome and comprehensive volume. It contains, among the old masterpieces in the art, a variety

of new and striking pieces for declamation, evidently compiled or translated with great research and labor on the part of the editor. Nothing could be better than some of the translations from Mirabeau, Victor Hugo, Massillon, and others, now for the first time presented. The poetical and dramatic extracts are numerous and well adapted, and the British and American Senatorial departments are admirably filled and arranged. The work will command attention generally from teachers and all persons interested in the good cause of elocution. It is well adapted for use in all sections of the United States.

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FROM LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—
PHILADELPHIA AS IT IS, IN 1852: *being a correct Guide to all the Public Buildings, Literary, Scientific, and Benevolent Institutions; and places of Amusement; Remarkable Objects; Manufactories; Commercial Warehouses; and Wholesale Stores in Philadelphia and its vicinity.* With Illustrations, and a map of the city and environs. By R. A. Smith. Happily, the title of this work is so comprehensive, that we have little to say in relation to it, except it is to assure the reader that the work contains all the title claims. It gives us pleasure to add, however, that Mr. R. A. Smith is about to bring out a very beautiful work on the Cemeteries of Philadelphia, with numerous illustrations. Laurel Hill will be the first of the series, and form a distinct book.

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FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

RECOLLECTIONS OF LITERARY LIFE; *or, Books, Places, and People.* By Mary Russell Mitford, author of "Our Village," "Belford Regis," etc. This is one of the most interesting and fascinating books that has come under our observation for many a day. Its variety, pleasantness, and truthfulness, all tending to leave the most refined and charitable impressions on the heart of the reader, will greatly endear the name of the author to her numerous readers and admirers on this side of the ocean.

THE ARCTIC SEARCHING EXPEDITION: *a Journal of Boat-Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in Search of the Discovery Ships under command of Sir John Franklin.* With an Appendix on the Physical Geography of North America. By Sir John Richardson, C. B., F. R. S., Inspector of Naval Hospital and Fleets, &c. This is a most valuable work, presenting to the reader a vast amount of new and valuable information in relation to a remote and interesting quarter of the globe.

—
FROM GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY; *or Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1852.* Exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in mechanics, useful arts, natural philosophy, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, zoology, botany, mineralogy, geology, geography, antiquities, etc. Together with a list of recent scientific publications; a classified list of patents; obituaries of eminent scientific men; notes on the progress of science during the year 1851, etc. etc. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. The reader will find the annual to embrace every subject enumerated in the title.

—
FROM JOHN S. TAYLOR, New York, through H. C. BAIRD and J. W. MOORE, Philadelphia:—

MUSINGS OF AN INVALID. Second edition. The author of this book has had ample reasons for feeling gratified with the success it has met with. These feelings, however, were not confined, as we presume, to its rapid sale. He

must have felt a higher gratification in the plaudits that were showered upon him from every quarter, exalting his wisdom, his quaint and gentle morality, his uncommon vigor, his kindly heart, and original and refined intellect, because, probably, he was conscious that he was not undervaluing of all that was said of him. In his preface to the second edition, he pleads "guilty to some little disingenuousness, in assuming a part that did not belong to him." He was not the sick and wretched being he had represented himself, but a hale and happy fellow, who never taken has so much as a pill in five years. We are glad to hear it. We hope he will long retain his good health and spirits, that he may the longer and more agreeably administer to the rational and spiritual comforts of his readers. We have some doubts, nevertheless, as to the propriety of making his secret known to the public.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia:—

THE BOOK OF BALLADS. Edited by Bon Gaullier. A new edition, with several new ballads. With illustrations. LAYS OF THE SCOTTISH CAVALIERS, AND OTHER POEMS. By William Edmondstone Aytoun, Editor of "Blackwood's Magazine," and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh. The poetry of this volume is founded on some of the most interesting facts detailed in the history of Scotland, sketches of which the author has taken the pains to present the reader in his notes and prose introductions.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through DANIELS & SMITH, Philadelphia:—

THE HISTORY OF PALESTINE FROM THE PATRIARCHAL AGE TO THE PRESENT TIME; with *Introductory Chapters on the Geography and Natural History of the Country, and on the Customs and Institutions of the Hebrews*. By John Kitto, D. D., Editor of the "Pictorial Bible," "Pictorial History of Palestine," etc. With upwards of two hundred illustrations. This is a very valuable book, full of instruction for the young, and is therefore worthy of a place in every family library.

BEAUTIES OF SACRED LITERATURE. Illustrated by eight steel engravings. Edited by Thomas Wyatt, A. M., author of "The Sacred Tableaux," etc. etc. This is an elegant volume, in every particular worthy of the sublime subjects of which it treats. It comes to us from the "Ladies' New England Art-Union of Needlework," No. 9 Bow Street, Charlestown. The table of contents embraces articles from a number of the very best poets and prose writers of our country, which assure us at once of the purity and excellence of its moral and religious sentiments.

NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "The Head of the Family." A Novel. By the author of "Olive," and "The Ogilvies."—"Ravenscliffe." By the author of "Time, the Avenger."—"Adelaide Lindsay," etc.—Part 22d of "A Dictionary of Practical Medicine; containing General Pathology, the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Morbid Structures," &c.

By James Copland, M. D., F. R. S. Edited, with additions, by Charles L. Lee, M. D.—No. 20 of the "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." By Benson J. Lossing.—"Darien; or, the Merchant Prince." A Historical Romance by Eliot Warburton, author of "The Crescent and the Cross," etc.

From E. S. Jones & Co., S. W. corner of Fourth and Race Streets: Nos. 8 and 9, for February and March, of "The Model Architect." By Samuel Sloan, Architect. A beautiful work, which has been greatly improved.

From A. Hart (late Carey & Hart): "As Good as a Comedy; or, the Tennessean's Story." By an Editor. This is a very amusing work, forming another neat volume to "Hart's Library of Humorous American Works." With illustrations by Darley.

Walker, Richardson & Co., Charleston, S. C., have commenced the publication of a series of popular southern books. The first No. of this series, price 37½ cents, is very beautifully printed, and contains "The Golden Christmas; a Chronicle of St. John's, Berkeley." Compiled from the Notes of a Briefless Barrister. By the author of "The Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," "Katharine Walton," etc. The readers of the "Lady's Book" will be pleased to recognize, in the author of "The Golden Christmas," an old and popular contributor, with whose merits as a writer they have had abundant opportunities of becoming familiar. The work is for sale by A. Hart (late Carey & Hart), Fourth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.

From A. M. Spangler, publisher, Lancaster, Pa., through W. B. Zieber, Agent, South Third Street, Philadelphia: "Pennsylvania Farm Journal: devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, and Rural Economy." S. S. Haldeman, Editor. This is one of the most valuable agricultural papers that comes to our office, and bids fair to be of vast importance in the laudable efforts that are now being made throughout our country to disseminate correct information among farmers and horticulturists, and among all who are interested in the progress and development of those powers and resources on which we are dependent as a nation for the seeds of "virtue, liberty, and independence." The March number of this journal contains the conclusion of a very valuable scientific paper, entitled "Remarks on Entomology, chiefly in reference to an Agricultural Benefit." This paper was contributed by W. D. Brincklé, M. D., of this city, whose efforts to enlarge the knowledge of agriculture and horticulture place him in an honorable position among the practical and scientific benefactors of his country.

P. S. Since writing the notice above, we have received the "Remarks" of Dr. Brincklé entire, in a pamphlet, published by W. B. Wiley, Lancaster. It was intended that the "Remarks" should have been read before the Agricultural Convention, which assembled in Harrisburg in December last; but, in consequence of a deep snow, the gentleman intrusted with the manuscript did not arrive until after the Convention had adjourned. This statement is due to Dr. Brincklé, as well as to the Convention.

"The Temple: devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Science." Edited by B. Parke and C. E. Blumenthal, Carlisle, Pa. The number for March is, as usual, neatly printed, and contains a number of articles interesting to the initiated. The Temple on the cover of our copy was rather obscure; too much so to be indicative of what we understand to be the press it bright condition of the order.

Godley's Arm-Chair.

ALTHOUGH we have been for nearly a quarter of a century in monthly converse with a large portion of the American people, distributed over our vast, and still progressive and still prosperous country, yet we have never, until very recently, assumed a positively distinct position in the pages of the "Book." And we must say that, in presuming to do so now, our natural modesty and diffidence will have to undergo a severe trial. We feel assured, however, that, when once firmly seated in this our venerable arm-chair, which we have occupied so deferentially for such a length of time, we shall be able to discourse, not authoritatively, as some of our friends do, but pleasantly and intelligently, to our readers. It is not possible, indeed, that we shall ever be greatly venerated for our wisdom, or highly esteemed for our wit; but we hope, at least, to gain some reputation for good humor and for sincerity of purpose in desiring to impart the greatest amount of innocent pleasure to the minds and the hearts of the greatest number.

A chair, dear reader, has been defined to be a species of seat, not fixed but movable, turned about, and returned at pleasure. It is precisely such a chair as that here described that we are now seated in, and from which we propose occasionally to address you—now turning to this subject, and now to that, as our fancy or best judgment may dictate.

In the prosecution of this task, we are aware that we shall be required by some readers to display a great deal more wit, wisdom, talent, and humor than we can justly or modestly claim to have fallen to our share. We feel not only admonished as to the folly of all high pretensions, but also feel free to admonish our friends not to expect too much. An excellent critic and an accurate observer of mankind has said, alluding to a class of funny writers who attempted to flourish in his day: "These poor gentlemen endeavor to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humorists by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam, not considering that humor should always be under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedom." Rather than a condemnation like this should be made applicable to our pretensions, we would be willing to have it said of us now, hereafter, and forever—

In him, nor wit nor humor shone—
No puns or bright conceits had he!

In shaping our own course, therefore, and in all that may fall from our pen while occupying this venerable chair, we shall endeavor to follow the teachings of common sense, and try to discriminate between

"Those that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

GODEY FOR MAY.—One hundred and twenty pages! Well, if it is to be reading without engravings, so be it. Plenty of reading is now the vogue; and as we are a fashionable

magazine, and bound to follow the fashions, here goes for a beginning. One hundred and twenty pages of reading! exclaims one. How can he do it and give such splendid illustrations? is the question. Yes, dear reader; here is reading, and beautiful engravings, and you shall have plenty of both in future. "January and May" is an engraving from an original picture by the celebrated Rothermel, whose painting of "Patrick Henry," the great Virginia orator, is now creating so great a sensation at the North—and, by the way, a most magnificent picture it is, worthy the fame of its distinguished painter. "May Day among the Juveniles" is also an original design by Pease. So is the engraving of "Cooks," making three original designs in this number. "The Dead Dove" is an engraving that speaks for itself: we expect to find a story, one of these days, illustrative of it; and if we do, will publish it. We may add that our 120 pages are equal to the greatest number of pages published by any other magazine.

FORCE OF CHARACTER.—In a work recently published by Miss Mitford, entitled "Recollections of a Literary Life," we find, among other interesting matters, a description of the private life and home circle of the late William Cobbett. That men should rise, in our own country, from indigence and obscurity to wealthy and elevated positions in society is by no means to be wondered at when we consider that all our republican forms not only permit, but invite and encourage, the honorable aspirations of every citizen. In the President of the United States we have, at this moment, a most striking, and, at the same time, a most gratifying illustration of this fact. But when we are told that, in England, where hereditary monarchy and hereditary aristocracy can thrust aside almost any individual who may attempt to oppose them in their assumptions of exclusive greatness, such a man as Cobbett, who was, at one time of his life, an illiterate private soldier in the British army—when we are told that a man who labored under such disadvantages, under such a government, finally reached a seat in the British House of Commons, we must certainly concede to him a force of character which but few men can lay claim to in any country. We, of course, have nothing to do with the man's public or political character. In the article referred to, we find him at his home, with wife, children, and friends, and we must confess that we were impressed with some amiable traits which we never before attributed to him. He told us, in his life, that, when he first saw his wife, he was a soldier on guard, and she was hanging out clothes from the washtub. Yet we see this soldier's wife, in the work before us, compared, in her family relations, to Allie Dinmont—one of the most amiably drawn characters in the Waverley Novels.

GODEY'S COTEMPORARIES.—We believe that we can very safely aver that no periodical ever had more generous or independent coteremporaries than are to be found on our long list of exchange papers—always generous in their praises whenever they deem our efforts worthy of just and honest commendation, and always independent and impartial in their criticisms when they feel themselves called

upon to point out a mistake, or to complain of an apparent delinquency. This candid course, on the part of our editorial brethren, has been of infinite use to us, and we are not ashamed to confess the fact. It has cheered us in every new effort to excel, and, at the same time, it has enabled us to correct real errors, and to explain such as were only imaginary. Relying on this manly characteristic of the American press, our object has always been to maintain with its conductors a friendly and confidential interchange of sentiments, on all questions relating to the merits of the *Lady's Book*. And, under this full reliance on its integrity, we have never imputed its praises to the heartlessness of puffery, or its censures to the maliciousness of jealousy or envy. In this respect—we mean in their censures—our cotemporaries appear to have adopted the principle which we have seen very greatly applauded in Horace—that of delicacy. It was said of Horace, that he appeared in a good humor even while he censured; and, therefore, his censures had the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment and not from passion.

CLASSICAL.—Our friend of the "*Mountain Banner*," Rutherfordton, N. C., has proved himself both a scholar and a gentleman, by his happy and complimentary quotation from the Bard of Mantua. We must confess, however, that we were not a little startled at his Latin, being somewhat doubtful of our own capacity to find out its meaning. Nevertheless, with the aid of an old lexicon, which bore upon its leaves many a thumb-mark, impressed in our younger but not happier days, we finally accomplished the task of rendering it into tolerable English. Deeply sensible of the compliment he has paid to our artistical embellishments, we beg him to accept the following *original* stanza, in High Dutch, in return for his polite and classical allusion:—

Heil dir! hüfflicher Schüler,
Du freund des Sängers thums!
Glücklich sei all dein Ringen
Nach Kränzen ew'gen Ruhms;
Dein Name immer lebe,
Von jedem Spott befreit,
Und sei in künft'gen Jahren
Gefelert wie du est heut!

We have been favored, by the accomplished author and poet, Richard Coe, Esq., with a glance at the manuscript of the new book of stories and poems for children now in course of preparation by him, and can assure our readers that a treat is in store for them and their little ones, when the book is published, which will be in a very short time.

"Many a gem of purest ray serene"

will be found in its pages, and the chasteness and beauty of its language are beyond praise, while the many quaint expressions put into the mouths of the children cannot fail to excite a smile of pleasure. The book is to be called "*The Old Farm Gate, or Stories and Poems for Children*," and will be published by Daniels & Smith, No. 36 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. We hope that every one of our subscribers will secure a copy, and thus aid in the instruction and refinement of their children.

STEAMBOATS ON THE DELAWARE.—The steamboats on our beautiful river commenced their regular trips early in the spring. The "*John Stevens*," Capt. Keeter, made her appearance, fine as a new fiddle, quiet and orderly as ever, and greatly to the satisfaction of numerous friends living in

the various towns and villages on both shores of the Delaware, from Philadelphia to Trenton. We happened to be on board the "*Stevens*" when she made her first trip, and were not a little amused with the cheerful remarks of the passengers as they recognized old familiar faces, and renewed the last summer's acquaintance with those from whom they were separated by the cold formalities and ice-bound restrictions of a long and severe winter. We presume the same scene was enacted on board the "*Trenton*," Capt. Hinkle, the "*Forest*," Capt. M'Makin, and the "*Sun*," Capt. Whildin.

While on the subject of our elegant steamboats, we will introduce to such of our readers as have not already made his acquaintance, Capt. Charles H. Miller, the affable and gentlemanly proprietor of the Florence Hotel. Florence has been laid out upon one of the highest sites on the Delaware between Camden and Bordentown, and is therefore an airy and beautiful retreat for those who may have leisure to leave the city during the warm and dusty season. The accommodations for boarders and for transient visitors at the Florence Hotel we are assured are as comfortable, as agreeable, and as home-like, as at any establishment of the kind in the Union.

ELEGANT FURNITURE.—On another page you will find an elaborate plate representing an elegant furnished room. The plate was furnished us by Mr. George J. Henkels, 173 Chestnut Street, whose extensive establishment contains the largest assortment of fine furniture in the country. Mr. Henkels imports from Paris all of the new styles of drawing-room and boudoir furniture as soon as they are out, manufactures from samples, or sells the sets as imported. His store is a perfect furniture bazaar, and is one of the most attractive promenades in Philadelphia. It is quite a relief to walk through his rooms and see the new patterns of drawing-room furniture, so light and graceful, and entirely different from the style so long in use. It is well known that the European furniture will not wear well in our climate, if it is finished in Europe: to obviate which difficulty Mr. Henkels imports it in the unfinished state, and has the furnishing and upholstering, which are most essential to its durability, done in his own establishment. Mr. Henkels also hangs the most tasteful curtains to match his sets of furniture, affording his patrons the facility of furnishing entirely from one establishment, and saving the annoyance of purchasing from numerous stores. We earnestly recommend all our readers to call and see Mr. Henkels, and assure them they will be welcome, either as visitors or purchasers.

GAS FIXTURES.—We ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Archer & Warner, on the cover of the Book for the present month. Their establishment is at 119 Chestnut Street, and is probably one of the most extensive and brilliant in the city. Those who may visit their store will find many articles to admire that are not alluded to in their advertisement, except under the general terms, Chandeliers, Brackets, &c. Under that of Chandeliers they will find a beautiful variety, from the splendid and richly ornamented crown chandelier of Queen Victoria, to a neat, plain republican sample, within the means of almost any comfortable housekeeper. There is also a beautiful article called the Florence bronze, which, when first brought to this city by one of our wealthy citizens, was considered imitable. Our friends, however, have produced admirable imitations, equal in every particular to the beauty and the elegance of the original. Among the minor articles, is a newly invented candlestick, which will attract the attention

of the cleanly and prudent housekeeper, as well on account of the security it affords against accidents, as for its economy. But these articles, to be appreciated, must be seen, and our advice to the ladies is, to enlighten themselves by examining the splendid chandeliers, brackets, pendants, lamps, girandoles, &c. &c. to be found at the store of Archer & Warner.

EDITORIAL "RAPPINGS."—We are often greatly amused at the conduct of not a few of our editorial brethren in remarking with severity upon the fashions of the ladies. On that particular subject, however, as well as on many others which occupy the watchful and dignified solicitude of these guardians of public opinion, there is, unfortunately, nothing said that is original—nothing that will relieve the mind of that sense of weariness which comes over it while listening to a tale repeated for the tenth or twentieth time. There is, indeed, something extremely sepulchral in their "rappings," though we may not admit that they evince anything "spiritual." They are generally mere repetitions of the grave remarks of some cynical theorist who lived a thousand years ago, or of some snarling editor whose spirit, such as it was, passed from time to eternity without leaving any other than the most gloomy traces of its humanity. For our own part, we can truly say that we never yet knew a man addicted to carping at the fashions of the ladies who was not, if unmarried, a very pestilent friend and companion, or who, if married, was not a terror to his wife and daughters, and even to the domestics in his kitchen.

But what is very singular in the conduct of this class of "rappers," is the shrewdness they evince in never saying a word in relation to the "fashionable excesses" of the gentlemen, in which some of them participate to the most ridiculous extent. If our dear lady readers, through the

"medium" of their imaginations, could be transported into the presence of one of these "restless spirits," as he sits in his editorial chair, "rapping" away at the "ribbons" and "furbelows," the "ringlets," the "wasp-like waists" and "dragging skirts" of their whole sex, what, think you, would they see? Probably they would expect to behold a seriously severe, crissed and crabbed old gentleman, sustaining, in his own costume, some appearance, at least, of consistency with his anti-fashionable principles. Verily, if they should anticipate meeting such a person in their bitterest assailant, in nine cases out of ten would they be disappointed. In reality, they would be more likely to behold a youthful individual with a weasel-like expression of countenance, "sickled o'er" with a very "spiritual" looking beard, or melancholy moustache, his head decorated with a Kossuth hat and feather, his body "laced" in a for-castle monkey-jacket, and his legs tight-bound in pantaloons made of stuff adorned with figures resembling the large cross-blocks in a floor-cloth. And this, with pen in hand, would most probably be the unspiritual "rapper" they would find at work tearing to tatters the garments of the ladies, and striving to "knock" out of his cranium the recollection of some stale censure, or of some staler criticism, which had, perhaps, been floating about since the times of Horace or of Diogenes; and all in ridicule, most likely, of his mother and his sisters, and even of his plainer, more genteel, and more discreet wife, if, unfortunately for her, he should be possessed of one. Talk of milliners and ladies' fashions as you will, even of those which are unfashionably fashionable, still we deny that they can, with justice or consistency, be complained of by those who adopt the *outré* and ridiculous costumes of the fashionable tailors.

Behold them. We have taken these very interesting personages from that most agreeable paper, the "Boston Carpet Bag."



Centre-Table Gossip.

We have often quarreled with the caprice of fashion that has, in a measure, banished centre-tables from the parlor and sitting-room. They are to us suggestive of a pleasant coterie, of new books, and knitting, glancing crochet needles, well stored work-baskets, and a free, social chat, full of pleasantry and grace, touching upon novelties, lingering over a choice sentiment, calling out the silver arrows of repartee. We enter a plea for centre-tables, with the cheerful family group, in the softly shaded light, and the pleasant converse that is thus brought forth. Nay, we will have centre-table gossip of our own, light, sketchy, and discursive; not aiming at deep criticism or labored homilies, but catching at topics of passing interest, looking a little into the foreign magazines which contribute their variety, or making occasional quotations from favorite authors nearer home. And to this we bid you welcome, gentle and industrious readers, one and all, with your crochet, or the aforesaid knitting, or even the mysteries of pointing and scolloping, by way of employment. We will institute a new order, and you shall henceforth be known as our "*Ladies of the Round Table*."

SPRING-TIME IN THE CITY.

There are many of our popular writers—Longfellow and Mr. Marvel included—who discourse most daintily upon the coming of Spring in the country. They seem to think that all the poetry of the season is confined to the theatre of fields and woods alone; they forget that Nature's rival, Art, has also its seasons, and that the denizens of streets have their own peculiar enjoyment of these balmy days of Spring.

"The red-flowering maple is the first to blossom," says Longfellow. "Its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moosewood follows, with rose-colored buds and leaves; and the dogwood, robed in the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rain-storm, and the birds fly to and fro and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? at what firesides dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great hospitable Sun—to-morrow, not before; they must sit in wet garments until then."

The many-colored ribbons of the milliner—runs our city record—are the first to unfold, brightening the promenade with their varied shades of green and purple, emblematic of the season for which they are intended. Blossoms as delicate as those of the field and the forest, but far less fragile, nod gayly from their glass receptacles to the passers-by. Silks of rainbow hues follow as you pass the plate windows of the fashionable shops, with laces seemingly as fragile as the web which the spider weaves over the branches of the sweetbrier. Muslins that seem wrought by fairy fingers into their exquisite patterns of blossoms or clustering berries are scattered among them, and you catch a glimpse of shawls woven with their brilliant hues in the looms of Ind, or scarfs that are heavy only with many-colored embroideries, beyond. Beautiful women, with bright and eager faces, pass by in bright procession. They lead little children by the hand, looking so fresh and childlike in their new bonnets of open straw, and

their dresses of star-spotted cambrics and delicate muslins. They, too, are enjoying Spring, and the new wardrobe it has brought as an offering to them. Now they pause in delight—these beautiful passers-by—before a window that has more than Arabian enchantment to them. Then a sudden shower from the blue April sky drives them to take refuge in the gayly-painted omnibus, that is also renewed in honor of the spring-time, until the bright smile of to-morrow's sunshine shall call them forth again.

The marketwomen nod gayly to their favorite customers, as they offer the first bouquets of violets and crocuses. The itinerant vender of greenhouse plants brightens the street corners with his pots of roses and mignonette, and sweet-scented heliotrope. Birds sing to you from the window-ledge, and hop blithely from porch to porch, of their gilded city homes. And thus we have daily marked the coming of spring-time on the parade.

ENTRAIN.

Apropos of spring-time, but at the risk of incurring the disapprobation of some of our lady friends, we venture a remonstrance against the still prevalent practice of wearing trains in the street. They may remember the picture in a "Punch" of last winter, where mounted cannon were represented as novel Parisian street-sweepers, but scarcely more formidable to us seem the skirts "dragging their slow length along," cleansing the crossings at the expense of neatness, comfort, and good taste. In the first place, American ladies are noted for their lavish street toilets. Silks, and even satins, that no English or French woman would think of wearing unless in a carriage or drawing-room, our ladies put into constant street service. The immoderate length of dress was never intended by its inventor to figure in this way before the public. The French woman, whose immaculate white stockings have never a spot of dust, would shudder at the idea of walking with ankles—let us speak plainly—soiled and damp by the constant contact with the muddy drapery. We protest against it, as a "Lady's Book," in the name of neatness, common sense, and economy. Discoloration is inevitable; fringes are an ordinary sequence; and, when such expensive silks are worn as we see at the present day, few purses can or ought to afford the outlay. Neither grace nor expediency can be urged in their favor, and we trust the recent introduction of street-sweepers into our large cities will preclude the necessity of our ladies extending any farther aid to the sanitary resolutions of the Common Council.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

The "Southern Scenes" contributed by Mrs. Neal to a daily of our city, during her winter in Charleston, is followed up, we notice, by "Letters from Washington," in the pages of the "Southern Literary Gazette," under the able conduct of W. C. Richards, Esq. Here is a picture of Pennsylvania Avenue on a bright Spring day:—

"Gay groups of promenaders pass us, and carriages with liveried servants dash by. The broad street, lying, as it were, in the very face of the sunshine, is lined with shops

and dotted with hotels, whose doors pour forth the butterfly crowd we see, every moment reminding us that the calm sobriety of Charleston is left far behind. There go a bevy of belles, velvet-cloaked and satin-bouneted. The large moustache in attendance could only have flourished in the shadow of a foreign legation, or the pinchbeck gentility of foreign travel. Yet the patient donkeys on the Market Square flap their ears in silence, nor dare venture a bray of recognition as their brethren pass. That low carriage, with its bright liveries and gayly-dressed occupants, has the arms of the Spanish minister upon the panel. Close behind, at the top speed of two spirited horses, but in an open vehicle, is the new-made English minister, Mr. Crampton, whose recent promotion is still a subject of congratulation among his numerous friends. That tall, graceful figure upon the side-walk, bending down in earnest conversation with the elaborately "got-up" individual at his side, represents one of the Central American States; his companion, a neighboring, and now prominent commercial interest. And all this kaleidoscope in less than a square of our promenade."

THE USE OF SUNSHINE.

In our homes, in our hearts, the sunshine is ever welcome; and the gentle author of "The Maiden Aunt" could not have chosen her text more wisely to interest the household circle. The tale which she has woven from it comes to us in the delicate print and paper which distinguish the publications of the liberal Appleton brothers, in this way making the "good wine" of the contents still more acceptable. The author of "The Maiden Aunt" we need not introduce to our readers. We speak of her tales more particularly here, as we do not know of any that we more gladly see on the centre-tables of our lady friends. They are characterized, as in this instance, by a graceful style and pure principles, and have none of the excitement of the modern French romance. We select, from the many quotable passages, a sentiment that will find a trembling response in many hearts who have like sacred trusts. The young clergyman, whose trials and triumphs it portrays, is left with the charge of his orphan sister, ten years younger than himself:—

"He did not know, till long afterwards, how holy a safeguard this one sweet duty, scrupulously fulfilled, had been to his own soul. He could not estimate the ceaseless, gentle influence of the thought of that innocent child upon his heart and life; the shield had been worn so unconsciously, that he knew not how many fiery darts it had quenched. We are sometimes apt to tremble and despair, when we think of the havoc which one encouraged sin may have wrought in our spiritual life; let us take comfort in remembering that our merciful Father may give a sphere as large, an effect as lasting, to one good work heartily and humbly carried through."

"*I can, because I ought,*" is the second title of another pretty volume, the companion of this glimpse of sunshine, "Margaret Cecil." We commend it also as a story of interest, inculcating principles which every woman needs to sustain her in the common duties of daily life—her little world, whence flows an influence upon society, and even upon nations, which she can scarcely estimate. "Cousin Kate," the author, is heretofore a stranger to us, but perhaps may be of the family to which "Cousin Alice," of juvenile lore and memory, belongs.

Nor must we pass over in silence the first part of a new volume of travels, from the same publishers, by the well-known author of "Amy Herbert," Miss Sewell. It is in a beaten track, to be sure, but written for the interest and

comprehension of the children of a village school. "The Journal of a Summer Tour" will be welcome as a recreation from school duties on this side the Atlantic. It is as well to mention, since Miss Sewell is so well known as a church writer, that the volume has nothing sectarian in it.

HURRIED WOOING.

"Happy is the wooing that 's not long a doing," says the old saw, in contradistinction to another equally familiar, which hints croakingly of a leisurely repentance.

Acting upon the first, was a courtship that we were the involuntary witness of not many weeks since. The lady was placed under the protection of a nice young gentleman in moustaches and braided overcoat, on the Camden ferry-boat, and secured the seat directly before us in the cars. It was situate in that narrow passage where the "ladies' cabin" cuts off one-half the space, and we were therefore, to all intent, save for the occasional visit of the conductor, a private party.

The young lady belonged to that large class typed by Dickens in the youngest Miss Pecksniff. "She was, indeed, a gushing thing." The gentleman was apparently well versed in the delightful art of winning hearts. They were talking of sympathies by the time we reached Beverly; Burlington saw the first tender glances exchanged; at Newtown, the shrill shriek of steam echoed a volley of sighs on either side; and, when the change at Amboy was made, she hung upon his arm as lovingly as the bride of a fortnight. Fortune placed us *dos-a-dos* to the interesting couple, on a lounge in the steamboat cabin; when we neared Castle Garden, her head reclined in graceful weariness, after a five hours' ride, upon his shoulder, while he lamented in tender accents their approaching separation, impressed with the well-known, affecting quotation—

"I never loved a dear gazelle."

The gazelle was probably unaware how many spectators were observing the "gladdening glances of her soft, black eye." We have more to say on this style of public courtship hereafter.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

The peculiarity of fashion plates at the present day is the grace of their design and execution, not less than the fidelity which gives the reigning mode. For instance, the present plate, gracefully called by our artist, "May Day among the Children." The figures are arranged with a natural, lifelike effect: the background is a fine landscape, and, in the *tout ensemble*, we have a beautiful picture, as well as an accurate report of the fashions. This is not achieved by any other *Journal des modes*, save the celebrated "*Moniteur*," for which the best artistic skill in France is employed.

We linger over it lovingly, from the graceful young anglers to the floating water lilies, and can scarcely bring ourselves to the bald description of the costumes, which it is alone our province to give.

Fig. 1st.—A child's walking-dress of pink cashmere, with a light black satin bar. It is made quite simply, the waist being half high, and open in the square *Marquise* style. Narrow black velvet ribbon and small velvet buttons, are the only trimming. A frill of lace edges the neck, and the undersleeves are of plain cambric, with a narrow band of embroidery at the wrist. Gaiter boots and short pantalottes. Bonnet of white drawn silk.

Fig. 2d.—Dress of pale violet India silk; a small coat, or cloak, of gray merino, with a narrow trimming of embroidery in blue, a plain, neat pattern. Pink cottage bonnet of drawn silk. Gray gaiters, and short pantalettes of scoloped embroidery.

Fig. 3d.—Lad's costume, very plain and neat. Light gray trousers, long, and fitting loosely. Dark green jacket, buttoned only at the throat. A simple plaited cambric frill in the neck. Leghorn hat, with black ribbon.

Figs. 4th and 5th.—Two children's dresses. The little girl, pale blue mousseline or cashmere dress, embroidered sacque of white merino. Straw cottage bonnet and blue ribbons. The little brother has a loose buff sacque and skirt, with white linen trousers, and an embroidered edge. Bronze gaiters, with patent leather tips. A jaunty little cap—Oakford's pattern.

Fig. 6th.—Dress and pantalettes to match, of richly embroidered white cambric; the dress has a small *berthe*, and short sleeves. Sacque of pink silk, with a *ruche* of the same pinked. Hair in close ringlets.

Fig. 7th.—Lad's dress, dark brown jacket and trousers; the latter plaited over the hips. White vest, and small white linen collar and waistbands. The hat is beaver, of Oakford's "Spanish Sombrero" pattern. Blue and white stockings, and patent leather slippers.

We especially commend the boys' costumes, as neat and simple, in direct contrast to the undersleeves and open shirt fronts, which so many think necessary.

CHIT-CHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR MAY.

The shop windows present such a bright array, that we scarcely know in what department of fashion to commence to interest our lady readers. Dry goods and millinery, jewelry and laces, are all putting on their most attractive shapes and colors.

But to commence with the indispensable *bonnet*, since that is the first thing that seems imperative in its claims. The change has scarcely been needed so soon this Spring, as is usual, from the lightness of the prevailing winter style. It is a little singular that the coldest season known for years should have been marked by the most open and gossamer bonnets that it was possible to invent. Parisian artists had evidently not consulted the almanac, or that invaluable family companion for once failed to prophesy truly.

The bonnets of the past winter have evidently afforded hints for those of spring. The shapes of those we have seen are *square* in effect, the brim flaring still more, the crown short and square. In straw there is infinite variety. The cap crown, being too marked a fashion to last long with general adoption, seems to have gone out entirely. Brown, gray, and variegated straws are very neat, but will scarcely do for full dress. Gimps are made exquisitely light, having almost the effect of blonde; a very pretty style is white rice, or Neapolitan straw, with a broad gimp insertion in the brim, having the same air as the blonde in satins and velvets the past winter. Some entirely plain white Dunstables have very pretty shapes, and there is a yellow corded straw, which, mixed with a plainer braid, will be much worn. In a straw hat, everything depends on the lightness and elegance of the shape; fine or coarse matters very little, so the air of the bonnet is stylish. As the most suitable, and, at the same time, most durable material for summer wear, they can never go entirely out.

The brims are lined, if gimp, with a very full shirring of *thulle*, just shading the face. A blue edge is sometimes

seen in plainer straws, or, for middle age, satin is much in favor. The *thulle* has the most delicate effect, and is deepened by being placed over white crape. All face flowers are mixed with it; and, indeed, no face loses by the association. Crape flowers are much worn, and are lighter than any others. Pink and blue convolvulus, with hanging stamens, are among the favorites. Sprays of heath, either pink or violet, lily of the valley, clematis, azalias, etc. etc., are all very gracefully imitated. They are worn by themselves, or with a few green leaves, as side or face bouquets.

Blonde cape, extending around the inside the brim, have been introduced; at best, they have a prim and formal air. Some bonnets, particularly if the straw is light, have only the cape and strings, an edge of blonde or straw finishing the former. The strings are not so wide as they have been, and are rather longer. Another very *distingué* style is a broad plaid scarf ribbon, of rich materials and light colors, thrown across the crown as a kind of curtain, and tying under the chin. This is taken from the hats of the early spring. The cape should be of the same. Others have two puffs of silk following the straw, between the crown and brim. In pale pink, violet, green, or blue, this is a very neat style. Ribbons are, of course, in every shade and variety. Plaids will be worn a little, but the most lady-like styles are the plain colors enumerated above, about four inches in width, with a pearly or feathered edge. White, with the edges in those shades, is also in good taste: a mixture of colors in ribbons, though often worn, are rarely entirely ladylike. Drawn bonnets, with insertions and edges of white blonde, will also be worn. The most elegant one we have seen was at the rooms of Miss Wharton, whose taste is unrivaled and unquestioned. The crown was of silk; a light brim of drawn *thulle* had a novel and graceful effect; face trimming pale blue convolvulus, in a cloud of *thulle*.

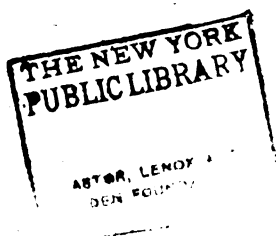
We have left little space for dresses, and can scarcely more than enumerate the materials and chronicle a prominent change in undersleeves and collars. The spring silks are principally of mode colors, striped, plaided, and waved. The stripes are sometimes of embroidery patterns, in different colors. India silks are in every variety of beautiful shades, and will be very much worn as a neat and inexpensive dress. Pale violet, blue, green, and mode colors predominate. Their advantage is, that there is no up or down, right or wrong side, and will bear turning, and even washing in clear soapsuds. The favorite pattern is small plaids. We also recommend them for aprons.

There is the usual list of grenadines, bareges, and muslins, which we will speak of more particularly in our next.

Silks are principally trimmed with ribbons that match; bows, of every shape and variety, are used on the corsage and down the front breadths. They are even placed at the head of the opening of the sleeve, which is now on the inside of the arm, rather than towards the elbow. Some of these are simple knots, others have floating ends. The favorite Parisian style of the present month is called *les flots*, or "the waves;" they are composed of five loops of ribbon, falling one below the other, and spreading at the last. One placed at the bottom of the opening in the corsage for the chemisette, one on each sleeve, and from five to seven from the bodice to the hem of the skirt. Quillings of ribbon surround the opening of the corsage and the edge of the sleeves.

Collars, both of lace and embroidery, are worn nearly twice as large as formerly, lying upon the shoulders instead of encircling the throat. But we will speak more fully of this, with gloves, gaiters, scarfs, parasols, &c., in our next.

FASHION.





J. H. B. B. B. B.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. B. B. B.

FRIENDSHIP OFFERING.

Engraved for Godey's Lady's Book

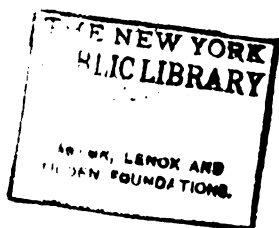
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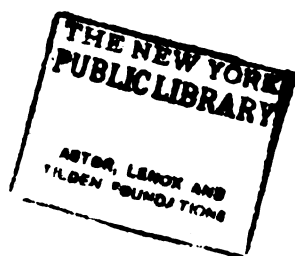


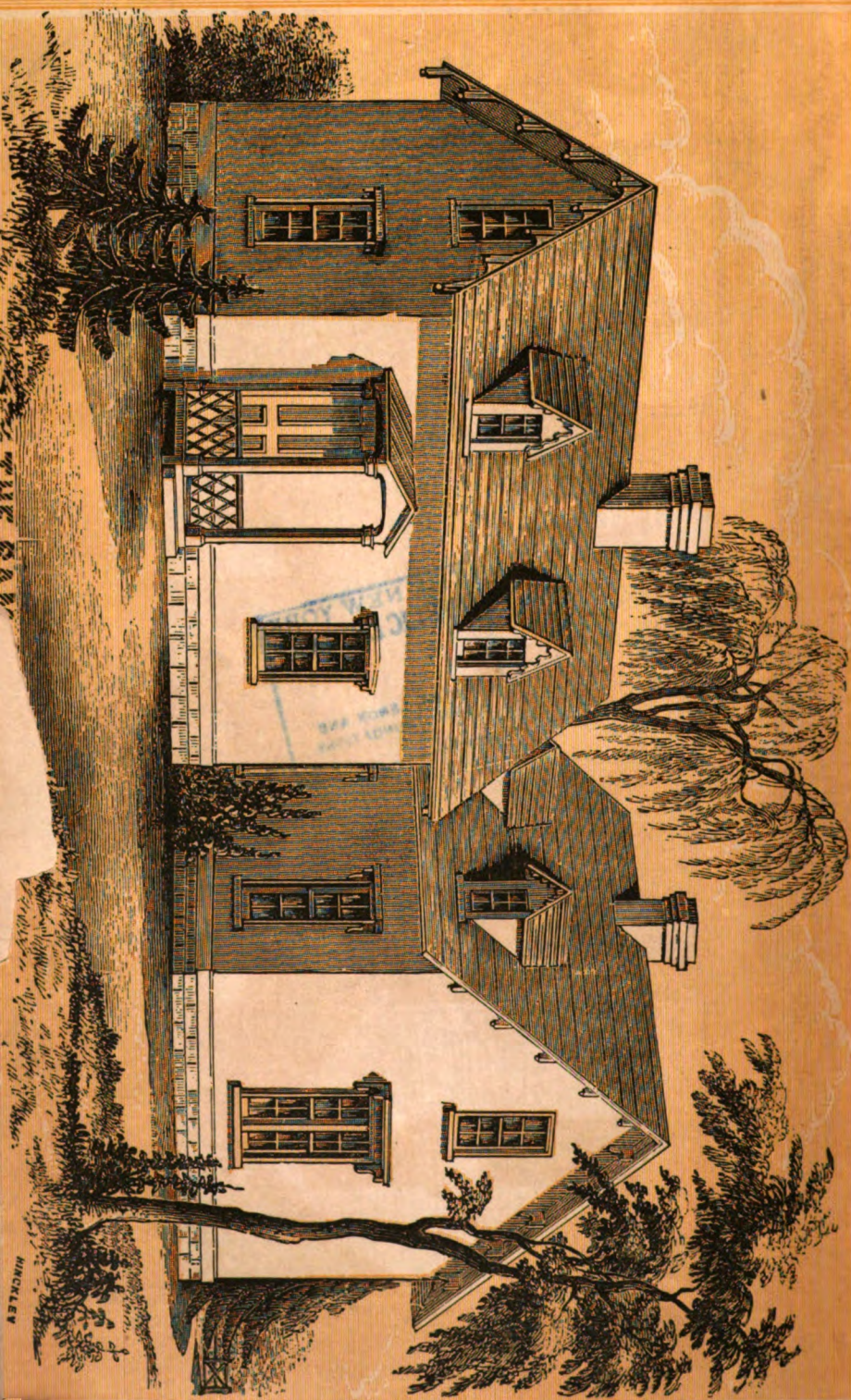


FRANKS & CO. LONDON.

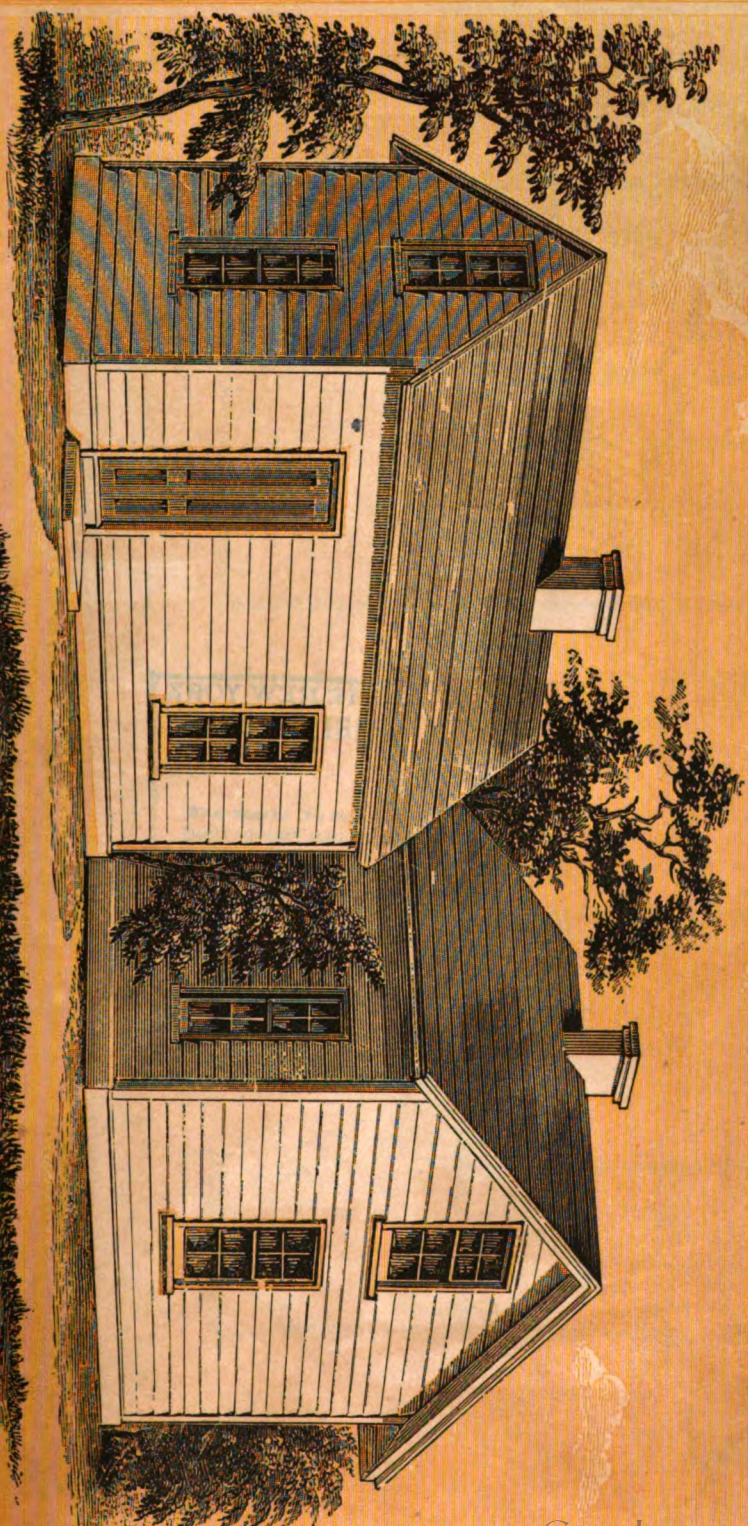








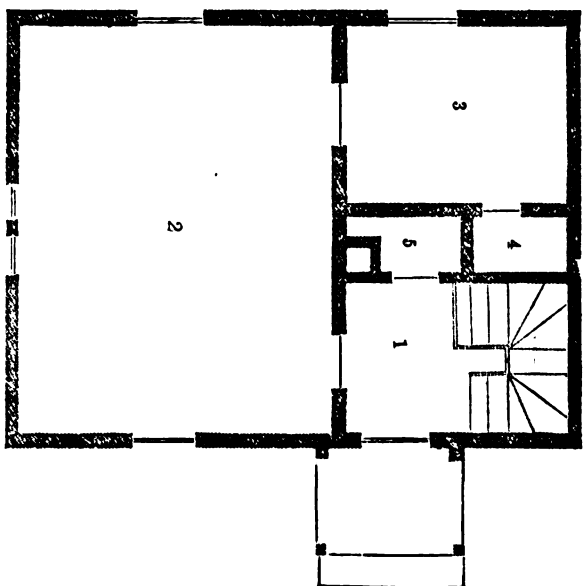
THE COTTAGE



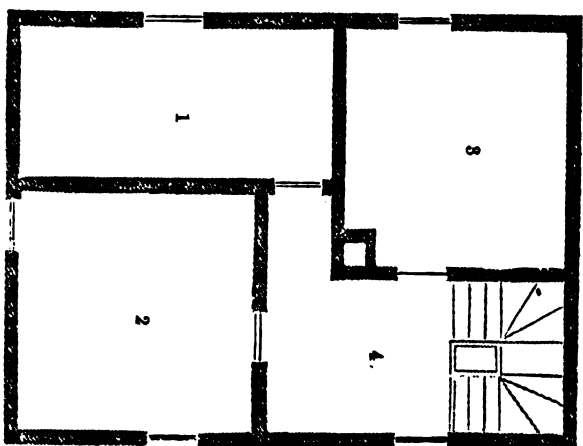
TWO PLAIN COTTAGES.

HINCLEBY





FIRST STORY.



SECOND STORY.

First Floor.—1, entry; 2, parlor, 17 feet 6 inches by 13 feet 6 inches; 3, bed-room, 9 feet 6 inches by 7 feet 6 inches; 4, press, 4 feet by 2 feet 6 inches; 5, closet, 5 feet 6 inches. *Second Floor*.—1, bed-room, 13 feet 6 inches by 6 feet 6 inches; 2, bed-room, 10 feet 6 inches by 10 feet; 3, bed-room, 10 feet 6 inches by 9 feet 6 inches; 4, room, 6 feet 6 inches.

Perspective View.—The "Plain Cottages" are of the simplest character, without ornament or projections of any kind; that on the right has the roof projecting over the sides and gables, about ten inches. The "Ornamented Cottages" are of the same dimensions, but changed in external appearance by adding a porch over the front door, caps to the lower windows, dormer windows—roofs projecting over the sides and gables eighteen inches, with drapery in the gables of one, and brackets in the other; also, the foundation raised two feet above the surface.

These two cottages are to be built with good materials—the frames of spruce or pine—siding, $\frac{3}{4}$ boards, eight inches wide; roofs of best pine shingles on rough boards; windows to have shutters in first story; doors with four panels and good rim locks; moulded castings to all the doors and windows; moulded base, five inches high; the closets with proper shelves; floors of $\frac{1}{4}$ plank; partitions of 2 by 4 strips; strong steps to cellar, and close stairs from first story to attic; cellar of good stone, laid in lime and sand mortar, sixteen inches thick; chimney of brick, with a large fireplace in the front cellar, which is to be used as a kitchen, and a 12 by 12 inch fine above, with three 6 inch iron stovepipe rings inserted; all the walls and ceilings in the house to be lathed and plastered one good heavy coat of best brown mortar, slipped and whitewashed: two brick hearths, one in parlor and one in cellar.

FRANK LINDS BIRD WALTZ,

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

JAMES COENHOVEN.

PRESENTED TO THE LADY'S BOOK, BY COUENHOVEN.

8va. Joyous.

PIANO. *mf*

8va.

8va.

TRIO.

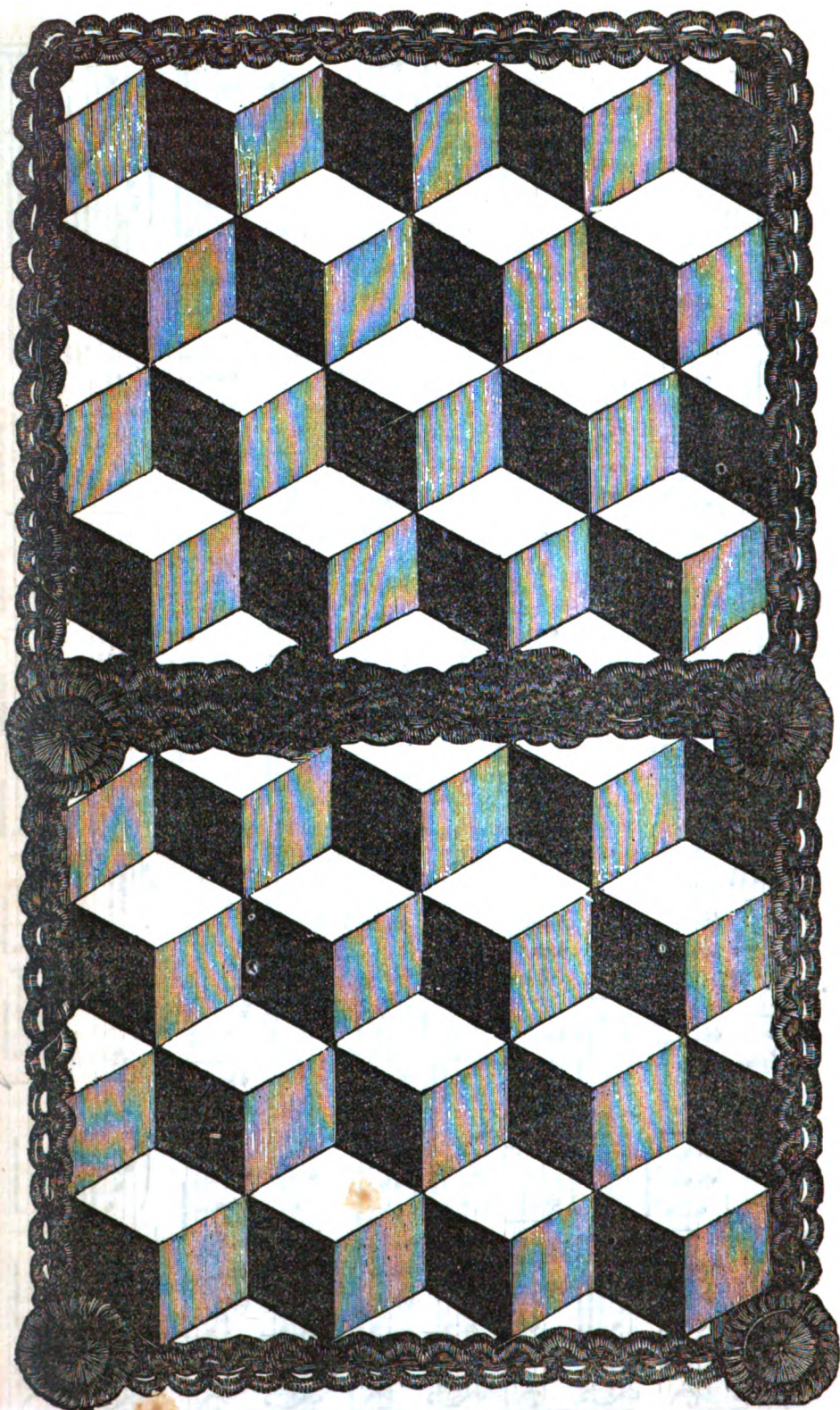
FINE.

grazioso.

8va.....

8va.....

This musical score is for a string ensemble, likely a string quartet or quintet, written for eight parts (8va). The score is organized into five systems, each consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The third system includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte). The fourth system includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano). The fifth system includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a key signature change to one sharp. The score concludes with a double bar line and the marking "D.C." (Da Capo). The notation is dense, with many notes and rests, and includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and accidentals.



MOUCHOIR CASE.—SEE DESCRIPTION.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1852.

EVERYDAY ACTUALITIES.—NO. I.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND GRAVER.

BY C. T. HINCKLEY.

BLEACHING OF CALICO, MUSLIN, AND OTHER COTTON FABRICS.—There is probably no department of the useful arts which has received such apparent benefits from scientific research as the art of bleaching. Its origin belongs to Holland, where most of the brown linen manufactured in Scotland for a long period was sent to be bleached, and, to the present day, retain the name of "Brown Holland," from that fact. Calico, muslin, and other cotton fabrics, which are sold in a white state, require bleaching, which is also often a preparatory process to dyeing and calico printing. Linen goods also require bleaching. In the old manner, after some preparatory processes, the linen was spread out in bleaching grounds, and sprinkled with pure water several times a day. It required several months' exposure to air, light, and moisture, before the goods were bleached. Goods forwarded to Holland from Scotland, in the month of March, were usually returned in the following October; but, if sent at a later period, were not returned until the autumn of the following year. This process, it will be observed, occupied much time and trouble, and it was a matter of serious moment to obviate it in some degree.

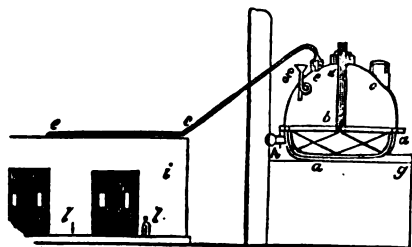
Many attempts were made to introduce the Dutch method of bleaching into Great Britain. In 1749, bleach works were established in the north of Scotland with tolerable success. The cloth was submitted to a process called *bucking*, which consisted in steeping it for some days in alkaline leys; after that it was *crofted*, or washed clean, and spread upon the grass for some weeks. This bucking and crofting were repeated five or six times alternately. The cloth was then steeped in sour milk for some days, washed clean, and again crofted. These processes were repeated until the linen was sufficiently bleached, the strength of the alkaline ley being greatly diminished at each process. This method of bleaching was very expensive, not only from the

extent of time required in the operation, but also from the large extent of grass-land required in crofting. The constant exposure of large quantities of goods out of doors served as a temptation to dishonest persons, and led to much crime, and to severe penal laws against the delinquents. Cases have also occurred in which innocent persons have been shot by spring-guns; and, in one terrible instance, a man, who was watching his property, actually shot his own son, who, after a long absence at sea, was returning home, and walked across the bleach croft as a nearer path to the house.

The first improvement made in England upon the old Scotch method was in the process of *souring*, in which diluted sulphuric acid was substituted for sour milk; the effect of which was to reduce the time required for bleaching, from eight to four months. The grand improvement in the art was made by Berthollet, who, in 1786, while repeating some experiments on chlorine, which had been discovered by Schule in 1774, found that an aqueous solution of this substance was capable of destroying vegetable colors, and he was hence led to suggest its application to bleaching. In 1786, Berthollet showed the experiment to Watt, who was then in Paris; and, on his return to England, he examined the subject practically, and actually bleached fifteen hundred yards of linen by its means in the bleach-field of his father-in-law, Mr. McGregor, near Glasgow, who was so well satisfied with the process that he resolved to adopt it in his works. In the following year, Professor Copeland, of Aberdeen, introduced the plan to the bleachers in that neighborhood, who adopted it gladly. The method soon got into bleach-works generally; but it was found, after a short time, that the powerful action of the gas was injurious to the workmen, and also to the texture of the goods exposed to it. Berthollet endeavored to remove the noxious odor by adding potash to the

water, by which means a greater quantity of gas was absorbed, and the solution was then diluted with a considerable quantity of water. The bleaching property of the solution was, however, destroyed, after a time, by this method, in consequence of certain chemical changes which took place. Dr. Henry, of Manchester, substituted lime for the potash, by first passing the goods to be bleached through a stratum of thin cream of lime, and then exposing them to an atmosphere of chlorine: a chloride of lime was thus formed in the cloth; but its action was, in some degree, injurious.

In 1798, Mr. Tennant, of Glasgow, took out a patent for a method of making a saturated solution of chloride of lime for bleaching purposes. It was perfectly successful; but the patent was set aside, on the ground that the invention was not new. Mr. Tennant, however, continued his investigations, and discovered a method of impregnating lime in a dry state with chlorine, thus producing the celebrated *bleaching powder*, which is prepared at the present day much in the same manner as it was originally contrived. The lime is contained in a stone chamber *t*, eight or nine feet high, built of siliceous sand-



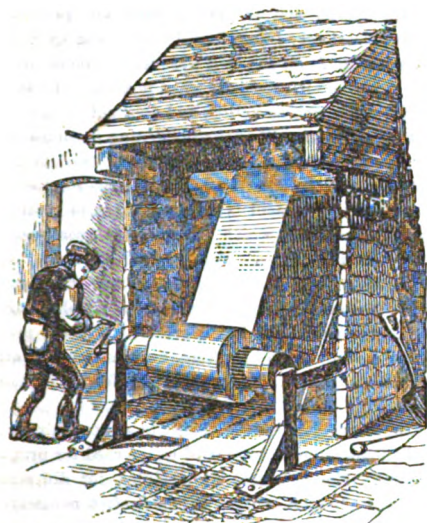
stone, the joints of which are secured with a cement of pitch, resin, and gypsum. A door, fitted into it at one end, can be made air-tight by strips of cloth and clay. A window at each side enables the workmen to judge how the impregnation goes on by the color of the gas, which is yellowish green. The lime to be impregnated with the gas is contained in trays eight or ten feet long, two feet broad, and one inch deep. These trays are arranged one over another, to the height of five or six feet, and are kept about an inch asunder by means of cross bars. The chlorine is obtained from common salt—chloride of sodium—by the action of black oxide of manganese and sulphuric acid. About ten hundred weight of salt are mixed with from ten to fourteen hundred weight of manganese, and then introduced, by an aperture at *c*, into a large leaden vessel of a nearly globular form. This vessel has an outer casing or jacket of iron *a a*, and steam is admitted at *h* into the interval between the two, for the purpose of communicating heat. From twelve to fourteen hundred weight of sulphuric acid are introduced, in successive portions, through a twisted funnel *f*, and the materials are all stirred up by means of an agitator *d b*, the handle of which is on the outside. As the gas

escapes from this vessel, it is received into a leaden cylinder containing water: it then enters by a leaden pipe *e* into the top of the ceiling of the stove-room *t*, and, being heavier than the air of the room, falls slowly down and diffuses itself through the chamber, where it gradually combines with the lime. After the action has been carried on for about two days, the half-formed chloride within the chamber is stirred up by means of rakes *l l* from the outside, or a man enters the chambers for the purpose by the doors *k k*; by this means the particles of lime which have not yet absorbed the gas are exposed to its action. The process is then continued for another two days, the materials in the leaden retort being frequently stirred up. When all the chlorine is extracted, the contents of the retort, consisting of sulphate of soda and sulphate of manganese, are removed by the tube *g*.

The chloride of lime thus formed is used in enormous quantities in the bleach-works of Great Britain, most of which are situated in Lancashire and in the neighborhood of Glasgow. As the various processes require an abundant supply of pure water, the works are usually situated near some stream. The substances which require to be removed from cotton goods, in order that they may have a pure white color, are of various kinds. The cotton fibres are covered with a resinous substance, which, to a certain extent, prevents the absorption of moisture, and also with a yellow coloring matter, which, in some kinds of cotton, is so marked as to give a distinctive character to the fabric made from it, as in *nankin*, or *nankeen*, which is manufactured, in China and the United States, from a native cotton of a brown yellow hue. Neither the resinous nor the coloring matter has any influence on the strength of the fibre, for the yarn spun from it is as strong after bleaching as before. In some varieties of cotton, the quantity of coloring matter is so small that the fabric would not require bleaching, were it not for the impurities acquired in spinning and weaving. The weavers' dressing of paste, and the rancid tallow or butter used to soften it when it becomes dry, certain soapy and earthy matters, and the dirt of the hands, all require to be removed.

As soon as the goods are received at the bleach-works, the end of every piece is marked with the proprietor's name, which is done with a needle and thread, or with a wooden stamp moistened with coal tar. The fibrous down or nap on the surface of the goods is then burnt off by a process called *singeing*, which greatly improves their appearance; and, in the case of dyeing or printing, enables the cloth to receive the dye or pattern more perfectly. In this process, a number of pieces of cloth are fastened together at the ends by means of long wires, and then wound upon a roller furnished with a winch. The cloth is then drawn over a half cylinder of copper, made red-hot by being built into a horizontal flue. As soon as the cloth has passed over the heat-

ed metal, it is wound upon a second roller, which plays in a trough of water. The cloth is usually passed three times over the hot surface; twice on the face, or the side intended for printing on, and once on the back. It is wound from one roller over the

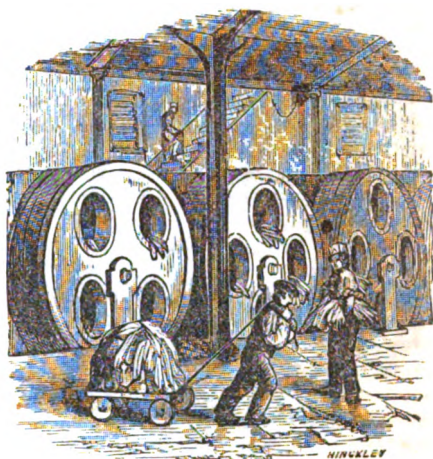


SINGING COTTON GOODS

heated metal to another roller on the other side of the furnace, a swing frame being placed for raising the cloth at any moment out of contact with the heated metal, and water is at hand in case of accident to the goods, which is a rare occurrence. By this operation the goods become brown and discolored. Thread muslins and bobinet lace are singed by the aid of gas flames. The flames issue from numerous perforations in the upper surface of a horizontal tube, and the fabric to be singed is drawn over the flame upon rollers, with a rapidity adapted to the texture of the goods. The flame is drawn up through the web by placing immediately over the gas flame a horizontal tube, with a slit in its lower surface. This tube is connected with a fan, or other apparatus for withdrawing the air from it, and thus increasing the draught of the flame.

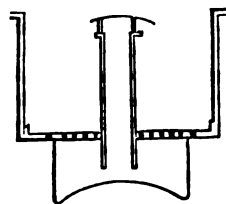
After singeing, the cloth is steeped in a cistern of water; and, in order to insure contact with the water, each piece is pulled out, folded loosely, and tied up, with a noose at the end, into an irregular bundle. After soaking twelve or fourteen hours, the pieces are washed in a *dash* or *wash wheel*, which is a perpendicular wheel, five or six feet in diameter, and nearly two feet in depth. It is divided into four equal compartments by partitions proceeding from the axis to the circumference, each of which has a circular opening upon one face of the wheel. Water is carried into the compartments by a pipe concentric with the axis on which the wheel rotates. The pieces to be washed are put into the compart-

ments through the circular openings in front, and, water being introduced, the wheel is made to re-



DASH WHEELS.

volve rapidly, and thus wash the cloth with considerable agitation. The object of this washing is to remove as much of the dirt and weavers' dressing as possible; but, as the grease cannot be removed except by making it soluble by the action of an alkali, lime is economically employed. The pieces are therefore boiled with lime in a large circular boiler, or keir, called a *bucketing* or *bocking keir*, or *puffer*, shown in the accompanying section;



whilst, in the following engraving, one of these keirs is represented in action, and another in the course of preparation. It consists of a pan of wrought iron set in brick-work, on which the fire acts, and an upper part of cast-iron for containing the goods. The two parts are separated by a false bottom of cast-iron, and in the centre is an iron pipe furnished with a curved cover. The liquor in the pan, from the pressure of the goods above it, does not boil until it is some degrees above the boiling point; the liquor boils first in that part of the pipe where the pressure is less than it is in the pan, so that a mixture of steam and water, being formed there, rushes up the pipe, and is thrown back by the cap upon the goods, thoroughly drenching them with the hot alkaline liquor. This discharge is followed by another portion of the heated alkaline liquor, which, rising into the pipe, boils and escapes at the top as before. In this way the action goes on, and the

liquor, gradually filtering through the goods, finds its way back again into the pan, to be again heated and discharged as before.



BUCKING KEIRS.

In preparing a keir, one pound of lime is used for every thirty or forty pounds of goods; the lime is formed into a cream in a separate vessel, and is gradually spread over the goods as they are deposited in layers in the keirs; the requisite quantity of water is next added, and heat is applied. The liquor is about two hours in boiling, and the process is continued about seven hours. The effect of the lime is to darken the coloring matter of the cotton, so that, after washing, they appear darker than they did before; but all the dirt and grease are removed by this process. The goods are next washed in the dash-wheels, in order to remove the adhering lime; and then comes the *chemicking*, or steeping in a very dilute solution of chloride of lime, for which purpose they are placed in stone vats, over the centre of which is a perforated trough, into which the bleaching solution is pumped up many times during the process, and from this it drains down upon the goods. Every pound of cloth requires about half a pound of chloride of lime, of a certain strength, mixed with about three gallons of water. The steeping is continued six hours, after which the cloth is of a light gray color, not white, but considerably improved in appearance. Care must be taken to make the steep of the proper strength; for, if too strong, the calico will run into holes.

In the next process, which is called *souring*, the goods are steeped for four hours in water soured by sulphuric acid, when a minute disengagement of chlorine takes place throughout the substance of the cloth, and it immediately assumes a bleached appearance. The acid also removes a small portion of oxide of iron contained in the fibre, and also the lime of the previous processes. When removed from the acid, the goods are again washed: they are greatly improved in appearance, but still not quite

bleached. They are therefore boiled for eight or nine hours in a potash or soda ley; then washed at the dash-wheel; again steeped for five or six hours in a solution of bleaching-powder, two-thirds of the strength of the first solution; then soured as before for two, three, or four hours, according to the quality of the goods, and at length they are perfectly bleached. Every trace of acid is removed by careful washing, for, if any acid were left in the cloth, it would corrode it, especially when heated. The acid favors the bleaching action, and does not injure the fibre of the cloth, although the steeping is continued for days, provided the cloth is not allowed to dry with the acid in it, or be left above the surface of the liquor. The acid is also necessary to remove the caustic alkali, which adheres with great pertinacity to the goods. The goods lose weight in being bleached. Fine calico loses nearly ten per cent.; but of this, one-half is the weavers' dressing. In coarse goods the loss is greater. For the processes subsequent to bleaching, we must refer to an article on *calendering*, which will follow in the series.

The above details refer chiefly to cotton shirting, and the better descriptions of calico used for printing on. The processes are modified for different varieties of cotton goods. It is also often necessary to expedite the various processes. As an example of the rapidity of bleaching by the new method, compared with the old, we may mention one case in which a bleacher received fourteen hundred pieces of gray muslin on Tuesday, and, on the following Thursday, they were bleached and returned to the manufacturers, a distance of sixteen miles.

BLEACHING OF LINEN.—Linen contains much more coloring matter than cotton. Whilst cotton only loses about one-twentieth of its weight in the bleaching process, linen loses nearly one-third. The fibres of flax possess, in the natural state, a light gray, yellow, or blond color. By the operation of rotting, or, as it is commonly called, *water-retting*, which is employed to enable the textile filaments to be separated from the boon, or woolly matter, the color becomes darker; and, in consequence probably of the putrefaction of the green matter of the bark, the coloring substance appears. Hence, flax prepared without rotting is much paler, and its coloring matter may be, in a great measure, removed by washing with soap, leaving the filaments nearly white. In the bleaching of linen, the washing can never be overdone; and, on its being properly executed between every part of the bucking, boiling, steeping in the chloride of lime solution, and souring, not a little of the success depends.

Linens are first washed, and then steeped in waste alkaline ley; they then undergo fourteen processes of bucking, washing, and crofting. They are then taken to the rubbing-board, and well rubbed with a strong lather of black soap, after which they are well washed in clear spring water. At this period

they are carefully examined, and those that are fully bleached are laid aside to be blued, and made up for market; while those that are not fully white are returned to be boiled, and steeped in the chloride of lime or potash, then soured until they are fully white. The method of bleaching linens in Ireland is similar to the foregoing.

BLEACHING OF SILK.—Silk, in its raw state, as spun by the worm, is either white or yellow, of various shades, and is covered with a varnish which gives it stiffness and a degree of elasticity. Many plans have been attempted to produce a whiteness in silk; but none have succeeded so well as boiling it with soap-water. It is believed, however, that the Chinese do not employ this method, but something that is preferable. It is said that they use a peculiar kind of bean, which they boil with their silk. Probably the superior beauty of their white silk may be owing to the superiority of the raw material. The most ancient mode of scouring silk consists of three operations. For the first, or the *ungumming*, thirty per cent. of soap is, first of all, dissolved in clear river water by a boiling heat; then the temperature is lowered by the addition of a little cold water, by withdrawing the fire, or at least by dampening it. The hanks of silk, suspended upon horizontal poles over the boiler, are now plunged into the soapy solution, kept at a heat somewhat under boiling, which is an essential point; for, if hotter, the soap would attack the substance of the silk, and not only dissolve a portion of it, but deprive the whole of its lustre. The portions of the hanks plunged in the bath get scoured by degrees, the varnish and the coloring matter come away, and the silk assumes its proper whiteness and pliancy. Whenever this point is attained, the hanks are turned round upon the poles, so that the portion formerly in the air may also be subjected to the bath. As soon as the whole is completely ungummed, they are taken out, rung by the pegs, and shaken out; after which the next step, called the *boil*, is commenced. Into bags of coarse canvas, called pockets, about twenty-five pounds of ungummed silk are inclosed, and put into a similar bath with the preceding, but with a smaller portion of soap, which may therefore be raised to the boiling point without danger of destroying the silk. The boiling is to be kept up for an hour and a half, during which time the bags must be frequently stirred, lest those near the bottom should suffer an undue degree of heat. The silk experiences, in these two operations, a loss of about twenty-five per cent. of its weight. "The third and last scouring operation is intended to give the silk a slight tinge, which renders the white more agreeable, as better adapted to its various uses in trade. In this way we distinguish the China white, which has a faint cast of red, the silver white, the azure white, and the thread white. To produce these different shades, we begin by preparing a soap water so strong as to lather by

agitation; we then add to it, for the China white, a little annatto, mixing it carefully in, then passing the silk properly through it till it has acquired the wished-for tint. As to the other shades, we need only assure them more or less with fine indigo, which has been previously washed several times in hot water, and reduced to powder in a mortar. It is then diffused through the boiling water, allowed to settle for a few minutes, and the supernatant liquid, which contains only the finer particles, is added to the soap bath in such proportions as may be requisite. The silk, on being taken out of this bath, must be wrung well, and stretched upon perches to dry; after which it is introduced into the sulphuring chamber, if it is to be made use of in the white state. At Lyons, however, no soap is employed at the third operation; after the boil, the silk is washed, sulphured, and assured, by passing through very clear river water properly blued."

The silks intended for the manufacture of blonds and gauzes are not subjected to the ordinary scouring process, because it is essential in these cases for them to retain their natural stiffness. In selecting silks for gauze or blond, the whitest raw silk is obtained; they are then steeped and rinsed in a bath of pure water, or one containing a very little soap, wrung out, exposed to a sulphur bath, and then passed through blue water. Sometimes this process is repeated. When silks are to be dyed, much less soap is used, and very little for the dark colors. Of the dyeing, and other matters connected with silk, we shall speak in a future article on its manufacture.

BLEACHING OF WOOL.—Wool, like silk, is covered with a peculiar varnish, which impairs its qualities, and prevents its being employed in the raw state for the purposes to which it is well adapted when scoured. The yolk, as this varnish is called, readily dissolves in water, with the exception of a little free fatty matter which easily separates from the filaments, and remains floating in the liquor. Wool is first steeped in a simple warm water, or in warm water mixed with a peculiar ammonia liquid. It is left in the solution for fifteen or twenty minutes, if the heat is as warm as the hand will bear it, and is well stirred all the time with a rod. After this, it is taken out, set to drain, placed in large baskets, and then completely rinsed in a stream of water. Care is taken not to make the water boil in which wool is placed, as it would decompose the fibres and ruin it. When the wool is washed sufficiently, it is exposed to the action of sulphurous acid, either in a liquid or gaseous state. In the latter case, sulphur is burned in a close chamber, in which the wools are hung up or spread out; in the former, the wools are plunged into water moderately impregnated with the acid. Exposure on the grass also contributes to the bleaching of wool. It is sometimes whitened in the fleece, and sometimes in the state of yarn; the latter affording the best means of operating. After sulphuring, it has a harsh, crispy feel, which is re-

moved by a weak soap bath. To this also the wool-comber has recourse, when he wishes to cleanse and whiten wool to the utmost. He generally uses a soft or potash soap, and often the wool is well soaked in the warm soap bath; with gentle pressure he wrings it well with the help of a hook fixed at the end of his washing-tub, and hangs it up to dry.

BLEACHING EXPERIMENT FOR OUR READERS.—Put a little common salt in a saucer, pour upon it a

teaspoonful of sulphuric acid; stir it up, and place the saucer on the stove. When hot, cover the saucer with a pint tumbler, which has a sprig of parsley fastened inside on the bottom. The fumes which arise from the mixture are chlorine, or the bleaching gas; they are the result of a chemical action, and will soon take out the whole color from the parsley leaf, thus affording an interesting specimen of bleaching.

THE DEBARDEUR'S FIRST LOVE.*

(See Plate.)

THAT eve of joy, of sparkling glance,
Of merry mask and tripping dance,
When thou wast clinging to my side,
My heart's first love, my promised bride—
I live it o'er again;
And, as it passeth by, I seem
To dream once more the mournful dream
That prophesied my pain.

Methought thy vows yet thrilled my ear—
That lone I trod a desert drear—
Alone and joyless—and my breast
By burning thirst was sore oppressed,
And water there was none;
Until at last I did behold,
O'erbrimmed with wine, a cup of gold
Secluded from the sun.

That brimming cup—that golden cup—
Then to my lips I lifted up;
But, ere I tasted of its joy—
Alas! that life hath such annoy—
It slipped my eager hand;
And soon its pure and precious wine,
That I had deemed as wholly mine,
Had stained the desert sand.

In agony that found no cry,
That fallen cup I lingered by;

And ever fresh that stain was kept
With tears my deathless misery wept,
Yet eased they not its woe:
Ah! better far had I forgot
That golden cup and crimsoned spot,
And from them sought to go.

For soon that cup, that golden cup,
Another's hand held brimming up,
While from that stain upon the sand
There grew a vine which, like a hand,
Clung fast about my soul;
I could not cry—I could not fly—
But saw—and, seeing, longed to die—
Another drain that bowl.

Oh! thou whose name I may not speak,
So faint my breath—my tongue so weak—
Thou art the cup my lips then pressed—
Thy love the wine my thirsting breast.
Then thought its own might be:
Thou and thy love no more are mine,
Yet memory's tears still nurse the vine,
That binds me fast to thee.

J. B. J.

* *Debardeur* is a French word, signifying a stevedore or lighterman—a person who unloads vessels. The holiday apparel of the *debardeurs* of France is remarkable for its gay and unique appearance, and is frequently employed as a masquerade dress by the visitors to fancy-costume balls.

FRIENDSHIPS' OFFERING.

(See Plate.)

Ruddy and bright is the morning's light
O'er the mist-hung mountains glancing;
With rippling tread, o'er their rocky bed,
Are the wayside waters dancing:
Then come, my steed, from thy halter freed,
With step that is light and fleet
As the winds that sweep yon purple steep,
Where forest and cloud are meeting.

With hoof bedewed, and with cheek rose-hued,
Let us look on fair Nature's adorning,
And drink of the wine—fragrant, divine—
That brims on the beaker of morning:
With loosened rein and a flying mane,
Thou 'lt leave the breezes behind us;
And jocund Health, with her priceless wealth,
In our early ride shall find us.

With a tingling cry, the winds go by,
And my heart with thy feet is timing;
My loosened hair, in the sparkling air,
With thy rustling mane is rhyming;
With a keen delight, I feel thy might,
As thou leap'st o'er the grassy meadow;
Then on, brave steed! with a tempest's speed,
We'll sweep to yon mountain's shadow.

Ere hot is the sun, what pleasures we've won!
We've drank of the hill-born river,
And galloped back, by the olden track,
Where the breezeless poplars quiver;
And for thy reward, from the garden sward—
Now our morning ride is over—
Clean grasses I'll choose, still dripping with dew,
And sweeten with globes of fresh clover.

JOANNES BURLINGTONIUS.

MRS. HARRIET LEE;

THE LAST SURVIVING AUTHOR OF "THE CANTERBURY TALES."

IF old age be always—more or less—venerable, surely it is never so much so as when reposing in dignified retirement apart from the strife and struggle of busy life; enjoying that rest which has been justly earned by honorable exertions, and the fulfilment of difficult duties in earlier years; and waiting the final summons with hopeful trust and calm content.

We have rarely felt more impressed with this truth than on recently reading in the newspaper obituaries the name of Mrs. Harriet Lee, at the advanced age of ninety-five. Belonging to the generation of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the active, stirring, reading, writing, ruling, prime-of-life men and women of the present day, her having tarried among us so long seemed a sort of anomaly the more strange when announced, because previously so little known even in the Republic of Letters, which is usually pretty well informed about the doings of its *citoyens* and *citoyennes*. A brief retrospect of the lives of the two sisters will perhaps, however, best lead up to our subject.

Sophia and Harriet Lee were the daughters of a gentleman who, originally articulated to a solicitor, subsequently adopted the stage as a profession. Sophia, the elder, was born in 1750, and though early evincing a taste for literature, the domestic duties which devolved on her in consequence of the early death of her mother seem to have delayed the development of her powers. She did not appear as an authoress till her thirtieth year, when a comedy from her pen, called "The Chapter of Accidents," was brought out at the Haymarket, under the management of the elder Colman, and received with great applause. The profits derived from this play were devoted to the establishment of a ladies' school at Bath, where both sisters now settled, and seem to have combined for many years, in a singularly happy manner, the arduous duties of instruction and authorship. In 1784, Miss Lee published "The Recess," which may justly be considered the pioneer of the historical romance. The scene is laid in the time of Queen Elizabeth; Norfolk, Essex, Leicester, and the unhappy Queen of Scots, being the principal real personages introduced. It is a book which, judged even by the modern canons of criticism, displays many admirable qualities. Somewhat verbose it is, and replete with minute details; but in those days a good novel was a feast never complained of for the tediousness of its courses. It is full of high-wrought romantic incidents, verging on the debatable ground between the improbable and the impossible; but sixty or seventy years ago,

we suspect the delicate flavor of the genuine simple story would have been voted insipid and unpalatable. While, with these drawbacks—to modern readers—"The Recess" is still remarkable for the brilliant imagination and vigorous construction of plot it displays, the true and powerful historical coloring which is maintained throughout; and last though by no means the least charm—since it is one in which so many modern would-be-novelists fail—for a lucid and euphonious style, which shows that composition had been studied as an art. It has been said that Scott was indebted to this novel for many suggestions for his *Kenilworth*; and he, so rich in gifts that were all his own, would probably have been the first to acknowledge his obligation.

About the year 1797, the first volume of the celebrated "Canterbury Tales"—the joint production of the two sisters—appeared, and met with so decided a success that the series was quickly extended to five volumes. The plan and outline of this work belonged exclusively to Harriet, the younger sister, although the author of "The Recess" contributed "The Young Lady's Tale, or the two Emilys," and "The Clergyman's Tale, or Pembroke;" together with the narrative introduction to the first volume. To Harriet Lee, however, belongs the fame of having written the powerful and original story of "Kruitzner," which appeared in the fourth volume of the "Canterbury Tales," and suggested to Lord Byron, as is so widely known, his tragedy of "Werner." Indeed, the noble poet acknowledged and announced his obligation, saying in his preface: "I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ida of Strahlenheim) added by myself; but in the rest the original is chiefly followed."

A writer in the twelfth volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* is very severe on Byron, declaring that he has invented nothing, and contrasting his manner of appropriation with that of Shakespeare, who, when he was indebted to some old novelist for a story, breathed a life into the characters which they had never possessed before. Writing of Werner, this critic says: "Indeed, but for the preparation which

* In the preface to one of the later editions of the "Canterbury Tales," Harriet Lee writes that they "were first called such in *badinage* between the authors, as being a proverbial phrase for gossiping, long stories; certainly with no thought of blending them with the recollection of our great English classic."

we had received from our old familiarity with Miss Lee's own admirable work, we rather incline to think we should have been unable to comprehend the gist of her noble imitator, or rather copier, in several of what seem to be meant for his most elaborate delineations. The fact is, that this undeviating closeness, this humble fidelity of imitation, is a thing so perfectly new in anything worthy of the name of literature, that we are sure no one, who has not read the 'Canterbury Tales,' will be able to form the least conception of what it amounts to.

"Those who have never read Miss Lee's book will, however, be pleased with this production; for, in truth, the story is one of the most powerfully conceived, one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying that we have always considered her works as standing upon the verge of the first rank of excellence; that is to say, as inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the author of 'Waverley.' It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say that the 'Canterbury Tales' exhibit more of that species of invention which, as we have already remarked, was never common in English literature, than any of the works of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding.

"Kruitener, or the German's Tale," possesses mystery, and yet clearness, as to its structure; strength of characters, and admirable contrast of characters; and above all, the most lively interest, blended with, and subservient to, the most affecting of moral lessons. The main idea which lies at the root of it is, the horror of an erring father, who, having been detected in vice by his son, has dared to defend his own sin, and so to perplex the son's notions of moral rectitude, on finding that the son, in his turn, has pushed the false principles thus instilled to the last and worst extreme, on hearing his own sophistries flung in his face by a—Murderer!"

Though newer names are more familiar in our mouths than that of Harriet Lee, it is not difficult to imagine the high consideration in which she was held, both by the readers and the critics of a past generation. We have failed to discover any published memoir of importance of this venerable lady; but we cannot help conjecturing what an autobiography she might have written, and what curious and intensely interesting memoranda of her life may possibly be in existence. Authentic records show her as the friend of Mrs. Siddons, and John Kemble,

and Jane Porter, and General Paoli; and as a clear-judging seer, who predicted the success and celebrity of Sir Thomas Lawrence. What a world of the past do these names conjure up! and what a homily on the length and brevity, the greatness and the littleness, of human life do they—in connection with the survivor of all—suggest! To have predicted the fame of the boy-artist, and then to live on till they who at his prime he painted in their youthful bloom have faded to elderly matrons; to have been born when George the Third was a stripling prince, and live into the blessed reign of Victoria, and the days of a Crystal Palace; to have been an intelligent little maiden ere Napoleon lived, and before Louis Seize mounted his rotten crumbling throne! What a century to have so nearly rounded! What an experience to have crowded even into ninety-five years!

In the year 1803, Sophia and Harriet Lee relinquished their school, having not only acquired a provision for their old age, but established a large family of nephews and nieces in life. A few years afterwards, they took up their abode in a charming house at Clifton, and, honored and esteemed for all the virtues which adorn private life, and famous for talents which had always been employed to improve while they amused, they must have spent many years of repose and enjoyment not easily to be overestimated.

Sophia Lee expired at the ripe age of seventy-four, on the 13th of March, 1824, in the arms of that attached sister who was destined so long to survive her. Once, during the last twenty-seven years, we hear of Mrs. Harriet Lee as an authoress; about fifteen years ago a play from her pen was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, but it failed to attract, and soon sank into oblivion. With this exception, her existence seems scarcely to have been recognized beyond the limited, yet not narrow circle, of her intimate and admiring friends. She met old age gracefully, and it was tenderly kind to her. By those who knew her to the last, her memory is said to have retained its always remarkable vigor, and her wonderful conversational powers to have remained unabated. But no persuasions—and must they not have been many?—drew her into general society. We have no account of her faded cheeks and snowy locks decked out for "midnight revelries;" no mention of her among the coteries. No; her truly venerable old age was one of honor, dignity, and repose; the proper sequence to the activity and energy of early life. Mrs. Harriet Lee died at Clifton on the 1st of August, conscious of her approaching end, and devoutly happy and resigned.

TWO NIGHTS AND TWO DAYS IN UPPER ASSAM.

BY AN OFFICER'S WIFE.

It was in the month of April, of the year '45, a report came down from this outpost of Ningroo, to the commanding officer at the head-quarters of Jeypore, stating rumors to be abroad that a party of Singphoes had come down, and were lurking about the jungles in rear of the outpost, with a design to make a night attack and cut up the guard. Now as this had really happened about a couple of years previously, it was necessary to ascertain the truth of the report, and to guard against treachery; consequently Major H—— ordered a detachment of forty men to be told off, intending himself to go up in person to see how matters really stood, and asked me to pack some linen for him, with "a piece of soap and a couple of towels" *à la Napier*, as also to give orders for his cook-boat to be made in readiness, with the usual supply of small black and speckled fowls, red ruffed cocks, and two or three dispirited-looking ducks, shut into small bamboo coops, for consumption on the journey. This I did, but at the same time seeing no cause of detention for myself alone at home, I begged very hard to accompany him, to which he at last consented, although I was warned of all the discomforts and roughing which awaited me; but as I cared not for this, and my own arrangements were soon completed, the morrow's early morn was fixed for our departure.

As soon as dawn broke, great was the bustle. The large number of canoes needed for such a detachment of men, with their provisions—not to speak of arms, accoutrements, and ammunition—had been seized or stopped by the commissariat agent the night before, and were now moored at the nearest ghaut. The river bank and road were crowded by the Sepoys' wives and children, bringing down their cooking-pots, bags of rice, parched peas, oil, jars, chillies, and spices.

By and by the bugle sounded, and the detachment appeared, headed by their native officer, and with three cheers entered their boats. We were in ours. There was a lighting in the eastern horizon; a fresh small breeze crept over the face of the waters; the long grasses and large leaves bowed themselves down to it; there was a wild chorus of cries from the monkeys in the high trees, and up rose the broad sun. The boats shoved off, one long canoe, with its union-jack trailing from the stern, taking the lead, and all the rest, like so many snakes, winding and paddling their way after us. By and by we entered the first reach of the river, and the station, with its houses and figures watching us from the bank, was lost, and the scene before us was one which might have

been hundreds of miles away from any human habitation. Here was the deep quiet river, without a line or ripple before us, with its high wooded banks rising from a rocky base on each side of us; tall, dark, glossy-leaved Indian-rubber trees, with their myriad young shoots hanging from their long branches, filled with bright flowering parasites; dangling creepers, and red-faced monkeys, swaying about in wild play, or leaping from one tree to another; clumps of plantations, with their long roll of young unfurled leaves, sticking out from amidst them, heavy with dew, and then further down, and nearer the water, near themselves, those gigantic ferns, beautiful with their dentilated foliage and tiny sprays; betwixt and between rises one mass, one flush of many-leaved vegetation, dark green, light green, verging on yellow, crimson, deep warm brown, and the white-leaved shrub (I forget its name just now), with the little orange blossom so common in the jungles of Assam.

On we floated, the splash of the paddles dripping into the water again; the long-chanted song of some of the boatmen in the rear, the laugh or talk between some of the men, or the long, shrill chirp of some big grasshopper from the jungle, were the only sounds; and so we floated on till about ten, when I began to be very hungry; so, as a smooth little piece of white land was in view, we stopped, got out, and ordered our breakfast. As I was walking along, seeking for the nicest and shadiest spot for our table and chairs, I came upon the fresh foot-prints of a large tiger. He seemed, as I followed the steps, to have come down from the high jungle bank above our heads, walked to the water's edge to drink, then turned up again, ascended a little sandy slope, higher than where we had our boats moored, there lain himself down under the shadow of a large tree, just the most comfortable, airiest, and shadiest spot of the whole, and the very one I was on the lookout for. I fancy he must have remained there some little time, as the sand was a good deal marked, but not seeing anything in his way, up the river or down the river, he had got up disgusted, I presume, and walked away again into the jungle above our heads. Well, all this perambulating of a tiger a short time before (I fancy at dawn), upon the very spot where we wanted to eat our breakfast, was not very comfortable; but still, we had gone to his realm, not he to ours; so, as we were hungry, and there was no other sand-bank in view, there was nothing for it but to proceed with operations. So the camp-table was placed under the tree, and the two chairs set,

the table-cloth laid, and then behold the covered dishes coming; fresh fried fish in one, and savory food in the other, peculiarly native, being a preparation of rice, and that small yellow grain called *dhal*, fried with a little butter and a good many spices, then eggs and toast, and lastly, the dear old Britannia metal marching teapot, with the two cups, and the good English-looking comforting tea poured into them. So we ate and drank, and were merry, only casting a look to the jungle every now and then, if a breeze stirred the leaves, and respectfully keeping our faces that way. The meal concluded, a good deal of food was left for the crows, if not for the tiger, all the overplus of the rice being emptied out on the sand by the natives before scouring and putting away their pots; then a general embarkation, and on we floated again to the noise of the dripping paddles.

The sun was by this time high, and although we were creeping along under the shadow of the bank, it was growing hot. Our canoe was very much like a coffin, though a good deal longer, but not much broader. We could just sit side by side on the floor, at the entry of the mat roof; so we pulled out Borrow's "Gipsies in Spain," as being a work I had lately received, and which, with writing, fishing, and sketching materials, I had sent on board; so we read, and talked, and dozed, and caught bright glimpses of the blue Naga range of hills ever and anon in the turns of the river.

At last the heat abated, and the shadows lengthened; the birds began to chirp and twitter, and the mirror of the stream became constantly broken by the lazy fish now leaping to every passing fly. An order was given to make for the first sand bank which was large enough to give us mooring room, as well as afford space for the pitching of our little hill tent. One was soon desisted (though there are not many on any river in the month of April); but it was too small for any comfort; however, it was the only one, and we must be satisfied. The table and chairs were placed as usual, but there was no room for pitching the tent—that was impossible. By and by the sun set, and the sky and water became many-colored; then the drowsy sound of beetles died off one by one; the butterflies fluttered in under the large leaves, and the moths fluttered out. After them came the long-winged bats, and then whole flights of little ones darting athwart the twilight sky; then the first stars came out above the mountain tops. I could count them at first, but soon their hosts multiplied brighter and thicker, and brighter still; then came the report that the sentries were posted and dinner on the table; so with small toilet we seated ourselves, and began discussing roast fowl and chicken outlets; but before we had gone far, our light was flapped out by a large white moth, left swimming in the oil; then followed swarms of small insects of the jumping genus, accompanied by little crickets and large crickets,

crickets which made chirping enough even to have gladdened Mr. Dickens's heart. On they came, hosts of crickets, black, gray, and brown; some jumped into the wine-glasses, some into the tomato sauce of the unfortunate outlets, some into the curry gravy, some into Hudson's pale ale, some into the pickles, some into the oil burners. We looked at each other, we two who were at dinner, or at least, who wanted to eat it. "What shall we do?" H— said.

"Send for a bearer with a large punka" (fan), was my suggestion. Presently he came, and we had most vigorous puffs every sweep of the fan; but instead of sending the crickets away, it sent them from the table-cloth on to our faces, and there they were, crawling and jumping all over us. I fairly got up and ran away—I believe Major H— did the same; then we laughed a great deal, and sat down again. I said—"Let us eat fast before the crickets come again!" And we tried to do so; but there they were, the legion, the army, the host! So we got up in dismay, had the lights put out, and the dinner taken away. "I think we had better take a walk," said I, as I felt something biting my feet and ankles very much; so we got up, and walked to and fro, the length of our little sand-bank. But I heard the humming in my ears, all through the air in fact; it became more cadenced, more concentrated. I knew what it meant, but I said nothing, in silent despair. We walked and talked, and tried to keep up each other's spirits; but we never hinted as to how we should get through the night.

The bell-bird had now begun his long solitary call, full and round, and distinctly clear; sometimes close, then measured, like the sound of some full, deep-toned gong; sometimes distant, when it died away like the last long strokes of the vesper in some Italian square-cloistered tower—yes, that lonely bird calls the live-long night to itself; none of its kind ever seem to answer it; but still, as the night comes, it calls on with its melancholy note forever!

The sky had clouded; all the stars were gone; a slight breeze was stirring the trees, and a damp air had crept out of the jungle, which spoke of rain. "Ah!" said I, "perhaps the land-flics will get drowned, and the crickets at least will be obliged to get into their holes."

"But the mosquitoes!" said Major H—.

There was no answer to this.

Night waned; it was late; it was time to go to bed. "I am going to wrap myself in my cloak, and lay myself under the camp table to keep off the dew," said my husband.

"I think I'll try to get under the mosquito curtain in that coffin of a boat," said I, "and see if I can't get a little sleep."

So said, so done. I called my woman, who undressed me, and I crawled in on hands and knees; made a great fanning before the gauze curtains,

where I intended to enter; made a dive in head-foremost, tucked in the curtains, and laid myself down to repose from my labors. At first a kind of sleep came over my eyelids, and I thought I was getting away to the blessed dream-land, when a humming commenced in my ears, and a sensation as if I were having live coals strewed all over my body came on me. I moved to a cool place on the sheets: the humming came close to my ear. I gave myself a desperate slap to try and smash him; then a humming above my head. I gave myself another slap there; then a keen, decided sting on my leg, then one or two on my foot. I rubbed them furiously together; then a universal pricking all over my body! No, this will never do! I darted up; it was intensely hot; no breath got to me in my coffin! I crawled out; the night was dark and quiet, for, though a waning moon was up, the sky was completely clouded, and a little drizzling rain was falling—just a night for a mosquito orgy, thought I. I looked round; most of the men and servants were lying stretched on their mats on the sand, rolled up in their long white sheets, looking like so many corpses; but, notwithstanding, one heard the slaps which were going on in all quarters. But they are patient beings, and think if one must needs be devoured by mosquitos, sand-flies, or any other noxious insect, it is as well to lie to be devoured as to sit for the same purpose. So there they lay, every man in his sheet. The two sentries were stalking up and down at a little distance. I looked for the table, but the space under its protecting shadow was empty.

"Where is H——?" thought I to myself; and I began looking round. Presently, not very far from the boat, close to the water's edge, seated upon a little cane stool, with his feet in the water, did I see my unfortunate husband. "What is the matter?" said I; "are you ill? Why are you sitting with your feet in the water?" A groan was my only answer.

"H——, dear, you'll make yourself ill!" cried I, "with your feet in the water; it's raining." "It's dreadful!" said he. What was to be done? I felt the mosquitos from head to foot—I was in a flame.

"I wonder," said I, "if these mosquitos bite the tigers in the jungles as they do us. What do you think they would do if they did? they could not eat them, you know."

"I fancy not," said my husband; "but I should not like to meet one just after a biting such as I have had."

And the bell-bird was ever calling its melancholy note, and the owls were hooting to each other.

"Well," thought I to myself, as I had already got wet through with the rain, "I think I had better get a bath that will cool me; so I crawled into the boat again, and got hold of my sleeping attendant in the back compartment of it; she was sound asleep. I shook her very hard. "Get up," said I; "I want to bathe."

"Bathe! Mem Sahib!" burst forth the woman. "But it's twelve at night, or two in the morning. How can you bathe just now?"

"Ah, never mind that," said I. "Get up; bring the water-pots. Come, be quick!"

Natives have certainly a notion that the *Sahiblogs* (*c'est à dire, nous autres*) are all more or less mad—deranged in mind, unsettled, or by whatever more kindly name it may be called. What with the needless trouble they so often take in climbing rocks to see views; wandering into impenetrable jungles to look after flowers, trees, and plants; lavishing a sum for an insect which they would call dear for a silk handkerchief, or a pitcher of clarified butter! Coming away as I had done in this instance, in a wretched hot canoe, to be bitten to death by mosquitos, when I might have stayed at home in my own comfortable house, where I had my dressing-room and spring-couches! Well, there was no accounting for what the *Sahiblogs* would do and then this bathing at two in the morning! . . . but, however, she got up, adjusted her drapery about her, took a water-pot in each hand, and crawled out after me. Once outside the long tunnel, I seated myself on the edge of the canoe. "Now fill the water-pot," said I, "and pour the water over me; and go on filling and pouring until I say stop."

So it was done—oh, it was delicious! One water-pot after the other was emptied over me; there I sat, quite happy and contented; but I heard my poor Abigail rubbing her feet one on the other in the bottom of the boat; but the mosquitos had no time to bite me; whenever they settled, another splash came down. Thus it went on until about half an hour of dawn. "Now," said I, "bring me my things, and I'll dress;" and so I did—I was all ready, and as fresh and as cool as a cucumber. Then the general ablution began. All the Hindoos walked into the water to say their prayers; every one bathed—the bugle sounded to boat, and off.

We had all, I think, good long sleeps that day, and not much of Mr. Borrow; but the weather was very hot, and the reaches of the river long. At last, a little before sunset, we came up to a high, open bank, the site of a deserted village, with some almost fallen huts still standing here and there; one of these, however, seemed yet to be inhabited, as an old man and a little boy sat by it, watching our approach. The boats were moored; the bank was rather a high one, but a rude broken path was used into its side; by this we managed to scramble up, and our little tent was pitched just on the edge above, with the door looking down upon the water, to catch any stray breeze which might rise with sunset. Major H—— went to see that the men took up good positions for the night, and had their boats well moored, as the intense heat and clouded sky gave promise of coming storms. All our tent pins were well hammered down, and the ropes tightly knotted. I saw to this. By and by we took a ram-

ble on the bank, and had a chat with the old man and the little boy, who told us all their people had gone further up the river, where there was better opium ground; that they stayed only to gather in some few plantains from the deserted trees, which would be ripe by and by, and then they were to join their friends in the upper village.

Presently arrived the native political agent of these parts, hearing that Major H——'s boats were moored below. He gave us a good deal of news regarding the reports which had summoned us to Ningroo. He had his loaded gun in his hand; his long, square-ended Assamese sword in a wooden sheath, hooped with cane, and slung by the same over his shoulder, was all ready at hand. A large white turban, twisted round a knot of jet-black hair, was drawn up, and stuck on the very top of his head. A large white cotton plaid was wrapped round him, and in a scarf of the same material, tightly girt about his waist, stuck a long-bladed knife, with a carved ivory handle. He had a retinue of about ten or twelve men of his clan with him, and he said he had been lying about the jungles for the last two nights, in hopes of finding the whereabouts of the Singphoes, who were said to have been collected at a spot by a small inland stream not far in rear of the stockade of Ningroo; but who, having quarreled amongst themselves about the attack, had for the present dispersed. So far good news; but still Major H——, wishing to be on the spot himself, and hear the native officers report on the subject, as well as give some orders relative to the guards and sentries on duty, was anxious at the same time to inspect the ground in the vicinity of the stockade, which was greatly overgrown with jungle, and had to be cleared. The *receillie* was ordered to be sounded as usual in the morning at dawn.

We had our dinner in peace and quiet this evening, without crickets and without sandflies, and the few mosquitos were warded off by the evolutions of the large fan. We were very happy and comfortable this night, and talked of last night as a "horrible dream."

"Oh," said I, "how sound I shall sleep!"

"Yes, won't we!" said H——.

The night had set in dark and stormy; heavy gusts of hotish wind came moaning down the gorge of the river; the clouds were very low and lowering; long flashes of bright lightning were darting about these clouds, but as yet neither thunder nor rain. "It will be a tremendous storm that, when it breaks," said my husband to me, as we stood looking at the sky, and stream, and opposite bank, by the glare of the quick succeeding flashes at the open door of our tent. "I wonder," he continued, "if all the tent-pins are well knocked in, or else we shall find ourselves rolled up in the tent when this storm falls on us, and carried off into the middle of the river." I assured him I had seen them all hammered twice over; "and our own canoe," said he, "I must go

and see to the moorings myself." So I was left to look on while he went down and saw that all was right below. He then ordered the sentries to be loaded, and a certain number of men to sleep with their accoutrements on, and their loaded muskets within reach.

I don't know how, but there was something ominous about the setting in of this night. I thought I was to get a good sleep, and still I *felt* as though I should be woke out of it before morning. It was past ten; the wind had become a great deal cooler, a few heavy drops of rain had begun to fall; it was pitch dark—I was very tired and sleepy. I saw H—— come in, put a sharp, short-bladed sword he had *for use* upon the chair by his bed. He loaded his gun, and also put it close by; but I was sleepy, and fell asleep.

How long I may have slept I know not—till perhaps an hour past midnight—when I was awake, but by a most tremendous noise. I sat up in my bed and listened; I called H——; no answer. The night-lamp had blown out—the tent was in darkness. I felt about—everything was empty; I felt on the chair—the sword was gone; I felt—the gun was gone. I was then wide awake; I heard the crashing of the thunder above every other noise; but betwixt and between, and with it, I heard other noises; I jumped up, slipped my arms into my dressing-gown, tied the sash round my waist, opened the tent door, which was soaking. It was raining in torrents. I called my husband—once, twice—but no answer. At last a blazing flash of lightning showed him to me, about twenty yards off, on the bank of the river. The unearthly howling, roaring, and raving of wild beasts now rose to my ears. I ran to his side, and asked him what on earth was the matter. He told me we were in the midst of a herd of wild elephants, at least that the herd had taken to the water, and were infuriated at finding obstacles in their way. He had already fired a few shots, and he had been calling to the other loaded men to fire. I never saw, I never heard such a scene in my life. The raging of the elephants; thunder-crash after crash over head; and then those long crackling reports, which go wandering about the clouds to fall in with other peals which clash against each other, seeming as if they would tear the vault of heaven in two. Then that vivid, forked, fiery, flaming lightning, which for the minute it flashes shows every leaf in the jungle, every stick and stone on the bank, every wave on the tide.

By such a flash, then, was made visible to my dazzled eyes a herd of wild elephants on the opposite bank of the river. There might have been five and twenty or thirty large males with tusks, females without, and young ones; in fact, it was a herd, and composed of animals of all sizes. Several had taken to the water, and were swimming straight for our landing-place where our canoes were moored, and above which our tent was pitched. One large fe-

male, with two young ones, was in advance of them all; the young ones, I fancy, were fired, and wanted to land; of course nothing would turn the mother. The whole herd had been startled by the report of the firearms, but were still anxious to cross, as this seemed to be a selected crossing of their own to come over, and tear down and eat the plantains belonging to the deserted village. But not only were they startled, but they were angered, and hence the noise, a noise which was more unearthly than any other I ever heard; for mixed with screams of the shrillest sharpness, were groans, and roarings, and ravings and beating of trunks, and tearing down and crashing amongst branches; and trees were being hurled into the river by them in their wrath. All I here describe was seen during the space of a flash of lightning.

"If they effect a landing," said H—— to me, "it's all up with us; there's not one of us will escape with life." In the mean time, he was shouting to the men to load and fire, for the female with the two young ones was swimming steadily on. The rain and wind were pelting—both mercilessly. Of course, I was wet through long ago, and my hair, which had tumbled down, was beating about my face in wild entanglement. "Go into that house, dear, you'll get your death of cold here," said H——; and he told the old man, who had crept out to his side, to lead me there: forthwith he took me by the wrist and tottered away with me through a splash of mud and water up to my ankles—for I was bare-foot—to the door of his tent, which had to be ascended to by a ladder of unsmoothed sticks, the knots of which went through and through my unfortunate feet. But the minute I was landed there, with the old man by me, I could not bear the suspense. I could not see what was going on at the river's bank, so I scrambled down the steps again, splashed through the mud and water, and, as I did not want to disturb, or rather distract H——, made my way to a kneeling figure I saw by the tent. He was one of our sentries, a man I knew. "Are you loaded?" said I. "Yes." And, when the next flash of lightning came, we saw the massive head of the great female elephant nearing us rapidly in the stream. "Fire!" said I; for the strong instinct of self-preservation quenched my pity for the noble animal; and the heavy dead dab with which the ball fell showed it had hit; and a plunge and a furious roar ensued—then a rise. Now the black spot in the water was so large we could see it without the lightning. The sharp crack of my husband's rifle whizzed past us—another plunge and a groan, then a roar. A cross fire was thus kept up. And now came a volley from all the loaded men, who had by this time come up; they shouted, they threw fire, lighted sticks, burning straw from the old falling roofs of the deserted huts; all sorts of things did they throw into the water to scare them. With this several of the further-off elephants, who were swim-

ming towards us, turned with fearful roars and shrieks; but the young ones kept on their steady course for our bank, the mother following. At last, the largest of the young ones fairly landed. There was a dead silence amongst us all for a minute. I saw him gathering himself together to mount the broken path in the bank, up which we had come, and which was none other than an elephant track. H—— was standing at the head of it. "Fire!" he shouted. I heard both his own barrels discharged. The poor beast gave a shrill trumpet cry, and stood still a moment at the foot of the bank, when the mother, panting from her wounds and her wrath, set foot on ground, and landed to the assistance of her young one. Notwithstanding our peril, I felt it to be a pitiful sight: she gave one lash with her trunk to the moorings of the cockboat which was in her way, and sent it, with all our pots and pans, our dinner, our breakfast, our all, floating down the stream. She was roaring, and throwing the earth over her head in her passion. Well, thought I, it is all over with us; she'll be up the bank in another minute, and she'll tear and trample down everything and every one in her way. I looked hard for H—— through the darkness, and I saw he had reloaded; my sentry had done the same. "Another volley!" cried H—— to his men, and down whizzed the balls—some splashing in the water, some tearing up the earth from the bank, and some going with their heavy sound into the body of the great animals below. The little beast by this time, I fancy wounded, and fairly scared, seemed to roll itself together, twisted up its trunk, and, with a shriek, trundled into the water. The brave mother stood for a moment irresolute whether to face her enemies and punish them, or go with her young one; instinct at last prevailed; she backed into the water, but, finding our own large canoe in her way, she got to the outside of it, and, with a regular succession of sledge-hammer blows from her trunk, beat in the mat roofing level with the sides of the boat. I thought I heard a kind of stifled scream from inside; but, before I had time to say "What is that?" or "Who is that?" I saw the infuriated animal curl her trunk round the end of the canoe, raise it high out of water, and then dash it down again. The whole end of the boat snapped off like a hazel wand, and the bit which remained in her trunk she flung into the river, and swam down the stream; at the same time, the water rushed into the poor broken boat, and down she went stern foremost, but still held on by her moorings to the bank.

At this minute, I distinctly heard cries for help from within, and I ordered the sepoy, who had been firing away under my orders, to jump down the bank and see who it was. In a minute after, he had cut open the fastenings to the roof matting, and from beneath crawled out my unfortunate tire-woman.

"What!" cried I. "Are you not hurt? Are you not killed? Are not all your bones broken?"

"No, Mem Sahib; but all your things are wet through; your dress, and your sketch-books, and your bonnet," said she, holding up an unfortunate little Paris bonnet, from off which the water was running in torrents, and which was smashed as flat as—as a pancake, in fact, for want of a better simile.

"But how have you not been killed—been crushed to bits?" said I.

"Oh, because I took up one of the boards of the boat, when I heard him coming, and lay down quietly in the bottom of it; but I am all wet through."

With this she made the best of her way up the bank, with the dripping bonnet still in her hand; for she mourned ever it. But we now heard shrieks and shouts all down the bank as far as our camp extended. "Stop the boats! Save the boats!" was the cry on every side; our friend the elephant having swam deliberately down, and cast loose or swamped every canoe she came near, had then taken herself off and crossed to the herd. There were John Company's muskets, ammunition, and provisions all sailing down the river, spinning round the corners where the eddies were strongest, and never thinking of touching or stopping anywhere. All this time, the herd on the opposite side had majestically marched down the stream for some way, still making a great roaring and screaming amongst themselves; but we were thankful to see they had given up the crossing opposite us. In the mean time, there was a general scramble for a boat to catch the rest. Notwithstanding past danger, and all my former tribulations, I could not help laughing aloud as I rung the rain out of my hair. They succeeded in hauling up one of the swamped canoes, and, after unlading it, set out in chase of the rest, which I believe were all duly caught at different distances down the river. By this time a pale, sickly moon had come out, and there was an order from Major H—— to fire the few remaining loaded muskets, as a kind of parting and warning salute to the retreating herd; it was answered by a chorus of groans: with that we were thankful, and got into our poor little tent. I had no dry linen to put on, so was obliged to lay down in my wet; but I was tired out, and soon went to sleep to dream of those horrid elephants under various distorted forms.

The next morning, of course, there was a general drying—uniforms, woman's gear, pantaloons, the unlucky bonnet, drawing-books, Newman's superfine colors swimming about, having made to themselves a sea of many tints; bags of rice, foraging caps, and an abundance of other objects. The old man and the little boy, of course, came to look on, and, seating themselves at our tent-door, told us it was not our fate to be trampled to death by wild elephants, and that was why it had not occurred last night; but that a few months ago this very herd had crossed at a village lower down to devastate the young rice crops, and when the people came to scare

them away, they got so infuriated that they rushed on their huts and toppled them over, tearing down their thatches, and sending the unfortunate inhabitants howling to the wilderness.

Our own boat being useless, we were obliged to have one of the small commissariat canoes emptied for Major H—— and myself, into which we squeezed ourselves. The interior had been newly charred, so it was not very delightful for white clothes; but, in the course of a few hours, we arrived at Ningroo, where we found the native political agent's accounts verified by the native officer commanding there. So, after sundry orders given, and reports received, and inspections of works and buildings made, there was not much more to do; thus, after a night's stay, the next forenoon we started, and our men pulling hard down stream all day, we arrived at our own comfortable house at about nine o'clock that night. Thus ended my adventurous trip to the outposts of Ningroo. Perhaps it may be as well here to state that a few months after this, two Singphoes came into our verandah at Jeypore, with a large-sized female elephant's skull, slung by cane ties to a long bamboo. They told us that they had tracked the animal, which appeared sick some little time before, and, having brought her down with poisoned arrows, had found the skull to be full of shot-holes; they therefore brought it for us to see. And, as we had no doubt that this was the remains of our poor heroine of the ford, we gave the men a due proportion of salt, tobacco, and opium, and took possession of our trophy.

A LOVE WAIF.

BY HENRIE HOLLIS.

So it seems thou dost doubt
In my love for thee, dearest;
Though thou speakest not out,
There is something thou fearest.
By that sigh on the night
When alone we were straying,
Know I fears not quite right
In thy breast were allaying.

Thou dost doubt, I perceive
By thy low voice's tremble—
That you partly believe
That my heart doth dissemble;
I perceive that the hours
Of reliance are flying—
That the "leaves and the flowers"
Of true love are dying.

Thou dost doubt: 'tis a foe
That is coming between us
From the wound of his blow
There is nothing can screen us.
Lest our faith it remain
In each other unshaken,
Love's joy—not its pain—
From our bosoms is taken.

Salineville, Ohio.

THE CAMPBELLS AND THE CLIFTONS.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY MISS META M. DUNCAN.

(Concluded from page 340.)

MRS. CLIFTON, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. John Campbell, had taken up her residence, as usual, with them for the warm weather; and Edward, to be near her, as well as Emily, procured lodgings in the neighborhood.

It was impossible for Edward Clifton not to observe the strong contrast between the homes of the two brothers, domesticated as he was with them. In the one house, all was neatness, cheerfulness, and comfort; in the other, neglect, disorder, and discontent unceasingly prevailed. At John Campbell's plain, but neatly served table, Edward always found a cover laid for him, and a simple, unaffected welcome. At the elder brother's, the meals seemed to be always indefinitely postponed while he remained, and sometimes he received a private intimation from old Nanny that the cook was "off," or in a bad humor, or that the butcher had not come, by way of hint not to stop for dinner.

All this mismanagement and discomfort, Edward, with the blindness of love, attributed to the incompetency and fine-ladyism of Mrs. Frederic Campbell; though, at the other house, he could not fail to observe that Nora was the chief manager in all domestic matters, her mother's health being too delicate to admit of her attending to any active duties herself.

On his return home, Edward had been much struck by Elinor's appearance. His thoughts often recurred to the circumstances which had come to his knowledge while abroad respecting her, and he could not help deploring that one so lovely in person and character should have bestowed her affections upon such a man. The beauty of Elinor had been much increased by the development of her character. Her whole nature was invigorated, and seemed to expand under the pressure of misfortune, and never, since the days of heedless childhood, had she been so gay, animated, and bright as now, when there was a field of action opened to her—a work to be done.

Edward's anxiety on this subject led him to desire some information relative to it. He spoke to Emily of her cousin, of his sense of her increased attractiveness, and of his high opinion of her, and asked her if she knew an officer in the navy named Harvey?

Emily replied that she did.

"He is a lover of Elinor's, is he not?"

"No," replied Emily. "What put that notion into your head?"

"It is no notion, no surmise, Emily. I am certain of it. They are engaged. You must ask me no questions; but, be assured, I am not mistaken."

"Then he is the greatest?"

"Greatest what, Emily?"

"The most artful wretch that ever lived!" continued Emily, warmly.

"Why? Tell me what you know of him. How did you become acquainted with him?"

"We met him in society the winter after you left, and saw a great deal of him; and he must have managed his advances very adroitly to deceive me. I never even suspected that he admired Nora, though they were thrown a great deal together."

"Then it is a secret engagement," said Edward, feeling his high opinion of Elinor cooing away sensibly, never remembering that the woman whom he himself loved was similarly situated.

"Of course it is a secret engagement. I know that my aunt and uncle have no suspicion of anything of the kind. I wonder what they will think of their paragon when they find it out. For my part, I always thought that Nora, with all her prudery, was no better than other people; though I did not think she was so sly as to throw dust in my eyes."

Adversity, and some bitter experience, had diminished very considerably Emily's "sweetness," as well as her refinement; and she dwelt with a degree of acrimony upon her cousin's conduct that her responsibilities in the case scarcely warranted, and which annoyed Edward in secret, though he condemned Nora himself.

Edward's regard for the Campbell family was warm and long cherished. To Mr. and Mrs. John he felt that he owed a deep debt of gratitude, both on his own and his mother's account. In Elinor, also, he took a warm interest; and, as he remembered the affecting charge which he had received from her young brother in his dying moments, he determined, for the first time, to assume a brother's privilege, and speak to her with a gentle warning of what he had heard of her lover. Accordingly, he one morning joined the family at breakfast, proposing to await a favorable opportunity to speak to Nora. Fortunately, she was preparing to set out on a walk to a country store, about a mile distant, on

some household matters, and Edward begged to join her. They walked on in silence for some time, till Edward began to get a little nervous, feeling that he had undertaken an office that was more difficult than he had conceived. When they reached the entrance to a by-path that led to the little dell where Arthur had been wounded, he paused and said—

"Let us go this way, Elinor."

Elinor shrank back; but he continued, saying—

"I have something to speak to you about, and would like to say it here."

Elinor followed him in silence to the spot which she had never visited, save alone, since that fatal day. Edward seated her upon a fragment of rock, and sat down near her.

"Elinor," he said, with an effort at composure, "I believe that you have confidence in me—that you do not doubt my deep interest in you, my sincere regard?"

Elinor's countenance was very pale, and upon it were painted the surprise and varied emotions which filled her at this address, while her large, dark eyes looked troubled and serious. When he ceased, however, she answered, in a low voice—

"I have. I do not doubt you."

"Then, Elinor, I will tell you why I have brought you to this spot. Years ago, when the brother whose memory you revere so truly was leaving us, you remember he asked of me a pledge that I would be a brother to you in his place, if occasion should require it. Heretofore I have never been called upon to redeem that pledge; but now I think the time is come."

Elinor looked up into his face with tearful eyes. She could not speak; but she motioned him to proceed.

"When I was in the Mediterranean last winter, I learned some circumstances connected with a Mr. Harvey of the navy. It is of him I wish to speak."

At the mention of Harvey's name, a crimson glow suffused Elinor's face. Still she said nothing.

"His name was mentioned in connection with yours, Elinor. Indeed, his engagement with you was freely spoken of among his intimates—spoken of in a way offensive to a woman's delicacy, and very wounding to me, feeling, as I do, a brother's sensitiveness in all that concerns you, and I determined, when the opportunity offered, to tell you this, and to say that I feared, inexperienced and confiding as you are, that you had suffered your feelings to be influenced by a man who is not worthy of you. Excuse me, if I pain you; but I feel it my duty, resolved, as I am, to act a brother's part by you, to speak plainly."

Elinor looked up and said, firmly—

"It is a mistake. I know the gentleman you speak of; but no such connection or engagement exists between us. He is but a common acquaintance."

"A common acquaintance!" exclaimed Edward,

his trepidation of manner disappearing in a strong feeling of amazement. "Why, Elinor, he exhibits your miniature and your letters, with the signature attached, to his messmates!"

"Did you see them?" asked Elinor, quickly.

"No, I did not see them; but Selby, who is the soul of honor, has seen both, and he assured me of the fact. Selby is a Philadelphian; and, though you are not acquainted, he knows all about your family."

Elinor bent her face to her knees, and her convulsive sobs shook her whole frame. It was pitiable to witness such an agony of distress. Edward was greatly pained, and attempted to soothe her.

"If there exists any entanglement that you regret, dear Nora," he whispered, "confide in me. I will do more than a brother's part. I will guard your feelings, your name, and take all responsibility upon myself. Tell me all."

Elinor lifted up her head with a movement of haughty pride.

"I have nothing to tell," she said; "nothing to regret. It is not consciousness of error that has humbled me thus. I was weak enough to weep at finding you could entertain so poor an opinion of me." And she rose to go with an air of offended dignity.

"But, Elinor," said Edward, surprised, overpowered, and convinced, spite of himself, "what am I to think?"

"Think that I have told you the truth."

"Then you never gave Mr. Harvey your picture, never wrote to him?"

"Never!"

"Then, Elinor, it is proper that a stop should be put to the calumnies of this coxcomb; and, as one who considers himself your brother, I shall do it."

"I empower you to take no such step," said Elinor. "I acknowledge no such claim. Truth will always prevail at last, and I have no fear of consequences." And she left him and returned home, spite of his urgent request to speak with her still farther.

This conversation excited Edward's mind strongly. There were a purity and elevation about Elinor's character that impressed him spite of himself, rendering it almost impossible to doubt her. On the other hand, there was a want of openness, a reserve in all that regarded herself individually, that, while it repelled, left room for doubt. Emily's hints, too, of Elinor's being other than she seemed, influenced him, and he felt thoroughly uncomfortable. Edward would have done well at this time to confide in his mother; but he hesitated, knowing her strong affection for Elinor, to speak of her in the terms he would be obliged to use.

Since his interview with Elinor, she had changed towards him. All that winning softness of manner, which had so much struck him of late, was gone; she was cold, restrained, and evidently troubled.

When Edward's annoyance had reached its extreme point, he unexpectedly heard of the arrival in New York of the vessel in which Mr. Harvey was an officer. Without saying anything of his purpose, farther than a notification to Mrs. Clifton of his intended absence for a few days, he repaired immediately to New York, met and entertained the gentlemen to whose hospitality he had been indebted, and then sought out Mr. Harvey, who replied civilly to his note asking for an interview, and appointed the same evening, in his own rooms at his hotel.

Edward repaired to the meeting at the time appointed, and announced himself as a friend closely connected with the Campbell family, who had called to ask an explanation of some circumstances connected with one of them. He then stated frankly, but firmly, that, while a guest during the past year on board the "Wisconsin," in the absence of Mr. Harvey, he had learned that he represented himself to be engaged to Miss Campbell, whose portrait and letters he was said frequently to have exhibited; that, on his return to Philadelphia, he had mentioned the circumstance to the lady, who asserted that she had nothing more than a common acquaintance with him, and denied ever having written to him or given him her picture.

"She must be the most consummate flirt that ever lived, then," said Harvey, bluntly, and looking very indignant; his after-dinner mood, which savored strongly of champagne, rendering him very communicative. "She swore—no, she didn't swear. What do ladies do? They vow. She vowed she'd marry me as soon as I came home; and I was just thinking of going to see her when I got your note."

"Excuse me, sir, if I mention that it is necessary I should, for the complete adjustment of this matter, see the miniature and letters alluded to. We are always bound to take a lady's word, unless a gentleman can bring proofs."

"Proofs! Confound it, I can bring plenty of proofs; and, since she is disposed to back out, I don't care how much I expose her."

He arose and went to a writing-desk on a table close by, and took from it a morocco miniature-case and a package of letters. He unclasped the case and looked at it.

"Here," he said, "is the most treacherous little face in the United States. Look at it. 'Man may smile and be a villain,' Shakspeare or some of those fellows say; but I'll be hanged if they would not have been nearer the mark, if they had said it about woman."

The picture was in Edward's hand; he had been looking at it for several moments. He appeared very composed, but his brain was reeling, and emotion had rendered him speechless. The miniature before him was a beautifully executed portrait of Emily Campbell! not Elinor! At length, he asked, in a tolerably calm voice—

"Did you receive this picture from the hands of the original, sir?"

"Not exactly from her own hands."

"Not exactly!" replied Edward, turning fiercely upon him, and repeating his words. "How, then, sir, did you obtain it? and by what right do you keep possession of a lady's picture unauthorized?"

"I have a great mind not to answer you," replied Harvey, sulkily, his genial mood fast disappearing under the influence of Edward's dictatorial manner. "Though, confound it, she isn't worth a quarrel;" and he threw down a note addressed to himself. "There's the note which accompanied the picture when she sent it to me," he said. "Read it. I give you leave."

Edward opened the note. It was Emily's hand, and signed by her, and the date was exactly four months after he had parted from her solemnly engaged. He read it. It was a note such as a woman, very much in love, would write to her affianced lover on the eve of a painful separation. Such a note as Emily had never written to him. Edward rose from his chair; his face was very pale, but he was calm.

"I am much indebted to you for the forbearance which you have exercised in this interview, Mr. Harvey, and I owe you an apology, which I hope you will accept. I have been laboring under a mistake. I was misled by a blunder originating in a similarity of names. The lady who disclaimed you as her lover was not Miss Emily Campbell." And Edward hastily took his leave.

Edward reached home the afternoon of the following day, and proceeded immediately to seek Emily. He informed her that he had heard all the circumstances of her connection with Mr. Harvey, and that he was aware of her treachery towards himself.

"Who told you?" hastily interrupted Emily, receiving the communication with wonderful coolness. "Was it Nora?"

"No, it was not Nora," replied Edward, remembering, with compunction, how honorably she had submitted to unjust suspicion sooner than betray her cousin; and he told her how he had been informed, reminding her of the mistake under which he had labored, in supposing it to be Elinor.

"It was very foolish in you to suppose," said Emily, coolly, "that I was going to be engaged to you for years, and never flirt during all that time."

"Flirt, Emily! Do you call pledging your vows, bestowing your portrait, and writing passionate love-letters to a man, flirting? Good God! what a perversion of mind! Why, I looked upon you, in my absence, as one who was as much my wife in faith, mind, and affections, as if our vows had been plighted at the altar, and I gave you an equal return. I have seen Mr. Harvey, Emily," he said, after a moment's pause, to stifle his emotion. "I have just returned from New York."

Emily colored, with some faint appearance of

shame; but, immediately recovering herself, she said, proudly—

"To what does all this lead, Mr. Clifton? Am I to understand that you weary of your engagement?"

Edward looked at her in astonishment. The effrontery with which she braved the exposure of her misconduct, and her obtuseness as to its enormity, amazed him.

"You apprehend me right," he said. "It is my wish to sever finally a tie which your own want of faith has virtually broken. I could not say this thus calmly to a woman whom I believed I was injuring; but your affections could never have been mine, or, if mine, they are too easily transferred to make me hesitate in declining them. If, however, you think that there is anything in my conduct which you have not justly earned, I will submit the whole affair to your parents, towards whom I now feel that I have not acted a defensible part, and let them judge between us."

Emily, with extreme haughtiness, said that her wishes coincided entirely with his own, and, deprecating any appeal to her parents, desired that nothing should be said to them on the subject. And thus they parted.

This explanation over, there was one more duty which Edward felt himself called upon to perform, and this was to offer to Nora the humblest apologies for the pain which an unfortunate mistake had led him to give her. As his thoughts carried him back to this scene, and he recalled his offensive suspicions, blacker now a thousandfold that he saw her conduct in its true light, he felt mortified, angry with himself, and not even the remembrance of her indignant allusion to the value which she had placed upon his good opinion could soothe him. The excitement of Edward's mind admitted of no repose. He passed in review every incident connected with his engagement with Emily. He scanned her conduct with an unvelled eye, and it was no alleviation to his sufferings to see her as she was—heartless and scheming, guided by no high principle, and the slave of an absorbing vanity that sacrificed everything to its cravings. Wounded in his dearest feelings, humbled in his own opinion, and bitterly disappointed in all his prospects of happiness, he could better have borne to be parted from her forever, with his opinion of her unchanged, than to have had his faith in woman's nature so dispelled.

In this state of mind, he sought Elinor. She received him with the reserve which had marked her manner to him since their interview in the dell; but, when Edward entered upon his explanation, and gave her a history of the whole affair, beginning with his secret engagement with Emily and ending with their final conversation, her manner changed. She received his fervent, heartfelt apologies with emotion, admitted the plausibility of his grounds for suspicion, and offered her thanks for the interest which he had exhibited in her behalf.

"Your intentions," she said, "in speaking to me upon that occasion I did not misconstrue, although, I confess, I was deeply wounded at your low estimate of my character."

"But why, Elinor, when a word from you would have explained the whole thing—for you say you were not ignorant of Emily's regard for Harvey—why did you not speak? You owed it to yourself, for the exonerated of your own character."

Elinor blushed vividly, and answered with painful embarrassment—

"I was aware—I suspected the state of things between you and Emily. Could I tell what I knew must alienate you?"

"And you thought so much of your cousin, so little of me, Elinor, that you suffered me to continue a tool for the convenience of a heartless coquette! Was this kind, Elinor? Was it just?"

Elinor's lip quivered; she was unused to such scenes, and could scarcely control the confusion and agitation of her mind. A vague distrust of herself, a trembling fear that a sense of honor towards Emily, and regard for her happiness, had not wholly influenced her, impelled her to silence.

"I did what I thought best," she said, at length, in a broken voice. "I thought that time—that Emily—that you yourself, perhaps—I saw that she was unworthy of you. If I had spoken, she would have suspected—my motives, I mean, might have been misconstrued." Here Elinor's voice became inaudible, and she turned her agitated countenance away, veiling her eyes with her hand, unable to proceed.

Edward rose and walked rapidly across the floor. He saw that there was some secret feeling connected with himself that caused Elinor's emotion; some suffering, perhaps—some wounded delicacy, brought about by the malevolence or temper of others. His vanity, but recently so rudely shocked, admitted, but for an instant, the dangerous flattery which it might have suggested. His self-complacency was annihilated, and he repelled the presumptuous thought with scorn, and the vision disappeared. Not so its effects. He returned to Elinor's side, and, taking her hand, said—

"I am going away, Elinor; I may not see you again for a long time. But, before I go, I wish to assure you that I acquit you of all blame in this sad affair. As you say, 'you did all for the best,' and I offer you my humblest apologies for the wrong I did you in suspecting you of anything that was not noble and upright, as you are. You must think of me kindly, affectionately, Nora, when I am gone, and sometimes send me a message by mamma." He raised her hand to his lips, kissed it once, twice, and left her.

Nora's head sank upon the table beside her, and she gave way unrestrainedly to her emotions so long pent up.

In a hurried farewell interview with Mrs. Clifton, Edward briefly explained to her his past and present

position with regard to Emily. He touched as lightly as possible upon her misconduct, and begged his mother to consider this communication, which he felt that he owed to her, one of strict confidence.

Ere Edward reached New Orleans, letters of an urgent and distressing character had been forwarded to him. His uncle was lying dangerously ill; and, on his arrival, he learned that his end was hourly expected. A heavy stupor, in which Mr. Fairly had lain for many hours, passed off about this time; he recognised Edward, who sat beside him, and stretched out his hand to him. Edward took it, and, with much feeling, bent over the dying man.

"Kiss me, Edward," he said. Edward did so. "Now raise me up. You are a good man, Edward. I am glad I have been spared to see you. I have left you all. Don't stay here. Go home and take care of your mother." His voice failed him, and, in a few hours, he was no more. When the will was opened, with the exception of a few trifling bequests, Edward was declared sole heir to all his uncle's vast possessions. The will also contained a request that he would, as soon as possible, wind up the affairs of the firm, and retire from business.

Edward's attachment to his uncle, founded in the best feelings of our nature, was strong and tender, and he felt his loss sensibly; but the shock which his mind had so recently sustained, and the embittered feelings which it had produced, left more lasting and depressing effects, rendering his sudden acquisition of wealth scarcely a matter of congratulation to him. The first letter to Mrs. Clifton after his loss breathed only this spirit, and she wrote to entreat him to conclude his business speedily and return to her. This, however, could not be done so easily as she supposed; and the long weary winter passed over, and he was still unable to fix a time for his return.

Meanwhile, things were not standing still at the North. Mr. Harvey came to Philadelphia. He was characteristically shocked when he discovered the overthrow of Mr. Campbell's fortunes, and assured Emily in good faith "that he thought it was very hard upon her." At the end of three weeks, not having repeated his visit, he made no demur at the demand which Emily made for her portrait and letters, "those fatal tell-tales," she said, "but for which she might now have been the mistress of Edward Clifton's large fortune." Being rather depressed by the dullness of home, and the total extinction of too promising love affairs, Emily accepted the invitation of one of her former schoolmates, who resided in Baltimore, to make her "a long visit." Here, in a new field, her sweetness returned, and she was again a belle, followed, flattered, and admired.

Late in the spring, Mrs. Clifton was seized with a dangerous illness. When her life was threatened, Edward was written to; but the important change for good or ill must take place ere he could reach

Philadelphia. Mrs. John Campbell and Elinor remained with Mrs. Clifton while in this critical state; and Elinor was, throughout her illness, her untiring and efficient nurse.

Mrs. Clifton lingered many anxious days on the verge of the grave. At length, the native strength of her constitution conquered, and she became convalescent. The weather was now unusually warm for the season, and the physicians considering the pure air of the country necessary for her complete restoration, she was removed to Clover Hill, where, under the care of her kind friends, she improved rapidly.

Edward arrived soon after her removal to the country. He had feared the worst; and his joy, in finding his mother recovering, overflowed in kind deeds and words of affection to all around.

"I mean to be head nurse myself hereafter," said Edward one morning, a few days after his return, as he smoothed down Mrs. Clifton's sofa pillows; "nothing is to part us now. The Siamese twins are not more inseparable than we shall be."

"You have a powerful rival, Edward," said Mrs. Clifton, with a gentle caress. "Nora has been everything to me in my illness that nurse, friend, or comforter could be, and you will find it difficult to depose her."

"Then I must apply for some other office about your person. I can never be jealous of Nora. I know I can trust her." Edward began his remark laughingly, but as he concluded it, his countenance changed, and his eye turned full of seriousness to Nora, who was sitting close by employed with her needle.

Nora caught the glance, and, as she bent over her work, she said, mentally, "He has not forgotten the past, though outwardly he appears so gay and cheerful."

Edward had seen Emily, who was again at home, several times since his arrival. She always appeared when he called at her father's, where his visits, though few, could not, in consideration of past acts of kindness, be omitted entirely. She received him with an ease and cordiality that, while it startled Edward, afforded the strongest proof of her entire want of sensibility, and enabled him soon to meet her with equal composure.

Edward had a little matter upon his mind which troubled him. In the custom house, a box belonging to him had been lying for many months. It contained cameos, mosaics, and other works of art and taste, some of them very costly, which he had picked up abroad. Most of them had been intended for Emily; but the box did not arrive till after their connection ceased. He now wished to give them to Elinor, but knew not whether she would accept them. In the frankness of his nature, he one day told her the whole story, and begged her to say that she would receive them.

"Give me what you originally intended for me,"

she replied, "and let Mrs. Clifton keep the rest for you. You may find a use for them some day."

Edward understood her allusion, but made no reply. The next day Elinor received a packet containing many articles of great beauty and value. Whether Edward had implicitly followed her advice in the division, the impartial reader must decide for herself.

The summer passed on serenely, happily. Edward occupied his old lodgings; but the greater part of his time was spent at Mr. John Campbell's. "He was indulging himself in a holiday," he said, "before settling down into some decided pursuit." Nevertheless, as an idle man, he was at everybody's service. He read to the ladies, and sometimes drove Mrs. Clifton out. He helped the little boys with their lessons, and did all Mrs. John's errands in town. He walked occasionally with Elinor, helped her in the garden, or in any little matter that turned up, when she would permit him. A favorite method of getting over time, with him, was to loiter about the piazza with a book after breakfast, while Elinor was engaged in the little breakfast-room adjoining the kitchen, busied with her household cares. He assisted in this way, lounging at the window, sometimes reading, sometimes talking, and sometimes only looking at the washing of the breakfast cups, the compounding of puddings, the making of cakes, weighing of groceries, and various other domestic labors; and, in preserving-time, achieved wonders, in his own opinion, in the way of pasting up and labeling jars of sweetmeats, the praises which he lavished upon himself being called for, he said, by the want of gratitude in his employer.

"I must begin soon to think of returning to town, Edward," said Mrs. Clifton, one day, the changing foliage warning her that cold weather would soon be upon them.

"Don't you think we could get some nice little cottage in this neighborhood?" replied Edward. "You are so well here; and you will miss Mrs. Campbell so much when you go home. For my part, I think it is very pleasant here."

Mrs. Clifton shook her head and smiled, and then said, gravely—

"It would be very dreary for me in the country in the winter. When the weather is inclement, and the roads bad, I should see little more of the Campbells than I do in town. Besides, how should I get to church?"

Edward said no more; he knew how dear to her were her own pastor and her own church, and how true was all she said. He felt very dull, however, very dispirited, and he set out to take a long walk. On his return, being fatigued and heated, Edward threw himself upon a sofa in the wide, old-fashioned hall, and soon fell into a doze. It was quite dark when he was aroused by a heavy footstep. The parlor door opened, and, by the light that streamed through it, he perceived old Nanny Foster descend-

ing the stairs. Elinor, who had opened the door spoke a few words to her, and was about to retire, when the old woman arrested her steps.

"Stop, Miss Elinor," she said, "I want to say something to you. You know I always speak my mind. I've known you since you was a baby, and always did it, and shall do it now. I think, miss, you are behaving very mean to your cousin. You know very well that Mr. Edward Clifton is in love with Miss Emily, and wanted to marry her, till he got jealous of her. Now, such love tiffs as these soon pass over, if nobody stands in the way of lovers, keeping them apart; and, I am sorry to say, I think you are doing that very thing! Mr. Edward is very rich, to be sure, and a great match; but it isn't honorable for a lady, specially such quality as you are, to be standing in the way of another person, who has a better right to him."

Elinor was so astounded by this attack that, for a few moments, she could not collect herself. When she did so, she retired without a word, and closed the door. But the indomitable old woman was not to be thus quietly put down. She opened the parlor door, and, obtruding her hard, sharp visage into the room, said—

"I don't know where you got your manners, miss, to shut the door in the face of a decent body that nursed you when you was a baby. But I'll tell you my mind, for all that. You're in love with Mr. Edward yourself, I s'pose; but, I can tell you, you won't git him. He'll marry Miss Emily yet."

A hand was laid on Nanny's shoulder; she turned, and disappeared like a snow-wreath.

Edward entered the room, closed the door, and approached Nora. She was trembling like a leaf. He seated her upon the sofa, and said, kindly—

"Why suffer the insolence of that coarse and ignorant old woman to distress you thus, Nora?"

Nora could not speak; her voice was choked, and tears began to fall.

Edward sat by her quietly some minutes, till she was more calm, and then said—

"Nora, I was asleep on the sofa in the hall when Nanny aroused me. I overheard what she said; and we must overlook her impertinence, in honor of the faithful creature's motives. The tigress is not truer to her cubs than this poor woman is to the children whom she has served all their lives. With regard to myself," he said, his voice getting a little husky, "I must say that she is altogether wrong in her surmises. I do not love Emily; I have long ceased even to respect her. When I examine the feelings which now fill my whole heart for another, I doubt whether I ever did love her. Elinor, listen to me; look at me. I know that I cannot recommend myself to you as I might once have done. I cannot ask you for the priceless gift of your affections at present. I can only pray you to listen to me with indulgence, and to subject me to any period of probation you choose; but do not plunge me into de-

spair by a cold denial. Give me time; let me show you how truly, how fervently I love you! Let me redeem myself in your opinion. Speak to me, dear Nora, and give me a little hope."

Elinor's countenance had been deadly pale for some time. It now flushed to a deep crimson, and her drooping lids veiled her eyes. Edward took her hand and kissed it. It remained passive in his. He drew her head upon his shoulder, and a shower of bright tears rained from those tender eyes.

It was never known to the voracious narrator of this history whether Elinor made any reply to the vehement pleadings of her lover. There is a sort of magnetism, however, between people thus situated which the uninitiated cannot understand, and which is an admirable substitute for words. One fact is ascertained; Edward never complained of the taciturnity of the lady of his love, and, before twenty-four hours were over, he made an authorized application to her father for her hand, which application, we may add, was favorably received.

The joy of Mrs. Clifton at this realization of her dearest hopes may be conceived. The chagrin of old Nanny may also be left to the imagination of the reader. Luckily for her peace of mind ever after, she never knew that her own act had precipitated the event which she so much deplored.

As for Emily, she was unable to conceal her mortification when her cousin's engagement was announced. She had no affection to disappoint; but her pride, vanity, and ambition were all deeply wounded, and she soon took occasion to make an-

other visit to Baltimore. In less than two months after her departure, Mrs. Frederic Campbell was moving mountains to prepare for her an adequate bridal outfit. Emily's intended husband was altogether an unexceptionable person. He was a good deal elder than herself, to be sure; but what did that matter? He was very rich, and had a fine house and several carriages. Among the numerous sources of satisfaction to Emily, in this connection, was the triumph of being married before her cousin. Her wedding was solemnized with great *éclat*; she drove from church in her own carriage, and, in a few weeks, embarked for Europe, where, at the last accounts, she is represented to be as remarkable for the admiration which she attracts, as for the jealousy which she excites in her husband, who, a victim to paralysis, sojourns with his brilliant wife in every capital in Europe, and finds happiness and repose nowhere. Rumor says that Emily's infant, which was left in Paris with a French nurse, is dead; but, as she has never exhibited any signs of mourning, the charitable doubt the report.

The marriage of Edward and Elinor took place in a few months. The love which Edward bore his wife was equalled by the reverence which he felt for the mother who had trained her up, and given her those high principles and domestic virtues which made her the charm, the stay, the comfort of his home. He felt that he was supremely blest; and no happier day ever dawned than that which united, by an indissoluble tie, the two families of Campbell and Clifton.

THE DARK CLOSET.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

It is terrible to strive with an accusing conscience! I have tried to overcome my remorse by reflecting that what I had done was done, and could not be altered. I have tried to stifle my anguish by prayers, to atone for my crime by tears. All has been vain, because all has been selfish.

I will make one more effort: I will try confession. Yes, I will confess not to Heaven only, but to earth. This humiliation may be blessed. Perhaps it may save some mother from errors like mine; from sorrows like mine: I shall not then have suffered in vain!

I must give a sketch of my own history, in order to make my confession fully understood. I do this, not with a view to palliate my faults while acknowledging them. No; my sins are great, and not easily excused; but I know what none besides can, the causes which have made me thus capricious and erring. And, while I confess my errors, shall I not also expose their causes? It is the only way

in which I can hope my story may be of advantage to others. It would otherwise be like a warning of danger, without showing any way of escape—it might terrify, it would not enlighten or improve.

I trace all my errors of feeling and conduct to the errors of my early education. I was an only child. My father was devoted to his business, and paid little attention to my training. He only called me to him to give me some pretty plaything, or dainty, and I liked him because of these pretty and nice things he brought me. When my humors and appetites were gratified, I was fond of him and glad to see him; at other times, I felt no more affection for him than for the cook; for she, too, pampered my appetite with all sweet and savory articles of food. My father never taught me; and I cannot now recall any early associations or ideas which rested on him for their origin. He had no moral power over my heart and mind.

My mother was a good manager; her house and table were always well arranged. She was fond of dress, but fonder of me; and, had she known how to train me judiciously, she would have done so. But she thought that the chief end of life was to live well, and that I needed a little of every good thing she herself indulged in. So that, from my cradle, I was pampered with every luxury, and thus taught to associate my happiness with my own gratifications of sense. I never loved any person because they loved me; but only because they gave me things I loved.

How much is depending on early impressions! How great the responsibility of those who have the privilege of training children rationally! There is not an absurdity in habit, a prejudice in judgment, an error in principle, but we Americans are at liberty to correct it. And yet, in one respect, there is not a people on the face of the earth who err so woefully in the management of their children. We kill them, body or soul, and often both, by early indulgences of the appetite. They literally eat themselves to death. Hundreds of children perish every year of diseases caused by repletion. And many who, by the strength of their constitutions, survive this pampering, are rendered sluggish in mind, and feeble in body, selfish, irritable, and miserable for life. I speak now particularly of the children of the rich. To the poor, in this respect, poverty is a blessing. Oh, I have felt what I would describe! I first remember myself as a puny, sickly creature, exhausted by the load of indigestible substances I was tempted to swallow. I have no doubt—indeed, I know that my temper was irritated by the stimulating effects of the rich and racy condiments I was permitted to gorge myself with. I was restless, and almost always cross; but it was caused either by the cravings of a diseased stomach, or the pain of a burdened one. Thus passed my infancy, when impressions, never to be effaced in this world, were made on my mind.

I was not sent to school till I was about seven years old, as my mother thought I was too feeble to bear the fatigue and confinement. She went with me the first day, when we only staid half an hour, to see how I liked it. I recollect my first impressions of that school. They were pleasurable, very. The children were all so busy, and looked so happy, I thought I should like to be a scholar. But, alas! my habits were totally averse to steady application. I had only considered books as playthings, which were pretty enough when new and full of pictures; but to pore over them day after day, to learn a lesson, was hateful. I had always been bribed to learn by the promise of something good to eat; I had no idea of any pleasure from the exercise of my rational or moral faculties. I was wholly a creature of sense and passion. I sucked my comfits when I should have studied my lesson; and, when the teacher took away my basket of confectionery, I was so angry I

threw away my book. The teacher punished me, and my mother took me from the school.

"Poor child!" said my mother; "all her fault was eating a sugar-plum!"

This first scene of my school life was type of the whole course till I was nearly fourteen. During these seven years, my mother had changed my school at least twenty times, besides keeping me a considerable part of each year at home. I think the teachers should bear some of the blame of this fickleness. I was, to be sure, a fretful, indolent, spoiled child; but I had capacity to learn, and, if my instructors—I attended schools taught by men as well as ladies—had studied my disposition, and adapted their instructions accordingly, I do believe I might have been won to love books, and the discipline necessary to give me industrious habits and self-control would then have been comparatively easy. I believe this, because it was afterwards effected in part; and, had the same management commenced earlier, it might have been entirely successful.

When I was about fourteen, a lady, a friend of my mother, and the confidant of all her troubles with respect to my education, strongly advised that I should be placed at a seminary in the country. She said it would improve my health, and the preceptress was a lady of such excellent judgment and principles that, if anything could be done to improve me, she would be sure to spare no pains to effect it. My parents had begun to despair of my capacity. I had been pronounced incorrigibly dull by every teacher. My father was mortified, and my mother grieved, by my conduct; and so, as a last resource, they sent me to the country.

Mrs. L****, the preceptress, made many minute inquiries of my mother. I recollect them well; and the expression of her countenance, too, when she looked over my trunks, and found one nearly filled with rich cakes, and confectionery, and essences, and rare juleps. She said nothing at that time, but she appeared afterwards to understand my disposition perfectly. She took me into her own room, had a bed fitted up for me beside hers, and every night, after I retired, she sat down beside me and conversed. At first, she said only a few words, perhaps some inquiries about my lesson or my thoughts, and a little explanation of what would be done the next day. By degrees, she introduced stories of the good scholars she had had, and then she repeated short poems, and pointed out their beauties, and endeavored to make me comprehend and feel them. She recited poetry in a most impressive manner; and I remember the effect which some of those poems wrought on me. I think I may say, the first time my heart was ever melted by the pathos of sentiment was hearing her recite Wordsworth's ballad, "We are Seven." I wept; sweet tears they were; for they had been called forth by sympathy with innocence. Mrs. L. bent over me and kissed my cheek. The tears were in her eyes, as she said—

"My child, Louisa, you will yet be all I can wish."

In this manner, without any appearance of undue solicitude on her part, she was winning my confidence. I thought it not strange she should talk thus with me, because I had always been used to so many attentions from my mother; but, had she not taken me to her own room, her solicitude would have been remarked by the other scholars. But how different were my mother's nightly salutations from that of Mrs. L!

"Louisa, dear, how do you feel? Shall I get you anything to take before you go to sleep?" my kind, but mistaken mother would say.

Mrs. L. never inquired about the state of my stomach; she gave me cordials for the heart and mind, and, by her skill, awakened such new and pleasant ideas, that I would lie quietly musing till I fell asleep. And this sleep was to me a very great blessing, for I had been, from an infant, troubled with restlessness through the night.

For the first three months, I recited to Mrs. L. My lessons were very imperfectly studied, but she bore with me; for she said that my moral affections were strengthening, and that I was acquiring a taste for mental beauties. The process was slow, for I had been, as it were, indurated in my selfish appetites till I hardly felt a wish for social enjoyments. This was, in some measure, caused by my being an only child, and for that misfortune I was to be pitied. But at last I became fond of my schoolmates, and interested in my studies. I learned well, and my parents were astonished and delighted at my progress. The last year I spent with Mrs. L. was the happiest of my life, and it was the most useful. The truths which then dawned on my mind have been darkened by many shadows, but still they have never been totally obscured. Oh, why did I not remain longer in their light, till my vision had been strengthened to discern their fairest beauties! I should not then have followed the delusions of sense and sin.

I was about sixteen when my father died, and my mother sent for me home immediately, and never afterwards permitted me to attend school. I cannot blame her; for she was solitary, indeed, and only seemed to live for my sake; but the circumstance was a fatal one to my improvement. I was not sufficiently strong in self-control to practice the lessons of industry and forbearance my dear Mrs. L. had taught me; and my mother's whole soul was absorbed in my happiness, which she thought could only be insured by indulgences. I became again the petted darling, and every luxury was sought for me. And this indolence seemed charming, and I thought it folly for those who were rich to trouble themselves about learning.

My father had left us rich.

For some years, I led a life of complete inanity. My mother took care of my wardrobe; and this,

with managing the house, gave her full employment. I had little to do when at home, and I was not very fond of society, so that I was obliged to have recourse to the complaints of ill health to diversify my life. I had the dyspepsia one year, and was nervous the next, successively. And this might have continued to the end of my days, had not an incident, which occurred while I was on a tour to Canada, roused me once more to exertion. That incident introduced me to a Mr. C——. I was pleased with him from the first, and I wished to make a favorable impression on him. I was tolerably handsome, I believe; my maid always told me I was beautiful; but Mrs. L. had warned me against being flattered by those I thought my inferiors—so, as no person but my maid had ever assured me I was beautiful, I did not quite think myself so. But I was rich. There was no doubt of that; and I found means to let Mr. C—— know I was rich. I had better not have boasted. He was a man of a fine mind and highly cultivated taste; and, after he found I had had the means so abundantly of education, he was less inclined to pardon the ignorance he could not but discover in me. He seemed to fear, too, that addressing me would make him appear mercenary, as no one could think there was a fitness in our characters and tastes. Oh, how I did regret my wasted time! I would have given half my fortune for the benefit of one year's improvement at Mrs. L.'s school. It could not be bought, however.

Mr. C—— did not propose for me, but said he thought he should visit Boston the next summer. I came home and set resolutely to my studies, resolving I would redeem the time. But habit was too strong for my resolution. I had been indolent so long, that employment distressed me; and then I was ashamed to allow my ignorance to appear to those who attended to give me lessons, and I became more peevish and discontented every day. I was dissatisfied with myself, and I had no kind Mrs. L. at hand to soothe my spirit by the pity which encourages. It was better for me, though, that I made the exertion, for I have never since had the dyspepsia, and I should never have been nervous if—My poor heart! when will it be still forever?

Mr. C—— never came to Boston. He married a few months after I parted from him, and I heard of him at Washington with a fair and intelligent wife, to whom he seemed devoted. The disappointment was, for a time, very vexatious to me, because I had allowed him to know my partiality; and, to escape from my own thoughts, I went more into company.

My mother had an excellence. She was sincere in her character. She never managed to get me a husband; in truth, I do not think she wished to have me married, because she feared I never would find a husband sufficiently kind. But she was growing into years, and she was troubled at leaving me alone in the world. And she began to hint to me

that it was time I made a selection. A number of single gentlemen visited at our house, for our establishment was elegant, and table such as a gourmand would worship. The character of our male visitors may be easily understood. They came to be feasted without any metaphor. There was little said or thought of "reason" or the "soul" at our table. But we had delicious soups and rich wines.

I married Mr. M—. He offered himself to me because I was rich; I accepted because I was nearly thirty, and feared I should not do better. There was no love on either side; but we lived together tolerably well till after my mother's death, which happened about a year after my marriage. I mourned her loss; but it was a selfish feeling entirely, because she had saved me from all domestic cares, and I did not see how I could live without her. Soon my troubles began. I could not manage the household as my mother had done, though I harassed myself with constant cares; and my husband found fault continually. An epicure is always selfish. Never, never let any woman, who wishes for domestic happiness, marry a man whose soul is in his palate. A gourmand will be a tyrant—a capricious, unreasonable tyrant. My husband was a tyrant, and, in witnessing the paroxysms of rage into which he would be thrown, when disappointed of any good thing on which he had set his appetite, gave me more impressive lessons than sermons could have done. I am persuaded that those who would be happy must be temperate in all things; and that excess in eating is as wicked as excess in drinking.

But I linger on circumstances that may seem trifling. They are trifling compared with what I must tell. The confession must be made. It shall be, though my heart break in the effort.

The second year after my mother's decease, I became a mother myself. My daughter, my sweet, lovely child! still thy image lives in my heart. When thinking of thy first smile, of the pressure of thy soft cheek to mine, I can yet feel the thrill of pleasure that agitated my bosom. It is a blessed thing to have the affections called forth. I had never loved till I loved my child. The affection I bore my own mother was a selfish feeling, and always had regard to what she did for me. This was the fault partly of my education, and partly of circumstances. But when I looked on my little delicate babe, my own, a being dependent on my care, and one that I could make happy, oh! my heart was drawn towards it with a yearning of fondness, hope, delight, that was perfectly new and almost overpowering! I could have laid down my life for her:—and yet I murdered her!

Righteous Heaven! was this the punishment of my early self-indulgence?

Though I loved my child, and earnestly wished to train her rightly, I was not fitted for the task. Now it was that I felt the deficiencies of my own education. The lessons of Mrs. L. had impressed my

mind with a sense of my infirmities of temper and inconsistencies of conduct, but I did not stay long enough with her to learn how to correct them. I knew I had been wrongly managed, but I had not discriminated the manner or degree. Like many other superficial reasoners, I thought the reverse of wrong must be right. My mother, I knew, had indulged me too much; and so I determined not to indulge my child at all. I made no difference between those indulgences that excite the passions or gratify the appetite, and those which call forth and foster the kind affections and moral feelings. My whole system was one of rigid self-denial. The consequence was, my child feared me, and she never was happy with me. She loved the nursery girl much better than me, and that was a source of constant grief and vexation. I used frequently to send away the girl and let Caroline cry as long as I dared, to punish her for not choosing to have me feed her, and dress her, &c. I fear it was to gratify my own temper as much as to govern hers, that I exerted my authority. None but those who have subdued their own passions are fit to be intrusted with children. They may otherwise love children, but they will not be just towards them.

It was in the month of June—a bright, balmy day—such an one as seems designed for human enjoyment, when, to be happy, we have only to open the heart to the sweet sunny influences around us; and yet, if the heart is not right, how wretched we may be! I was unhappy that day. Some difference with my husband had occurred at the breakfast-table. Since the birth of my daughter, we had lived in much better harmony; he had been more reasonable, as he knew I must attend to the child, when anything had gone wrong in our household affairs. And I believe he loved me more as the mother of his child than as his wife; for he was doatingly fond of Caroline, and our chief difficulties now arose respecting her. He insisted that I was harsh with her, and that it made her obstinate; and then he told a long story about his own mother, and how she used to persuade her children—not hire or drive them—but reason with them.

We had differed that morning in our opinions respecting the time when Caroline should be obliged to learn her lessons steadily. I wanted her to commence then, for she was three years old; my husband thought it was well enough, if she chose to learn, but insisted that no compulsion should be used. But, notwithstanding what he said, I went out and purchased books, and determined to commence that very day, and that she should take her lessons at regular hours every day, whether she were or were not pleased. I came home in no pleasant humor; for I had bowed to a lady who did not return my salute, and I felt enraged at her insolence. With these feelings of anger uppermost in my mind, I entered the nursery. Never shall I forget the sweet looks of my child at that moment. She was

sitting on a cushion, with her face towards the door, the sunlight streamed through the window curtain, its beams fell on her pale-yellow hair, and the ringlets seemed clusters of pure gold. The nursery-maid had been twisting roses among her curls, and the little creature was passionately fond of flowers; so, when I entered, she looked up to me with a laugh of such heartfelt joy that I had come to see her pretty roses, and her blue eyes sparkled with a light that made the sunbeams dim—it was the light of a happy and innocent heart.

"I have brought a new book for you, Caroline," said I.

"My roses, mother; see my pretty roses!" said the child.

I turned to the maid, and bade her take off the roses, for Caroline should say her lesson. I spoke sternly, and Caroline began to weep; I minded nothing of her tears, but took her on my knee and gave her the book.

She threw it on the floor, and cried for her roses. I ordered the maid to go down with the roses; and, when she was gone, I told Caroline that she should pick up her book and read to me. She refused to pick up her book; she was obstinate; but then I had provoked it by my own imprudence in teasing her to read when her mind was engrossed with another object. I should then only have told her of the rose, how it was spelt, and shown her the picture of it, and told her stories about it, that would have made her interested to learn more. What tyrants we are with our children, when, instead of aiding their ideas, we would force them to understand ours!

I had not succeeded to make Caroline pick up her book, when the maid entered to say Mrs. F*** was in the parlor. Mrs. F*** was a very proud and very fashionable lady, and I was glad to receive a call from her; but, in my struggles with Caroline, I had quite discomposed my dress, and this made me excessively angry with the child. Never before had I felt so towards her. I wanted to punish her severely. The maid offered to take her, but I bade her go down and say I would come soon; and then I told Caroline I should shut her in my dark closet while I was gone. She had always been afraid to be alone in the dark, and one of the very few things in which I had uniformly indulged her was to have a light burning through the night. If she ever awoke, and found herself in the dark, she had always been frightened.

When I told her I should put her in the dark closet, she screamed as loudly as possible, and I hurried her in quick, before she had time to yield, because I feared Mrs. F. would hear her shrieks. I locked the door and took the key, to prevent the maid from letting the child out, as I thought that would destroy all the salutary effects of the punishment. I tell all these minute particulars that I may be judged truly. I confess my faults; but yet I did

not seem to myself to act unreasonably at the time. Are there not others who have deceived themselves, and been cruel when they only meant to correct?

Caroline had given one long shriek as I shut the door. "Mother! mother! it is dark! all dark!" was the last I heard her say.

Mrs. F*** was extremely polite, and she stayed a long time; I cannot tell how long. My heart misgave me every moment; I wished she would go, for I thought of my poor babe. But she had to tell me of her new bonnet, and ask my opinion of the trimming, and advise me to employ her milliner—such was our discourse while my child was dying!

The moment she was gone I rushed up stairs, and called "Caroline!" "Caroline!" as I unlocked the door. She did not answer. She lay extended on the floor of the closet—her eyes rolled up till only the white glared in their sockets—her features convulsed—and purple as with suffocation. Why dwell on this scene? Horror! horror! is all the word that can express my feelings.

The physician reported she died by fits. The world believed it; her father never knew otherwise; but on my conscience the burden of her death has lain like a mountain of fire, burning while it bowed me to the earth.

"It is dark! all dark!" sounds constantly in my ears. "It is dark! all dark!" to me, indeed! Would that I could place my trust in the God of light!

THE CALL.

BY MARY MAY.

Come, thou beloved, come,
While yet the morning of thy life is bright,
And thou art bounding in its joyous light,
Come to thy sheltering home!

It lies not far from thee,
Even on its threshold have thy footsteps trod;
A court within the mansion of thy God,
Enter, and thou wilt see.

Thy Father dwells therein—
He seeks to lead thee forth 'mid pleasant ways,
Give Him the homage of thy youthful days,
And Heavenly blessings win.

Thou wilt not find repose
Amid the fading world's delusive toys;
Come thou, and seek the more abiding joys
Which only virtue knows.

Then, when fierce storms assail,
And doubts and fears perplex thy wildered mind,
A covert from the tempest thou wilt find—
A hope that ne'er shall fall.

Then shall thy full heart say—
"Father, one day within thy courts with thee
Is better than a thousand are to me
When thou art far away."

HOW TIME PASSES!

BY PENNY PATCH.

How Time passes! but yesterday
I was a young girl in my prime,
Blushing in womanhood, and gay,
And heeding not thee—treach'rous Time.

How Time passes! methinks I see
My mother, with her deep blue eye
Film'd with a tear—while she
Turns sadly from my gambols nigh

I see her falling, wasting, now
Beneath Consumption's hollow glare—
Brightening her broad and dazling brow,
As if for Heaven—making fair.

My baby brother now I see,
Whose cradle I so often rooked,
And sang my childish lullaby,
While his large eyes all sleeping mocked.

Our humble room—nor strange nor bare,
Though little it had to adorn;
My mind calls up each homely chair—
The windows towards eve and morn.

Well, Time passed on—too quickly on;
My baby brother smiled and died;
My mother, too—"I come, my son!"
The wasted victim feebly cried.

Now tossed upon that world so chill,
Where none felt for me, and none cared
How I grew up—for good or ill,
Or how the cast-off orphan fared.

Poor and unloved, a timid girl,
I shrank from all, and drew me up
In my lone thoughts—for the great world
Had offered me a bitter cup.

"Wealth! wealth!" yes, thus they cried—for me!
For me, riches and honors came:
An Indian uncle died at sea—
I was the last of his proud name.

Now dawned a great and vivid day—
I was all beauty and all grace—
And poets lent their unbought lay
To laud and halo my poor face.

I was amazed—my bowed head
Rose slowly from my bruised breast;
They did but mock me when they said
I was, of all the world, most blest.

Come back, O mother! Brother, come!
Without you all the world is blank;
Come back! the light of my old home;
Come back! the echo my heart sank.

How Time passes! I was a bride,
The choice of one who wooed my gold;
My tears have fallen—in my pride
I've cursed this paltry wealth untold.

How Time passes! The widow now
Knows but one comfort or one joy,
Which centres in the sunlit brow
Of all she has—her ruddy boy.

My child! my child! on, he will bring
Some healing for my stricken heart.
My child! my child! see how I cling
To this one hope—the better part!

Hope nerved me when I saw my son
So like my brother—and I dared
To love again. But Time passed on,
And withered all he should have spared.

My lovely boy! soon his fine eye
Shone with strange glow—a quenchless glow;
He'd lay aside his toys and sigh—
His little step was tired and slow.

And then he ceased to play or sing
About my knee, or on the green;
And summer flowers he would bring,
Then talk of Heaven—his world unseen.

Ah! well I marked the startling glow
Which on my mother's cheek had shone;
Death's seal was set—nor was he slow
To claim all I could call my own.

In vain I hovered o'er his bed,
Hanging in madness on his breath;
Once, only once, he smiled, and said—
"Weep not, my mother—'tis but death!"

Death! Oh, 'twas he! Too well I knew
The marks and lineaments he traced;
Yes, this was death—fearful and true,
Stealing the idol he had graced.

Gone in thy early beauty, gone!
Ere thy young bud of promise opened;
Son of my heart! with thee I mourn
All that I ever loved or hoped.

And this is life—this that rare Time
That beckoned me, as I went on
From childhood to my maiden prime,
From mother, brother, and from son.

Yes, this is life—that little span—
Crowded unto sigh, and hope, and tear,
While Death mocks every subtle plan,
Or tissue, that we weave out here.

MR. HARRISON'S CONFESSIONS.

(Concluded from page 388.)

CHAPTER XII.

"THE next morning I met Miss Horsman.

" 'So you dined at Mr. Bullock's yesterday, Mr. Harrison? Quite a family party, I hear. They are quite charmed with you, and your knowledge of chemistry. Mr. Bullock told me so, in Hodgson's shop, just now. Miss Bullock is a nice girl; eh, Mr. Harrison?' She looked sharply at me. Of course, whatever I thought, I could do nothing but assent. 'A nice little fortune, too, three thousand pounds, Consols, from her own mother.'

"What did I care? She might have three millions, for me. I had begun to think a good deal about money, though, but not in connection with her. I had been doing up our books, ready to send out our Christmas bills, and had been wondering how far the vicar would consider three hundred a year, with a prospect of increase, would justify me in thinking of Sophy. Think of her I could not help; and the more I thought of how good, and sweet, and pretty, she was, the more I felt that she ought to have far more than I could offer. Besides, my father was a shopkeeper, and I saw the vicar had a sort of respect for family. I determined to try and be very attentive to my profession. I was as civil as could be to every one; and wore the nap off the brim of my hat by taking it off so often.

"I had my eyes open to every glimpse of Sophy. I am overstocked with gloves now, that I bought at that time, by way of making errands into the shops where I saw her black gown. I bought pounds upon pounds of arrow-root, till I was tired of the eternal arrow-root puddings Mrs. Rose gave me. I asked her if she could not make bread of it, but she seemed to think that would be expensive; so I took to soap as a safe purchase. I believe soap improves by keeping.

CHAPTER XIII.

"THE more I knew of Mrs. Rose, the better I liked her. She was sweet, and kind, and motherly, and we never had any rubs. I hurt her once or twice, I think, by cutting her short in her long stories about Mr. Rose. But I found out that when she had plenty to do, she did not think of him quite so much; so I expressed a wish for some Corazza shirts, and in the puzzle of devising how they were to be cut out, she forgot Mr. Rose for some time.

I was still more pleased by her way about some legacy her elder brother left her. I don't know the amount, but it was something handsome, and she might have set up housekeeping for herself; but instead, she told Mr. Morgan (who repeated it to me), that she should continue with me, as she had quite an elder sister's interest in me.

"The 'country young lady,' Miss Tyrrell, returned to Miss Tomkinson's after the holidays. She had an enlargement of the tonsils, which required to be frequently touched with caustic, so I often called to see her. Miss Caroline always received me, and kept me talking in her washed-out style, after I had seen my patient. One day she told me she thought she had a weakness about the heart, and would be glad if I would bring my stethoscope the next time, which I accordingly did; and while I was on my knees listening to the pulsations, one of the young ladies came in. She said:

" 'Oh dear! I never! I beg your pardon, ma'am,' and scuttled out. There was not much the matter with Miss Caroline's heart; a little feeble in action or so, a mere matter of weakness and general languor. When I went down I saw two or three of the girls peeping out of the half-closed school-room door, but they shut it immediately and I heard them laughing. The next time I called, Miss Tomkinson was sitting in state to receive me.

" 'Miss Tyrrell's throat does not seem to make much progress. Do you understand the case, Mr. Harrison? or should we have further advice? I think Mr. Morgan would probably know more about it.'

"I assured her it was the simplest thing in the world; that it always implied a little torpor in the constitution, and that we preferred working through the system, which of course was a slow process, and that the medicine the young lady was taking (iodide of iron) was sure to be successful, although the progress would not be rapid. She bent her head, and said, 'It might be so; but she confessed she had more confidence in medicines which had some effect.'

"She seemed to expect me to tell her something; but I had nothing to say, and accordingly I bade good-by. Somehow Miss Tomkinson always managed to make me feel very small, by a succession of snubbings; and whenever I left her I had always to comfort myself under her contradictions by saying to myself, 'Her saying it is so does not make it so.' Or I invented good retorts which I might have made to her brusque speeches if I had but thought of them

at the right time. But it was provoking that I had not had the presence of mind to recollect them just when they were wanted.

CHAPTER XIV.

"On the whole, things went on smoothly. Mr. Holden's legacy came in just about this time; and I felt quite rich. Five hundred pounds would furnish the house, I thought, when Mrs. Rose left and Sophy came. I was delighted, too, to imagine that Sophy perceived the difference of my manner to her from what it was to any one else, and that she was embarrassed and shy in consequence, but not displeased with me for it. All was so flourishing that I went about on wings instead of feet. We were very busy, without having anxious cases. My legacy was paid into Mr. Bullock's hands, who united a little banking business to his profession of law. In return for his advice about investments (which I never meant to take, having a more charming, if less profitable, mode in my head), I went pretty frequently to teach him his agricultural chemistry. I was so happy in Sophy's blushes that I was universally benevolent, and desirous of giving pleasure to every one. I went, at Mrs. Bullock's general invitation, to dinner there one day unexpectedly; but there was such a fuss of ill-concealed preparation consequent upon my coming, that I never went again. Her little boy came in, with an audibly given message from the cook, to ask—

"If this was the gentleman as she was to send in the best dinner service and dessert for?"

"I looked deaf, but determined never to go again.

"Miss Bullock and I, meanwhile, became rather friendly. We found out that we mutually disliked each other; and were contented with the discovery. If people are worth anything, this sort of non-liking is a very good beginning of friendship. Every good quality is revealed naturally and slowly, and is a pleasant surprise. I found out that Miss Bullock was sensible, and even sweet-tempered, when not irritated by her step-mother's endeavors to show her off. But she would sulk for hours after Mrs. Bullock's offensive praise of her good points. And I never saw such a black passion as she went into when she suddenly came into the room when Mrs. Bullock was telling me of all the offers she had had.

"My legacy made me feel up to extravagance. I scoured the country for a glorious nosegay of camelias, which I sent to Sophy on Valentine's day. I durst not add a line, but I wished the flowers could speak, and tell her how I loved her.

"I called on Miss Tyrrell that day. Miss Caroline was more simpering and affected than ever; and full of allusions to the day.

"Do you affix much sincerity of meaning to the little gallantries of this day, Mr. Harrison?" asked

she in a languishing tone. I thought of my camelias, and how my heart had gone with them into Sophy's keeping; and I told her I thought one might often take advantage of such a time to hint at feelings one dared not fully express.

"I remembered afterwards the forced display she made, after Miss Tyrrell left the room, of a valentine. But I took no notice at the time; my head was full of Sophy.

"It was on that very day that John Brouncker, the gardener to all of us who had small gardens to keep in order, fell down and injured his wrist severely, (I don't give you the details of the case, because they would not interest you, being too technical; if you've any curiosity, you will find them in the *Lancet* of August in that year.) We all liked John, and this accident was felt like a town's misfortune. The gardens, too, just wanted doing up. Both Mr. Morgan and I went directly to him. It was a very awkward case, and his wife and children were crying sadly. He himself was in great distress at being thrown out of work. He begged us to do something that would cure him speedily, as he could not afford to be laid up, with six children depending on him for bread. We did not say much before him, but we both thought the arm would have to come off; and it was his right arm. We talked it over when we came out of the cottage. Mr. Morgan had no doubt of the necessity. I went back at dinner-time to see the poor fellow. He was feverish and anxious. He had caught up some expression of Mr. Morgan's in the morning, and had guessed the measure we had in contemplation. He bade his wife leave the room, and spoke to me by myself.

"If you please, sir, I'd rather be done for at once than have my arm taken off, and be a burden to my family. I'm not afraid of dying, but I could not stand being a cripple for life, eating bread, and not able to earn it."

"The tears were in his eyes with earnestness. I had all along been more doubtful about the necessity of the amputation than Mr. Morgan. I knew the improved treatment of such cases. In his days there was much more of the rough and ready in surgical practice; so I gave the poor fellow some hope.

"In the afternoon, I met Mr. Bullock.

"So you're to try your hand at an amputation to-morrow, I hear. Poor John Brouncker! I used to tell him he was not careful enough about his ladders. Mr. Morgan is quite excited about it. He asked me to be present; and see how well a man from Guy's could operate; he says he is sure you'll do it beautifully. Pah! no such sights for me, thank you."

"Ruddy Mr. Bullock went a shade or two paler at the thought.

"Curious! how professionally a man views these things. Here's Mr. Morgan, who has been all along as proud of you as if you were his own son, abso-

lately rubbing his hands at the idea of this crowning glory, this feather in your cap! He told me just now, he knew he had always been too nervous to be a good operator; and had therefore preferred sending for White from Chesterton. But now any one might have a serious accident who liked, for you would be always at hand.'

"I told Mr. Bullock, I really thought we might avoid the amputation; but his mind was pre-occupied with the idea of it, and he did not care to listen to me. The whole town was full of it. That is a charm in a little town, everybody is so sympathetically full of the same events. Even Miss Horsman stopped me to ask after John Brouncker with interest; but she threw cold water upon my intention of saving the arm.

"As for the wife and family, we'll take care of them. Think what a fine opportunity you have of showing off, Mr. Harrison!"

"That was just like her. Always ready with her suggestions of ill-natured or interested motives.

"Mr. Morgan heard my proposal of a mode of treatment by which I thought it possible that the arm might be saved.

"I differ from you, Mr. Harrison," said he. "I regret it, but I differ *in toto* from you. Your kind heart deceives you in this instance. There is no doubt that amputation must take place—not later than to-morrow morning, I should say. I have made myself at liberty to attend upon you, sir; I shall be happy to officiate as your assistant. Time was when I should have been proud to be principal, but a little trembling in my arm incapacitates me."

"I urged my reasons upon him again; but he was obstinate. He had, in fact, boasted so much of my acquirements as an operator, that he was unwilling I should lose this opportunity of displaying my skill. He could not see that there would be greater skill evinced in saving the arm; nor did I think of this at the time. I grew angry at his old-fashioned narrow-mindedness, as I thought it; and I became dogged in my resolution to adhere to my own course. We parted very coolly; and I went straight off to John Brouncker to tell him I believed that I could save the arm, if he would refuse to have it amputated. When I calmed myself a little, before going in and speaking to him, I could not help acknowledging that we should run some risk of locked-jaw; but, on the whole, and after giving most earnest conscientious thought to the case, I was sure that my mode of treatment would be the better.

"He was a sensible man. I told him the difference of opinion that existed between Mr. Morgan and myself. I said that there might be some little risk attending the non-amputation; but that I should guard against it, and I trusted that I should be able to preserve his arm.

"Under God's blessing," said he, reverently. I bowed my head. I don't like to talk too frequently of the dependence which I always felt on that holy

blessing, as to the result of my efforts; but I was glad to hear that speech of John's, because it showed a calm and faithful heart; and I had almost certain hopes of him from that time.

"We agreed that he should tell Mr. Morgan the reason of his objections to the amputation, and his reliance on my opinion. I determined to recur to every book I had relating to such cases, and to convince Mr. Morgan, if I could, of my wisdom. Unluckily, I found out afterwards that he had met Miss Horsman in the time that intervened before I saw him again at his own house that evening; and she had more than hinted that I shrank from performing the operation, 'for very good reasons, no doubt. She had heard that the medical students in London were a bad set, and were not remarkable for regular attendance in the hospitals. She might be mistaken; but she thought it was, perhaps, quite as well poor John Brouncker had not his arm cut off by—Was there not such a thing as mortification coming on after a clumsy operation? It was, perhaps, only a choice of deaths!'

"Mr. Morgan had been stung at all this. Perhaps I did not speak quite respectfully enough; I was a good deal excited. We only got more and more angry with each other; though he, to do him justice, was as civil as could be all the time, thinking that thereby he concealed his vexation and disappointment. He did not try to conceal his anxiety about poor John. I went home weary and dispirited. I made up, and took the necessary applications to John; and, promising to return with the dawn of day—I would fain have stayed, but I did not wish him to be alarmed about himself—I went home, and resolved to sit up and study the treatment of similar cases.

"Mrs. Rose knocked at the door.

"Come in!" said I, sharply.

"She said she had seen I had something on my mind all day, and she could not go to bed without asking if there was nothing she could do. She was good and kind; and I could not help telling her a little of the truth. She listened pleasantly; and I shook her warmly by the hand, thinking that, though she might not be very wise, her good heart made her worth a dozen keen, sharp, hard people like Miss Horsman.

"When I went at daybreak, I saw John's wife for a few minutes outside of the door. She seemed to wish her husband had been in Mr. Morgan's hands rather than mine; but she gave me as good an account as I dared to hope for of the manner in which her husband had passed the night. This was confirmed by my own examination.

"When Mr. Morgan and I visited him together later on in the day, John said what we had agreed upon the day before; and I told Mr. Morgan openly that it was by my advice that amputation was declined. He did not speak to me till we had left the house. Then he said, 'Now, sir, from this time I

consider this case entirely in your hands. Only remember the poor fellow has a wife and six children. In case you come round to my opinion, remember that Mr. White could come over, as he has done before, for the operation.'

"So! Mr. Morgan believed I declined operating because I felt myself incapable. Very well! I was much mortified.

"An hour after we parted, I received a note to this effect:—

"DEAR SIR: I will take the long round to-day, to leave you at liberty to attend to Brouncker's case, which I feel to be a very responsible one.

"J. MORGAN."

"This was kindly done. I went back, as soon as I could, to John's cottage. While I was in the inner room with him, I heard the Miss Tomkinsons' voices outside. They had called to inquire. Miss Tomkinson came in, and evidently was poking and snuffing about. (Mrs. Brouncker told her that I was within; and within I resolved to be, till they had gone.)

"What is this close smell?" asked she. 'I am afraid you are not cleanly. Cheese!—cheese in this cupboard! No wonder there is an unpleasant smell. Don't you know how particular you should be about being clean when there is illness about?'

"Mrs. Brouncker was exquisitely clean in general, and was piqued at these remarks.

"If you please, ma'am, I could not leave John yesterday to do any housework, and Jenny put the dinner things away. She is but eight years old.'

"But this did not satisfy Miss Tomkinson, who was evidently pursuing the course of her observation.

"Fresh butter, I declare! Well now, Mrs. Brouncker, do you know I don't allow myself fresh butter at this time of the year? How can you save, indeed, with such extravagance?"

"Please, ma'am," answered Mrs. Brouncker, 'you'd think it strange if I was to take such liberties in your house as you're taking here.'

"I expected to hear a sharp answer. No! Miss Tomkinson liked true, plain-speaking. The only person in whom she would tolerate roundabout ways of talking was her sister.

"Well, that's true," she said. 'Still, you must not be above taking advice. Fresh butter is extravagant at this time of the year. However, you're a good kind of woman, and I've a great respect for John. Send Jenny for some broth as soon as he can take it. Come, Caroline, we have got to go on to Williams's.'

"But Miss Caroline said that she was tired, and would rest where she was till Miss Tomkinson came back. I was a prisoner for some time, I found. When she was alone with Miss Brouncker, she said—

"You must not be hurt by my sister's abrupt manner. She means well. She has not much imagination or sympathy, and cannot understand the distraction of mind produced by the illness of a worshiped husband.'

"I could hear the loud sigh of commiseration which followed this speech. Mrs. Brouncker said—

"Please, ma'am, I don't worship my husband. I would not be so wicked.'

"Goodness! You don't think it wicked, do you? For my part, if . . . I should worship—I should adore him.'

"I thought she need not imagine such improbable cases. But sturdy Mrs. Brouncker said again—

"I hope I know my duty better. I've not learned my Commandments for nothing. I know whom I ought to worship.'

"Just then the children came in, dirty and unwashed, I have no doubt. And now Miss Caroline's real nature peeped out. She spoke sharply to them, and asked them if they had no manners, little pigs as they were, to come brushing against her silk gown in that way? She sweetened herself again; and was, as sugary as love when Miss Tomkinson returned for her, accompanied by one whose voice, 'like winds in summer sighing,' I knew to be my dear Sophy's.

"She did not say much; but what she did say, and the manner in which she spoke, was tender and compassionate in the highest degree; and she came to take the four little ones back with her to the vicarage, in order that they might be out of their mother's way; the older two might help at home. She offered to wash their hands and faces; and, when I emerged from my inner chamber, after the Miss Tomkinsons had left, I found her with a chubby child on her knees, bubbling and sputtering against her white, wet hand, with a face bright, rosy, and merry under the operation. Just as I came in, she said to him, 'There, Jemmy, now I can kiss you with this nice clean face.'

"She colored when she saw me. I liked her speaking, and I liked her silence. She was silent now, and I 'lo'ed a' the better.' I gave my directions to Mrs. Brouncker, and hastened to overtake Sophy and the children; but they had gone round by the lanes, I suppose, for I saw nothing of them.

"I was very anxious about the case. At night I went again. Miss Horsman had been there; I believe she was really kind among the poor, but she could not help leaving a sting behind her everywhere. She had been frightening Mrs. Brouncker about her husband; and been, I have no doubt, expressing her doubts of my skill; for Mrs. Brouncker began—

"Oh, please, sir, if you'll only let Mr. Morgan take off his arm! I will never think the worse of you for not being able to do it.'

"I told her it was from no doubt of my own competency to perform the operation that I wished to

save the arm; but that he himself was anxious to have it spared.

"Ay, bless him! he frets about not earning enough to keep us, if he's crippled; but, sir, I don't care about that. I would work my fingers to the bone, and so would the children; I'm sure we'd be proud to do for him, and keep him, God bless him! It would be far better to have him only with one arm than to have him in the churchyard. Miss Horsman says'—

"Confound Miss Horsman!" said I.

"Thank you, Mr. Harrison," said her well-known voice behind me. She had come out, dark as it was, to bring some old linen to Mrs. Brouncker; for, as I said before, she was very kind to all the poor people of Duncombe.

"I beg your pardon; for I really was sorry for my speech, or rather, that she had heard it.

"There is no occasion for any apology," she replied, drawing herself up, and pinching her lips into a very venomous shape.

"John was doing pretty well; but, of course, the danger of looked-jaw was not over. Before I left, his wife entreated me to take off the arm; she wrung her hands in her passionate entreaty. 'Spare him to me, Mr. Harrison!' she implored. Miss Horsman stood by. It was mortifying enough; but I thought of the power which was in my hands, as I firmly believed, of saving the limb; and I was inflexible.

"You cannot think how pleasantly Mrs. Rose's sympathy came in on my return. To be sure, she did not understand one word of the case which I detailed to her; but she listened with interest, and, as long as she held her tongue, I thought she was really taking it in; but her first remark was as *mal-à-propos* as could be.

"You are anxious to save the tibia; I see completely how difficult that will be. My late husband had a case exactly similar, and I remember his anxiety; but you must not distress yourself too much, my dear Mr. Harrison; I have no doubt it will end well.'

"I knew she had no grounds for this assurance, and yet it comforted me.

"However, as it happened, John did fully as well as I could hope—of course, he was long in rallying his strength; and, indeed, sea air was evidently so necessary for his complete restoration, that I accepted, with gratitude, Mrs. Rose's proposal of sending him to Highport for a fortnight or three weeks. Her kind generosity in this matter made me more desirous than ever of paying her every mark of respect and attention.

CHAPTER XV.

"ABOUT this time there was a sale at Ashmeadow, a pretty house, in the neighborhood of Duncombe.

It was likewise an easy walk, and the spring days tempted many people thither, who had no intention of buying anything, but who liked the idea of rambling through the woods, gay with early primroses and wild daffodils, and of seeing the gardens and house, which till now had been shut up from the ingress of the townpeople. Mrs. Rose had planned to go, but an unlucky cold prevented her. She begged me to bring her a very particular account, saying she delighted in details, and always questioned the late Mr. Rose as to the side dishes of the dinners to which he went. The late Mr. Rose's conduct was always held up as a model to me, by the way. I walked to Ashmeadow, pausing, or loitering with different parties of townpeople, all bound in the same direction. At last I found the vicar and Sophy, and with them I stayed. I sat by Sophy, and talked and listened. A sale is a very pleasant gathering after all. The auctioneer, in a country place, is privileged to joke from his rostrum; and, having a personal knowledge of most of the people, can sometimes make a very keen hit at their circumstances, and turn the laugh against them. For instance, on the present occasion, there was a farmer present, with his wife, who was notoriously the gray mare. The auctioneer was selling some horse-clothes, and called out to recommend the article to her, telling her, with a knowing look at the company, that they would make her a dashing pair of trowsers if she was in want of such an article. She drew herself up with dignity, and said, 'Come, John, we've had enough of thees.' Whereupon there was a burst of laughter, and in the midst of it John meekly followed his wife out of the place. The furniture in the sitting-rooms was, I believe, very beautiful, but I did not notice it much. Suddenly I heard the auctioneer speaking to me, 'Mr. Harrison, won't you give me a bid for this table?'

"It was a very pretty little table of walnut-wood. I thought it would go into my study very well, so I gave him a bid. I saw Miss Horsman bidding against me, so I went off with full force, and at last it was knocked down to me. The auctioneer smiled, and congratulated me.

"A most useful present for Mrs. Harrison, when that lady comes.'

"Everybody laughed. They like a joke about marriage, it is so easy of comprehension. But the table which I had thought was for writing, turned out to be a work-table, scissors and thimble complete. No wonder I looked foolish. Sophy was not looking at me, that was one comfort. She was busy arranging a nosegay of wood-anemone and wild sorrel.

"Miss Horsman came up, with her curious eyes.

"I had no idea things were far enough advanced for you to be purchasing a work-table, Mr. Harrison.'

"I laughed off my awkwardness.

"Did not you, Miss Horsman? You are very

much behindhand. You have not heard of my piano, then?"

"No, indeed," said she, half uncertain whether I was serious or not. "Then it seems there is nothing wanting but the lady."

"Perhaps she may not be wanting either," said I; for I wished to perplex her keen curiosity.

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHEN I got home from my round, I found Mrs. Rose in some sorrow.

"Miss Horsman called after you left," said she. "Have you heard how John Brouncker is at Highport?"

"Very well," replied I. "I called on his wife just now, and she had just got a letter from him. She had been anxious about him, for she had not heard for a week. However, all's right now; and she has pretty well of work at Mrs. Munton's, as her servant is ill. Oh, they'll do, never fear."

"At Mrs. Munton's? Oh, that accounts for it, then. She is so deaf, and makes such blunders."

"Accounts for what?" asked I.

"Oh, perhaps I had better not tell you," hesitated Mrs. Rose.

"Yes, tell me at once. I beg your pardon; but I hate mysteries."

"You are so like my poor dear Mr. Rose. He used to speak to me just in that sharp, cross way.—It is only that Miss Horsman called. She had been making a collection for John Brouncker's widow, and—"

"But the man's alive!" said I.

"So it seems. But Mrs. Munton had told her that he was dead. And she has got Mr. Morgan's name down at the head of the list, and Mr. Bullock's—"

"Mr. Morgan and I had got into a short cool way of speaking to each other ever since we had differed so much about the treatment of Brouncker's arm; and I had heard once or twice of his shakes of the head over John's case. He would not have spoken against my method for the world, and fancied that he concealed his fears."

"Miss Horsman is very ill-natured, I think," sighed forth Mrs. Rose.

"I saw that something had been said of which I had not heard; for the mere fact of collecting money for the widow was good-natured, whoever did it. So I asked quietly what she had said."

"Oh, I don't know if I should tell you. I only know she made me cry; for I'm not well, and I can't bear to hear any one I live with abused."

"Come! this was pretty plain."

"What did Miss Horsman say of me?" asked I, half laughing, for I knew there was no love lost between us.

"Oh, she only said she wondered you could go to sales, and spend your money there, when your ignorance had made Jane Brouncker a widow, and her children fatherless."

"Pooh! pooh! John's alive, and likely to live as long as you or me, thanks to you, Mrs. Rose."

"When my work-table came home, Mrs. Rose was so struck with its beauty and completeness, and I was so much obliged to her for her identification of my interests with hers, and the kindness of her whole conduct about John, that I begged her to accept of it. She seemed very much pleased; and, after a few apologies, she consented to take it, and placed it in the most conspicuous part of the front parlor, where she usually sat. There was a good deal of morning calling in Duncombe after the sale; and, during this time, the fact of John's being alive was established to the conviction of all except Miss Horsman, who, I believe, still doubted. I myself told Mr. Morgan, who immediately went to reclaim his money; saying to me, that he was thankful of the information; he was truly glad to hear it; and he shook me warmly by the hand for the first time for a month."

CHAPTER XVII.

"A few days after the sale, I was in the consulting room. The servant must have left the folding-doors a little ajar, I think. Mrs. Munton came to call on Mrs. Rose; and, the former being deaf, I heard all the speeches of the latter lady, as she was obliged to speak very loud in order to be heard. She began:—

"This is a great pleasure, Mrs. Munton; so seldom that you are well enough to go out."

"Mumble, mumble, mumble, through the door."

"Oh, very well, thank you. Take this scat, and then you can admire my new work-table, ma'am; a present from Mr. Harrison."

"Mumble, mumble."

"Who could have told you, ma'am? Miss Horsman. Oh yes, I showed it Miss Horsman."

"Mumble, mumble."

"I don't quite understand you, ma'am."

"Mumble, mumble."

"I'm not blushing, I believe. I really am quite in the dark as to what you mean."

"Mumble, mumble."

"Oh yes, Mr. Harrison and I are most comfortable together. He reminds me so of my dear Mr. Rose; just as fidgety and anxious in his profession."

"Mumble, mumble"

"I'm sure you are joking now, ma'am." Then I heard a pretty loud—

"Oh no; mumble, mumble, for a long time."

"Did he really? Well, I'm sure I don't know."

I should be sorry to think he was doomed to be unfortunate in so serious an affair; but you know my undying regard for the late Mr. Rose.'

"Another long mumble.

"You're very kind, I'm sure. Mr. Rose always thought more of my happiness than his own—a little crying—but the turtle dove has always been my ideal, ma'am."

"Mumble, mumble.

"No one could have been happier than I. As you say, it is a compliment to matrimony."

"Mumble.

"Oh, but you must not repeat such a thing. Mr. Harrison would not like it. He can't bear to have his affairs spoken about."

"Then there was a change of subject; an inquiry after some poor person, I imagine; I heard Mrs. Rose say—

"She has got a mucous membrane, I'm afraid, ma'am."

"A commiserating mumble.

"Not always fatal. I believe Mr. Rose knew some cases that lived for years after it was discovered that they had a mucous membrane."—A pause. Then Mrs. Rose spoke in a different tone.

"Are you sure, ma'am, there is no mistake about what he said?"

"Mumble.

"Pray don't be so observant, Mrs. Munton; you find out too much. One can have no little secrets."

"The call broke up; and I heard Mrs. Munton say in the passage, 'I wish you joy, ma'am, with all my heart. There's no use denying it; for I've seen all along what would happen.'"

"When I went in to dinner, I said to Mrs. Rose—

"You've had Mrs. Munton here, I think. Did she bring any news?" To my surprise, she bridled and simpered, and replied, "Oh, you must not ask, Mr. Harrison: such foolish reports."

"I did not ask, as she seemed to wish me not, and I knew there were silly reports always about. Then I think she was vexed that I did not ask. Altogether she went on so strangely that I could not help looking at her; and then she took up a hand-screen, and held it between me and her. I really felt rather anxiously.

"Are you not feeling well?" said I, innocently.

"Oh, thank you, I believe I'm quite well; only the room is rather warm, is it not?"

"Let me put the blinds down for you; the sun begins to have a good deal of power." I drew down the blinds.

"You are so attentive, Mr. Harrison. Mr. Rose himself never did more for my little wishes than you do."

"I wish I could do more—I wish I could show you how much I feel—her kindness to John Bagnicker. I was going on to say; but I was just

then called out to a patient. Before I went I turned back, and said—

"Take care of yourself, my dear Mrs. Rose; you had better rest a little."

"For your sake, I will," said she tenderly.

"I did not care for whose sake she did it. Only I really thought she was not quite well, and required rest. I thought she was more affected than usual at tea-time; and could have been angry with her nonsensical ways once or twice, but that I knew the real goodness of her heart. She said she wished she had the power to sweeten my life as she could my tea. I told her what a comfort she had been all during my late time of anxiety; and then I stole out to try if I could hear the evening singing at the vicarage, by standing close to the garden wall.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"The next morning I met Mr. Bullock by appointment, to talk a little about the legacy which was paid into his hands. As I was leaving his office, feeling full of my riches, I met Miss Horsman. She smiled rather grimly, and said:

"Oh! Mr. Harrison, I must congratulate, I believe. I don't know whether I ought to have known, but as I do, I must wish you joy. A very nice little sum, too. I always said you would have money."

"So she had found out my legacy, had she? Well, it was no secret, and one likes the reputation of being a person of property. Accordingly I smiled, and said I was much obliged to her, and if I could alter the figures to my liking, she might congratulate me still more.

"She said, 'Oh, Mr. Harrison, you can't have everything. It would be better the other way, certainly. Money is the great thing, as you've found out. The relation died most opportunely, I must say.'

"He was no relative," said I; "only an intimate friend."

"Dear-ah-me! I thought it had been a brother! Well, at any rate, the legacy is safe."

"I wished her good morning, and passed on. Before long I was sent for to Miss Tomkinson's.

"Miss Tomkinson sat in severe state to receive me. I went in with an air of ease, because I always felt so uncomfortable.

"Is this true that I hear?" asked she, in an inquisitorial manner.

"I thought she alluded to my five hundred pounds. So I smiled, and said that I believed it was.

"Can money be so great an object with you, Mr. Harrison?" she asked again.

"I said I had never cared much for money, except as an assistance to any plan of settling in life; and then, as I did not like her severe way of treat-

ing the subject, I said that I hoped every one was well; though of course I expected some one was ill, or I should not have been sent for.

"Miss Tomkinson looked very grave and sad. Then she answered, 'Caroline is very poorly—the old palpitations at the heart; but of course that is nothing to you.'

"I said I was very sorry. She had a weakness there, I knew. Could I see her? I might be able to order something for her.

"I thought I heard Miss Tomkinson say something in a low voice about my being a heartless deceiver. Then she spoke up. 'I was always distrustful of you, Mr. Harrison. I never liked your looks. I begged Caroline again and again not to confide in you. I foresaw how it would end. And now I fear her precious life will be a sacrifice.'

"I begged her not to distress herself, for in all probability there was very little the matter with her sister. Might I see her?

"'No!' she said, shortly, standing up as if to dismiss me. 'There has been too much of this seeing and calling. By my consent, you shall never see her again.'

"I bowed. I was annoyed, of course. Such a dismissal might injure my practice just when I was most anxious to increase it.

"'Have you no apology, no excuse, to offer?'

"I said I had done my best; I did not feel that there was any reason to offer an apology. I wished her good morning. Suddenly she came forwards.

"'Oh, Mr. Harrison,' said she, 'if you have really loved Caroline, do not let a little paltry money make you desert her for another.'

"I was struck dumb. Loved Miss Caroline! I loved Miss Tomkinson a great deal better, and yet I disliked her. She went on.

"I have saved nearly three thousand pounds. If you think you are too poor to marry without money, I will give it all to Caroline. I am strong, and can go on working; but she is weak, and this disappointment will kill her.' She sat down suddenly, and covered her face with her hands. Then she looked up.

"'You are unwilling, I see. Don't suppose I would have urged you if it had been for myself; but she has had so much sorrow.' And now she fairly cried aloud. I tried to explain; but she would not listen, but kept saying, 'Leave the house, sir! leave the house!' But I would be heard.

"I have never had any feeling warmer than respect for Miss Caroline, and I have never shown any different feeling. I never for an instant thought of making her my wife, and she has had no cause in my behavior to imagine I entertained any such intention.'

"'This is adding insult to injury,' said she. 'Leave the house, sir, this instant!'

CHAPTER XIX.

"I WENT, and sadly enough. In a small town such an occurrence is sure to be talked about, and to make a great deal of mischief. When I went home to dinner I was so full of it, and foresaw so clearly that I should need some advocate soon to set the case in its right light, that I determined on making a *confidante* of good Mrs. Rose. I could not eat. She watched me tenderly, and sighed when she saw my want of appetite.

"'I am sure you have something on your mind, Mr. Harrison. Would it be—would it not be—a relief to impart it to some sympathizing friend?'

"It was just what I wanted to do.

"'My dear kind Mrs. Rose,' said I, 'I must tell you, if you will listen.'

"She took up the fire-screen, and held it, as yesterday, between me and her.

"'The most unfortunate misunderstanding has taken place. Miss Tomkinson thinks that I have been paying attentions to Miss Caroline; when, in fact—may I tell you, Mrs. Rose?—my affections are placed elsewhere. Perhaps you have found it out already?' for indeed I thought I had been too much in love to conceal my attachment to Sophy from any one who knew my movements as well as Mrs. Rose.

"She hung down her head, and said she believed she had found out my secret.

"'Then only think how miserably I am situated. If I have any hope—oh, Mrs. Rose, do you think I have any hope?—'

"She put the hand-screen still more before her face, and after some hesitation she said she thought 'if I persevered—in time—I might have hope.' And then she suddenly got up, and left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

"THAT afternoon I met Mr. Bullock in the street. My mind was so full of the affair with Miss Tomkinson, that I should have passed him without notice, if he had not stopped me short, and said that he must speak to me; about my wonderful five hundred pounds, I supposed. But I did not care for that now.

"'What is this I hear,' said he, severely, 'about your engagement with Mrs. Rose?'

"'With Mrs. Rose?' said I, almost laughing, although my heart was heavy enough.

"'Yes! with Mrs. Rose!' said he, sternly.

"'I'm not engaged to Mrs. Rose,' I replied. 'There is some mistake.'

"'I'm glad to hear it, sir,' he answered; 'very glad. It requires some explanation, however. Mrs. Rose has been congratulated, and has acknowledged the truth of the report. It is confirmed by many facts. The work-table you bought, confessing your

intention of giving it to your future wife, is given to her. How do you account for these things, sir?"

"I said I did not pretend to account for them. At present, a good deal was inexplicable; and when I could give an explanation, I did not think that I should feel myself called upon to give it to him.

"Very well, sir; very well," replied he, growing very red. "I shall take care and let Mr. Morgan know the opinion I entertain of you. What do you think that man deserves to be called, who enters a family under the plea of friendship, and takes advantage of his intimacy to win the affections of the daughter, and then engages himself to another woman?"

"I thought he referred to Miss Caroline. I simply said I could only say that I was not engaged; and that Miss Tomkinson had been quite mistaken in supposing I had been paying any attentions to her sister beyond those dictated by mere civility.

"Miss Tomkinson! Miss Caroline! I don't understand to what you refer. Is there another victim to your perfidy? What I allude to are the attentions you have paid to my daughter, Miss Bullock."

"Another! I could but disclaim, as I had done in the case of Miss Caroline; but I began to be in despair. Would Miss Horsman, too, come forward as a victim to my tender affections? It was all Mr. Morgan's doing, who had lectured me into this tenderly deferential manner. But on the score of Miss Bullock, I was brave in my innocence. I had positively disliked her; and so I told her father, though in more civil and measured tones, adding that I was sure the feeling was reciprocal.

"He looked as if he would like to horsewhip me. I longed to call him out.

"I hope my daughter has had sense enough to despise you; I hope she has, that's all. I trust my wife may be mistaken as to her feelings."

"So, he had heard all through the medium of his wife. That explained something, and rather calmed me. I begged he would ask Miss Bullock if she had ever thought I had any ulterior object in my intercourse with her, beyond mere friendliness (and not so much of that, I might have added). I would refer it to her.

"Girls," said Mr. Bullock, a little more quietly, 'do not like to acknowledge that they have been deceived and disappointed. I consider my wife's testimony as likely to be nearer the truth than my daughter's, for that reason. And she tells me she never doubted but that, if not absolutely engaged, you understood each other perfectly. She is sure *Jemima* is deeply wounded by your engagement to Mrs. Rose.'

"Once for all, I am not engaged to anybody. Till you have seen your daughter, and learnt the truth from her, I will wish you farewell."

"I bowed in a stiff, haughty manner, and walked off homewards. But, when I got to my own door, I remembered Mrs. Rose, and all that Mr. Bullock

had said about her acknowledging the truth of the report of my engagement to her. Where could I go to be safe? Mrs. Rose, Miss Bullock, Miss Caroline—they lived, as it were, at the three points of an equilateral triangle; here was I in the centre. I would go to Mr. Morgan's, and drink tea with him. There, at any rate, I was secure from any one wanting to marry me; and I might be as professionally bland as I liked, without being misunderstood. But there, too, a *contretemps* awaited me.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Mr. Morgan was looking grave. After a minute or two of humming and hawing, he said—

"I have been sent for to Miss Caroline Tomkinson, Mr. Harrison. I am sorry to hear of this—I am grieved to find that there seems to have been some trifling with the affections of a very worthy lady. Miss Tomkinson, who is in sad distress, tells me that they had every reason to believe that you were attached to her sister. May I ask if you do not intend to marry her?"

"I said nothing was farther from my thoughts.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Morgan, rather agitated, 'do not express yourself so strongly and vehemently. It is derogatory to the sex to speak so. It is more respectful to say, in these cases, that you do not venture to entertain a hope; such a manner is generally understood, and does not sound like such positive objection.'

"I cannot help it, sir; I must talk in my own natural manner. I would not speak disrespectfully of any woman; but nothing should induce me to marry Miss Caroline Tomkinson; not if she were Venus herself, and Queen of England into the bargain. I cannot understand what has given rise to the idea.'

"Indeed, sir; I think that is very plain. You have a trifling case to attend to in the house, and you invariably make it a pretext for seeing and conversing with the lady.'

"That was her doing, not mine!" said I, vehemently.

"Allow me to go on. You are discovered on your knees before her—a positive injury to the establishment, as Miss Tomkinson observes; a most passionate valentine is sent, and, when questioned, you acknowledge the sincerity of meaning which you affix to such things.' He stopped; for, in his earnestness, he had been talking more quickly than usual, and was out of breath. I burst in with my explanations—

"The valentine I knew nothing about.'

"It is in your handwriting," said he, coldly. 'I should be most deeply grieved to—in fact, I will not think it possible of your father's son. But, I must say, it is in your handwriting.'

"I tried again; and, at last, succeeded in convincing him that I had been only unfortunate, not intentionally guilty of winning Miss Caroline's affections. I said that I had been endeavoring, it was true, to practice the manner he had recommended, of universal sympathy, and recalled to his mind some of the advice he had given me. He was a good deal furried.

"But, my dear sir, I had no idea you would carry it out to such consequences. "Philandering," Tomkinson called it. That is a hard word, sir. My manner has been always tender and sympathetic; but I am not aware that I ever excited any hopes; there never was any report about me. I believe no lady was ever attached to me. You must strive after this happy medium, sir."

"I was still distressed. Mr. Morgan had only heard of one, but there were three ladies, including Miss Bullock, hoping to marry me. He saw my annoyance.

"Don't be too much distressed about it, my dear sir; I was sure you were too honorable a man, from the first. With a conscience like yours, I would defy the world."

"He became anxious to console me, and I was hesitating whether I would not tell him all my three dilemmas, when a note was brought in to him. It was from Mrs. Munton. He threw it to me with a face of dismay.

"MY DEAR MR. MORGAN: I most sincerely congratulate you on the happy matrimonial engagement I hear you have formed with Miss Tomkinson. All previous circumstances, as I have just been remarking to Miss Horsman, combine to promise you felicity. And I wish that every blessing may attend your married life! Most sincerely yours,

"JANE MUNTUN."

"I could not help laughing; he had been so lately congratulating himself that no report of the kind had ever been circulated about himself. He said—

"Sir! this is no laughing matter; I assure you it is not."

"I could not resist asking, if I was to conclude that there was no truth in the report?

"Truth, sir! it's a lie from beginning to end! I don't like to speak too decidedly about any lady; and I've a great respect for Miss Tomkinson; but I do assure you, sir, I'd as soon marry one of Her Majesty's Life-guards. I would rather; it would be more suitable. Miss Tomkinson is a very worthy lady; but she's a perfect grenadier."

"He grew very nervous. He was evidently insecure. He thought it not impossible that Miss Tomkinson might come and marry him, *vi et armis*. I am sure he had some dim idea of abduction in his mind. Still, he was better off than I was; for he was in his own house, and report had only engaged him to one lady; while I stood, like Paris, among

three contending beauties. Truly, an apple of discord had been thrown into our little town. I suspected at the time, what I know now, that it was Miss Horsman's doing; not intentionally, I will do her the justice to say. But she had shouted out the story of my behavior to Miss Caroline up Mrs. Munton's trumpet; and that lady, possessed with the idea that I was engaged to Mrs. Rose, had imagined the masculine pronoun to relate to Mr. Morgan, whom she had seen only that afternoon *tête-à-tête* with Miss Tomkinson, condoling with her in some tender deferential manner, I'll be bound.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I WAS very cowardly. I positively dared not go home; but, at length, I was obliged to go. I had done all I could to console Mr. Morgan, but he refused to be comforted. I went at last. I rang at the bell. I don't know who opened the door, but I think it was Mrs. Rose. I kept a handkerchief to my face, and, muttering something about having a dreadful toothache, I flew up to my room and bolted the door. I had no candle; but what did that signify? I was safe. I could not sleep; and, when I did fall into a sort of doze, it was ten times worse wakening up. I could not remember whether I was engaged or not. If I was engaged, who was the lady? I had always considered myself as rather plain than otherwise; but surely I had made a mistake. Fascinating I certainly must be; but perhaps I was handsome. As soon as day dawned, I got up to ascertain the fact at the looking-glass. Even with the best disposition to be convinced, I could not see any striking beauty in my round face, with an unshaven beard and a night-cap, like a fool's cap at the top. I took off my night-cap. No! I must be content to be plain, but agreeable. All this I tell you in confidence. I would not have my little bit of vanity known for the world. I fell asleep towards morning. I was awakened by a tap at my door. It was Peggy: she put in a hand with a note. I took it.

"It is not from Miss Horsman?" said I, half in joke, half in very earnest fright.

"No, sir; Mr. Morgan's man brought it."

"I opened it. It ran thus:—

"MY DEAR SIR: It is now nearly twenty years since I have had a little relaxation, and I find that my health requires it. I have also the utmost confidence in you, and I am sure this feeling is shared by our patients. I have therefore no scruple in putting in execution a hastily formed plan, and going to Chesterton to catch the early train on my way to Paris. If your accounts are good, I shall remain away probably a fortnight. Direct to Meurice's. Yours, most truly,

J. MORGAN.

"P. S. Perhaps it may be as well not to name where I am gone, especially to Miss Tomkinson."

He had deserted me. He, with only one report, had left me to stand my ground with three.

"Mrs. Rose's kind regards, sir, and it's nearly nine o'clock. Breakfast has been ready this hour, sir."

"Tell Mrs. Rose I don't want any breakfast. Or stay (for I was very hungry), I will take a cup of tea and some toast up here."

"Peggy brought the tray to the door."

"I hope you're not ill, sir?" said she, kindly.

"Not very. I shall be better when I get into the air."

"Mrs. Rose seems sadly put about," said she; "she seems so grieved like."

"I watched my opportunity, and went out by the side door in the garden."

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I HAD intended to ask Mr. Morgan to call at the vicarage, and give his parting explanation before they could hear the report. Now, I thought that if I could see Sophy, I would speak to her myself; but I did not wish to encounter the vicar. I went along the lane at the back of the vicarage, and came suddenly upon Miss Bullock. She colored, and asked me if I would allow her to speak to me. I could only be resigned; but I thought I could probably set one report at rest by this conversation."

"She was almost crying."

"I must tell you, Mr. Harrison, I have watched you here in order to speak to you. I heard, with the greatest regret, of papa's conversation with you yesterday." She was fairly crying. "I believe Mrs. Bullock finds me in her way, and wants to have me married. It is the only way in which I can account for such a complete misrepresentation as she had told papa. I don't care for you in the least, sir. You never paid me any attentions. You've been almost rude to me; and I have liked you the better. That's to say, I never have liked you."

"I am truly glad to hear what you say," answered I. "Don't distress yourself. I was sure there was some mistake."

"But she cried bitterly."

"It is so hard to feel that my marriage—my absence—is desired so earnestly at home. I dread every new acquaintance we form with any gentleman. It is sure to be the beginning of a series of attacks on him, of which everybody must be aware, and to which they may think I am a willing party. But I should not much mind it, if it were not for the conviction that she wishes me so earnestly away. Oh, my own dear mamma, you would never—"

"She cried more than ever. I was truly sorry for

her, and had just taken her hand, and began—"My dear Miss Bullock—," when the door in the wall of the vicarage garden opened. It was the vicar letting out Miss Tomkinson, whose face was all swelled with crying. He saw me; but he did not bow, or make any sign. On the contrary, he looked down as from a severe eminence, and shut the door hastily. I turned to Miss Bullock.

"I am afraid the vicar has been hearing something to my disadvantage from Miss Tomkinson, and it is very awkward—" She finished my sentence, "To have found us here together. Yes, but as long as we understand that we do not care for each other, it does not signify what people say."

"Oh, but to me it does," said I; "I may, perhaps, tell you—but do not mention it to a creature—I am attached to Miss Hutton."

"To Sophy! Oh, Mr. Harrison, I am so glad; she is such a sweet creature. Oh, I wish you joy!"

"Not yet; I have never spoken about it."

"Oh, but it is certain to happen." She jumped with a woman's rapidity to a conclusion. And then she began to praise Sophy. Never was a man yet who did not like to hear the praises of his mistress. I walked by her side; we came past the front of the vicarage together. I looked up, and saw Sophy there, and she saw me.

"That afternoon she was sent away; sent to visit her aunt ostensibly; in reality, because of the reports of my conduct, which were showered down upon the vicar, and one of which he saw confirmed by his own eyes."

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I HEARD of Sophy's departure as one heard of everything, soon after it had taken place. I did not care for the awkwardness of my situation, which had so perplexed and amused me in the morning. I felt that something was wrong; that Sophy was taken away from me. I sank into despair. If anybody liked to marry me, they might. I was willing to be sacrificed. I did not speak to Mrs. Rose. She wondered at me, and grieved over my coldness, I saw; but I had left off feeling anything. Miss Tomkinson cut me in the street; and it did not break my heart. Sophy was gone away; that was all I cared for. Where had they sent her to? Who was her aunt, that she should go and visit her? One day I met Lizzie, who looked as though she had been told not to speak to me, but could not help doing so."

"Have you heard from your sister?" said I.

"Yes."

"Where is she? I hope she is well."

"She is at the Leoms (I was not much wiser). Oh yes, she is very well. Fanny says she was at the Assembly last Wednesday, and danced all night with the officers."

"I thought I would enter myself a member of the Peace Society at once. She was a little flirt, and a hard-hearted creature. I don't think I wished Lizzie good-by.

CHAPTER XXV.

"WHAT most people would have considered a more serious evil than Sophy's absence, befell me. I found that my practice was falling off. The prejudice of the town ran strongly against me. Mrs. Muntton told me all that was said. She heard it through Miss Horsman. It was said—cruel little town—that my negligence or ignorance had been the cause of Walter's death; that Miss Tyrrell had become worse under my treatment; and that John Brouncker was all but dead, if he was not quite, from my mismanagement. All Jack Marshland's jokes and revelations, which had, I thought, gone to oblivion, were raked up to my discredit. He himself, formerly, to my astonishment, rather a favorite with the good people of Duncombe, was spoken of as one of my disreputable friends.

"In short, so prejudiced were the good people of Duncombe, that I believe a very little would have made them suspect me of a brutal highway robbery, which took place in the neighborhood about this time. Mrs. Muntton told me, *à propos* of the robbery, that she had never yet understood the cause of my year's imprisonment in Newgate; she had no doubt, from what Mr. Morgan had told her, there was some good reason for it: but if I would tell her the particulars, she should like to know them.

"Miss Tomkinson sent for Mr. White, from Chesterton, to see Miss Caroline; and, as he was coming over, all our old patients seemed to take advantage of it, and send for him too.

"But the worst of all was the vicar's manner to me. If he had sent me, I could have asked him why he did so. But the freezing change in his behavior was indescribable, though bitterly felt. I heard of Sophy's gayety from Lizzie. I thought of writing to her. Just then Mr. Morgan's fortnight of absence expired. I was wearied out by Mrs. Rose's tender vagaries, and took no comfort from her sympathy, which indeed I rather avoided. Her tears irritated, instead of grieving me. I wished I could tell her at once that I had no intention of marrying her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"MR. MORGAN had not been at home above two hours before he was sent for to the vicarage. Sophy had come back, and I had never heard of it. She had some home ill and weary, and longing for rest; and the rest seemed approaching with awful strides.

Mr. Morgan forgot all his Parisian adventures, and all his terror of Miss Tomkinson, when he was sent for to see her. She was ill of a fever, which made fearful progress. When he told me, I wished to force the vicarage door, if I might but see her. But I controlled myself; and only cursed my weak indecision, which had prevented my writing to her. It was well I had no patients; they would have had but a poor chance of attention. I hung about Mr. Morgan, who might see her, and did see her. But from what he told me, I perceived that the measures he was adopting were powerless to check so sudden and violent an illness. Oh! if they would but let me see her! But that was out of the question. It was not merely that the vicar had heard of my character as a gay Lothario, but that doubts had been thrown out of my medical skill. The accounts grew worse. Suddenly, my resolution was taken. Mr. Morgan's very regard for Sophy made him more than usually timid in his practice. I had my horse saddled, and galloped to Chesterton. I took the express train to town. I went to Dr. ——. I told him every particular of the case. He listened; but shook his head. He wrote down a prescription; and recommended a new preparation, not yet in full use: a preparation of a poison, in fact.

"It may save her," said he. "It is a chance, in such a state of things as you describe. It must be given on the fifth day, if the pulse will bear it. Crabbe makes up the preparation most skillfully. Let me hear from you, I beg."

"I went to Crabbe's. I begged to make it up myself; but my hands trembled, so that I could not weigh the quantities. I asked the young man to do it for me. I went, without touching food, to the station, with my medicine and my prescription in my pocket. Back we flew through the country. I sprang on Bay Maldon, which my groom had in waiting, and galloped across the country to Duncombe.

"But I drew bridle when I came to the top of the hill—the hill above the old hall, from which we catch the first glimpse of the town, for I thought within myself that she might be dead; and I dreaded to come near certainty. The hawthorns were out in the woods, the young lambs were in the meadows, the song of the thrushes filled the air; but it only made the thought the more terrible.

"What if in this world of hope and life she lies dead! I heard the church bells soft and clear. I sickened to listen. Was it the passing bell? No!—it was ringing eight o'clock. I put spurs to my horse, down hill as it was. We dashed into the town. I turned him, saddle and bridle, into the stable-yard, and went off to Mr. Morgan's.

"Is she?—" said I. "How is she?"
 "Very ill. My poor fellow, I see how it is with you. She may live—but I fear. My dear sir, I am very much afraid."

"I told him of my journey, and consultation with

Dr——, and showed him the prescription. His hands trembled as he put on his spectacles to read it.

"This is a very dangerous medicine, sir," said he, with his finger under the name of the poison.

"It is a new preparation," said I. "Dr. —— relies much upon it."

"I dare not administer it," he replied. "I have never tried it. It must be very powerful. I dare not play tricks in this case."

"I believe I stamped with impatience; but it was all of no use. My journey had been in vain. The more I urged the imminent danger of the case requiring some powerful remedy, the more nervous he became."

"I told him I would throw up the partnership. I threatened him with that, though, in fact, it was only what I felt I ought to do, and had resolved upon before Sophy's illness, as I had lost the confidence of his patients. He only said—

"I cannot help it, sir. I shall regret it for your father's sake; but I must do my duty. I dare not run the risk of giving Miss Sophy this violent medicine—a preparation of a deadly poison."

"I left him without a word. He was quite right in adhering to his own views, as I can see now; but, at the time, I thought him brutal and obstinate."

CHAPTER XXVII.

"I went home. I spoke rudely to Mrs. Rose, who awaited my return at the door. I rushed past, and locked myself in my room. I could not go to bed."

"The morning sun came pouring in, and enraged me, as everything did since Mr. Morgan refused. I pulled the blind down so violently that the string broke. What did it signify? The light might come in. What was the sun to me? And then I remembered that that sun might be shining on her—dead."

"I sat down and covered my face. Mrs. Rose knocked at the door. I opened it. She had never been in bed, and had been crying too."

"Mr. Morgan wants to speak to you, sir!"

"I rushed back for my medicine, and went to him. He stood at the door, pale and anxious."

"She's alive, sir," said he; "but that's all. We have sent for Dr. Hamilton. I'm afraid he will not come in time. Do you know, sir, I think we should venture—with Dr. ——'s sanction—to give her that medicine. It is but a chance; but it is the only one, I'm afraid." He fairly cried before he had ended.

"I've got it here," said I, setting off to walk; but he could not go so fast.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "for my abrupt refusal last night."

"Indeed, sir," said I; "I ought much rather to beg your pardon. I was very violent."

"Oh! Never mind! Never mind! Will you repeat what Dr. —— said?"

"I did so; and then I asked, with a meekness that astonished myself, if I might not go in and administer it."

"No, sir," said he, "I'm afraid not. I am sure your good heart would not wish to give pain. Besides, it might agitate her, if she has any consciousness before death. In her delirium she has often mentioned your name; and, sir, I'm sure you won't name it again, as it may, in fact, be considered a professional secret; but I did hear our good vicar speak a little strongly about you; in fact, sir, I did hear him curse you. You see the mischief it might make in the parish, I'm sure, if this were known."

"I gave him the medicine, and watched him in, and saw the door shut. I hung about the place all day. Poor and rich, all came to inquire. The county people drove up in their carriages—the halt and the lame came on their crutches. Their anxiety did my heart good. Mr. Morgan told me that she slept, and I watched Dr. Hamilton into the house. The night came on. She slept. I watched round the house. I saw the light high up, burning still and steady. Then I saw it moved. It was the crisis, in one way or other."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Mr. Morgan came out. Good old man! The tears were running down his cheeks: he could not speak; but kept shaking my hands. I did not want words. I understood that she was better."

"Dr. Hamilton says it was the only medicine that could have saved her. I was an old fool, sir. I beg your pardon. The vicar shall know all. I beg your pardon, sir, if I was abrupt."

"Everything went on brilliantly from this time."

"Mr. Bullock called to apologize for his mistake, and consequent upbraiding. John Brouncker came home brave and well."

"There was still Miss Tomkinson in the ranks of the enemy; and Mrs. Rose, too much, I feared, in the ranks of the friends."

CHAPTER XXIX.

"One night she had gone to bed, and I was thinking of going. I had been studying in the back room, where I went for refuge from her in the present position of affairs; (I read a good number of surgical books about this time, and also 'Vanity Fair') when I heard a loud, long-continued knocking at the door, enough to waken the whole street."

Before I could get to open it, I heard that well-known bass of Jack Marshland's, once heard never to be forgotten, pipe up the negro song,

"Who's dat knocking at de door?"

"Though it was raining hard at the time, and I stood waiting to let him in, he would finish his melody in the open air; loud and clear along the street it sounded. I saw Miss Tomkinson's night-capped head emerge from a window. She called out 'Police! police!'

"Now there were no police, only a rheumatic constable, in the town; but it was the custom of the ladies, when alarmed at night, to call an imaginary police, which had, they thought, an intimidating effect, but, as every one knew the real state of the unwatched town, we did not much mind it in general. Just now, however, I wanted to regain my character. So I pulled Jack in, quivering as he entered.

"'You've spoilt a good shake,' said he; 'that's what you have. I'm nearly up to Jenny Lind; and you see I'm a nightingale like her.'

"We sat up late; and I don't know how it was, but I told him all my matrimonial misadventures.

"'I thought I could imitate your hand pretty well,' said he. 'My word! it was a flaming valentine! No wonder she thought you loved her!'

"'So that was your doing, was it? Now I'll tell you what you shall do to make up for it. You shall write me a letter confessing your hoax—a letter that I can show.'

"'Give me pen and paper, my boy; you shall dictate. "With a deeply penitent heart"—will that do for a beginning?'

"I told him what to write; a simple, straightforward confession of his practical joke. I enclosed it in a few lines of regret that, unknown to me, any of my friends should have so acted.

CHAPTER XXX.

"ALL this time I knew that Sophy was slowly recovering. One day I met Miss Bullock, who had seen her.

"'We have been talking about you,' said she with a bright smile; for, since she knew I disliked her, she felt quite at her ease, and could smile very pleasantly. I understood that she had been explaining the misunderstanding about herself to Sophy; so that when Jack Marshland's note had been sent to Miss Tomkinson's I thought myself in a fair way to have my character established in two quarters. But the third was my dilemma. Mrs. Rose had really so much of my true regard for her good qualities, that I disliked the idea of a formal explanation, in which a good deal must be said on my side to wound her. We had become very much estranged ever since I had heard of this report of my engage-

ment to her. I saw that she grieved over it. While Jack Marshland stayed with us, I felt at my ease in the presence of a third person. But he told me confidentially he durst not stay long, for fear some of the ladies should snap him up, and marry him. Indeed I myself did not think it unlikely that he would snap one of them up if he could. For when we met Miss Bullock one day, and heard her hopeful, joyous account of Sophy's progress (to whom she was a daily visitor), he asked me who that bright-looking girl was? And when I told him she was the Miss Bullock of whom I had spoken to him, he was pleased to observe that he thought I had been a great fool, and asked me if Sophy had anything like such splendid eyes. He made me repeat about Miss Bullock's unhappy circumstances at home, and then became very thoughtful—a most unusual and morbid symptom in his case.

"Soon after he went, by Mr. Morgan's kind offices and explanations I was permitted to see Sophy. I might not speak much; it was prohibited for fear of agitating her. We talked of the weather and the flowers; and we were silent. But her little, white, thin hand lay in mine; and we understood each other without words. I had a long interview with the vicar afterwards; and came away glad and satisfied.

"Mr. Morgan called in the afternoon, evidently anxious, though he made no direct inquiries (he was too polite for that), to hear the result of my visit at the vicarage. I told him to give me joy. He shook me warmly by the hand; and then rubbed his own together. I thought I would consult him about my dilemma with Mrs. Rose, who, I was afraid, would be deeply affected by my engagement.

"'There is only one awkward circumstance,' said I; 'about Mrs. Rose.' I hesitated how to word the fact of her having received congratulations on her supposed engagement with me, and her manifest attachment; but, before I could speak, he broke in—

"'My dear sir, you need not trouble yourself about that; she will have a home. In fact, sir,' said he, reddening a little, 'I thought it would, perhaps, put a stop to those reports connecting my name with Miss Tomkinson's if I married some one else. I hoped it might prove an efficacious contradiction. And I was struck with admiration for Mrs. Rose's undying memory of her late husband. Not to be prolix, I have this morning obtained Mrs. Rose's consent to—to marry her, in fact, sir!' said he, jerking out the climax.

"'Here was an event! Then Mr. Morgan had never heard the report about Mrs. Rose and me. (To this day, I think she would have taken me, if I had proposed.) So much the better.

"'Marriages were in the fashion that year. Mr. Bullock met me one morning, as I was going to ride with Sophy. He and I had quite got over our misunderstanding, thanks to Jemima, and were as

friendly as ever. This morning he was chuckling aloud as he walked.

"'Stop, Mr. Harrison!' he said, as I went quickly past. 'Have you heard the news? Miss Horsman has just told me Miss Caroline has eloped with young Hoggins! She is ten years older than he is! How can her gentility like being married to a tallow-chandler? It is a very good thing for her, though,' he added, in a more serious manner; 'old Hoggins is very rich; and though he's angry just now, he will soon be reconciled.'

"Any vanity I might have entertained on the score of the three ladies who were, at one time, said to be captivated by my charms, was being rapidly dispersed. Soon after Mr. Hoggins' marriage, I met Miss Tomkinson face to face, for the first time since our memorable conversation. She stopped me, and said—

"'Don't refuse to receive my congratulations, Mr. Harrison, on your most happy engagement to Miss Hutton. I owe you an apology, too, for my behavior when I last saw you at our house. I really did think Caroline was attached to you then; and it irritated me, I confess, in a very wrong and unjustifiable way. But I heard her telling Mr. Hoggins only yesterday that she had been attached to him for years; ever since he was in pinafores, she dated it from; and when I asked her afterwards how she could say so, after her distress on hearing that false report about you and Mrs. Rose, she cried, and said I never had understood her; and that the hysterics which alarmed me so much were simply caused by eating pickled cucumber. I am very sorry for my stupidity and improper way of speaking; but I hope we are friends now, Mr. Harrison, for I should wish to be liked by Sophy's husband.'

"Good Miss Tomkinson! to believe the substitution of indigestion for disappointed affection. I shook her warmly by the hand; and we have been all right ever since. I think I told you she is baby's godmother.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"I HAD some difficulty in persuading Jack Marshland to be groomsman; but when he heard all the arrangements, he came. Miss Bullock was bridesmaid. He liked us all so well, that he came again at Christmas, and was far better behaved than he had been the year before. He won golden opinions indeed. Miss Tomkinson said he was a reformed young man. We dined altogether at Mr. Morgan's (the vicar wanted us to go there; but, from what Sophy told me, Helen was not confident of the mince-meat, and rather dreaded so large a party). We had a jolly day of it. Mrs. Morgan was as kind and motherly as ever. Miss Horsman certainly did not cut a sorry figure; that the vicar was thinking of Miss

Tomkinson for his second; or else, I think, we had no other report circulated in consequence of our happy, merry Christmas-day; and it is a wonder, considering how Jack Marshland went on with Je-mima."

Here Sophy came back from putting baby to bed; and Charles wakened up.

EVENING REVERIE.

BY F. N. SABBISKIE.

The twilight hour, whose shaded robes
Seem half of night and half of day,
And golden pictures of the sun
From earth and sky have passed away.

And timbly the queenly moon
Gilds where the vestal fire burns;
And starry priesthood stand and shake
Thought's incense from their golden urns.

The dim cathedral of the sky
Gleams with a gush of ruddy light;
Our thoughts steal through its shadowy aisles
To worship at the shrine of Night.

Then drops the veil that hides the past,
And Memory, with illuming wings,
Flits o'er those ruins dim and old—
The land of the departed things.

And forms which, dying, left us sad,
Are floating in the lustrous air;
We catch their smiles of Heaven's light,
And eager pant to meet them there.

Then wave the forests, sing the birds,
That waved and sung in younger days;
The brook that passed our cottage home
Still chants its naled roundelays.

The matron, with her snowy cap,
And olden Bible on her knee,
Still teaches to that merry boy
Truth, which shall keep his spirit free.

More beautiful than all the fanes
Of temples in the ancient lands,
'Mid leafy oaks and tablet-stones
Our humble village chapel stands.

And older days, when manly toil
And love did pave the path of life,
Glide softly to my listening ear,
And whisper of the bygone strife.

Then Fancy rings its golden bell,
And clear-toned music summons thought
To leave the shades of former years,
And revel in a wilder sport.

The mist that clouds our future sky
It piles into fantastic form,
And airy castles glittering rise,
And rainbows sit on every storm.

Let not the calm and holy night
Be wasted in the revel's shame,
But let its hours be steps, on which
Thy thoughts pursue a heavenward aim!

THE LADY'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

EVEN at this day, one of the wildest and most purely pastoral districts in all England is that region of the West Riding of Yorkshire which lies between Lancashire on the south and west, and a part of Westmoreland on the north, and which is divided on the east, from the more populous portions of the fine county to which it belongs, by the waters of the great northern river Ure, destined, after twice changing its name, and swallowing up tributaries mightier than itself, to fall into the North Sea as the Humber. To this day, in the whole of that large tract, there is no large town; nothing, indeed, that we should dignify, in the United States, by the title of a considerable village.

It abounds, however, in the most splendid scenery; it contains some of the loftiest hills, as Ingleborough, Wharfedale, and Pensington, and is watered by the loveliest rivers, the Nid, the Wharfe, the Eyre, and many a tributary torrent, in all the sea-girt island. Emphatically, it is a land of hills and dales, or, as they are termed in the north country dialect, the fells and the ghylls. The population sparse, simple, hospitable, and contented, are scattered, through the narrow vales which intersect the huge round-topped heathery ridges, in hamlets small, indeed, but picturesque and happy, earning enough to supply their few and trivial wants by cultivating the narrow verge of soft green meadow land, which everywhere forms the bottom of the ghylls, and pasturing their flocks and herds, of moorland sheep and kyles, upon the heath-clad hills, on which each farm possesses a free commonage.

In the times, however, of the wars of the Roses, during the fatal strife of the kindred houses of York and Lancaster, which constitute the cruellest and bloodiest page of Britain's history, the Ghyllsland was a purely pastoral, a purely feudal region.

The great Earl of Warwick, from his Castle of Middleham, a little way to the eastward on the waters of the Ure, the Prior of Bolton Abbey on the Wharfe, and the Egremonts of Barden Tower, were all the great proprietors throughout that rugged country; and so lightly did the feudal rule of the good monks and popular nobles press on their vassals, that they might be called the freest population in all England: a few simple quit-rents of the produce of their farms, a few days of man-service when their lords waged war on the wild beasts, which were then plentiful in the forest, or on one other in the field of civil strife, constituted the whole of their duties; and these, in those dark and bloody days,

were looked upon almost as privileges. Every dalesman was in those days an archer, and, as such, a huntsman and a soldier; and, to have been debarred from following his lord's hounds on the fell, his lord's banner on the field, he would have looked upon not as a privilege, but as a penalty and a disgrace.

The bloody field of Towton had been fought about ten days, and the whole north of England was filled with terror, lamentation, and despair. Some forty thousand men had fallen, in their harness, on that field of "gentle blood," after which a baron of the old Norman blood was more rarely to be seen for half a century in England, as the old saying ran, than a wolf or a wild boar.

Nor had the Ghyllsmen escaped their share of the slaughter; nor were their humble homes exempt from the desolation, which smote yet more heavily the towers of their feudal liege lords.

That country, like the rest of England, had been divided in some sort against itself; for the men of the eastern fells had followed the Bear and Ragged staff of Warwick, the great king-maker, to bloody triumph; the westlanders had marched to horrible defeat for the ill-fated cause of Lancaster, under the Prior of Bolton's bailiffs and the Lady of Barden's seneschal.

The days of chivalry were passed; the spirit of chivalry had died out, choked by the fiercer fire of intestine warfare. Edward, the Burgher King, as his enemies were wont to call him, although a leader in the field and a soldier in the *mêlée*, had little of the cavalier, less of the gentle knight, in his iron composition. None knew more stoutly how to fight, more kingly how to conquer. None knew more bloodily, more brutally, how to gather in the fruits of victory. No veneration of old age, no pity of green youth, no tenderness for sex, no respect for valor, ever once moved his heart of steel to remit the bloody sentence of *ex vicie*. To be a captive enemy was to be butchered summarily upon the field, or reserved yet more pitilessly for the scaffold.

No wonder, then, if, between mourning for their dead and trembling for their living, the fugitive Lancastrians shuddered in their wild ghylls at every blast of wind that whistled through their mountain gorges, magnified by their fears into the fatal clangor of the Yorkist trumpet.

The vassals, it is true, were suffered, unless taken under arms red-handed, to escape the penalty of their faith to their feudal lords; since loyalty of that

nature both sides alike desired to promote, and neither dared in policy to punish. The cottage, therefore, oftentimes afforded to the lowly peasant that shelter which the abbey could not yield to its revered prior, nor the Norman castle to its haughty noble.

It was the tenth night after that terrible defeat, and the Lady of Barden Tower sat lonely by the dim embers and dull lamplight of her mournful hall; now striving to draw consolation from the pages of her illuminated missal, now listening gloomily to the fierce gusts of the autumn wind, as it roared and wailed about her turrets; to the incessant pelting of the storm upon the roofs; to the wild raving of the tortured Wharfe, as, flooded by the torrents from the hills, it chafed and howled among the rocks, which pent up its maddened waters in the dale below. Almost she fancied now that she could hear the war cries and the trumpets, the pattering arrow flights on mail shirt and steel helmet, the cries and curses of the desperate and the dying, in the voices of the winter tempest.

Her tenants had returned home unmolested; their dead had been laid in holy earth, within the abbey precincts, in the lower glen. Herself she had seen their dust consigned to dust, their ashes unto ashes; herself she had given tears to their dead from those stern eyes, which refused to weep when her own lord fell under shield, as the phrase ran, full knightly; herself she had consoled their widows with her sympathy, and salved their wounds with gold; and now she sat alone, as I have said, disconsolate, almost despairing, in the gloom of her widowed hall.

Yet she feared nothing, thought of nothing touching her own losses, her own sorrows, her own safety; save as her people, decimated by the sword of York, were sorrowing; save as her truest knights were hunted by the hounds of Warwick; save as her king was again an exile afar from the land of his fathers; save as her own and only daughter was imperiled by her loyalty. For, though her vassals had returned, the gray-haired seneschal who led them to the field, and who had fought beside her husband's rein in Guienne and Poitou, was yet a fugitive, wounded and weak, as tidings had already reached her, not daring to return to his own home, whither most certainly he should be hunted—for the good knight who bore her banner, Sir Amelot de Manhower, was in like plight, and only bade her trust that banner to his keeping, for it was bound about his breast, till brighter days should come, and it should fly again for Egremont and Lancaster—for she had one fair daughter, the flower of all the dales; and even now she shuddered, as she thought how the bloody and licentious Edward might wreak his vengeance on herself, upon that innocent and lovely child. She shuddered, but she shrank not for one instant from her fealty; nor hesitated, even in her inmost heart, from battling yet again for Lan-

caster, so soon as Henry's banner should be spread again to British breezes.

While thus she sat, her tall and stately figure clad in the darkest weeds, bending above the pictured missal, her snow-white locks straying disheveled over her neck and shoulders, her dark eyes fixed on vacancy, a light and joyous step came bounding down the stone turret stairway, and paused for a moment at the door, as if in doubt whether it might enter.

But the lady heard not, heeded not, till a fluttering hand turned the ponderous lock, and the fleet foot crossed the threshold with a step so lightsome, as told sure tidings of a happy heart inspiring it.

It was as beautiful a girl as ever cheered a widowed mother's solitude, not past her eighteenth summer, and looking yet more youthful than she was, from the extreme brilliancy and brightness of her pure complexion, the sunny loveliness of her long golden tresses, and the expression of exquisite innocence and candor which lighted up her large azure eyes. The Lady of Barden raised her eyes and fixed them fondly on her child, and a mournful smile played over her pallid features as she looked upon her, joyous still and radiant in the midst of peril and dismay.

"Ever gay, ever joyous, Eleanor," she said, with a half reproachful gesture of the head; "and what can you find, in these dark and dreadful days, to light up that merry beacon in your eye, to kindle that gay smile upon your lip? But, youth! youth! It is still the part of youth to hope, as it is of age, sad age, to despair."

"Nay, mother dear," said the girl, in a whisper, when she stood close beside the lady's footstool, having closed the door carefully behind her; "but there is cause of joy now; yes, great cause of joy; for he has returned, and safely, too, or, at least, not badly wounded, and is hard by, looking to us, as well he may, for succor."

"Who has returned? Whom do you mean, Eleanor?"

"Whom do I mean, mother?" she exclaimed, her cheek paling for the moment with the intensity of her feeling. "Whom should I mean but Amelot?"

"Sir Amelot de Manhower!" replied the lady. "I had not thought of this. He should not have come. What shall we do to save him? There is a Yorkist force even now at Settle." Thus far she had spoken musingly, as if in thoughtful commune with herself; but now her eye brightened, and she inquired quickly, "But how can you know this? Where is Sir Amelot? Is he within the tower? Why came he not with his report to me, instead of forcing you into this peril?"

"No, dearest mother," replied the girl, eagerly; "my maiden, Marian, brought me the tidings up. She was down in the glen at sunset, ere the storm came on; and, seeing her, he crawled out from his hiding-place, and bade her bring you tidings that he

was hidden in the cavern under the first fall, and that no man could take him there, for that he only knows its secret. But he lacks food and wine, and the means of procuring light, which he prays you send him."

"And why brought she not the news to me? Why did she tarry so long on the way? She must have known this these five hours."

"She dared not leave the supper-board before my hour for untiring; and dared not seek your presence, with whom she has no duty to perform, lest she should so create suspicion."

"If that were but the reason!" said the lady, relapsing into thought. "But that boy, that page, Damian! I doubt her—I doubt her much, Eleanor. Why should she have told you? Does she know that you love him, Nell?"

"Mother!" exclaimed the agitated girl, with the conscious blood flushing crimson to her brow, her cheeks, her neck. "No one—no one knows that. I don't—I don't know, mother! What mean you, mother mine?" And she burst into a flood of tears, and sank into a chair, overpowered and exhausted by the mere force of her own feelings.

The lady walked up slowly to her fair child's side, and laying both her withered hands in attitude of benediction on that fair, sunny head—

"Be comforted, my own sweet child. Weep not; but little can you guess of what a mother knows or knows not, whose best child's happiness is staked. Eleanor, I have known, have seen all this a year and over."

"You have seen—have known all, mother!" cried she, starting to her feet, and gazing into her mother's eyes with nascent hope. "Then you do not—you do—I mean—not disapprove? You, ah! you pardon me?"

"If I had disapproved, I had interposed to prevent. For the rest, Eleanor, I trust—have I ought to pardon?"

"I do love him, mother."

"And he knows it?"

"He might hope, might perhaps fancy—but I—I—Oh, mother, you do not dream that I ever told him?"

"Nor he you, Eleanor?"

"Had he but whispered it without your sanction, then I had not loved him."

"Then you have loved, yourself unloved. Is it so, Eleanor?"

"Mother, no! Can you think it of me?" she exclaimed, indignantly, and again she crimsoned.

"You said he never whispered it," replied the lady, half suppressing a smile. "How then can you know it?"

"Never in words, mother; but his manner—his voice—his eyes. Oh, mother, do not! do not! You must know what I mean."

"Perfectly, dearest. His manner, his voice, and his eyes told you what he dreamed of, and yours re-

plied as plainly. But now to the point; does Marian know, or suspect aught, think you, of these—these love passages?"

"I am certain—no, as certain as that I live."

"Send her to me at once. I mistrust her sorely. There have been passages, I know, between her and the page Damian; and he sought leave of me, as the curfew rang, to go down to the Abbot's forester. Send her to me at once; and bid Geoffrey, the warder, take arms, with two of his best men, and wait my call in the anteroom."

Eleanor, not unwilling to escape farther questioning, and to gain time to collect her senses, bounded from the hall; and, giving the lady's orders to the warder, hurried up to her turret chamber, and sent the girl down to her mother's presence. Then, falling on her knees by her own bedside, she thanked, from the depths of her guileless heart, the Giver of all good for the blessings he had that night granted her, and prayed, among fast flowing tear-drops, half of joy, half of sorrow, for protection to her loved Amelot.

The interview between the dreaded lady and the girl, Marian, was but brief; for, terrified already and self-conscious, she could no more endure the lady's piercing eye and calm, hard, cutting questions than the partridge can the talons and the beak of the keen goshawk. Within ten minutes from entering the hall, the lady's voice was heard, "Without there!" And, at the word, all steel from helm to shoe, with bill and bow and broadsword, the stout retainers entered.

They found the lady, impassive as her wont, writing upon a strip of parchment, and the girl prostrate at her feet, in an agony of tears and terror.

"Here, Jansen," said the lady, as she finished her writing, "bear me this scroll forthwith to the sub-prior of Bolton; and, hark you, put this wench upon a palfrey, and carry her down with you to the abbey. There leave her in keeping of the Father Janitor. That done, await the sub-prior's orders. Perform them, be they what they may, and that with all due diligence. Tush, wench!" she added; "tears are vain, and supplication. You should have thought of these things ere you thought to deal in treason. Lose no time, Jansen; honor and life depend upon your diligence and fealty."

The sturdy henchman bowed, and, leading the unhappy girl away, half carried in the arms of his followers—for, ignorant what fate awaited her, she was now all but fainting—he left the proud, impassive lady to her own melancholy meditations.

They were not long, however; for, lighting a taper from her lamp, she opened a private doorway at the farther end of the hall, and, ascending a narrow staircase to an upper story, soon stood, unseen and unsuspected, at the door of her daughter's chamber.

Already had that fair young being fallen into the light and happy sleep of innocence and peace; but

need was that she should be aroused; and long and anxious was the consultation that ensued on her awakening.

It had already struck the first hour past midnight, and the bells for prime were already pealing up the deep glen from Bolton's hoary towers, ere, with a heartfelt blessing, and a parting memento to be astir with the lark or before him, the mother left her child to dream of future bliss, alas! not unmixed with future peril.

Perhaps even then she had not left her, but that a hoarse resounding challenge from the gate tower warned her that probably her emissaries had returned; and, in truth, she had scarce retrimmed her lamp, and resumed her seat in the great hall, where of late she had held vigils oft till well nigh morning, before an esquire reverently entered to say that the warden craved a hearing of the lady.

The man had little to relate, however. The sub-prior, he said, had sent the bailiff for the forester, and had questioned him for some time in private, when, with the simple word that "it was too late!" he had dismissed them. The girl, Marian, he had heard, was committed to the penitentiary cell.

"You have done well, Jansen," answered the lady. "But you have more to do. Keep watch and ward yourself to-night, with half the garrison in arms; suffer no one to enter in or go out before noon to-morrow, saving the Lady Eleanor, who will go forth mounted at daybreak. If the page Damian show himself before the gates, bend your own trusty bow and send a clothyard arrow to his heart. For the rest, if any band of marauding Yorkists show themselves on our side the Wharfe, ring bancoche and fire beacon till all the country is aroused, and then upon them, and cry 'Egremont for Lancaster, and give no quarter!'"

The man bowed low, and was retiring silently, when a sign checked him.

"How goes the night, Jansen? and how promises the morrow?"

"The storm has rolled away to the east, lady; the moon is up. It will be fair morn the morrow."

She waved him his dismissal; and, within half an hour, except the warder at the gate-house, and the sentinels along the walls, there was not an eye open within the walls of Barden Tower.

Long ere the sun was up, however, a light foot glided down the castle stair; and the delicate and gentle Eleanor passed down into the castle hall, arrayed in plumed cap and riding skirt, with a short mantle over it, which, had its folds been disturbed, might have revealed things so incongruous to a young lady's morning ramble as a light basket girded round her slender waist on the one side, and counterbalanced by a stone flagon on the other.

No envious eye, however, fell upon her; no eye at all, indeed, save the trusty warden's, who, forewarned of her early coming forth, awaited her himself, with her palfrey saddled, at the castle gate,

himself assisted her to the selle, and, opening a postern gate, let her forth, without a word of question. Only, as she rode out, he said, quietly—

"If there be need, remember, lady, this postern will be held in hand."

Bowing her head in answer, she gave her horse the rein, and cantered down into the deep and awful chasm through which the Wharfe was raging, between black walls of rock crusted with blacker forests, here tumbling, a hundred yards in width, over sheer ledges in white cataracts; here roaring, wider yet, over dread boiling rapids; and here, most hideous spot of all, pent in between the slippery ledges which its spray constantly overflowed, a broad and powerful torrent jammed into a pass of scarce ten feet in width, arrowy, louder than a surf-beat shore, unfathomable. "The Strid," that pass is called, in the tongue of the Northmen, because a man, if he have heart enough, may *stride* across it; "the Strid," a spot fatal to her race, who now galloped fearlessly along the slippery rocks beside it; for there the Boy of Egremont, the son of her who answered "Endless weeping," died miserably, nor was ever found again, pulled back by his reluctant greyhound, after his own fleet foot had crossed the chasm.

But not of that she thought; her heart was beating only with true love, and the high hope how she should save her lover. Two cataracts she had passed by, and then the perilous "Strid;" and now the farthest, the first fall, of the glen thundered down white before her, as the driven snow, a terrible stupendous cataract. The sun gleamed out just as she reached its foot; and as his first rays gilt the silver foam, a human form stepped out from beneath the arch of spray, and stood before her eyes, Sir Amelot de Manhowe, as yet in safety.

An instant, and she was in his arms—another, and she had torn herself from that short embrace; and with all the eloquence of young permitted love, with all the volubility of a woman's fear for whom she loves the best, was pouring out her tidings, insisting on his silence, recounting her mother's kindness, impressing on him the wisdom of her mother's plans, enforcing her own sweet injunctions.

"There, there! Not a word more," she cried. "You have told me your secret of escape; now I have to speak only, and you only to obey, if you are either good knight or true lover. Marian, my wretched girl, has betrayed you to her lover Damian; and he set off last night for Settle, to bring the soldiers down upon you. It is by God's grace alone, which sent the storm last night, that they are not here already! Make your way then at once, like the mole underground, to Malham cove; lie hidden there till night; and, traveling by night only, hiding from dawn till twilight, make your way through the fells to Carlisle. Enter that city boldly, for we shall be there before you with six score of stout spears of Lancaster. The warden of the Marches is for us.

There is no force to check us, for an hour, to the northward. There will we *all* take ship for Flanders, and tarry there in peace till better days return for hapless England. Here be provisions, wine, and lights, and money. Say, liegeman, will you do my bidding?"

"I were a traitor else."

"And instantly? Our horses are already saddling! The Lady of Barden Tower will take horse ere sunset!"

"For Carlisle and for Flanders?"

"What? Do you doubt *me*? For Carlisle and Flanders."

"And, Eleanor, when we be safe in Flanders?"

"Then, Amelot, you must ask—"

"Whom?"

"Whom—if you are obedient—but *your* Eleanor?"

"I am obedient."

One more brief embrace, and he raised her light burthen to her saddle; and, eager to prove his obedience and good faith, disappeared behind the cataract, and plunged fearlessly into the abysses of those limestone caverns, which, undermining all that region, conduits of subterranean rivers, would lead him, miles away, to the cove of Malham.

Had he remained one minute longer, he had lingered until it was too late—for had he dreamed the peril she had yet to run, he had died before he had turned on his heel, or he had not deserved to win her.

She had just reached the Strid, when the ban-cloche of Barden Tower pealed forth its battle summons, and, casting her eyes down the gorge between herself and the ascent to the castle, she saw a band of archery and spears hurrying up the pass, led by the traitor Damian.

A wooded corner of the rock below, and the steep elevation on which she stood, concealed her from them for the moment. Another minute, and she would be in the hands of those who spared nor sex, nor age, least of all beauty—herself and him also!

There was no passage up the glen; on this side no concealment. The thought flashed on her, like the electric fluid. Across "the Strid" is honor—life—love!

That was a brave thought for a brave man's mind. What then for a frail girl's—a girl's whose ancestor had perished in those black whirling waters?

She paused not to think twice. With a bright eye, but cheek and lip white as ashes, whispering one soft prayer to God, she turned her horse's head, faced him at the dread pass, and with light curb and well-plied lash, charged him right at it.

Fiery and fresh, he reared bolt upright as he felt the lash; and, ignorant of what lay in his path, charged over the black slippery rocks right onward.

His hoofs were on the very brink, when he per-

ceived the hideous whirl of the black torrent; then he would have sheered or paused—when sheer or pause had been instant death—but it was all too late; for with a steady bridle hand she rose him at it, and brought down the lash on his croupe with such a will of that slight arm that the thong left a bloody score.

He sprang—his feet clanged twice upon the rocks, drowned by the roar of the river, and the clash of the ban-cloche, and he and his fair rider were in shelter of the deep woodland, just as the band of Yorkists, scaling the heights, stood upon the plateau, where they stood not a point of time before.

Ill went it with that band of Yorkists; worse with the traitor Damian. For, ere the gentle Eleanor, faint with the peril which now first she apprehended, had scaled the opposing bank and won the open moorland, down from the keep of Barden, with bill, and bow, and bugle-blast and battle cry, poured in treble force the vassals of her house.

"Lancaster, Egremont for Lancaster! and give no quarter!"

Within ten minutes it was over; pent in that gorge where they could neither fight nor fly, they were cut down like sheep, until not one remained to tell the tale of horror.

Damian alone they took alive; and him, in the rage and vengeance of the moment, for they believed themselves too late to save their mistress, they flung headlong into the awful chasm, o'er which she had just passed in safety.

One wild cry—and no human eye again beheld him—no human ear again heard of him.

But, ere the executioners returned in gory triumph home, borne like the wind by her good steed, she had descended to the abbey bridge, recrossed the brineful Wharfe, and was already weeping on her mother's bosom.

But her trials all were ended, and thence her joys began. Carlisle, Flanders, were gained in safety; and when, in the good town of Antwerp, Amelot asked his Eleanor, she said not nay! to Amelot.

Some years they lived in exile, but neither poor nor unhonored; for those were days in which the stout hand and true heart gained the wealth and fame which now fall to the lot of peddler craft and greed.

But when the Count of Richmond won England's crown on bloody Bosworth, Sir Amelot de Man-hower stood beside him; and, ere he sat on his throne at Westminster, fair Eleanor sat, happy wife, and happy mistress, in the halls of Barden.

Nor, though the keep is now one rifted tower, the abbey but a roofless pile, have the country folk forgotten the tale which gained the fearful "Strid" its more romantic name, "The Lady's Leap."

COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TOILETTE IN HUNGARY.

THE dress worn by the better classes in most of the courts of Europe is swayed by the fashions of France and England; but the national costume of Hungary is well known to the lovers of the fancy ball, who often array themselves in its sable dress, with sleeves straight to the arms, and stays fastened in front with gold, pearl, or diamond buttons.

Lady Wortley Montague, in her "Letters," says: "The Hungarian lady's dress is beautiful; a gown of scarlet velvet lined and faced with sable, made exactly to fit her shape, the skirt falling to the feet. The sleeves are straight, the stays buttoned before with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable or some other fine fur."

The dress of the female peasants is not so becoming. The hair in front is plaited tight, and joined to the back, which is likewise plaited, and hangs



down behind, in the same manner as that of the Swiss peasants. The neck is covered with a white handkerchief, and a variegated body and petticoat, with a white apron, form the rest of the dress. The petticoat is worn short, to show the yellow leather boots, with low iron heels.

The Morlacchi, though belonging to Hungary, differ much in manners and appearance from the inhabitants of that country. The dress of the women is very remarkable. The unmarried females are very whimsical in respect to the ornaments of the head; but, when married, they are not allowed to wear anything but a handkerchief tied round it.

The girls wear a scarlet cap, to which they generally fasten a veil, which falls back over the shoulders; strings of silver coins, glass beads, shells, feathers, and artificial flowers, as well as tremulous plumes of glass, are all employed to ornament these caps, which, though singular in their appearance, are often not devoid of elegance. Their holiday shifts are embroidered with red silk, and sometimes with gold; these they work for themselves, while tending their flocks, and it is wonderful how well they are executed.

The use of stays is unknown, nor do they put whalebone or iron in their stomachers. A woollen girdle sustains the petticoat, which is commonly decked with shells, and of a blue color, whence it derives the name of *modrina*. The gown, which is made of serge, reaches to the ankle, and is bordered with red; it is called *sadak*. In summer the *modrina* is not worn, only the *sadak* without sleeves, and the shift. The girls always wear red stockings, and their shoes, or *opantee*, which somewhat resemble the *cothurnus* of the ancients, are made of undressed leather, and fasten with knotted thongs above the ankles. The unmarried women, even of the richest families, are not permitted to wear any other sort of shoe; but, after marriage, they are allowed to replace it by the Turkish slipper.

The girls keep their hair concealed under their caps, but the women wear it falling on their shoulders. Sometimes they tie it under the chin, and always have beads and coins twisted among it, in the Tartar fashion.

Both old and young women wear round their necks strings of various sized beads, and rings of silver, brass, and tin, on their fingers; they have bracelets of leather, covered with wrought tin or silver, and they embroider their stomachers or adorn them with beads and shells.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TOILETTE IN INDIA.

THE sweet, harmonious tinkling of golden anklets now invites us to repose under the shade of the sacred banyan, while the soft balmy breeze wafts towards us the elegant blossoms of the oleander, the myrtle, the jasmine, and "love's own creeper,"* in

* The *calamata* (called, by Linnaeus, *Ipomoea*) is the most beautiful of its order, both in the color and form of its leaves and flowers; its elegant blossoms are "celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue," and have justly procured it the name of *calamata*, or "love's creeper."—SIR W. JONES.

the land where

"Flow'rets and fruits blush over every stream."

where we may

"Gather the rich anana, India's pride
Of vegetable life; beyond what'er
The poets imaged of the golden age."

where the blue water-lilies bathe their azure blossoms
in the crystal waves of the "Lake of Pearl,"



where whose sunny banks the bird of a "thousand
songs" serenades his lovely rose, and where the
ately elephant reposes under the shade of the high
lmetto and the spreading tamarind. Such is the
r-famed country of Hindostan—the land beneath
whose bosom lie concealed the most precious jewels,

and the beds of whose rivers teem with gold; while
the fields, groves, and gardens are filled with the
richest spices, and adorned with the loveliest flowers.

The costume of the Hindoo women is peculiarly becoming. It consists of a long piece of silk or cotton tied round the waist, and hanging in a graceful manner to the feet; it is afterwards brought over the body in negligent folds: under this they cover the bosom with a short waistcoat of satin, but wear no linen. Their long black hair is adorned with jewels and wreaths of flowers; their ears are bored in many places, and loaded with pearls; a variety of gold chains, strings of pearl, and precious stones, fall from the neck over the bosom, and the arms are covered with bracelets from the wrist to the elbow. They also have gold and silver chains round the ankles, and abundance of rings on their fingers and toes; among the former is often a small mirror. They perfume their hair with oil of cloves, cinnamon, sandal, mogreese, and sweet-scented flowers, and those who can afford it use the oil or otto of roses; they also make use of henna and antimony, like most other Eastern nations, to heighten their beauty.

The costume of the Mohammedans in India is much like that of the Hindoos, especially the turban, the long white gown, sash, and shoes; but, in addition, they wear full trowsers, usually of satin, with gold and silver flowers, and a *catarra*, or short dagger, in their girdle. The Mohammedan women adorn themselves with a variety of jewels, worn over a close gown of muslin, with long sleeves and a short waist; silk or satin drawers reach to the ankles, and a transparent veil covers the head.

When the Hindoos and Mohammedans are baptized into the Christian faith, the women lay aside their Eastern dress, and put on a jacket and petticoat; and the men wear as much of the European apparel as they can, with the exception of a coat and stockings, which are only worn on festivals and days of ceremony.



LE MELANGE.

CHAPTER I.

MORE EMPLOYMENTS FOR WOMEN MUCH NEEDED.

"I MUST confess, when I have seen so many of this sex, who have lived well in the time of their childhood, grievously exposed to many hardships and poverty upon the death of their parents, I have often wished there were more of the callings or employments of life appropriated to women, and that they were regularly educated in them, that there might be a better provision made for their support. What if all the garments which are worn by women were so limited and restrained in the manufacture of them that they should all be made only by their own sex? This would go a great way towards relief in this case. And what if some of the easier labors of life were reserved for them only?"—WATTS, vol. vii. p. 362.

EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN.

"Now for women—instead of laborious studies, they have curious needle-works, cut-works, spinning, bone-lace, and many pretty devices of their own making, to adorn their houses; cushions, carpets, chairs, stools (*for she eats not the bread of idleness*, Prov. xxxi. 27, *quæssivit lanam et linum*), confections, conserves, distillations, &c., which they show to strangers—

*Ipsa comes præseque operis venientibus ultro
Hospitibus monstrare solet, non segnitur horas
Contestata suas, sed nec sibi deperitisse.*

Which to her guests she shows, with all her pelf;
Thus far my maids, but this I did myself.

This they have to busy themselves about; household offices, &c.; neat gardens, full of exotic, versicolor, diversely varied; sweet-smelling flowers, and plants in all kinds, which they are most ambitious to get, curious to preserve and keep, proud to possess, and much many times brag of."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 282.

MISERIES OF IDLENESS.

"In a commonwealth where is no public enemy, there is likely civil wars, and they rage upon themselves; this body of ours, when it is idle, and knows not how to bestow itself, macerates and vexeth itself with cares, grief, false-fears, discontents, and suspicions; it tortures, and preys upon its own bowels, and is never at rest. Thus much I dare boldly say: be or she that is idle, be they of what condition they will, never so rich, so well allied, fortunate, happy, let them have all things in abundance, and felicity

that heart can wish or desire, all contentment—so long as he or she or they are idle they shall never be pleased, never well in body and mind, but weary still, sickly still, vexed still, loathing still, weeping, sighing, grieving, suspecting, offended with the world, with every object, wishing themselves gone or dead, or else carried away with some foolish phantasy or other. And this is the true cause that so many great men, ladies, and gentlewomen labor of this disease in country and city: for idleness is an appendix to nobility; they count it a disgrace to work, and spend all their days in sports, recreations, and pastimes, and will therefore take no pains, be of no vocation; they feed liberally, fare well, want exercise, action, employment (for to work I say they may not abide), and company to their desires; and thence their bodies become full of gross humors, wind, crudities; their minds disquieted, dull, heavy, &c.; care, jealousy, fear of some disease, sullen fits, weeping fits, seize too familiarly on them. For what will not fear and phantasy work in an idle body?"—*Ibid.*, p. 86.

DISAPPOINTMENT IN MARRIAGE.

"LISTEN, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointed in marriage:—collect all their complaints: hear their mutual reproaches; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn?—'They were mistaken in the person.'—Some disguise either of body or mind is seen through in the first domestic scuffle:—some fair ornament—perhaps the very one which won the heart—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit falls off. *It is not the Rachel for whom I have served,—Why hast thou then beguiled me?*

"Be open—be honest; give yourself for what you are; conceal nothing; varnish nothing; and if these fair weapons will not do, better not conquer at all than conquer for a day. When the night is passed, 'twill ever be the same story—*And it came to pass, behold it was Leah!*

"If the heart beguiles itself in its choice, and imagination will give excellencies which are not the portion of flesh and blood; when the dream is over, and we awake in the morning, it matters little whether 'tis Rachel or Leah—be the object what it will, as it must be on the earthly side, at least, of perfection—it will fall short of the work of fancy, whose existence is in the clouds.

"In such cases of deception, let not man exclaim, as Jacob does in his—*What is it thou hast done unto me?*—for 'tis his own doings, and he has nothing to lay his fault on but the heat and poetic indiscretion of his own passions."—STERNE'S *Sermons*, vol. iv. p. 11.

PLEASURE GROUNDS.—THEIR MORAL APPLICATION.

"THEY enter a spacious lawn, which lay opposite to the house, and opened itself in the form of an expanded fan. The mounds, on either side, were dressed in verdure, and ran out in a slanting direction. The whole, to an eye placed at a distance, bore the resemblance of a magnificent vista, contracting, by slow degrees, its dimensions, and lessening, at last, into a point; which the regular and graceful seat, with all imaginable dignity, supplied.

"Nature had sunk the lawn into a gentle decline, on whose ample sides were oxen browsing and lambs frisking. The lusty droves lowed as they passed; and the thriving flocks bleated welcome music in their master's ear. Along the midst of this verdant slope was stretched a spacious and extensive walk, which, coated with gravel, and fenced with palisades, looked like a plain stripe of brown, intersecting a carpet of the brightest green. At the bottom, two handsome canals, copiously stocked with fish, sometimes floated to the breeze; sometimes stood unmoved, 'pure as the expanse of heaven.' The waters, beheld from every room in the house, had a fine effect upon the sight; not without a refreshing influence on the imagination. At the extremity of one was planted a stately colonnade; the roof elevated on pillars of the Ionic order; the area slabbed with stones, neatly ranged in the diamond fashion. Several forest-chairs accommodated the anglers with a seat, while the bending dome supplied them with a shade.

"Corresponding, and on the margin of the other canal, was erected a summer-house of a very singular kind. The lower part had an opening towards the north; it was cool; it was gloomy; and had never seen the sun. It carried the romantic air of a grotto, or rather the pensive appearance of a hermit's cell. The outside was coarse and rugged with protuberant stones. Partly overspread with ivy, partly covered with moss, it seemed to be the work of ancient years. You descend by steps of turf, and are obliged to stoop as you pass the door. A scanty iron grate, with certain narrow slits in the wall, transmits a glimmering light, just sufficient to discover the inner structure, which appears like one continued piece of rock-work; a cavern cut from the surrounding quarry. Above, hung an irregular arch, with an aspect that seemed to presage a fall, and more than seemed to alarm the stranger. Below, lay a paving of homely pebbles; in some places a little furrowed, as though it had been worn by the frequent tread of solitary feet. All around, were rusticity and solemnity; solemnity never more visibly seen than through a gloom. The furniture, of the same grotesque fashion with the apartment. A bench hewed, you would suspect, by Nature's chisel, out of the solid stone. A sort of couch, composed of swelling moss and small fibrous roots. From one corner trickled a pure spring, which crept, with a

bubbling moan, along the channeled floor, till its current was collected into a basin, rudely scooped from the ground. On the edge of this little receptacle lay chained a rusty bowl; and over it stood an antique worm-eaten table. On the least obscure part of the wall you discern, dimly discern, a parchment scroll, inscribed with that sage, but mortifying admonition, 'VANITY OF VANITIES! ALL IS VANITY!'

"Over this recess, so pleasingly horrid, and adapted to solemn musings, arose an open and airy belvedere. You ascend by winding stairs, and, coming from the uncouth abode below, are sweetly surprised with an elegant hexagon; the ceiling lofty, and decorated with the softest, richest, almost flowing fretwork. The wainscot, in large panels of oak, retained its native auburn; so beautifully plain, that, like an amiable countenance, it would have been disfigured, rather than improved, by the most costly paint. On this were disposed, in gilded frames and to great advantage, a variety of entertaining landscapes. But none surpassed, none equaled, all were a foil to the noble, lovely views which the windows commanded. The chimney-piece, of white shining marble, streaked with veins of vivid red. Over it, was carved a fine festoon of artificial: in it, was ranged a choice collection of natural flowers. On a table of glossy walnut, lay a portable telescope, attended with 'Thomson's Seasons,' and 'Vanierii Prædium Rusticum.'

"The whole was fitted up in the highest taste, and furnished with every pleasurable ornament. On purpose to harmonize with that lavish gayety which seemed to smile over all the face of Nature. On purpose to correspond with that vernal delight, which came breathing on the wings of every fragrant gale. I may add, on purpose to remind the beholder of those immortal mansions, which are decorated with images infinitely more splendid, with objects unspeakably more glorious. Where Holy Beings will spend, not a few vacant hours in refined amusement, but a boundless eternity in the consummation of joy. For, to a well-turned mind Nature is a preceptor; and these are her instructive lessons. To the pure in heart, even sense is edifying; and these are its delicate moralities.

"The redundant waters of the canal rolled off in a spreading cascade; which, tumbling from many a little precipice, soothed the air with a symphony of soft and gurgling sounds. Nor ever intermitted the obliging office—

From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve.

But, when the fanning breezes dropt their wings; when the feathered choir were hushed in sleep; when not so much as a chirping grasshopper was heard throughout the meads; this liquid instrument still played its *solo*, still pursued its busy way, and warbled, as it flowed, melodious murmurs."—*HENRY'S Dialogues*, vol. i. p. 314.

A CHAPTER ON WATCHES.

BY MRS. WHITE.

WE have no means of telling how long a period elapsed from that primal time when the "evening and the morning made the first day," ere man's ingenuity devised a means of calculating the passing by of those precious moments of which his duration is composed, in order to economize them to the purposes of life.

Shadows by day and stars at night appear to have indexed the flight of time for the ancient Hebrews; though it is very evident that, long before the sundial of Ahas was made memorable by the prophet Isaiah, the Chaldeans, accustomed to calculate eclipses, and other astronomical phenomena, must have been in possession of some much more accurate instrument for its computation.

Days, months, and years are constantly referred to in the books of the Old Testament, but nothing is said of more minute divisions of time, save that of the day into the natural ones of morning, noon, eventide, and night, until Judea became tributary to Rome, when three of the Evangelists, in describing the crucifixion, and the supernatural darkness subsequent to that event, remark that it lasted from the sixth hour to the ninth; and it is on record, that the clepsydra, or water-clock (said by Vitruvius to have been invented by one Ctesibius of Alexandria, in the reign of Ptolemy Evergetes), was introduced at Rome by P. Cornelius Scipio Nasica, in the 595th year of the city, and consequently many years before the birth of Christ.

This simple time-keeper was so constructed that the water issued drop by drop through a hole in the vessel, and fell into another, in which a light floating body marked the height of the water as it rose, and by this means the time that had elapsed.

These instruments, we are told, were set full of water in the courts of judicature, and by them the lawyers pleaded; in order, as Phavorinus tells us, to prevent babbling, and cause those who spoke to be brief in their speeches.

Hour, or sand-glasses, are also said to have originated at Alexandria, and to have been introduced into domestic use amongst the Romans eight years afterwards, or 158 years before the Christian era.

The earliest attempt at measuring time in this country appears to have been on the part of Alfred the Great by means of waxen tapers. The exact period when those direct ancestors of our subject, clocks, or, as they were primitively called, horologes, came into use, is one of those things over which time has cast so thick a veil, that not even the researches of the encyclopedists can penetrate it. By some,

the invention of clocks with wheels is ascribed to Pacificus, archdeacon of Verona, as early as the ninth century. And though we read that clocks (without water) were set up in churches toward the end of the twelfth, the author of the "Divine Commedia" is the first writer on record who distinctly applies the term *horologium* to a clock that struck the hours; and he was born 1265, and died 1321.

In 1288, during the reign of Edward the First, the *English Justinian*, as he has been called, it is said that a fine levied on a lord chief justice was applied to the purpose of furnishing the famous clock-house near Westminster Hall with an horologe, which it is farther stated was the work of an English artist.

Mention is also made of the setting up of a clock in Canterbury Cathedral about the same period, and in that of Wells in 1325. So that those three Dutch horologists from Delft, who came over (as Rymmer tells us) at the invitation of Edward III. in 1368, were not, as some imagined, the introducers of the art, though they very possibly helped us to improve it. Up to the time when Henry de Wio astonished the Emperor Charles V. with those seemingly living toys with which he was wont to surround himself after dinner, and watch the beating and revolving of their curious machinery, those rude prototypes of our subject, which are said to have resembled small table clocks rather than watches, and yet were true specimens we imagine, since they continued going in an horizontal position, which is the only mechanical distinction between a watch and clock—up to this period, we were about to say, clocks appear to have endured a very ascetic existence, living in tall houses built on purpose for them, or shut up in church towers and monastic buildings—

"Fell sickener* was his crowning in his logs,
As is a clock, or any abbey orloge,"

wrote Chaucer in the fourteenth century. And it is not until nearly the end of the fifteenth that we find them domesticated in houses.

From a description of some, which appear in an inventory of articles in the king's palaces of Westminster and Hampton Court, copied by Strutt, the pendules of the period must have been equally ornate with those in modern drawing-rooms, and much more curious.

Thus one, we are told, not only showed the course of the planets, and the days of the year, but was richly gilt, and enameled and ornamented with the

* Sickerness—steady, secure.

king's (Henry the Eighth's) coat of arms; it also possessed a chime.

Speaking of this monarch reminds us that, previous to the scattering of the treasures of Strawberry Hill, there was preserved in the library there a little clock, of silver gilt, the gift of Henry on the morning of his marriage to the ill-fated Anne Boleyn. It was elaborately chased and engraved, and adorned with fleurs-de-lys, and other heraldic devices, and had on the top a lion supporting the arms of England.

The gilded weights represented *true lovers' knots*, enclosing the initials of Henry and Anne; and one bore the inscription, "The most happye," the other the royal motto.

Though more than three hundred years had passed since the tragic ending of time with its original possessor, it was still going when the ivory hammer of the famous Robins struck it down to another new and more fortunate owner.

About this period, watches are said to have been in use; and in the Holbein chamber of the collection just mentioned, a bust of the royal *wife-slayer*, carved in box-wood, represented him with a dial suspended on his breast. The earliest watch known was one in Sir Ashton Lever's Museum, which bore date 1541; but from various imperfections in the workmanship they were not very generally used till towards the end of Elizabeth's reign.

Shakspeare frequently mentions the clock, and in "Twelfth Night" he makes Malvolio exclaim, in his babblings of fancied greatness—"While I, perchance, *wind up my watch*, or play with some rich jewel," an expression that would lead us to suppose that they were even then regarded rather as toys or ornaments than things of necessary use.

Archbishop Parker, in 1575, left by will to the Bishop of Ely his staff of Indian cane, with a *watch* in the top of it; a position that savors more of whim than utility. Yet the excellence of some of these ancient time-keepers is remarkable, for Derham, in his "Artificial Clockmaker," mentions a watch of Henry VIII., which was in order in 1714, and of which Dr. Demanbray had often heard Sir Isaac Newton and Demoivre speak; and the old wooden-framed clock of Peterborough Cathedral, which, instead of the usual key or winch, is wound up by long handles or spikes—a sufficient proof of its antiquity—still strikes, says Denison, upon a bell of considerable size.

Guy Fawkes carried a watch in a more practical spirit, than Malvolio or Archbishop Parker; Stowe tells us, one was found upon him which he and Percy had bought the day before, "to try conclusions for the long and short burning of the touch-wood with which he had prepared to give fire to the train of powder;" a proof that even in the third year of the reign of James I. watches were not commonly worn, or the circumstance would not have been mentioned.

In the next reign, however, we find the London "Clockmakers' Company," incorporated 1631—a

sign of the increased use of these instruments, and the growing importance of their manufacture; and, as this charter prohibits the importation of clocks, watches, and alarms, it proves that we had even then artists sufficiently skilful in the various manipulations requisite in the construction of these articles, to render us independent of foreign workmanship.

It is a singular feature in the history of this branch of art, that it has remained until very lately concentrated in the metropolis; besides which, Liverpool and Coventry are said to be the only places in England where a complete watch can be manufactured. At the latter place the business has only been introduced since the commencement of the present century, but the number of persons employed are said to equal the number in London.

But before passing from this event in the history of our subject (the incorporation of a company for the protection of their manufacture in the reign of Charles I.), we may as well describe a watch of the period, which a few years before the publication of the "Encyclopædia Londinensis" (in 1811) had been in the possession of the proprietor. It was dug up but a few years previously, near the site of the ancient castle of Winchester, where it had probably lain from the time of Cromwell, who it is well known destroyed that edifice. It was of an octagon form, and had no minute hand; a piece of catgut supplied the place of a chain; it required winding up every twelve hours, had no balance-spring, and appeared never to have had one; and it shut like a hunting-watch without any glass.

But to compensate for this interior rudeness in its construction, the lid and bottom of the case, as well as the dial-plate, were of silver, very neatly engraved, with pieces of Scripture history in the centre, and in the compartment the four Evangelists, and St. Peter, St. Paul, St. James, and St. Jude; it had no date.

The reign of Charles II., who (like his namesake, the emperor, in whose time they first appeared) is said to have been very partial to these instruments, was remarkable for the improvements made in them. Spring pocket-watches were invented by Hooke, 1658; and repeaters were introduced, one of the first of which Charles sent as a present to Louis XIV. of France.

According to some authorities, *reproduced* would would be the juster phrase here, for it is stated, in "Memoirs of Literature," that some of the most ancient watches were strikers, and that such having been stolen both from Charles V. and Louis XI. whilst they were in a crowd, the thief was detected by their striking the hour!

Perhaps the most remarkable repeating watch extant is that in the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, and which, like the old Nuremberg watches, is about the size of an egg; within is represented the holy sepulchre, with the sentinels, and the stone at the mouth; and while the spectator is admiring this curious piece of mechanism, the stone

is suddenly removed, the sentinels drop down, the angels appear, the women enter the tomb, and the same chant is heard which is performed in the Greek Church on Easter Eve.

Germany, by the way, has always been famous for the manufacture of clocks and watches, these latter claiming Nuremberg for their birthplace; and from this circumstance, and their oval shape, Dopplemayer tells us they were originally known as Nuremberg animated eggs.

At present this branch of horometry is chiefly to be found on the other side of the Alps, at or near Geneva, and at Chaux de Fond, in the principality of Neuchâtel, where vast numbers of watches are manufactured. But the wooden clocks, which tick on every cottage wall, and which are erroneously called Dutch, are in fact German, and are nearly all made in the Black Forest, the village of Freyburg being the centre of the manufacture, whence it is said 180,000 wooden clocks on an average are yearly exported.

The Swiss, or Geneva watches, as they are commonly called, owing to the poverty of the workmen, the employment of women, and the subdivision of labor, which is carried to even a greater extent than with us, sell at a much lower price than those made in England; but an English watch has hitherto been a desideratum in every part of the world.

At present, the term watchmaker is no longer applicable, every portion of the instrument being the work of a different artisan, and the separate parts are often sent hundreds of miles, to meet in the metropolis, and make a whole of excellent workmanship.

In London, Clerkenwell Green has long been the resort of artificers employed in the various nice and delicate manipulations requisite in the construction of our subject; here, slide-makers, jewellers, motion-makers, wheel-cutters, cap-makers, dial-plate makers, the painter, the case-maker, the joint-finisher, the pendent-maker, the engraver, the piercer, the escape-maker, the spring-maker, the chain-maker, the finisher, the glider, the fusee-cutter, the hand-maker, the glass-maker, and pendulum spring wire-drawer, are all located; for, owing to the minute division of labor, which tends greatly to facilitate its execution after the movements (which have previously passed through thirteen workmen's hands in the provinces) are received in town, the watch progresses through those of these other twenty-one artificers before it comes forth complete.

Owing to this delicate and varied workmanship, materials originally not worth sixpence are frequently converted into watches worth a hundred pounds and more, so costly may their appendages be made. But in all these different branches of a business which maintains thousands of families, the only part of it which falls to women in this country is the polishing of the cases, which the case-maker's wives are sometimes employed to do.

Perhaps no object of man's ingenuity has been

made the exponent of so many grave morals as the watch. Poets and philosophers have managed that its beatings should be only a little less gloomy to the imagination than the associations of a passing bell; but Paley has thrown a glory round this gloom, and aggrandised it from a peevish reminder of passing time into a fair argument of a Creator's presence, in the delicate and wonderful machinery of nature, which could no more come by chance (as men blinded by folly have occasionally asserted) than could this little instrument have been formed without a contriver.

What the author of the "Old Church Clock" has said of that branch of our subject may be equally applied to this—"there is no dead thing so like a living one." Day by day, year by year, its iron heart throbs on, some of them surviving, as we have seen, for centuries, though they are said to beat 17-160 times in an hour. Well would it be for us if the time-keeper in our bosoms, beating momentarily the escape of our allotted term, acted as lightly on the frame; but all its emotions help to wear this out.

In the dawn of its appearance, in an age when every science that set men wondering was in some degree regarded as the work of magic, what a sensation must these "animated eggs" have occasioned, and how suggestive! unless the fanciful belief of some of the early fathers of the church, who averred that gems and precious metals were first made known to mortals by fallen angels, who also inspired the desire to profit by, and be adorned with them, had anything to do with the tabooring of evil by holy signatures—how suggestive are the quaint gravings of saints and scriptural subjects on the cover of the watch dug up at Winchester, of the antique custom of inscribing trinkets with sacred symbols, and so converting them into amulets; a custom which the Greeks and Romans borrowed from the Egyptians, and which the early Christians perpetuated after them.

We have seen the watch, originally oval, take an octagon form; after which it appears to have subsided into its present shape, the only variation being in size, and different degrees of roundness.

At present watches are frequently made not thicker than a crown piece, and yet perform their functions with exactness; nay, there are some with perfect works, compressed into a smaller compass than a shilling! A friend of the writer's saw one, not long since, set in a ring, the hands and figures being composed of brilliants, upon a dial of blue enamel; and at the recent World's Exhibition one filled the place usually occupied by a seal at the end of a pencil-case, and another appeared as an appendage to a lady's bracelet. There was also a large silver watch, such as mariners are fond of wearing, immersed in a vase of water, and yet impervious to any ill effects.

Our subject is one which grows under our hands, and we might go on *ad libitum* describing their dif-

ferent idiosyncrasies; for watches, like individuals, have their several temperaments and ways of going. We have all met with *fast watches* and slow ones, and some (a disposition they are apt to contract from their wearers) are very irregular—varieties of character, which so puzzled their first owner, the Empe-

ror Charles V., who amused himself on his retirement to the monastery of St. John, by endeavoring to keep in order these bygone companions of his dinner-table, that they produced a reflection on the absurdity of his attempts to keep together the powers of Europe, when even these little pieces of mechanism baffled him.

RUTH NORTON'S TRIAL OF PATIENCE.

BY ALICE B. KEAL.

"The short and simple annals of the poor."

AND what possible interest can they have for any of the city belles who take up the "*Lady's Book*"—we are writing with especial reference to its pages—to while away ten minutes waiting for a carriage, or perhaps the altering of a dress at a milliner's?

Very true; we were not thinking of them at this moment. We do not know that we ever cater especially to their morbid, yet stimulated tastes. The magazines are to them like any others of the hosts of their fashionable acquaintances, to be met by a smile and a bow, a languid "*Is that you?*" five minutes' attention, possibly interest, and then entire forgetfulness. But when we sit down quietly, with a sad or graceful incident to relate, to stir the deeps of human sympathy, or have an hour's cheerful conversation, we think of those far away homes where there is time to "*love and to cherish*" pleasant associations, where amusement is the relaxation, and not the end of existence; for there we know the charm of a new magazine, with its fresh cover and choice engravings, its tales and its poems, is fully appreciated. It is looked for; it is talked over; it is remembered. And in these home circles we find healthy tastes, that can enjoy the ballad style, if we may so call it, of sketches embodying simple, everyday incidents.

City life is not confined to the bright shops of a fashionable promenade; to the mansions in which are centered all that luxury and taste can invent; to the crowded assembly, or the brilliant concert-room. There is strong vitality beneath all this, as much of human love in all the tenderness of its first romance, or the strength of its long suffering, as much of earnest hope, and *much more* of simple faith; faith that is the virtue of the religion of the poor, even as charity becomes the creed of the devout among the rich. We do not speak of abject poverty, though of this there is much to tell; incidents that brighten the sombre garb which it ever wears, beautiful self-denial that would shame the careless indulgence of the wealthy, and fortitude that they could scarcely realize, much less imitate. There are those whom we call poor, who yet do not "*lack or suffer hunger*;"

they are born, and live, and die in obscurity, but not in actual want.

I have sometimes wondered, thridding the narrow streets in which these homes congregate, whether, after all, their existence is not more real than that of those who pity or scorn them; whether many a surfeited rich man might not envy them the vividness of their simple pleasures; and, God help them! their sorrows are not less keen. But if you do not shrink, in your rustling garments, from entering one of these lowly homes, we may find they have also their romance, or, at least, their vicissitudes of love and happiness.

It is a street within a street, a narrow court, bounded on all sides by brick and mortar; yet, shut out as it is from the sweet air and sunshine, it is cleanly, and even neat. And here we find our hero.

"Home in good season, mother;" and the loud, clear voice goes ringing up into the little chamber where Ruth Norton is stitching away on store work, that ought to have been done early in the day. But she was tired sitting up last night for James, he came in so late now, and she could never bear to let him find the fire out and the room empty. It was her way, she said, to keep him from bad company, and it seemed to have succeeded very well; for, whether it was a gay oyster supper at some humble restaurant, or a game of cards with a friend, James always remembered she was waiting for him, and had a tolerably steady hand to raise the latch, and an amusing recital of the evening's adventures for the patient and cheerful listener, his widowed mother.

Ruth Norton made her appearance with the vest she was just finishing off hanging over her arm, and her spectacles pushed back upon her cap. She was a quick, active little body, not over-tidy in her dress, perhaps, but then "*she never had time to attend to these things.*" James was making good wages, it was true, but he was generous to a fault, and was always spending on his companions; for, like all other generous natures, he was social, and liked merry fellows about him. So Ruth took care of the

house, "and earned just a bit by tailoring" for her own clothes, but which oftener went for family expenses than James, in his careless good nature, was aware of.

"Oh, is that my best vest, mother?" said he, throwing down the pile of kindlings he always brought home from the workshop in a snug place behind the stove. "I forgot to tell you it wants a button; and it'll have to come in play to-night, for there'll be a grand frolic at Tom Lane's wedding, and I'm 'specially invited."

"So it is; dear me, I'd quite forgot it was to come off so soon; but he's a nice, steady young man, and I hope he'll get a good wife. A good wife's the making of most men, in my opinion. Set on the tea kettle, Jemmy dear, and you shall soon have your supper. I hope you'll be bringing home a daughter to me, one of these days."

"Not I, mother; 'liberty for me,' as the play says. I haven't sown my wild oats yet."

"The sooner the better," was the ready answer of his mother, who seemed to think it was not quite politic to press the matter any farther just now, and bustled about to set on the tea things; while James, at his toilet overhead, sang snatches of gay sea songs, for he added a good natural voice to his other advantages.

No wonder his mother was proud of him, as he came down in that most picturesque of costumes, known as "shirt sleeves," to claim the renovated vest; and, closing it about his fine figure as he tried the new button, drew himself up to his full six feet height, and shook back the clustering hair from his brown face, gay with good-tempered cheerfulness, and brightened when he smiled by teeth that many a man of fashion might have envied. There was a certain natural grace in his movements; and, as he often assured his mother, he could dance with the best of them until three o'clock any morning. No wonder, moreover, that, with these social qualities, his mother should be anxious to see him "well settled," knowing, as she did, the constant temptations to which they exposed him.

"Now don't be very late to-night, James," said the proud little woman, holding the light as high as she could reach, that she might see whether all was right, and, in reality, to indulge the fondness of her motherly eyes with a last glance of admiration. "I shall want to know all about it, and how the bride looked, and what she had on. Be sure to bring home a piece of the cake to dream on; and don't drink the bride's health too often."

"Never fear, old lady; and I'm bound to dance with the prettiest girl in the room, you may be sure. Don't sew too hard, or sit up after one; for maybe we'll be late." He patted her on the shoulder as he said this, a caress of which he was very fond, and which conveyed a great deal more affection than one would have supposed. She understood it; and, still proud and happy, went back to

"clear up," as she called it, and then to finish the promised vest.

But Ruth Norton's tidying would not have pleased the most fastidious; indeed, it was the only point on which James ever ventured a remonstrance. He had a habit of order that was rather troubled by the crowd of boxes and baskets, combs, clothes-pins, and an innumerable catalogue of sundries, with which she somehow contrived to litter the mantels, tables, and chairs. She knew that it troubled him, and often tried to reform; but her organ of order had never been developed in childhood, and old habits still clung to her.

She sat stitching quietly for a long time; and, when the vest was finished and folded up, snuffed the candle so that it sent a cheery blaze through the room, and, drawing the old-fashioned stand, with its thin, crooked stem and claw-feet, nearer to the fire, took up her favorite volume to pass away the interval until her son's return. Her Bible, her hymn-book, and *Pilgrim's Progress*, in their worn leathern bindings, always lay together on the bureau; and now she was soon engaged in reading, for the hundredth time at least, the story of Christian in Doubting Castle. It was a part of the wonderful narrative which she liked best of all, if we may except the sojourn in Vanity Fair. That, she said, always reminded her of the great Book of Martyrs she used to read when a little girl, visiting her grandfather's in the country. But Giant Despair was more like the wonderful stories her grandmother used to tell her, after she was in bed, in the old garret-room, with its huge, dark rafters and strings of dried fruit and seed corn.

As yet, she had but a faint glimmering of the beautiful truth enveloped in this garb of romance; but it interested her, and had served to beguile many an hour of watchfulness. But the key of promise had been discovered, and the door had creaked on its dismal hinges, and the prisoners went rejoicing on their way, and still she was there alone. Gradually the candle grew dimmer, and the cheerful song of the fire more indistinct, the book closed over the spectacles she had taken off to polish, and she had fallen into a very comfortable reverie. As usual, it was about James: what great reason she had to be proud of him; how truthful and honest he had always been. Then their last conversation mingled in the bright web she was weaving for his future, and she thought how pleasant it would be to have a good, tidy, industrious little daughter come home some day, who would make James happy and keep the house cheerful, and be company for herself. She could but confess that she was a little lonesome now and then, and she was not so young and active as she once was. We are not sure but a vision of "wee toddlin' things," who should cling to her knee and beg for her spectacles, rose in the distance; but it could not have been very well defined, for her hands sank down into her lap, and she was

taking a nap comfortably in the old-fashioned, high-backed rocking-chair.

She certainly had not intended to go to sleep and let the light burn down and the fire go out, before James came home; but these three things happened, and she woke with a start, and a chilled, uncomfortable sensation, to hear him turning the lock. At first, she thought it must be her drowsiness that made his voice sound so strange and hoarse; but, when she had lighted another candle, his face was so pale and haggard, his whole manner so excited, that she could scarcely ask the reason. He did not keep her long in suspense. He had been too much accustomed to find ready sympathy in her love, to conceal the cause of this sudden change. He threw himself down wearily on the floor at her feet, and said, in a tone of utter despondency—

"I 've ruined us all, mother!"

"Oh, James! James! what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I didn't mind you, and I drank too much, and got excited; and then they dared me to it—and"—

"What, Jimmy dear?" She scarcely dared to fill the pause he had made; sudden thoughts of robbery, and even murder, darted through her mind.

"I was married, before them all, to a girl I have never seen before to-night. I thought it was a joke; but it's not; for Tom Lane's uncle was an alderman. I thought they were joking all the while; but he says it's real, and her brother says so, and swears I must take her home and take care of her, for she's more than he can manage; and, of course, no one can marry her now. Oh, mother! mother! what shall I do?"

There was a weight lifted at first from the heart of poor Ruth; but these last words had brought the reality of the misfortune before her.

"Is there things against her, Jimmy?"

"Nobody would tell me anything about her, except that they laughed and joked; and I heard Nat Jones say, 'What a take in!' and I struck him in the face. We were all standing in the hall then, with her brother, for he was the foremost one to put me up to it; and I was almost crazy with the thought of what I had done. Somebody parted us, and said it was 'too bad!' and she came flying out—they were all dancing yet—and I heard her call out, 'Where's my husband? to go off and leave his bride!' I don't believe she knows yet; but it sounded so light and forward, and I dashed away from them; and I've been walking about the street ever since, feeling as though I should go crazy."

He wiped his forehead, still beaded with perspiration from the excitement of feeling and his quick, hurried walk. His mother did not know what counsel to offer, and only held his hand, and looked down into his face as if she did not yet comprehend it.

"I noticed her when I first went into the room," James said again, as if it was a relief to talk. "She

was one of the bridesmaids, and dressed elegantly, and danced better than anybody in the room. And Tom Lane said I must dance with her. And, it seems, she had been told about me, and had made a bet to flirt with me; and then they joked us at supper, and I wasn't going to be outdone, and called her my sweetheart, and said fifty silly things; and so they said two weddings were better than one, and dared us to be married on the spot. She laughed and said yes, and I thought it was good fun, and so I was married; and now it can't be helped, they all say. It makes me almost hate her every time I think of it, if she knew, to marry a man she knew nothing about, and had never seen in her life before. And I was so happy and light-hearted when I went off, and now I feel as if I was twenty years older. What shall I do, mother? Tell me."

"Go to bed now, Jimmy dear, and we will talk it over in the morning. Perhaps it will turn out a trick, after all; or maybe she's heard about you, and loves you"—the fond mother could have understood that, and forgiven her—"and she may make you a good wife, after all; who knows? But go to bed now, for you're all worn out, and you'll be sick. Come, do now, Jimmy."

He went up to the little room by the side of her own to please her; but she heard him walking up and down unsteadily, until she fell into an uneasy slumber.

It was, as James had said, a reality; and, more than all, the brother and the young bride had both known it; and now they were obliged to act, for the brother, with a heartless indifference, had refused to support her any longer "in her idle ways, when he could come on James Norton by law for it, and he must make the best of a bad bargain." This last pithy aphorism was all the comfort any one had to offer him, even his patient old mother, on whom the worst seemed to fall, the constant sight of her son's unhappiness, and the introduction of a stranger into the household, who seemed neither to know nor care how much trouble she gave, or how unwelcome she was.

She came home to them after the end of a week, apparently thinking they should be compensated for all by the honor of her presence. Ruth had done her best to make the house look bright and cheerful, but the plain, old-fashioned furniture seemed to Ellen a poor exchange for the showy mahogany veneering of her brother's parlor, and the worn out old piano, on which she had learned to drum a few marches and quicksteps, her chief accomplishment.

She was idle and vain, and, of course, selfish; the worst faults of her nature having been encouraged by the alternate flattery and threats of her brother, and sister-in-law, a weak, not to say wicked, woman. She missed the excitement of dances and balls, to which she had been always accustomed. James had no heart to go, and, indeed, shrank from appearing anywhere with her. Her chief amusement and em-

ployment seemed to be a review of her large stock of finery, visiting her old friends, girls as giddy and as frivolous as herself, or sitting, attired in a thin, showy silk, her hair adorned with flowers or wax beads, at the front window, watching the few passers-by.

It was a dreary change in that once contented little household. Ruth did her best. She bore the impertinence and carelessness of her daughter-in-law without complaint; she tried, in her quiet way, to make her as comfortable as she could, sharing her room, her drawers, and even her clothes with her; for, with all the finery, she had not comfortable garments for the inclement season that had now set in. James seemed utterly broken in spirit. He never sang or whistled cheerfully, as had been his wont when he came home from his work; their meals were eaten in silence when Ellen was present, or with desponding complaints, when she was paying some gay visit. He avoided her in every way, never addressing her when he could escape it, or sitting down for a talk, or to read to his mother, if she was going to pass the evening at home. Sometimes he seemed like himself, when he found a cheerful fire and his mother waiting for him; but oftener he came home with a clouded brain and disturbed temper, too plain tokens that his troubles were driving him into bad company.

And yet his fault had been one that is frequently committed. We hear of such things often, even in more polished circles than that we are describing. A party, a picnic, a wedding, and some thoughtless young creature has married a man she has never met before, and of whose temper and principles she knows nothing. It is the old adage of marrying in haste to repent at leisure, and unhappy differences are sure to follow. Does not this come, in a measure, from the light and jesting way in which it is too much the habit of young people to speak of this most serious step, as if it were the frolic of a day, instead of a solemn bond for life? So they rush into connections and responsibilities, of the import of which they have scarcely dreamed.

It was hardest, we have said, on poor Ruth; that is, the everyday recurring perplexities were more wearying, perhaps, than the unwelcome bonds, which the young people, as yet, had only chafed at. Ellen would gladly have gone back to her brother's home, but that was closed to her, he only saying it was her own fault, and not his, if she did not get along well with her husband. So she would come back, her eyes swollen with crying, more sullen and disagreeable than ever; and the mother was obliged to bear with it, while her son's altered habits were almost breaking her heart, and his wife grew daily more disagreeable to her as the cause of it. Her faith was sadly put to the test in these dark days; but she read her Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress more and more, now beginning to comprehend the harsh

imprisonment of her favorite hero in the dungeon of Doubting Castle.

She was sitting, in a silent, downcast mood, one afternoon, when a light rap at the door was followed by the sunshine of a face that plainly told of peace and inward happiness. Years ago—five years now since the good woman had bought the black bombazine, still her Sunday dress—Ruth had lost a daughter, a bright, cheerful girl of fifteen, just beginning to be "all the world to her." She died of lingering illness, her life wasting away, hour by hour, it seemed; and, to the last, her bedside was cheered, and the lonely mother comforted, by the visits of Martha's Sunday School teacher, who had first led her to think of another home, where there would be no pain or weariness. Since then, the teacher had never forgotten her older pupil, who had learned more of the life to come, than ever before, at her daughter's bedside; and this was the unexpected, but most welcome visitor.

"Oh, is it you, Miss Lewis? It's a long time since you have been to see me. I was most afraid, indeed, you would never come again," Ruth said, eagerly, as she pushed some work from a chair, and dusted it with her apron.

"You could not have thought I should forget you, Ruth?" Miss Lewis said, in a pleasant, friendly voice. "But have you been sick this winter? Why did you not let me know it? You look so thin and downcast. I hope there's nothing the matter with James?"

It needed little sympathy to draw forth the troubles of poor Ruth; and she had a most interested and patient listener.

"But are you sure she doesn't love James?" she said. "Love works wonders sometimes, you know; and she may be a comfort yet."

"God forgive me, if I'm wrong saying it, Miss Lewis, but I don't believe she'll be anything but a torment to us—and James breaking his heart from morning till night. I tried to be good to her, and would be a mother to her; but she'll ruin my boy, my only comfort since poor Martha died."

"But, you know, good came even out of that great sorrow, Mrs. Norton, as you have told me a thousand times. He who sends us trials can make them end in blessings: the key of promise, don't forget that; and, besides, I'm a great believer in the law of kindness. Unless she is utterly unworthy, James must, in time, win her."

"I'm afraid I'm not always kind," poor Ruth said, self-reproachfully; "sometimes it's so hard to put up with, and I fret a bit, and then she's quick tempered, and so it goes. She's up there now, I dare say, braiding her hair, or fixing up her neck ribbons; it's all she does from morning till night."

"But do you ever ask her to help you? I should think there was a great deal she might do; and James likes to see things look tidy."

"True enough, he does;" and here a sigh followed the glance around the disorderly room. "But I can hardly get time to have his meals ready now. If it was real God-sent trouble, I shouldn't mind it so much."

"But it certainly seems to be so," Miss Lewis answered. "All troubles are given us to try our strength. Take this as a trial of your *patience*, Ruth, as Martha's death proved your faith. It will never do for James to see you give up."

Miss Lewis did not know, as she returned to her own elegant home, the good seed that had been sown with her words of cheer. It is true, she felt happy in the thought that she had exerted some little self-denial to pay the visit, and that Ruth had been glad to see her. If more women in an elevated sphere of life comprehended the weight of influence that they carry to the humbler classes of society, more such visits—passing missions of mercy—would be paid. The very air of refinement and intelligence, the judgment that is so relied on, when advice is given, or it may be the momentary association with one who has time to cherish taste and beauty, which they admire all the more that it is placed so far from them, is like a ray of sunshine in the dimness of their seclusion; and, when to this is added an earnest human love, made earnest by a chastened heart, we can scarcely calculate how much good may arise from the words of counsel or comfort thus spoken.

As it was, Ruth went more cheerfully about the next day's task, taking "patience" for her talisman; and, when she recollected what Miss Lewis had asked her, she forced herself to take some notice of the poor girl, who, from her heart, she pitied.

"You have never told me anything about your mother, Ellen," she said, as, in her usual idle way, the girl was sitting with folded hands by the window.

It was a chance touch; but it proved the right one. It did not seem so at first, however, for the only answer was a sullen stare, as if astonished at hearing herself voluntarily addressed. But Ruth did not seem to notice this, and went on questioning her, until she was rewarded by seeing a more amiable expression than usual brighten the really beautiful eyes; and afterwards, when she laid aside her work and rose to set the dinner-table, Ellen, for the first time, offered to assist her. This was done a little awkwardly, and not quite so cheerfully as Ruth could have wished; and she was a little surprised, when she commended Ellen for her assistance, to hear her say, "Don't tell him, though," as sulkily as before.

From that small beginning matters seemed to mend. It is true, James and Ellen were no better friends. She returned his indifference with absolute dislike, it seemed, and they avoided each other as much as before; but, when he was away, she was sociable, and willing to do anything she could for

his mother, only she constantly repeated the injunction not to tell him. Ruth found herself one day opening her heart to her, as they sat sewing together, Ellen stitching almost as fast as she could do, for she had taken a fancy to learn Ruth's trade. She reminded her of Martha now; for, since Ellen had combed her hair more plainly, and left off the bright brooches and rings she used to be so fond of, they did not look unlike. Ruth told her about Martha's death, and how hard it had been to her, and how James missed his sister; and Ellen's tears blinded her for a few moments so that she could not thread her needle, though she did not look up or say anything. That afternoon, when she came home from her brother's, she had a little rose-bud one of the children had given her. Ruth noticed it as she passed through the room. When James came down to tea, he had it in his hand, and thanked his mother for placing it in the little vase on his bureau. Ruth would have disclaimed, but she caught a quick warning look from Ellen, which prevented the explanation, and Ruth also saw a deep blush as he placed it in his button-hole. He sat in the kitchen a little while after tea, and talked about the spring weather, and how fond he was of flowers; and he even noticed the improvement of the room, and complimented his mother on it. Ruth longed to tell him it was all Ellen's taste and neatness, but the meaning of that look restrained her.

That night she found Ellen sobbing in her bed, and asked if she was ill; but no, Ellen said, "not ill, only a little nervous." And Ruth, with a rare delicacy, did not question her, but stooped down and kissed her forehead, the first time she had ever done so.

After this, Ruth knew that still brighter days were before them; that is, if James could return the love she was sure was springing up in Ellen's heart for him; and this she nursed by long tales of his childhood, to which Ellen listened eagerly, or of his generosity and good nature, which brought the same loving, tender light always to her eyes, as she bent over her needle. She would willingly have tried to win her son by the same simple means; but sometimes, even when a boast of Ellen's industry, of tidiness, was on her lips, she had checked it, feeling the time was not yet come. James could not but have noticed the improvement in her appearance, though he never spoke of it. She had earned and made herself some neat chintz dresses, for she had invariably refused the money he had put into his mother's hands for her use; at first from obstinacy, and more lately from womanly pride. The broad, cotton lace collars were replaced by narrow cambric ruffles, and, with her hair parted smoothly over her forehead, and a smile of good nature lighting up her face, Ruth was never weary of admiring her. Love had, indeed, worked wonders. Whether she went singing with her sweet voice about their household tasks, or sewed diligently by Ruth's side, it was the same;

but, the instant James was heard approaching, the song was hushed, the smile was clouded, and she either retreated to her own room, or sat in unamiable silence.

The whole house betokened a change. The books and newspapers, of which James was fond, were always neatly piled up on the bureau, or in the window-seat; the brushes and towels had their appointed places; "chips of cloth" no longer littered the striped carpet, or chips of wood the hearth. The work of a "household fairy" was plainly visible to any but wilfully blinded eyes; but, though James enjoyed it, and even brought home a new table-cover, and a box of mignonette for the now open window, he never seemed to connect Ellen with the improvement. She did not cross his path, or give him cross looks and rude replies, and therefore he felt more at ease. Something of his old cheerfulness came back with the spring sunshine, but it was fitful, and easily driven away.

He came home one evening earlier than usual; he had lingered about the house more for several days; and, as if he had something important to disclose, drew his chair up, in the old familiar way, to his mother.

Ruth's heart beat a little quicker. She was sure it was something about Ellen, for he had seemed to watch her lately; she had noticed it several times. But she was not prepared for his proposal, which was that they should find a home for her somewhere among her own friends.

"She is not happy here, mother, and no wonder; and I think perhaps I ought to do something for her. The poor girl was no more to blame than I was; and, since it is as it is, I ought to make her as comfortable as I can. I think she seems different lately; and, at any rate, she hasn't gone gadding off with others, disgracing me as many would have done. To be sure, I set my foot down against it from the first; but there's many wouldn't have minded that. Then you wouldn't have so much to do; and, on the whole, since we can't love each other, perhaps it's best we should separate."

"But why can't you love each other, Jimmy?"

Her son looked up, struck more by the tone than the words. He saw his mother had a more than usually anxious look.

"If I loved her ever so well, she hates me. She must hate me; she never would love me."

"Did you ever ask her if she did?"

"Oh, mother! and we worse than strangers! I could have loved a wife dearly, that you know. Any one who would have cared for me, and tried to help you, and make you happy, I could love almost any one that would do that."

It is no wonder that Ellen's secret was not kept now, and that Ruth's kind heart set forth her im-

provement in the most glowing light. How she had put up the window curtains and piled up the books, and swept and dusted, and taken care of the mignonette, because *he* loved things tidy; and the story of the rose-bud came out now; and, more than all, she had been earning her two dollars a week with Ruth for a long time, rather than be dependent on him.

"Oh, James, go to the poor girl," Ruth said, appealingly, "and tell her that you will try to love her, at any rate!"

It was no great trial; the choked up tenderness of years had gone out to Ellen during that simple recital. He saw all that his mother said must be true, and blamed himself for not discovering it sooner. He seemed now so deeply in fault, as if he had so much to make up to her.

"Go and tell her so," his mother urged again.

"But to-night?" he said, doubtfully.

"Yes, to-night; for it will be harder to-morrow, I know, and I am sure she loves you."

Ellen had not yet retired; she was leaning her head on her arm, in an attitude of sadness, and looking very beautiful in the soft moonlight that came streaming into the room. She did not look up as he entered softly, but said, in a voice that showed she had been weeping—

"James came home early to-night, mother; I have been lying here listening to his voice. You have been talking a long time."

"Yes, Ellen, of you, my poor girl," James said, with a voice quivering with emotion; and he stooped down and raised her in his arms. "Do not go away from me; do not be frightened. There, you will not send me away?" and he drew her head down upon his shoulder as they stood there together. "I was coming to tell you that you might leave us; but now I ask you to stay, if you can love me, and be my wife."

"Oh, I have loved you so long!" she said, sobbing; "and I was content, or tried to be, to live just seeing you every day, and working for you. I know I was wild, and vain, and selfish; but I was not wicked; and everybody loved you, and how could I help it?"

"Do not try to help it, Nelly; it is I who have been wrong; but I will try to make it up to you, poor child. We will be married again to-morrow, that we may feel it sacred and real, and I will try to keep all the promises; only love me—put your arms about my neck, Nelly—love me always; and God bless you for being so good to my poor mother!"

And they were married—married more truly, realizing all they promised before the minister of God; and, loving each other, their lives henceforth were beautiful, through all trial or hardship that could arise.

OF THE STARS.

BY MRS. MARY SOMERVILLE.

ABOUT 2,000 stars only are visible to the naked eye; but when we view the heavens with a telescope, their number seems to be limited only by the imperfection of the instrument. In one hour Sir William Herschel estimated that 50,000 stars passed through the field of his telescope, in a zone of the heavens 2° in breadth. This, however, was stated as an instance of extraordinary crowding; but at an average, the whole expanse of the heavens must exhibit about a hundred millions of fixed stars that come within the reach of telescopic vision.

The stars are classed according to their apparent brightness, and the places of the most remarkable of those visible to the naked eye are ascertained with great precision, and formed into a catalogue, not only for the determination of geographical position by their occultations, but to serve as points of reference for finding the places of comets and other celestial phenomena. The whole number of stars registered amounts to about 15,000 or 20,000. The distance of the fixed stars is too great to admit of their exhibiting a sensible disk: but, in all probability, they are spherical, and must certainly be so if gravitation pervades all space, which it may be presumed to do, since John Herschel has shown that it extends to the binary systems of stars. With a fine telescope the stars appear like a point of light; their occultations by the moon are therefore instantaneous: their twinkling arises from sudden changes in the refractive power of the air, which would not be sensible if they had disks like the planets. Thus we can learn nothing of the relative distances of the stars from us and from one another by their apparent diameters; but their annual parallax being insensible, shows that we must be one hundred millions of millions of miles at least from the nearest: many of them, however, must be vastly more remote, for of two stars that appear close together, one may be far beyond the other in the depth of space. The light of Sirius, according to the observations of Sir John Herschel, is 324 times greater than that of a star of the sixth magnitude: if we suppose the two to be really of the same size, their distances from us must be in the ratio of 57.3 to 1, because light diminishes as the square of the distance of the luminous body increases.

Nothing is known of the absolute magnitude of the fixed stars, but the quantity of light emitted by many of them shows that they must be much larger than the sun. Dr. Wollaston determined the approximate ratio that the light of a wax candle bears to that of the sun, moon, and stars, by comparing

their respective images, reflected from small glass globes filled with mercury, whence a comparison was established between the quantities of light emitted by the celestial bodies themselves. By this method he found that the light of the sun is about twenty millions of millions of times greater than that of Sirius, the brightest, and supposed to be the nearest of the fixed stars. If Sirius had a parallax of half a second, its distance from the earth would be 525,481 times the distance of the sun from the earth; and therefore Sirius, placed where the sun is, would appear to us to be 3.7 times as large as the sun, and would give 13.8 times more light; but many of the fixed stars must be infinitely larger than Sirius.

Many stars have vanished from the heavens; the star 42 Virginis seems to be of this number, having been missed by Sir John Herschel on the 9th of May, 1828, and not again found, though he frequently had occasion to observe that part of the heavens. Sometimes stars have all at once appeared, shone with a bright light, and vanished. Several instances of these temporary stars are on record; a remarkable instance occurred in the year 125, which is said to have induced Hipparchus to form the first catalogue of stars. Another star appeared suddenly near Aquilæ in the year 389, which vanished after remaining for three weeks as bright as Venus. On the 10th of October, 1604, a brilliant star burst forth in the constellation of Serpentarius, which continued visible for a year; and a more recent case occurred in the year 1670, when a new star was discovered in the head of the Swan, which, after becoming invisible, reappeared, and, after many variations in light, vanished after two years, and has never since been seen. In 1572, a star was discovered in Cassiopeia, which rapidly increased in brightness till it even surpassed that of Jupiter; it then gradually diminished in splendor, and, after exhibiting all the variety of tints that indicates the changes of combustion, vanished sixteen months after its discovery without altering its position. It is impossible to imagine anything more tremendous than a conflagration that could be visible at such a distance. It is, however, suspected that this star may be periodical and identical with the stars which appeared in the years 945 and 1264. There are probably many stars which alternately vanish and reappear among the innumerable multitudes that spangle the heavens; the periods of thirteen have already been pretty well ascertained. Of these, the most remarkable is the star Omicron, in the constellation Cetus. It appears

about twelve times in eleven years, and is of variable brightness, sometimes appearing like a star of the second magnitude; but it neither always arrives at the same lustre, nor does it increase or diminish by the same degrees. According to Hevelius, it did not appear at all for four years. Hydræ also vanishes and reappears every 494 days, and a very singular instance of periodicity is given by Sir John Herschel in the star Algol or Persei, which is described as retaining the size of a star of the second magnitude for two days and fourteen seconds; it then suddenly begins to diminish in splendor, and in about three hours and a half is reduced to the size of a star of the fourth magnitude; it then begins again to increase, and in three hours and a half more regains its usual brightness, going through all these vicissitudes in two days, twenty hours, and forty-eight minutes. The cause of the variations in most of the periodical stars is unknown, but, from the changes of Algol, M. Goodricke has conjectured that they may be occasioned by the revolution of some opaque body coming between us and the star, obstructing part of its light. Sir John Herschel is struck with the high degree of activity evinced by these changes in regions where, "but for such evidences, we might conclude all to be lifeless." He observes that our own sun requires nine times the period of Algol to perform a revolution on its own axis; while, on the other hand, the periodic time of an opaque revolving body sufficiently large to produce a similar temporary obscuration of the sun, seen from a fixed star, would be less than fourteen hours.

Many thousands of stars that seem to be only brilliant points, when carefully examined are found to be in reality systems of two or more suns, some revolving about a common centre. These binary and multiple stars are extremely remote, requiring the most powerful telescopes to show them separately. The first catalogue of double stars, in which their places and relative positions are determined, was accomplished by the talents and industry of Sir William Herschel, to whom astronomy is indebted for so many brilliant discoveries, and with whom the idea of their combination in binary and multiple systems originated—an idea completely established by his own observations, recently confirmed by those of his son. The motions of revolution of many round a common centre have been ascertained, and their periods determined with considerable accuracy. Some have, since their first discovery, already accomplished nearly a whole revolution, and one, Coronæ, is actually considerably advanced in its second period. These interesting systems thus present a species of sidereal chronometer, by which the chronology of the heavens will be marked out to future ages by epochs of their own, liable to no fluctuations from planetary disturbances, such as obtain in our system.

In observing the relative position of the stars of

a binary system, the distance between them, and also the angle of position, that is, the angle which the meridian or a parallel to the equator makes with the line joining the two stars, are measured. The accuracy of each result depends upon taking the mean of a great number of the best observations, and eliminating error by mutual comparison. The distances between the stars are so minute that they cannot be measured with the same accuracy as the angles of position; therefore, to determine the orbit of a star independently of the distance, it is necessary to assume, as the most probable hypothesis, that the stars are subject to the law of gravitation, and consequently, that one of the two stars revolves in an ellipse about the other, supposed to be at rest, though not necessarily in the focus. A curve is thus constructed graphically by means of the angles of position and the corresponding times of observation. The angular velocities of the stars are obtained by drawing tangents to this curve at stated intervals, whence the apparent distances, or radii vectores, of the revolving star become known for each angle of position; because, by the laws of elliptical motion, they are equal to the square roots of the apparent angular velocities. Now that the angles of position estimated from a given line, and the corresponding distances of the two stars, are known, another curve may be drawn, which will represent on paper the actual orbit of the star projected on the visible surface of the heavens: so that the elliptical elements of the true orbit and its position in space may be determined by a combined system of measurements and computation. But as this orbit has been obtained on the hypothesis that gravitation prevails in these distant regions, which could not be known *a priori*, it must be compared with as many observations as can be obtained, to ascertain how far the computed ellipse agrees with the curve actually described by the star.

By this process Sir John Herschel has discovered that several of these systems of stars are subject to the same laws of motion with our system of planets: he has determined the elements of their elliptical orbits, and computed the periods of their revolution. One of the stars of Virginis revolves about the other in 629 years; the periodic time of Coronæ is 287 years; that of Castor is 253 years; that of Bootes is 1600; that of 70 Ophiuci is ascertained by M. Savary to be 80 years; and Professor Encke has shown that the revolution of Ursæ is completed in 58 years. The first of these stars approached its perihelion on the 18th of August, 1834, and Castor will arrive at it some time in 1855. The actual proximity of the two component stars in each case will then be extreme, and the apparent angular velocity so great, that, in the case of Virginis, an angle of 68° may be described in a single year. Coronæ also attained its perihelion about 1835. Sir John Herschel, Sir James South, and Professor Struve of Dorpat, have increased Sir Wil-

William Herschel's original catalogue to more than 3,000, of which thirty or forty are known to form revolving or binary systems, and Mr. Dunlop has formed a catalogue of 253 double stars in the southern hemisphere. The motion of Mercury is more rapid than that of any other planet, being at the rate of 107,000 miles in an hour: the perihelion velocity of the comet of 1680 was no less than 880,000 miles an hour; but if the two stars of *Ursæ* be as remote from one another as the nearest fixed star is from the sun, the velocity of the revolving stars must exceed imagination. The discovery of the elliptical motion of the double stars excites the highest interest, since it shows that gravitation is not peculiar to our system of planets, but that systems of suns in the far distant regions of the universe are also obedient to its laws.

Possibly, among the multitudes of small stars, whether double or insulated, some may be found near enough to exhibit distinct parallactic motions, arising from the revolution of the earth in its orbit. Of two stars apparently in close approximation, one may be far behind the other in space. These may seem near to one another when viewed from the earth in one part of its orbit, but may separate widely when seen from the earth in another position, just as two terrestrial objects appear to be one when viewed in the same straight line, but separate as the observer changes his position. In this case the stars would not have real, but only apparent motion. One of them would seem to oscillate annually to and fro in a straight line on each side of the other—a motion which could not be mistaken for that of a binary system, where one star describes an ellipse about the other. Such parallax does not yet appear to have been made out, so that the actual distance of the stars is still a matter of conjecture.

The double stars are of various hues, but most frequently exhibit the contrasted colors. The large star is generally yellow, orange, or red; and the small star blue, purple, or green. Sometimes a white star is combined with a blue or purple, and more rarely a red and white are united. In many cases, these appearances are due to the influences of contrast on our judgment of colors. For example, in observing a double star, where the large one is a full ruby-red or almost blood-color, and the small one a fine green, the latter loses its color when the former is hid by the cross wires of the telescope. But there is a vast number of instances where the colors are too strongly marked to be merely imaginary. Sir John Herschel observes, in one of his papers in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," as a very remarkable fact, that, although red stars are common enough, no example of an insulated blue, green, or purple one has yet been produced.

Besides the revolutions about one another, some of the binary systems are carried forward in space by a motion common to both stars, towards some unknown point in the firmament. The two stars of

61 Cygni, which are nearly equal, and have remained at the distance of about 15" from each other for fifty years, have changed their place in the heavens during that period, by a motion which for ages must appear uniform and rectilinear: because, even if the path be curved, so small a portion of it must be sensibly a straight line to us. Multitudes of the single stars also have proper motions, yet so minute that that of Cassiopeia, which is only 3".74 annually, is the greatest yet observed; but the enormous distances of the stars make motions appear small to us which are in reality very great. Sir William Herschel conceived that, among many irregularities, the motions of the stars have a general tendency towards a point diametrically opposite to that occupied by the star *Herculis*, which he attributed to a motion of the solar system in the contrary direction. Should this really be the case, the stars, from the effects of perspective alone, would seem to diverge in the direction to which we are tending, and would apparently converge in the space we leave, and there would be a regularity in these apparent motions which would in time be detected; but if the solar system and the whole of the stars visible to us be carried forward in space by a motion common to all, like ships drifting in a current, it would be impossible for us, who move with the rest, to ascertain its direction. There can be no doubt of the progressive motion of the sun and many of the stars, but sidereal astronomy is not far enough advanced to determine what relations these bear to one another.

The stars are scattered very irregularly over the firmament. In some places they are crowded together, in others thinly dispersed. A few groups more closely condensed form very beautiful objects even to the naked eye, of which the *Pleiades* and the constellation *Coma Berenices* are the most striking examples; but the greater number of these clusters of stars appear to unassisted vision like thin white clouds or vapors: such is the *Milky Way*, which, as Sir William Herschel has proved, derives its brightness from the diffused light of the myriads of stars that form it. Most of them are extremely small on account of their enormous distances, and they are so numerous that, according to his estimation, no fewer than 50,000 passed through the field of his telescope in the course of one hour in a zone 2° broad. This singular portion of the heavens, constituting part of our firmament, consists of an extensive stratum of stars, whose thickness is small compared with its length and breadth; the earth is placed about midway between its two surfaces, near the point where it diverges into two branches. Many clusters of stars appear like white clouds or round comets without tails, either to unassisted vision or with ordinary telescopes; but with powerful instruments Sir John Herschel describes them as conveying the idea of a globular space filled full of stars insulated in the heavens, and constituting a family or society apart from the rest, subject only to its own

internal laws. To attempt to count the stars in one of these globular clusters, he says, would be a vain task—that they are not to be reckoned by hundreds—and, on a rough computation, it appears that many clusters of this description must contain ten or twenty thousand stars compacted and wedged together in a round space whose area is not more than a tenth part of that covered by the moon; so that its centre, where the stars are seen projected on each other, is one blaze of light. If each of these stars be a sun, and if they be separated by intervals equal to that which separates our sun from the nearest fixed star, the distance which renders the whole cluster barely visible to the naked eye must be so great, that the existence of this splendid assemblage can only be known to us by light which must have left it at least a thousand years ago. Occasionally these clusters are so irregular and so undefined in their outline as merely to suggest the idea of a richer part of the heavens. They contain fewer stars than the globular clusters, and sometimes a red star forms a conspicuous object among them. These Sir William Herschel regarded as the rudiments of globular clusters in a less advanced state of condensation, but tending to that form by their mutual attraction.

Multitudes of nebulous spots are to be seen on the clear vault of heaven which have every appearance of being clusters like those described, but are too distant to be resolved into stars by the most excellent telescopes. This nebulous matter exists in vast abundance in space. No fewer than 2,000 nebulae and clusters of stars were observed by Sir William Herschel, whose places have been computed from his observations, reduced to a common epoch, and arranged into a catalogue in order of right ascension by his sister, Miss Caroline Herschel, lately deceased, a lady so justly eminent for astronomical knowledge and discovery. Six or seven hundred nebulae have already been ascertained in the southern hemisphere: of these, the magellanic clouds are the most remarkable. The nature and use of this matter, scattered over the heavens in such a variety of forms, are involved in the greatest obscurity. That it is a self-luminous, phosphorescent, material substance, in a highly dilated or gaseous state, but gradually subsiding by the mutual gravitation of its particles into stars and sidereal systems, is the hypothesis which seems to be most generally received; but the only way that any real knowledge on this mysterious subject can be obtained is by the determination of the form, place, and present state of each individual nebula; and a comparison of these with future observations will show generations to come the changes that may now be going on in these supposed rudiments of future systems. With this view, Sir John Herschel began in the year 1825 the arduous and pious task of revising his illustrious father's observations, which he finished a short time before he sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, in order to dis-
 close the mysteries of the southern hemisphere, be-

cause he considers our firmament to be exhausted till farther improvements in the telescope shall enable astronomers to penetrate deeper into space. In a truly splendid paper read before the Royal Society on the 21st of November, 1833, he gives the places of 2,500 nebulae and clusters of stars. Of these, 500 are new—the rest he mentions with peculiar pleasure as having been most accurately determined by his father. This work is the more extraordinary, as, from bad weather, fogs, twilight, and moonlight, these shadowy appearances are not visible, at an average, above thirty nights in the year.

The nebulae have a great variety of forms. Vast multitudes are so faint as to be with difficulty discerned at all till they have been for some time in the field of the telescope, or are just about to quit it. Many present an ill-defined surface, in which it is difficult to say where the centre of the greatest brightness is. Some cling to stars like wisps of cloud; others exhibit the wonderful appearance of an enormous flat ring seen very obliquely, with a lenticular vacancy in the centre. A very remarkable instance of an annular nebula is to be seen exactly half way between Persei and Lyrae. It is elliptical in the ratio of 4 to 5, is sharply defined, the internal opening occupying about half the diameter. This opening is not entirely dark, but filled up with a faint hazy light, aptly compared by Sir John Herschel to fine gauze stretched over a hoop. Two are described as most amazing objects: one like a dumb-bell or hour-glass of bright matter, surrounded by a thin hazy atmosphere, so as to give the whole an oval form, or the appearance of an oblate spheroid. This phenomenon bears no resemblance to any known object. The other consists of a bright round nucleus, surrounded at a distance by a nebulous ring split through half its circumference, and having the split portions separated at an angle of 45° each to the plane of the other. This nebula bears a strong similitude to the milky-way, and suggested to Sir John Herschel the idea of "a brother system bearing a real physical resemblance and strong analogy of structure to our own." It appears that double nebulae are not unfrequent, exhibiting all the varieties of distance, position, and relative brightness with their counterparts the double stars. The rarity of single nebulae as large, faint, and as little condensed in the centre as these, makes it extremely improbable that two such bodies should be accidentally so near as to touch, and often in part to overlap each other as these do. It is much more likely that they constitute systems; and if so, it will form an interesting subject of future inquiry to discover whether they possess orbital motion round one another.

Stellar nebulae form another class. These have a round or oval shape, increasing in density towards the centre. Sometimes the matter is so rapidly condensed as to give the whole the appearance of a star

with a blur, or like a candle shining through horn. In some instances the central matter is so highly and suddenly condensed, so vivid and sharply defined, that the nebula might be taken for a bright star surrounded by a thin atmosphere. Such are nebulous stars. The sodiacal light, or lenticular-shaped atmosphere of the sun, which may be seen extending beyond the orbits of Mercury and Venus soon after sunset in the months of April and May, is supposed to be a condensation of the etherial medium by his attractive force, and seems to place our sun among the class of stellar nebulae. The stellar nebulae and nebulous stars assume all degrees of ellipticity. Not unfrequently they are long and narrow, like a spindle-shaped ray, with a bright nucleus in the centre. The last class are the planetary nebulae. These bodies have exactly the appearance of planets, with sensibly round or oval disks, sometimes sharply terminated, at other times hazy and ill-defined. Their surface, which is blue or bluish-white, is equable or slightly mottled, and their light occasionally rivals that of the planets in vividness. They are generally attended by minute stars, which give the idea of accompanying satellites. These nebulae are of enormous dimensions. One of them, near Aquarii, has a sensible diameter of about 20'', and another presents a diameter of 12''. Sir John Herschel has computed that, if these objects be as far from us as the stars, their real magnitude must, even on the lowest estimation, be such as would fill the orbit of Uranus. He concludes that, if they be solid bodies of a solar nature, their intrinsic splendor must be greatly inferior to that of the sun, because a circular portion of the sun's disk, subtending an angle of 20'', would give a light equal to that of a hundred full moons, while, on the contrary, the objects in question are hardly, if at all, visible to the naked eye. From the uniformity of the disks of the planetary nebulae, and their want of apparent condensation, he presumes that they may be hollow shells, only emitting light from their surfaces.

The existence of every degree of ellipticity in the nebulae—from long lenticular rays to the exact circular form, and of every shade of central condensation—from the slightest increase of density to apparently a solid nucleus—may be accounted for by supposing the general constitution of these nebulae to be that of oblate spheroidal masses of every degree of flatness, from the sphere to the disk, and of every variety in their density and ellipticity towards the centre. It would be erroneous, however, to imagine that the forms of these systems are maintained by forces identical with those already described, which determine the form of a fluid mass in rotation; because, if the nebulae be only clusters of separate stars, as in the greater number of cases there is every reason to believe them to be, no pressure can be propagated through them. Consequently, since no general rotation of such a system as one mass can be supposed, it may be conceived

to be a quiescent form, comprising within its limits an indefinite multitude of stars, each of which may be moving in an orbit about the common centre of the whole, in virtue of a law of internal gravitation resulting from the compound gravitation of all its parts. Sir John Herschel has proved that the existence of such a system is not inconsistent with the law of gravitation under certain conditions.

The distribution of the nebulae over the heavens is even more irregular than that of the stars. In some places they are so crowded together as scarcely to allow one to pass through the field of the telescope before another appears, while in other parts hours elapse without a single nebula occurring in the zone under observation. They are in general only to be seen with the very best telescopes, and are most abundant in a zone whose general direction is not far from the hour circles 0^h and 12^h, and which crosses the milky way nearly at right angles. Where that zone crosses the constellations Virgo, Coma Berenices, and the Great Bear, they are to be found in multitudes.

Such is a brief account of the discoveries contained in Sir John Herschel's paper, which, for sublimity of views and patient investigation, has not been surpassed in any age or country. To him and to Sir William Herschel is due almost all that is known of sidereal astronomy; and in the inimitable works of that highly gifted father and son, the reader will find this subject treated of in a style altogether worthy of it, and of them.

So numerous are the objects which meet our view in the heavens, that we cannot imagine a part of space where some light would not strike the eye;—innumerable stars, thousands of double and multiple systems, clusters in one blaze with their tens of thousands of stars, and the nebulae amazing us by the strangeness of their forms and the incomprehensibility of their nature, till at last, from the imperfection of our senses, even these thin and airy phantoms vanish in the distance. If such remote bodies shine by reflected light, we should be unconscious of their existence; each star must then be a sun, and may be presumed to have its system of planets, satellites, and comets, like our own; and, for aught we know, myriads of bodies may be wandering in space unseen by us, of whose nature we can form no idea, and still less of the part they perform in the economy of the universe: nor is this an unwarranted presumption; many such do come within the sphere of the earth's attraction, are ignited by the velocity with which they pass through the atmosphere, and are precipitated with great violence on the earth. The fall of meteoric stones is much more frequent than is generally believed; hardly a year passes without some instances occurring, and if it be considered that only a small part of the earth is inhabited, it may be presumed that numbers fall in the ocean or on the uninhabited part of the land, unseen by man. They are sometimes of

great magnitude; the volume of several has exceeded that of the planet Ceres, which is about 70 miles in diameter. One which passed within twenty-five miles of us was estimated to weigh about 600,000 tons, and to move with a velocity of about twenty miles in a second—a fragment of it alone reached the earth. The obliquity of the descent of meteorites, the peculiar substances they are composed of, and the explosion accompanying their fall, show that they are foreign to our system. Luminous spots, altogether independent of the phases, have occasionally appeared on the dark part of the moon; these have been ascribed to the light arising from the eruption of volcanoes; whence it has been supposed that meteorites have been projected from the moon by the impetus of volcanic eruption. It has

even been computed that, if a stone were projected from the moon in a vertical line, with an initial velocity of 10,992 feet in a second—more than four times the velocity of a ball when first discharged from a cannon—instead of falling back to the moon by the attraction of gravity, it would come within the sphere of the earth's attraction, and revolve about it like a satellite. These bodies, impelled either by the direction of the primitive impulse, or by the disturbing action of the sun, might ultimately penetrate the earth's atmosphere, and arrive at its surface. But from whatever source meteoric stones may come, it seems highly probable that they have a common origin, from the uniformity—we may almost say identity—of their chemical composition.

WILD FLOWERS.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

If the wild flowers around Philadelphia be viewed as objects of merchandise, they certainly present but few claims to our consideration; for, though they sometimes rival in beauty and fragrance foreign flowers, yet they can never be esteemed so valuable, and would not repay the gardener for the trouble of cultivation. This fact is well known to florists; and, generally speaking, these gentlemen are better acquainted with the foreign than with the native wild flowers. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true that, if some of the best nurserymen and florists in this city were shipped to Ceylon or British India, they would feel more at home amongst the wild flowers in the mountains and forests of those distant countries, than if surrounded by the flora of their own woods.

If, however, the wild flowers around Philadelphia be regarded in a scientific point of view, they become truly interesting, and even the florist would be more successful in his business if he were to devote to them a portion of his time and study. Many genera of the plants which grow wild around this city are the spontaneous growth of all parts of the habitable world; and the study of native plants would assist the florist and nurseryman in the recognition of foreign genera to an extent that would amply repay him for any time and labor he might bestow on them. It is also clear that the grand and beautiful laws which govern the development of vegetable life on the surface of our planet may be as easily discovered by an investigation of our own wild flowers, as by any researches into the organization of the costly plants in the conservatory. And, accordingly, when we search the annals of scientific progress, we actually find that our greatest philosophers have made their discoveries in vegetable physiology by a close scrutiny of the mechanism of the

common and despised plants growing in their neighborhood.

And let it not be assumed, at the outset of this investigation, that the intelligence of man is incapable of searching out the mysteries of vegetation. Before the time of Newton, there were many men on whose heads apples fell who never reflected on the cause of their fall. But Newton saw the same, and thought. The result of his reflections was the production of his immortal work, "The Principia and the Development of the Theory of Universal Gravitation." He showed with what small means Nature attains the most magnificent results. It was the mutual attraction of the earth and the apple that brought the apple to its surface, and the same mutual attraction retains the moon and planets in their orbits, causing them to sweep out those sublime curves in immensity with which the mind of the geometer is familiarized. It is by the attraction of other suns that our own sun, or rather star, is upheld in space; whilst all the stars that sparkle on the roof of night, and whose light comes to us from the most distant regions of the universe, are upheld by mutual attraction. Such the sublime discovery of the illustrious Newton. What though the chemistry which Nature employs in the construction of plants with various hues and forms has hitherto baffled the closest scrutiny? If the law that regulates the motion of masses of matter has been discovered, why not the law which influences the moving alone in the laboratory of organic nature? How long shall man continue hopeless and helpless in the presence of those forces of nature to which he is subject? It is his prerogative to "subdue the earth," and "have dominion." He is "the minister and interpreter of Nature."

If it be true as some philosophers have asserted,

that the whole chain of organic being, from man down to the humble spire of grass, is only a manifestation of life in different degrees of development, then are we all personally interested in this inquiry. Human physiology will progress, and the noble art of healing be better understood, in proportion as the student examines the expression of life in the inferior organic forms. It is in plants that mineral matter first becomes endowed with life. It is there that we meet with its earliest humblest indications. The vegetable world is formed out of mineral matter for the support of animal life. Hence almost every plant is frequented by some insect with organs beautifully constructed and adapted to the organization of the plant, on which the insect subsists for food. It is by the chemistry of Nature that mineral matter is changed into vegetable; and, when it enters the animal, it undergoes another transmutation, and becomes animal matter. He who would study the laws of life as revealed in the animal world ought not to neglect the vegetable world, on which

animals depend for their food, or rather for their very existence. In the order of Nature, the study of wild flowers ought certainly to precede the study of wild animals. Botany would seem to have a prior claim to every other branch of natural history.

Linnaeus and his scholars have generally written in Latin. They addressed themselves to anatomists, physicians, and philosophers, and not to the people, or they would have adopted a different language as a means of communicating thought. I shall endeavor to copy Nature in her simplicity, and to conduct my readers by a plain and easy pathway to the noble temple of Flora; and, when they shall catch a glimpse of the glorious interior, of the play of those magnificent laws of life of which man is the highest expression, and which operate in the production of the vast chain of organic being beneath him, there is no difficulty which they will not attempt to surmount, in order to learn more about those beautiful forms of life called plants, and to solve the problem of their growth and reproduction.

MY SIX LAST COOKS.

An unexceptionable character, setting forth every excellent quality, was almost more than we needed to influence our decision in favor of a most pleasing, sensible, middle-aged woman. There was a respectability in her appearance which warranted the extravagant idea of having found a *treasure*. She proved herself a treasure of information, and her private history must ever remain an enigma. We were complaining to her, *sotto voce*, that some workmen on the premises seemed very idle; she immediately in excellent, almost Parisian, French, expressed her acquiescence in our opinion, and we continued the necessary conversation of giving many orders in a newly-finished house in that language. We soon discovered she was equally conversant with German. We asked her to assist in making some table linen; she regretted her eyes had suffered so much from a Neapolitan sun as to incapacitate her from neat sewing work. A French priest had been a very kind friend to her on the Continent. She had broken her leg in the Tyrol, and had lost her property in America. We had proofs of the truth of all she said: but a conviction that we had no pretension to call ourselves mistress in our own house; that we were never more to eat a dinner of our own ordering, nor be permitted to have a wish, however modest, gratified, whilst this polyglot, overbearing, clever, and traveled woman reigned in the kitchen, obliged us, in these days of rebellion, to rebel; and we, gently and in proper terms, explained that we desired to be president of our own household, with a ministry that followed orders. Her place was supplied by a *Paragon*; six years' character from

her last place left no doubt that we were decidedly *suit*ed. Oh! that word; how much it does comprehend! *Paragon* wore little natural ringlets; we wished so much they had been assisted by art, we could have suggested a little less exuberance in that particular. She used very choice language, would occasionally regret she had received an indifferent *bulletin* of her mother's health; and in lamenting "that the beauteous days of summer were o'er," would ask gracefully, and with a lisp, "what vegetation was to be served that day." Whilst *Paragon* fulfilled her duties which came under our observation, we could not object to the rosewood desk, taken from the drawer of the kitchen-dresser, and sentimentally placed for immediate use; nor did we make any observation on accidentally intruding in the regions of this refined cook, and seeing her, with an ornamented pen, writing verses—an Ode, possibly, to a patty-pan. Six months we were gracefully and poetically served; one morning, with a more marked lisp, we were begged to "suit ourselves" at our earliest convenience. Cook said, "she found that her talents were completely rusting in our service; in the simple and quiet habits of the family, we gave no opportunity for their display."—What could we say? We mentally ejaculated something very like a wish, *Paragon* might go further and fare worse.

A sickly cook succeeded. She had been crossed in love—tea-caddy, every household necessary purchased—she had been deserted for another. A tear moistened the hashed mutton—sudden despair would seize her in the act of whipping a cream; and she would sink on the nearest chair, and give way to a

burst of sorrow for her melancholy state. There was no alternative. We grieve to see others suffer, and particularly hopelessly. We murmured a kind advice to be cheerful; and at length being unable to cheer this Niobe, who, in the solitude of her own room each evening, would indulge her feelings of anguish, and would not come out to make the toast, to the housemaid's great disgust, we were necessitated to suggest change of air and scene, and excited a hope that, in a town residence, the faithless swain might possibly be replaced by some disengaged butcher or green-grocer's man.

Annoyed at our ill-fortune, we once more tried our fate, and, striving to keep clear of our last disasters, engaged one who, having been kitchen-maid in a gentleman's family, had little chance of being poetical, and who decidedly had a cheerful countenance. Alas! her countenance was cheerful through the aid of a cheerful glass. Although warranted sober and honest, and useful and active, she, to the shame of those who recommended her, in one short fortnight was almost always under the influence of strong drink; took her butter money to pay her bill at the neighboring public house; was seldom awake enough to be useful; and her activity resulted in tumbling up-stairs to bed, without setting herself on fire. Her knowledge of existing facts was so keen that, on inquiry being made for the portion which was left of a birth-day pudding, she exclaimed, "Please, ma'am, nurse say we ate that there pudding." Willing to find some good in so much inconvenience as a new change in the kitchen dynasty, we endeavored to believe a friend's assurance that it was a great comfort that the house had not been burned over our heads, during the brief career of Cheerful Susan.

A short interregnum followed, whilst we despairingly sought amongst the advertisements of accomplished cooks for one who could exist without the presence of a man-servant, and anxiously carried on a diligent correspondence with M. P., M. D., S. Z., and E. F., who each individually testified their sense of their own excellence, by asking such wages as would prove a tempting salary to many a poor governess. At length a pleasing-looking, simply dressed person, appeared, and it is to be concluded we were mutually pleased with each other, for all preliminaries were settled, and she was engaged. She had with some skill concealed the turn of her mind, which was an insatiable love of the admiration of others, and a very extensive private admiration for her own attractions. Before a week elapsed, rumors reached the drawing-room of such elaborate toilettes every evening, that, as the only single man in the house was the eldest son of the family, not yet three years old, and not capable consequently of appreciating her attractions, little hope remained that so much labor would be long exercised, where it was in vain. At all hours, when she was likely to meet her mistress's eyes, her costume was unex-

ceptionable; but when the dinner and its appointments were hastily cleared away, a canvas-worked footstool and private hearth-rug were placed before the fire, a red table-cloth, from her own box, covered the kitchen table, and thus the attributes being in keeping, as far as possible, cook returned from her room, befouled and belaced—watch, chain, *bre-loques*, all *en suite*, and a cap which rivaled the daintiest Parisian fashion. Our apprehension that a quiet gentleman's family in the country was no resting-place for such a butterfly, proved correct. Psyche and her mistress unanimously agreed to part after a month's trial, and most positively had we realized, in our various experiences, the painful fact of too frequently ill-directed effects of the march of intellect and the love of dress.

It may be some consolation to young housekeepers to know that comfort and confidence in cooks are not quite unattainable in these days, when servants in general are unwilling to abide by the catechism of their youth, and "do their duty in the station in which it has pleased God to place them." A neat, sober, cheerful, unromantic person, and one who speaks no language but her own, and that not faultlessly, now fulfils the daily routine of simple duty. Psyche, Bacchante, Niobe, Paragon, and Polyglot, having run their short race, we can only rejoice in the respectability of our sixth and, we hope, for many years, last cook.

SONG.

You have stolen my heart! Oh, do not delay
To give back the heart you have stolen away!
'Tis a heart full of love, and its every thought
With the deepest, the truest affection is fraught:
It is not deceptive—it does not conceal
One thought, save the depths of the love it can feel.
Then give back my heart! Oh, do not delay
To give back the heart you have stolen away!

It is not a trifling one—nay, it would spurn
To accept of a love that it could not return;
But when for another it changes its own,
It will love with the truest affection alone.
Such, such is the heart you have stolen away;
Then, pray, give it back without further delay.

And, true as the ivy, it fondly will cling
Its tendrils around, and confidingly cling
To the one that it loves, ne'er forgetting its plight,
Through sunshine or storm 'twill forever be bright.
Oh! give back my heart—pray, do not delay—
The heart you've so wilfully stolen away.

Oh! give back my heart, or another to fill
The vacuum left;—let the one you give thrill
In response to my own. Oh! let it reveal
One-half of the love my own heart can feel.
If not, I can never receive it in pay
For the fond, loving heart you have stolen away.

VISIT TO THE PROTESTANT SISTERS OF MERCY AT KAISERSWERTH.

BY FREDRIKA BEEMER.

Do you know anything of Kaiserswerth? Did you ever hear it mentioned? I had not until about a year ago, when I stood upon a rock in Blekinge with some German travelers. The graves of the Vikingr surrounded us, nearly a hundred cairns, and we talked of the old Vikingr—of their life of arduous achievement—of their abhorrence of inactivity and sloth—and of their doctrine and desire of winning heaven through incessant combat. We spoke of the achievements of our time in contrast with those of the Vikingr, and of the endeavors and labors of a Christian life on earth. This led to the mention of Fliedner's Benevolent Institution at Kaiserswerth, as one of the Vikingr undertakings of our day.

From the time that our excursion to the Rhine was determined upon, I resolved to make myself acquainted with Kaiserswerth. I proposed, therefore, that Miss W. should accompany me, and we joyfully set forth on our journey, which would occupy a couple of days. We were to go down the Rhine, past Coblenz, Cologne, Bonn, and Düsseldorf.

It is a pleasure to see the steamboats on the Rhine, their number, and how they manœuvre and flourish about like sea-horses, putting to here and there along the shore with all the silence and ease of spiritual creatures; and it is merry living on board those steamboats, and there are magnificent banquetings at which all the superfluity of life, in meats and drinks, is served up! There is no end to courses, wines, dessert, ices, and every kind of delicacy. The long tables placed on deck, beneath an awning, as of a tent, are filled with cheerful company, who thoroughly enjoy all that is set before them. This region, beyond any other, presents a bustling, active, and festive life. On every hand people are traveling—posting along and running from one spot to another; on every hand one sees travelers streaming in and out, and every place is crowded—on the steamboats—on the railways, in the hotels, at the *table d'hôtes*; one very hand one receives a still stronger impression that man, upon this earth, is merely a traveler; and well is it for him if he gets safe and sound through the great crowd of other travelers; for, amid all this movement, this streaming to and fro, and this crowding together, it is vain pretending that good-heartedness, and especially good manners, do not frequently suffer. People intend no ill to their neighbors, nay, they most frequently have neither intentions nor thoughts on the subject; but still they thrust aside their neighbor to get the better place for themselves, to appropriate

to themselves the dish they like best. Upon this Rhine trip I saw these steamboat manners lead even to quarrels among the gentlemen. The captain of the vessel was obliged to interfere between the combatants.

"Do you know who I am?" said to him, proudly, one of these champions.

"If you were the Emperor of China himself," replied the captain, "you would have no right to carry your point here by strength of arm!"

Nevertheless, amid such scenes and such behavior, one is frequently astonished by instances of amiability and politeness. I shall always remember, with delight, a certain Baron von H., whose appearance and manners were such as no one would willingly forget, who, in a manly and witty way, reproved a rude person who had compelled two elderly ladies to leave their seats for the accommodation of his feet, thus inducing him to occupy less space, and who, moreover, devoted himself, with knightly courtesy, to a young sickly-looking lady, caring for her comfort as he had done for that of the elder ladies, although she could have no other attraction than her feebleness and the intelligence and life of goodness which beamed in her pale countenance; but conduct of this kind might be expected from a man who acknowledged—"Je vous l'avoue; j'ai une *marotte*; c'est—la *légitimité*. Les Rois malheureux ont ma passion."

I confess that I felt almost reverence for the man who dared to avow sentiments at the same time so old fashioned and so little profitable to self.

But we are approaching Kaiserswerth. My friend, Miss W., had a friend at this place from whom she had parted a few months before, shortly after the death of her father, her only near relative, and when she was about to leave house and home for Kaiserswerth, there to become a deaconess, that is to say, a servant. Miss W. had seen her at that time uncertain, anxious, and in the highest degree afraid of Fliedner, the founder of the institution, who had been described to her as a man of despotic character. Since this time she had heard nothing of her, and was now in the highest degree curious to know what had been the result of the experiment. Miss W. had written to apprise her of our intended visit, and expected that she would meet us at Kaiserswerth if she still remained there.

The journey in company with Miss W. could not be other than interesting. The banks of the Rhine appeared to me more beautiful than formerly; the views expanded themselves. At Bonn, the country

is magnificent; the Siebengebirge are actual giants, but they do not contract the river, which flows on, at this place, broadly and freely, a kingly stream, rich in heroic memories and customs.

The affluent cities he, as guests, inviteth,
And flowery meadows gather round his knees.

The memory of Bonn will always be precious to me, not merely for the sake of its splendid neighborhood, but still more for the sake of the people whom I found there old Arndt, who still speaks of Sweden with affection, and sings the songs of Franzén with delight; the brothers Boisserée; and Matilda the wife of the younger brother, Blumes; and above all, that warm-hearted, amiable, Swedish lady who gave bed and board, in her own house, to her unknown countrywomen, and thus enabled them to enjoy the feeling of home in this foreign land. This Miss B., who will always be dear to my heart, is esteemed and loved in the town under the name of *das Schloss-fraülein*.

Leaving Bonn, the banks of the Rhine assume another character; they become low and flat.

Upon one of these flat banks, not far from Düsseldorf, stands the little, low town of Kaiserswerth. Some fragments of walls of the time of the Romans give it a romantic coloring, although they are hardly observed.

About fifteen years ago, Fliedner, the pastor of the evangelical church here, together with his wife, founded an institution at this place for the education of good nurses for the sick, who were called deaconesses, according to the custom in the early Christian churches; and hither they invited young women of all classes. To this was afterwards added an asylum, where female offenders and those who have suffered the punishment of the law, might, on leaving prison, be received and educated anew for an improved return to society. Afterwards, a considerable hospital was established, and later, an infant school, an orphan house, and a seminary for the instruction of infant school teachers.

This establishment instantly flourished, and won for itself a universal interest, which still continues on the increase. Within the first year of its existence, were established, in fifteen different places in Germany, female auxiliary societies; whilst other institutions, resembling, in some respects, the parent establishment, were founded in Germany, in Switzerland, France, Holland, and England, all belonging to the Protestant church. At Duisburg, not far from this place, an establishment has been formed under the management of Fliedner for the preparation of deacons, or Christian sick nurses of the male sex.

The deaconess house at Kaiserswerth receives but few of its members from the higher classes. Here are educated, not merely nurses for hospitals, but for prisons, and for the care and education of children, each and all according to their various gifts and inclinations. There were, at the time we were

there, about one hundred servants in the establishment, amongst whom seventy-four were initiated deaconesses. The others are still in their year of probation, and are called "servants on probation." Initiation takes place after about six or eight months' trial, and involves five years of servitude, at the expiration of which, the deaconess may either quit her calling or bind herself anew, according to her own inclination. During the five years she may also be released from her duties, if any sufficient cause demands it. The number of deaconesses, or "sisters," as they are called in the establishment, is taken annually; and in proportion as they increase in number, increases the necessity for them, and the demand for their services even in distant countries. Already have they been sent for from Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Muhlhausen, and many other places, to undertake there the management of hospitals or infant schools. It is not long since the Prussian minister in London, Chevalier Bunsen, requested that two sisters might be sent over to have the superintendence of a German hospital which he had established there. These excellent sisters have even gone to the East Indies.

The number of sick who are under the care of the institution increases annually, and it is impossible to receive all who make application for that purpose. During the last year, five hundred and sixty-eight persons, all of the lower class, have been housed and cared for by the institution.

It was for this office and for this life that Miss T., still in the flower of her youth, with agreeable manners, and caressed by the world, had resigned all the pleasures which wealth and a respectable position could obtain for her in the great city where she resided.

We looked around for Miss T., immediately on landing at Kaiserswerth, but no Miss T. was to be seen. We were conducted through the little town or village to a house where preparations were made for our reception. This was a proof that we were expected, and that Miss T. was still at Kaiserswerth.

We found a pleasant little room ready for us, in which all the furniture was white. The walls were whitewashed; the entire bedding, with the hangings, was as white as snow. For the rest, there was no ornament whatever. "This is the style of Kaiserswerth!" thought I to myself, and felt greatly pleased.

We ordered tea, seated ourselves, wondered whether anybody would come to look after us, and then determined to go out on a journey of discovery through the town. With that we heard a light, buoyant step upon the wooden stairs which led to our room; the door opened; a tall, classically-formed figure, in a high black dress, with an agreeable, beaming countenance, and the gayest and most friendly blue eyes, presented herself. My friend uttered an exclamation, sprang up, and she and the stranger embraced each other with the warmest affection. This was Miss T. I scarcely know whether I ever saw a

more agreeable, kind, frank countenance, or a more cheerfully harmonious being than the one who stood before us.

In a short time, Miss T. conducted us to Fliedner's establishment. As she descended the stairs, she bounded down the last three steps. There was a something wonderfully buoyant, and, as it were, dancing in her whole figure, although perfectly developing all the solidity of youth and health. She unquestionably moved more lightly and with greater freedom of action than any other human being. She seemed, as it were, borne upon invisible wings.

Fliedner himself was from home this evening, and would not return till the following morning. His wife had not yet recovered from her recent confinement. We certainly had not arrived at Kaiserswerth under favorable circumstances.

In the reception-room, I saw the portrait of Gustavus Adolphus, and in the little book-case a volume on the same monarch, written by Fliedner himself, for the use of the people. It was now so dark that it was not possible this evening to see anything of the establishment. We were, however, invited to stay to supper. A couple of the gentlemen of the institution, the physician and the secretary, Miss T., two of the sisters, with Fliedner's eldest daughter, a merry little girl ten years old, seated themselves at the table, and these constituted our little party.

This simple meal brought to mind the banquets on the Rhine, by way of contrast.

The stars shone splendidly above our heads as we betook ourselves through the quiet streets of the little town to our inn, where we reposed pleasantly in our white beds. Miss W. had not found much opportunity for private conversation with her friend, but yet sufficient for her to discover how contented, how happy beyond all expectation, she was in her new circumstances; how she had found the best of fathers and friends in the so much dreaded Fliedner, and in his wife a sister and mother.

The following day we spent in making ourselves acquainted with the whole establishment, and with its numerous subdivisions. On every hand, we saw order and neatness; on every hand we met among the sisters bright and kind countenances. The hospital for children made the most lively impression upon me, because it was a happiness to see these little creatures, all of them suffering from diseases more or less severe, yet all of them cheerful and occupied; to hear them singing songs, and to see them, spite of distorted or diseased limbs, evidently merry and happy in themselves. One little girl, who was lame in her hands and arms, was sorting rags with her toes. Among upwards of twenty whom I saw assembled in a light and spacious hall, many were suffering from carious bone, a disease which is very prevalent in this district. The sister who had the care of these was a young woman with deep, affectionately beaming eyes, though of delicate appearance. She had been a sad invalid before she

came hither, but had, she said, in consequence of her present great activity, been much better in health.

There were at this time eleven women in the Evangelical Asylum, who were brought hither from prison. They were each placed in a separate cell, which opened into a private passage, and two sisters always remained with them, one on each side of their cells. During the day they worked together, under the direction of the sisters, and were instructed in various kinds of employment.

The deaconess mother's house is the common dwelling of the sisters. Here they live, two and two, in little cell-like rooms, in which there is no other ornament than the utmost neatness. It is to this "mother-house" that they may return from foreign lands, when they require rest or when they are ill. It is here, also, that they may have a home, and be cared for when old age disables them from working and serving.

The sisters wear a uniform of dark blue cotton, spotted with white, with a white collar, and a simple white cap. A little lace border to the cap distinguishes the uninitiated sisters from the initiated, the proper deaconesses. In one room a young sister, who had lately come, sat alone making her dress, and another sister lay ill of consumption, but upon her peaceful countenance there was no trace of suffering. She looked calm and happy. The physician of the place is a man, but the office of apothecary is entirely filled by one of the deaconesses who has been duly instructed, and who has passed through an examination in her art. *Assuredly the time will come when woman will study and practice the business of the physician.* Nature seems to have intended them for the practice of the healing arts, and their bias thereto, aided by science, would be of incalculable service to humanity.

"In Queen Christina's time," relates the historian, Fryxell, "the duties of physician were mostly performed by wise women, and there were, at that time, very few sick in the country."

Miss W. and I were invited to take our afternoon coffee with the deaconesses. Thirty sisters in their blue and white dresses took their seats at a long table in a large hall, and I can with truth testify that I never before saw such an assembly of cheerful, kind, and peaceful countenances. A cup stood before each person; the coffee was contained in a tall earthenware pot, which was placed in the middle of the table. A silent thanksgiving was made by every one before taking their seats. There was then poured into each cup a grayish kind of liquid which was intended to represent coffee; but, as to the taste of coffee, it really did not possess that. Probably it was rye-coffee, mingled with milk. It was drunk without sugar, and I confess that it was with difficulty that I emptied my cup. The excellent deaconesses seemed, however, to drink with right good will this beverage, which no servant-maid in Swe-

den would touch. The bread, on the contrary, which was distributed round with the coffee, was remarkably nice, white, and beautiful. There was but little said, but that little was unconstrained, and full of cheerfulness. They soon, however, all left the table, some to go to their employments, others to chapel, for on this day there was afternoon service. My friend and I accompanied the latter. The chapel was of wood, a spacious room devoid of ornament, and without even an altar-cloth. The clergyman spoke of Mrs. Fry, and of works of benevolence in general, but in quite too declamatory a manner. I became unspeakably sleepy, and my friend slept. Here everything is removed from divine worship which is calculated to elevate and warm the mind, and an unusual degree of spiritual power is requisite to keep the mind awake, especially so soon after dinner. The strength of reason should come in to aid the meagreness of the mind, and the weakness of the body; but here is nothing which calls it forth.

In the afternoon, Fliedner returned. He is a middle-aged man, whose exterior exhibits a high degree of perseverance and firmness. His demeanor is grave, earnest, and simple. Towards evening, I was present at a lecture given by him to the young girls who are being educated for teachers of infant-schools. They are most of them the daughters of poor clergymen and schoolmasters, and are received here to go through a suitable course of instruction, after which they easily obtain situations which secure to them a useful life, and a sufficient income. There were at the lecture upwards of thirty of this class. If I were sleepy during the sermon, I was on this occasion wakeful enough; so lively was the pleasure which I experienced from Fliedner's mode of communicating instruction. He read a chapter from the book of Daniel, and at every verse inquired, "And what does this suggest for the edification of children?"

The manner and the tone of voice in which he himself made the reply were worthy of all admiration; and could not fail of making a strong impression on the young. In evidence of this, their eyes were riveted upon him with unbroken attention, whilst he called sometimes on one, and sometimes on another to give an answer. In the intervals they sang little songs, suitable for children. This mode of instruction was especially calculated to call forth and to develop the mental powers of these young girls.

My friend, who was not quite well, returned early to our lodgings in the town, accompanied by Miss T.; Fliedner gave me his company for the evening, as he saw that I wished it. And the kindness and candor with which he replied, even to some of my questions which might appear impertinent, when he saw my earnestness on the subject, I shall always remember with gratitude.

It was dark night when Fliedner had the goodness to accompany me to my inn. His great reverence for Gustavus Adolphus, and Oxenstierna, and the

circumstance of his quoting their opinions in the course of our conversation, delighted me.

The following day was devoted to a still more extended survey of the institution; in conversation with the sisters in the sick-room, and amid their various avocations, I put to them my usual question, "Are you happy?" and received generally this candid answer, "Yes, we are happy. It is true, indeed, that we have our difficult moments, yes, very difficult; but the Lord helps us through them. We are contented; we are happy!" Many who formerly had suffered from bad health had here fully recovered health and strength.

The female superintendent of a hospital in Frankfort arrived on a visit, and it was affecting to hear the lively and kind inquiries of the sisters, "after those sisters who had been sent from Kaiserswerth to Frankfort." Other travelers also arrived; English countesses, German princes, American citizens, and all these had to be conducted through the whole establishment. The continued stream of travelers who came to Kaiserswerth "to see it," appeared to me one of the greatest of plagues; and I wonder that there are not one or two days in the week set apart for this specific purpose.

Again and again to-day, either in the sick-room or with strangers, we fell in with Miss T., and saw her always the same, always borne aloft on the same invisible wings; all her movements, words, and glances seemed inspired by I know not what gay and elevating harmony. And here, yes here, there was no mistake about it here, and in her person, had I found a *happy human being*.

She had not words to express the feeling of freedom, peace, and happiness which had filled her soul since she had come hither; since she had bidden adieu forever to the world, and all its pleasures, and had here determined her sphere of activity, her future life.

"I am so well, so cheerful, and so happy in mind!" said she, "it can hardly continue; that would be too much for this world!" Yes, thus had I dreamed to myself, thus had I imagined must be the *happy human being*. And now I had found her.

But this happiness was at this time very young, only a few months old. May it only still continue! say I, in the words of the amiable sisters. And now, if these words, written two years afterwards, should meet her eye, will she permit me to inquire, "Has it still continued?" And will she not vouchsafe to me an answer?

Early in the morning of the following day we left Kaiserswerth.

This great and unusually increasing establishment, supported entirely by voluntary donations and contributions, is a strong evidence of the ability of the manager, and of the spirit which influences him. It is this spirit, and such works as these, which powerfully bear witness that Christianity is not merely doctrine; not merely tradition; not merely

historical narrative; but that, beyond everything else, it is a *life*, a living, animating, and life-producing vitality. It is that life of which the Chevalier Bunsen speaks, in his liberal and truly Christian work, on *The Church of the Future*. "Shoots of a new vitality," says he, "put forth from all sides, and reveal a life rich in hope for the future. The most astonishing and significant appear to be those within the dominion of the Church, and which have reference to the poor, the sick, and the prisoner. We are met by a multitude of men and women who have founded institutions for the reformation of the depraved, for the care of homeless children and orphans, for the consolation of the imprisoned and the sick, workers and co-operators, rich in pity and power; deaconesses, who perform the deeds of sisters of charity without their binding vows, in the entire freedom of apostolic life, and in the power of a free, because a grateful, sentiment of love. They who reflect that the office of deacon in the early Church failed because there was needed for its full development a community of feeling between clergy and laity, will now easily see how important is this fact in the history of the world, that, among the most vigorous shoots of a new vitality in the Church, the office of deacon, that of servant is the one which is pre-eminently so. This is the office of love, and, before every other, the office of the future Church. In this is the strongest element of the advancing Church; the pangs of whose birth we all experience. This is the community to which the groans of the animal world and the frightfully increasing woes of humanity appeal; this is the office which is open to all; this the confession of faith to which every one is called; this is the practice of that priesthood to which every Church gives permission; and in this is a central point from which alone every community of the future Church may advance towards its inner life."

I add to the above, and in this is the home, the sphere of operation, in which the poor and the mean of the world may become esteemed, noble, and useful members of the community; and not merely the unemployed of the lower, but those of higher class. "Our poor rich, our poor high-born young women," as Amalie Sieveking said, "may find here an opportunity for activity which would be beneficial both to society and to humanity, and without which they never would attain to." There is everywhere a superfluity of the unemployed, even in the higher regions of society; and if they here become servants, they at the same time are elevated to *high-born* in the kingdom of God, and even in the judgment of the world; for, although the world may ridicule and blame that which appears eccentric in these respects, it always secretly esteems them.

But let every one remain by his calling! This was vividly impressed on my mind when I, in Düsseldorf, entered a silent, dimly-lighted room, in which a number of the best pictures by modern

artists were exhibited. I confess that in this little temple of art I shed tears of joy. I hardly myself knew why. It was highly gratifying to my Scandinavian sympathies to find that foremost among the landscape painters stands a Scandinavian, the Norwegian Gude. The scenery of his native country has inspired him, and he has here portrayed one of the romantic mountain tracts; but with how much fidelity to nature no words can describe. In order to increase the life of the picture, it was not necessary to have introduced the couple of bears which steal along, leaving behind them bloody traces. The whole of this scenery is pervaded with life; the air, the waterfall, the wood, the cliffs, the heath in the foreground, and that little fir-tree with its light-green and brilliant shoots. I could almost fancy I saw them growing!

Exquisite sea-pieces and *genre* pictures were numerous. This young school of painters seem to have turned themselves with great partiality to subjects taken from nature and from every-day life, and it is evident that this has been done with noble intention and love of truth.

But I must not omit to mention a picture of living and actual life, which I myself saw, and which must often be seen on the banks of the Rhine, as well as in seaport towns. That is, men, women, and children sitting grouped together among chests, packages, household goods, and every kind of implement of trade. They sit upon the shore waiting, with their eyes riveted upon the river. The children sleep or play about. Many of the women look as if they wept much; others play with the little children on their knees. "He knows nothing about it!" said one mother, whose little lad, full of the joyful activity of childhood, was dancing in her arms; and, as she said this, a few bright tears fell for the uncertain future of the child. "Look! the child, after all, can be merry!" said another mother, pointing with pleasure to her lively infant. Other women looked cheerful and resolute. The men sat smoking their pipes with German characteristic endurance. All were looking out, all were waiting. They were emigrants bound for America, and were waiting for the vessel which was to take them. Not unfrequently they have to wait thus beneath the open sky for many days and nights.

We hear a great deal about the sufferings of these poor emigrants. But why is not more done to obviate or alleviate them? Emigration cannot be prevented, and who would wish it, in these over-populated countries? Who does not see the necessity for this emigration, and recognize in it the plan by which Providence would people with a European stock those regions of the earth which are poor in their native race, although rich in the gifts of nature—South America, the great and glorious continent of Australia, and many other countries? Yes, it appears to me that I behold in emigration, and the establishment of such homes of mercy as that of Kaiserswerth,

two important means of relief for the misery of the present time; but these both are still in their commencement, as yet only in their ascent.

May the first become more and more organised by wise governments, and thus be the means of infusing fresh air and fresh life into dwellings and into human souls rendered pestilent by swarming crowds and by want! And may the latter continue to develop themselves, and to extend into all countries, healing the wounds of humanity; and, as they advance, preparing the people to make their lives that universal sacrifice of praise which, says the youngest prophet of the Old Testament, shall one day ascend to heaven from all people on the face of the earth!

Institutions similar to that of Kaiserswerth have, within the last twenty years, silently arisen under various forms, and in numerous places of Germany and other countries. There are no longer, as formerly, secret orders and societies; but free associations between Christian-minded men and women for

the instruction and the support of fallen or necessitous fellow-creatures. Of this class are Elizabeth's Hospital, at Berlin; the institution for poor scholars, at Bruggen; the one at Weimar, for destitute children, established by Joannes Falk; and another at Düsseldorf, by the brothers Adelbert and Werner von der Recke Vollmerstein, established immediately after the war, for the children whom it had left orphans; Martin's Institution, at Erfurt; the Rauche Haus, at Hamburg; Amalie von Sieveking's excellent Society of Ladies, in the same city, and many other associations and establishments of a similar character, testify that this new Christian life is vigorous in Germany. To them may be added the Gustavus Adolphus Societies, which are extending more and more over the whole of Germany, and which are the most beautiful living monuments which a great nation could raise to the hero king who conquered and who died in the cause of her spiritual freedom.

DISAPPOINTED HOPES.

ALL who have lived in the world long enough to attain any degree of maturity; long enough to lay plans, and found expectations and hopes upon these plans, have learned by experience that disappointment, in a greater or less degree, is the lot of all. It is true, there is a vast difference in the fortunes of mankind; for, while some are in the main successful, and experience vexations in the less important affairs of life only, others seem born to be, as Shakspeare expresses it, "the footballs of fortune," tossed to and fro continually. And not only is there a difference in the amount of misfortune which they are doomed to contend with, but there is also a great difference in the effect which disappointment produces upon different minds. Some sink paralyzed under its power, and remit all effort; while it only rouses others to more active exertions, seeming to create new energies to meet new emergencies. These remarks, however, apply more particularly to the disappointments of active life, and, as such, fall of course mostly upon men: the disappointments of the gentler sex are more frequently those of the affections, and therefore less apparent to observation and discussion, but perhaps not less difficult to bear on that account. Indeed, the very necessity which exists with all delicate minds for concealing such sorrows as far as possible, only adds to their poignancy. Disappointments of this kind are not unfrequent in the early life of woman, and their effects upon her are also various. With some it is a mere wounding of vanity and womanly sensibility, which is of course but a temporary grief; while with others it is the destruction of hopes long cherished and dear, the rending of which is like uprooting the

foundations of life itself. But let not my unpracticed pen stray upon that ground which has been consecrated by the immortal author of the "Sketch Book." Besides, it is not of "broken hearts" that I wish to write; but the object of my humble tale is to show that such disappointments, even in hearts of exquisite delicacy and sensibility, may not only be often overcome, but that, like much of the discipline sent by our kind heavenly Father, they may in the end prove to have been "blessings in disguise."

"Mary, my dear! had you a pleasant party last night?" asked Mrs. Benson of her daughter, as the two sat sipping their coffee at the breakfast-table, which was spread—not, gentle reader, in some luxurious boudoir, into which the morning light streamed through silken curtains, after the manner of most romances—but in the neat and comfortable, but by no means magnificent back parlor of Mrs. Benson's modest mansion on ——— Street, in a city which shall be nameless.

"Oh yes, mamma! a delightful one," answered Mary, with much animation; and, as she looked up and met her mother's eye, she unconsciously blushed. This blush did not escape Mrs. Benson's attention; for, though Mary possessed one of those transparent complexions through which the "eloquent blood" delights to speak, she was not in the habit of blushing entirely without cause. Her mother, as we have said, noticed the blush, but made no comment, though she mused for a few moments. At length she said—

"Were there any strangers present?"

"Yes, mamma;" and she blushed again. "Miss

Crawford and her brother, besides some others, whose names I do not recollect."

"And who are Mr. and Miss Crawford?"

"Oh! she is a very pretty young lady, and he—yes, he," added Mary, stammering a little, "is quite handsome too. They are, I believe, the son and daughter of a wealthy gentleman who has just come into the city to reside. At present they are staying at the ——— Hotel, but they have taken one of those fine houses on ——— Street for a residence; and when they get settled, mamma," continued Mary, "I wish you would persuade Aunt Lucy to go with you and call on Mrs. Crawford. They seem to be very pleasant people."

"I will think of it," said the mother; and here the conversation dropped; which was very well, as it affords us a desirable opportunity to introduce our heroine (for such, in a limited sense of the word, we intend Mary to be) to the acquaintance of our readers.

Mary Benson was the only child of a lawyer, who died in the prime of manhood, about six years before the commencement of our story, and when Mary was twelve years of age. Mr. Benson was a man of superior abilities, well cultivated, and, had he lived, would doubtless have acquired both fame and fortune; but, dying before his talents became generally known, or his professional practice very extensive, and, like many men of fine minds, possessing no peculiar faculty for acquiring property, he at his death left his family comparatively poor. The house in which they lived, and a sum of money loaned on good security, the income of which was merely sufficient for their comfortable support, were all they possessed. However, being connected with many families of wealth and influence, Mary and her mother had access to more aristocratic society, as it is generally termed, and occupied a higher position in social life, than their limited fortune would otherwise have entitled them to; for in our republican country, where people profess to repudiate all aristocracy, the aristocracy of money often obtains the high places of social life. *Tant mieux.*

Months rolled on. Mrs. Benson and Aunt Lucy (one of Mrs. Benson's fashionable sisters) had called upon Mrs. Crawford, as Mary requested. The call was returned, and succeeded by numerous other calls, visits, &c. In short, the two families had become very intimate, and the young people were almost inseparable. As for Edward Crawford, the marked attentions which he had shown Mary the first time they met, and which, as we have seen, caused her to blush at the mention of his name, had been continued to the present time. If there was a concert or public lecture of any kind, he expected to accompany her as much as he did his sister; and from all evening parties, to which she often went without her mother, who was an habitual invalid, he seemed to establish his right to escort her as a matter of course. Many were the expressive glances,

the significant words, and the stolen pressures of the hand, which seemed to declare as plainly as language could have done, his passion and his intentions. Therefore, though he had never spoken of marriage, all looked upon it as a settled thing, and supposed a declaration would come in due time. Meanwhile, our gentle Mary—for gentle and good she truly was, as well as highly gifted and beautiful—had suffered her affections to become strongly fixed upon him. She saw him handsome, intelligent, and highly polished; she believed him to be all that was manly, generous, and noble. Regarding him as her affianced husband, she loved him fondly, and looked forward to the future with unsuspecting confidence and joy. It was during this state of things that Mrs. Benson and Mary left the city on a summer excursion for three or four weeks. The morning after their return, and just a year from the first introduction of the parties to our readers, the mother and daughter were again seated, at about the same hour of the day, at the breakfast-table, in the same room. Again Mrs. Benson asked the question which she asked before.

"Mary, had you a pleasant party last evening?"

And again her daughter replied as she had done before—"Yes, mamma."

But though the words were the same, the meaning seemed totally different. There was a hesitancy about Mary's manner which contrasted strongly with the alacrity with which she had spoken a year before, though she blushed as she had done at that time. Something was wrong, thought the mother, but she said nothing. After a few moments, Mary added—

"There were some strangers there, mamma. At least they were strangers to me, though a good many in the company seemed to know them—Mr. and Mrs. Downe, with their daughter."

"Oh yes," rejoined Mrs. Benson, "that is the family of whom Mrs. Forbes was speaking when she called here yesterday. They came into town while we were absent, and live next door to her. They are said to be immensely rich."

"I dare say they are; certainly they have all the airs which vulgar rich people are apt to assume," said Mary with a petulance very unusual to her amiable and even temper.

Again her mother thought something had gone wrong, but she did not speak. That evening it rained, and it had been Edward's almost invariable custom, for a long time, to spend the rainy evenings at Mrs. Benson's, as he knew that Mary seldom went out on such occasions; but that evening he did not come. Mary seemed ill at ease, though she tried to sew and converse in her usual manner. Once or twice the door-bell rang, and she looked up with a flushed face and an agitated manner, evidently hoping to see him enter; but it was only a servant with a note or message, and her hopes died away. Reader, the faithless Edward spent that evening at Mr. Downe's, playing the agreeable to Julia with as

gay an air as he had ever worn. But we must go back a little to explain this change in the young man.

During the absence of Mrs. Benson and Mary, as has before been mentioned, Mr. Downe had come with his large family into the city, and taken up his residence not far from Mr. Crawford's. As report had said that he was "immensely rich," and as his family had all the appliances of wealth around them, their neighbors lost no time in making their acquaintance, and showering civilities upon them. Amid the straitlaced decorum and formality of society in our larger towns, a poor family may remain unnoticed forever; but even in this stagnant life, the coming of persons of unusual wealth creates a sensation. Such is the power of money. Of course Mr. Crawford's family were not behind their neighbors in making the acquaintance of the new-comers, and the young people were soon thrown much together. Julia Downe was a handsome girl—almost as handsome as Mary Benson—though infinitely her inferior in talent, education, and amability; and it was not long before Edward detected himself in some such train of thought as the following: "Julia is a fine-looking girl, quite as handsome as Mary, though certainly not quite so prepossessing; but then her fortune! I do really wish that Mary had a little more money. To be sure my father will give me something of a fortune, but not enough to support a family without the aid of my profession—and, to tell the plain truth to myself, I do hate my profession. (He might have added that he hated exertion of every kind.) Now if Mary had a fortune to unite with mine, I might live a life of ease and pleasure."

It was not long before this train of thought suggested the following: "Why cannot I marry Julia? I am really under no engagement of marriage to Mary." But here his conscience, though not very sensitive, gave him a little twinge, for he knew that in honor and justice he was as much bound to her as if a spoken, or even a written engagement, had been exchanged between them. Besides, he was attached to Mary, but, unhappily, still more fond of ease and money. However, when he had proceeded as far as this with his self-communings, it did not take him a very long time to overcome all his scruples, both of conscience and affection, and resolve to retrace his steps with the greatest possible haste. During this time, it may seem strange that weak and unprincipled as he showed himself to be, he did not experience any anxiety with regard to the effect which his desertion might have upon Mary. But this seems to be an error into which men of his stamp naturally fall. They judge of other hearts by their own, and consequently believe that all the tender emotions are weak, and of course easily effaced.

As we have said, Edward had resolved to transfer his attentions, not to say affections, to Julia; and the absence of Mary enabled him to set about it

with less awkwardness than he could otherwise have done. Before the return of the latter, he had made such progress in his wooing that any attempts to recede would have been met by a prompt demand for explanation on the part of Mr. Downe; for, unlike poor Mary, Julia had a father to maintain and defend her rights.

When Mary, who was quite unconscious of the change in her prospects, returned home with her mother, it seemed a little surprising that Edward did not come to welcome her; and when the day passed without his appearance, she began to conjecture that he was out of town. That evening she attended the party, an invitation to which she found awaiting her return; and the first object which greeted her eyes, on entering the handsomely-lighted parlors, was her truant lover, seated on a sofa beside a splendidly-dressed young lady, a stranger to her, with whom he was carrying on an animated conversation. When he saw Mary, he colored and looked a little confused in spite of himself, but bowed and smiled, without speaking or endeavoring to approach her. She, poor girl, was shocked, and, having less self-possession than he, could not so well conceal her feelings. She turned pale, and, for a moment, seemed as if about to faint; but, recovering herself by a great effort, she followed her hostess to another part of the room, and found a seat. It was a trying evening. Edward never once came near her, and she could not help seeing, or fancying, that many in the room were watching her countenance with a curiosity not very far removed from impertinence. When, after an hour or two, she was, by change of places, brought beside Miss Downe, and introduced, that young lady, having received a hint that Mary had once been a rival, and perhaps fearing that she might, by bare possibility, become so again, treated her with all the coolness and contempt which a person making *any* pretensions to good breeding could exhibit. The party at length broke up, and Mary was escorted home by one of her young cousins and his sister, and retired to her chamber, to shed, we must confess, some bitter tears of disappointment and regret.

The events of the next day we have already recorded. From that time, Edward came no more to Mrs. Benson's, and Mary, who grew pale and pensive, and seemed to have lost her relish for society, but seldom went out. In the presence of her mother, she made a great effort to appear natural and at ease; but it was only too evident to the penetrating eye of parental affection that she suffered deeply, though uncomplainingly. Meanwhile, no word or comment on the transaction had been exchanged between the mother and daughter. Mrs. Benson felt an unwillingness to allude to a subject from which Mary obviously shrank. One day, however, a young lady called, and gave a most animated account of a party which she had attended, the evening before, at Mr. Downe's. The rooms were so

brilliant, Julia's dress so becoming, and Mr. Crawford so devoted in his attentions, that everybody remarked it. She maliciously added that people thought they would soon be married; and, having given all this pleasant intelligence, and talked herself out of breath, took her leave. Mary, who had found it very difficult to control her feelings, the moment she was gone threw herself into a chair and burst into tears. Mrs. Benson no longer refrain from speaking. She drew a chair beside her daughter, and, taking her hand in her own, waited in silence till she became more composed. She then addressed her:—

"My dear child, I have too long delayed speaking to you on a subject which has been much in my thoughts, as well as your own. I have for some time seen that you are unhappy, but a kind of morbid delicacy has prevented my alluding to it. You, and I must confess I also, are disappointed in the conduct of Edward Crawford. You, probably, and certainly not without reason, looked upon him as your future husband, and permitted yourself to become strongly attached to him. Now, without any justifiable cause, you find yourself neglected, and apparently forgotten, and you suffer cruelly. My disappointment is of a different kind. I am not so much affected by the breaking off of the connection as I am by the change in the man; or rather by finding myself so much deceived in my estimate of him. I looked upon him as a man of one character; he proves to be of a totally different one. It is this view of the subject, my dear Mary," continued she, "which I hope may enable you to overcome your regret. In giving your affections to Edward, you gave them to one whom you believed to be not only gifted and pleasing in a high degree, as he certainly is, but, what is far more essential, a man of honorable feelings and fixed principles. This he has not proved to be, but quite the reverse; since to nothing but the most sordid and mercenary feelings can I attribute this change in him. Learn, then, to regard him in this, the true light, instead of investing him with all the perfections in which your youthful fancy had arrayed him, and you will soon cease to regret the loss of one whom you have ceased to respect. There is another view of the subject," added the judicious parent, "which I wish to present to you; for, though we should be governed by higher motives than the opinions of those around us, yet these should have their proper influence. You can easily see that your manners and appearance are the subject of observation, and probably of remark. You must learn, then, to exercise such a degree of self-control as shall preserve the respect of others, as well as your own self-esteem; and in order to do this, you must try to feel differently; for, with one so ingenuous and unpracticed as you are, the manners must necessarily be influenced by the feelings. Were it practicable, I would leave town with you for a time, to give you the aid of change of scene: but, as we have recently

returned, we could not go again without exciting suspicions of our reasons: besides, I have confidence in you that your own mental firmness and dignity will be all that are necessary. I shall not mention this subject again," continued Mrs. Benson, rising, "but remember that, whatever may be your sufferings, I must sympathize most acutely;" and, kissing her daughter, she left the apartment.

From this time there was a perceptible change in Mary. She no longer drooped, and grieved in silence, but exerted herself to banish painful recollections by interesting herself in what was passing around her. She read, she walked, she busied herself with her needle, and, when inclined to despondency, cheered herself and her mother by a tune on the piano. For a time, she wisely avoided general society, lest she should meet Edward and his now betrothed, and all her painful associations be revived. By this course of mental discipline and effort, she obtained such mastery of her feelings as to be enabled to control herself perfectly, and gradually her thoughts ceased to revert to the subject at all; so that, when she heard of the marriage, which took place in about three months, it was almost with indifference; and when, after their return from the bridal tour, she met the newly-married pair, (for she had begun to mingle again in the world,) it was with unaffected dignity and composure.

As for Edward, he was not a little disappointed, as the reader may suppose, when his father-in-law, after the marriage, handed him a check for five thousand dollars, hinting that this was all he must expect, "as there were so many younger ones to provide for; and the truth was, he was not nearly so rich as people supposed."

Poor Edward! it seemed likely that he might be obliged to have recourse to his profession, after all; especially as his wife replied, on his making some economical suggestions, that she expected to be supported in the style to which she had always been accustomed, having married a rich man on purpose. He took a fine house; but, as it was in a different part of the city from that in which Mrs. Benson and Mary lived, they seldom met.

Four years passed away, and Edward Crawford, who was on the verge of bankruptcy, produced by his own indolence, and his wife's extravagance, was one evening pacing his parlor with a moody brow. His wife, seated by the centre-table, read the evening paper. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Listen, Edward! 'Married, this morning, at church, by the Right Rev. Bishop —, Hon. Henry Seymour, Member of Congress elect, to Miss Mary Benson, only daughter of Mrs. Ellen Benson, of this city.' Henry Seymour!" added Mrs. Crawford; "why he is as rich as a Jew!" Then, turning to her husband, she said, maliciously, "She has done as well as if she had married you."

His only reply was to snatch his hat and leave the room, closing the door behind him with a bang.

THE BRILLIANT AND THE COMMONPLACE.

BY MORTON COLMAN.

DAY after day I worked at my life-task, and worked in an earnest spirit. Not much did I seem to accomplish; yet the little that was done had on it the impress of good. Still, I was dissatisfied, because my gifts were less dazzling than those of which many around me could boast. When I thought of the brilliant ones sparkling in the firmament of literature, and filling the eyes of admiring thousands, something like the evil spirit of envy came into my heart and threw a shadow upon my feelings. I was troubled because I had not their gifts. I wished to shine with a stronger light. To dazzle, as well as to warm and vivify.

Not long ago, there came among us one whom nature had richly endowed. His mind possessed exceeding brilliancy. Flashes of thought, like lightning from a summer cloud, were ever filling the air around him. There was a stateliness in the movement of his intellect, and an evidence of power, that oppressed you at times with wonder.

Around him gathered the lesser lights in the hemisphere of thought, and veiled their feebler rays beneath his excessive brightness. He seemed conscious of his superior gifts, and displayed them more like a giant beating the air to excite wonder than putting forth his strength to accomplish a good and noble work. Still, I was oppressed and paralyzed by the sphere of his presence. I felt puny and weak beside him, and unhappy because I was not gifted with equal power.

It so happened that a work of mine, upon which the maker's name was not stamped—work done with a purpose of good—was spoken of and praised by one who did not know me as the handicraftsman.

"It is tame, dull, and commonplace," said the brilliant one, in a tone of contempt; and there were many present to agree with him.

Like the strokes of a hammer upon my heart, came these words of condemnation. "Tame, dull, and commonplace!" And was it, indeed, so? Yes; I felt that what he had uttered was true. That my powers were exceedingly limited, and my gifts few. Oh, what would I not have then given for brilliant endowments like those possessed by him from whom had fallen the words of condemnation?

"You will admit," said one—I thought it strange at the time that there should be even one to speak a word in favor of my poor performance—"that it will do good?"

"Good!" was answered, in a tone slightly touched by contempt. "Oh yes; it will do good!" and the

brilliant one tossed his head. "Anybody can do good!"

I went home with a perturbed spirit. I had work to do; but I could not do it. I sat down and tried to forget what I had heard. I tried to think about the tasks that were before me. "Tame, dull, and commonplace!" Into no other form would my thoughts come.

Exhausted, at last, by this inward struggle, I threw myself upon my bed, and soon passed into the land of dreams.

Dream-land! Thou art thought by many to be only a land of fantasy and of shadows. But it is not so. Dreams, for the most part, are fantastic; but all are not so. Nearer are we to the world of spirits, in sleep; and, at times, angels come to us with lessons of wisdom, darkly veiled under similitude, or written in characters of light.

I passed into dream-land; but my thoughts went on in the same current. "Tame, dull, and commonplace!" I felt the condemnation more strongly than before.

I was out in the open air, and around me were mountains, trees, green fields, and running waters; and above all bent the sky in its azure beauty. The sun was just unveiling his face in the east, and his rays were lighting up the dew-gems on a thousand blades of grass, and making the leaves glitter as if studded with diamonds.

"How calm and beautiful!" said a voice near me. I turned, and one whose days were in the "sear and yellow leaf" stood by my side.

"But all is tame and commonplace," I answered. "We have this over and over again, day after day, month after month, and year after year. Give me something brilliant and startling, if it be in the fiery comet or the rushing storm. I am sick of the commonplace!"

"And yet to the commonplace the world is indebted for every great work and great blessing. For everything good, and true, and beautiful!"

I looked earnestly into the face of the old man. He went on.

"The truly good and great is the useful; for in that is the Divine image. Softly and unobtrusively has the dew fallen, as it falls night after night. Silently it distilled, while the vagrant meteors threw their lines of dazzling light across the sky, and men looked up at them in wonder and admiration. And now the soft grass, the green leaves, and the sweet flowers, that drooped beneath the fervent heat of

yesterday, are fresh again and full of beauty, ready to receive the light and warmth of the risen sun, and expand with a new vigor. All this may be tame and commonplace; but is it not a great and a good work that has been going on?

"The tiller of the soil is going forth again to his work. Do not turn your eyes from him, and let a feeling of impatience stir in your heart because he is not a soldier rushing to battle, or a brilliant orator holding thousands enchained by the power of a fervid eloquence that is born not so much of good desires for his fellow-men as from the heat of his own self-love. Day after day, as now, patient and hopeful, the husbandman enters upon the work that lies before him, and, hand in hand with God's blessed sunshine, dews, and rain, a loving and earnest co-laborer, brings forth from earth's treasure-house of blessings good gifts for his fellow-men. Is all this commonplace? How great and good is the commonplace!"

I turned to answer the old man, but he was gone. I was standing on a high mountain, and beneath me, as far as the eye could reach, were stretched broad and richly cultivated fields; and from a hundred farm-houses went up the curling smoke from the fires of industry. Fields were waving with golden grain, and trees bending with their treasures of fruit. Suddenly, the bright sun was veiled in clouds, that came whirling up from the horizon in dark and broken masses, and throwing a deep shadow over the landscape just before bathed in light. Calmly had I surveyed the peaceful scene spread out before me. I was charmed with its quiet beauty. But now, stronger emotions stirred within me.

"Oh, this is sublime!" I murmured, as I gazed upon the cloudy hosts moving across the heavens in battle array.

A gleam of lightning sprang forth from a dark cavern in the sky, and then, far off, rattled and jarred the echoing thunder. Next came the rushing and roaring wind, bending the giant-limbed oaks as if they were but wands of willow, and tearing up lesser trees as a child tears up from its roots a weed or flower.

In this war of elements I stood, with my head bared, and clinging to a rock, mad with a strange and wild delight.

"Brilliant! Sublime! Grand beyond the power of description!" I said, as the storm deepened in intensity. "An hour like this is worth all the commonplace, dull events of a lifetime!"

There came a stunning crash in the midst of a dazzling glare. For some moments I was blinded. When sight was restored, I saw, below me, the flames curling upward from a dwelling upon which the fierce lightning had fallen.

"What majesty! what awful sublimity!" said I, aloud. I thought not of the pain, and terror, and death that reigned in the human habitation upon

which the bolt of destruction had fallen, but of the sublime power displayed in the strife of elements.

There was another change. I no longer stood on the mountain, with the lightning and tempest around me; but was in the valley below, down upon which the storm had swept with devastating fury. Fields of grain were level with the earth; houses destroyed; and the trophies of industry marred in a hundred ways.

"How sublime are the works of the tempest!" said a voice near me. I turned, and the old man was again at my side.

But I did not respond to his words.

"What majesty! What awful sublimity and power!" continued the old man. "But," he added, in a changed voice, "there is a higher power in the gentle rain than lies in the rushing tempest. The power to destroy is an evil power, and has bounds beyond which it cannot go. But in the gentle rain that falls noiselessly to the earth, is the power of restoration and recreation. See!"

I looked, and a man lay upon the ground apparently lifeless. He had been struck down by the lightning. His pale face was upturned to the sky, and the rain, shaken free from the cloudy skirts of the retiring storm, was falling upon it. I continued to gaze upon the face of the prostrate man, until there came into it a flush of life. Then his limbs quivered; he threw his arms about. A groan issued from his constricted chest. In a little while, he arose.

"Which is best? Which is most to be loved and admired?" said the old man. "The wild, fierce, brilliant tempest, or the quiet rain that restores the images of life and beauty which the tempest has destroyed? See! The gentle breezes are beginning to move over the fields, and, hand in hand with the uplifting sunlight, to raise the grain that has been trodden beneath the crushing heel of the tempest, whose false sublimity you so much admired. There is nothing startling and brilliant in this work; but it is a good and a great work, and it will go on silently and efficiently until not a trace of the desolating storm can be found. In the still atmosphere, unseen, but all-potent, lies a power ever busy in the work of creating and restoring; or, in other words, in the commonplace work of doing good. Which office would you like best to assume—which is the most noble—the office of the destroyer or the restorer?"

I lifted my eyes again, and saw men busily engaged in blotting out the traces of the storm, and in restoring all to its former use and beauty. Builders were at work upon the house which had been struck by lightning, and men engaged in repairing fences, barns, and other objects upon which had been spent the fury of the excited elements. Soon every vestige of the destroyer was gone.

"Commonplace work, that of nailing on boards

and shingles," said the old man; "of repairing broken fences; of filling up the deep foot-prints of the passing storm; but is it not a noble work? Yes; for it is ennobled by its end. Far nobler than the work of the brilliant tempest, which moved but to destroy."

The scene changed once more. I was back again from the land of dreams and similitudes. It was midnight, and the moon was shining in a cloudless sky. I arose, and, going to the window, sat and looked forth, musing upon my dream. All was hushed as if I were out in the fields, instead of in the heart of a populous city. Soon came the sound of footsteps, heavy and measured, and the watchman passed on his round of duty. A humble man was he, forced by necessity into his position, and rarely thought of and little regarded by the many. There was nothing brilliant about him to attract the eye and extort admiration. The man and his calling were commonplace. He passed on; and, as his form left my eye, the thought of him passed from my mind. Not long after, unheralded by the sound of footsteps, came one with a stealthy, crouching air; pausing now, and listening; and now looking warily from side to side. It was plain that he was on no errand of good to his fellow-men. He, too, passed on, and was lost to my vision.

Many minutes went by, and I still remained at the window, musing upon the subject of my dream, when I was startled by a cry of terror issuing from a house not far away. It was the cry of a woman. Obeying the instinct of my feelings, I ran into the street and made my way hurriedly towards the spot from which the cry came.

"Help! help! murder!" shrieked a woman from the open window.

I tried the street door of the house; but it was fastened. I threw myself against it with all my strength, and it yielded to the concussion. As I entered the dark passage, I found myself suddenly grappled by a strong man, who threw me down and held me by the throat. I struggled to free myself; but in vain. His grip tightened. In a few moments I would have been lifeless. But, just at the instant when consciousness was about leaving me, the guardian of the night appeared. With a single stroke of his heavy mace, he laid the midnight robber and assassin senseless upon the floor.

How instantly was that humble watchman ennobled in my eyes! How high and important was his use in society! I looked at him from a new standpoint, and saw him in a new relation.

"Commonplace!" said I, on regaining my own room in my own house, panting from the excitement and danger to which I had been subjected. "Commonplace! Thank God for the commonplace and the useful!"

Again I passed into the land of dreams, where I found myself walking in a pleasant way, pondering the theme which had taken such entire possession

of my thoughts. As I moved along, I met the gifted one who had called my work dull and commonplace; that work was a simple picture of human life, drawn for the purpose of inspiring the reader with trust in God and love towards his fellow-man. He addressed me with the air of one who felt that he was superior, and led off the conversation by a brilliant display of words that half concealed, instead of making clear, his ideas. Though I perceived this, I was yet affected with admiration. My eyes were dazzled as by a glare of light.

"Yes, yes," I sighed to myself; "I am dull, tame, and commonplace beside these children of genius. How poor and mean is the work that comes from my hands!"

"Not so!" said my companion. I turned to look at him; but the gifted being stood not by my side. In his place was the ancient one who had before spoken to me in the voice of wisdom.

"Not so!" he continued. "Nothing that is useful is poor and mean. Look up! In the fruit of our labor is the proof of its quality."

I was in the midst of a small company, and the gifted being whose powers I had envied was there, the centre of attraction and the observed of all observers. He read to those assembled from a book; and what he read flashed with a brightness that was dazzling. All listened in the most rapt attention, and, by the power of what the gifted one read, soared now, in thought, among the stars, spread their wings upon the swift-moving tempest, or descended into the unknown depths of the earth. As for myself, my mind seemed endowed with new faculties, and to rise almost into the power of the infinite.

"Glorious! Divine! Godlike!" Such were the admiring words that fell from the lips of all.

And then the company dispersed. As we went forth from the room in which we had assembled, we met numbers who were needy, and sick, and suffering: mourners, who sighed for kind words from the comforter: little children, who had none to love and care for them: the faint and weary, who needed kind hands to help them on their toilsome journey. But no human sympathies were stirring in our hearts. We had been raised, by the power of the genius we so much admired, far above the world and its commonplace sympathies. The wings of our spirits were still beating the air, far away in the upper regions of transcendent thought.

Another change came. I saw a woman reading from the same book from which the gifted one had read. Ever and anon she paused, and gave utterance to words of admiration.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" fell, ever and anon, from her lips; and she would lift her eyes, and muse upon what she was reading. As she sat thus, a little child entered the room. He was crying.

"Mother! mother!" said the child, "I want——"

But the mother's thoughts were far above the

regions of the commonplace. Her mind was in a world of ideal beauty. Disturbed by the interruption, a slight frown contracted on her beautiful brows as she arose and took her child by the arm to thrust it from the room.

A slight shudder went through my frame as I marked the touching distress that overspread the countenance of the child as it looked up into its mother's face and saw nothing there but an angry frown.

"Every thought is born of affection," said the old man as this scene faded away, "and has in it the quality of the life that gave it birth; and when that thought is reproduced in the mind of another, it awakens its appropriate affection. If there had been a true love of his neighbor in the mind of the gifted one when he wrote the book from which the mother read, and if his purpose had been to inspire with human emotions—and none but these are God-like—the souls of men, his work would have filled the heart of that mother with a deeper love for her child, instead of freezing in her bosom the surface of love's celestial fountain. To have hearkened to the grief of that dear child, and to have ministered to its comfort, would have been a commonplace act, but, how truly noble and divine! And now, look again, and let what passes before you give strength to your wavering spirits."

I lifted my eyes, and saw a man reading, and I knew that he read that work of mine which the gifted one had condemned as dull, and tame, and commonplace. And, moreover, I knew that he was in trouble so deep as to be almost hopeless of the future, and just ready to give up his life-struggle, and let his hands fall listless and despairing by his side. Around him were gathered his wife and his little ones, and they were looking to him, but in vain, for the help they needed.

As the man read, I saw a light come suddenly into his face. He paused and seemed musing for a time; then his eyes gleamed quickly upwards, and as his lips parted these words came forth: "Yes, yes; it must be so. God is merciful as he is wise, and will not forsake his creatures. He tries us in the fires of adversity but to consume the evil of our hearts. I will trust him, and again go forth, with my eyes turned confidently upwards." And the man went forth in the spirit of confidence in Heaven, inspired by what I had written.

"Look again," said the one by my side.

I looked, and saw the same man in the midst of a smiling family. His countenance was full of life and happiness, for his trust had not been in vain. As I had written, so he had found it. God is good, and lets no one feel the fires of adversity longer than is necessary for his purification from evil.

"Look again!" came like tones of music to my ear.

I looked, and saw one lying upon a bed. By the lines upon his brow, and the compression of his lips, it was evident that he was in bodily suffering. A book lay near him; it was written by the gifted one,

and was full of bright thoughts and beautiful images. He took it, and tried to forget his pain in these thoughts and images. But in this he did not succeed, and soon laid it aside with a groan of anguish. Then there was handed to him my poor and commonplace work; and he opened the pages and began to read. I soon perceived that an interest was awakened in his mind. Gradually the contraction of his brow grew less severe, and, in a little while, he had forgotten his pain.

"I will be more patient," said he, in a calm voice, after he had read for a long time with a deep interest. "There are many with pain worse than mine to bear, who have none of the comforts and blessings so freely scattered along my way through life."

And then he gave directions to have relief sent to one and another whom he now remembered to be in need.

"It is a good work that prompts to good in others," said the old man. "What if it be dull and tame—commonplace to the few—it is a good gift to the world, and thousands will bless the giver. Look again!"

An angry mother, impatient and fretted by the conduct of a froward child, had driven her boy from her presence, when, if she had controlled her own feelings, she might have drawn him to her side and subdued him by the power of affection. She was unhappy, and her boy had received an injury.

The mother was alone. Before her was a table covered with books, and she took up one to read. I knew the volume; it was written by one whose genius had a deep power of fascination. Soon the mother became lost in its exciting pages, and remained buried in them for hours. At length, after turning the last page, she closed the book; and then came the thought of her wayward boy. But, her feelings toward him had undergone no change; she was still angry, because of his disobedience.

Another book lay upon the table; a book of no pretensions, and written with the simple purpose of doing good. It was commonplace, because it dealt with things in the common life around us. The mother took this up, opened to the title-page, turned a few leaves, and then laid it down again; sat thoughtful for some moments, and then sighed. Again she lifted the book, opened it, and commenced reading. In a little while she was all attention, and ere long I saw a tear stealing forth upon her cheek. Suddenly she closed the book, evincing strong emotion as she did so, and, rising up, went from the room. Ascending to a chamber above, she entered, and there found the boy at play. He looked towards her, and, remembering her anger, a shadow flitted across his face. But his mother smiled and looked kindly towards him. Instantly the boy dropped his playthings, and sprung to her side. She stooped and kissed him.

"Oh, mother! I do love you, and I will try to be good!"

Blinding tears came to my eyes, and I saw this scene no longer. I was out among the works of nature, and my instructor was by my side.

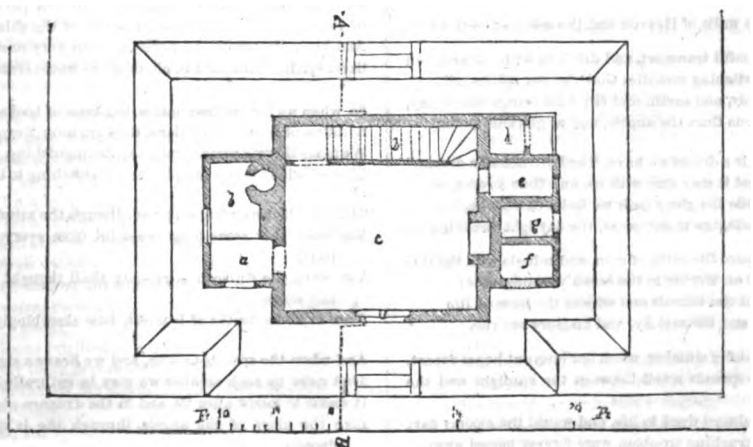
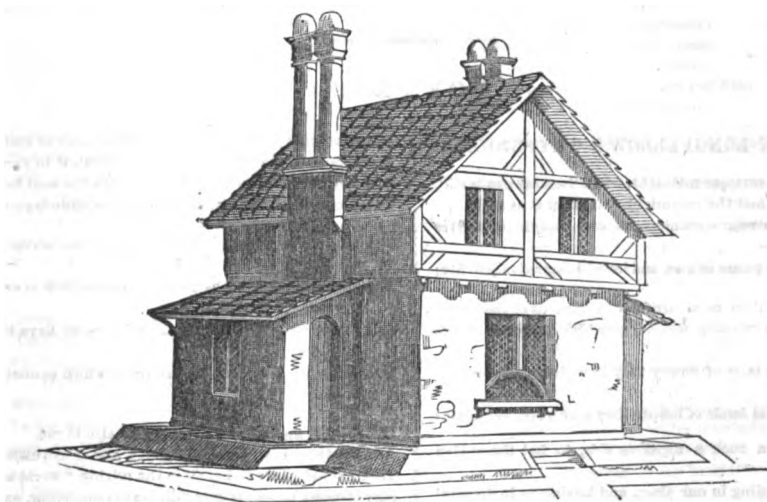
"Despise not again the humble and the commonplace," said he, "for upon these rest the happiness and well-being of the world. Few can enter into and appreciate the startling and the brilliant, but thousands and tens of thousands can feel and love the commonplace, that comes to their daily wants, and inspires them with a mutual sympathy. Go on in your work. Think it not low and mean to speak humble, yet true and fitting words for the humble; to lift up the bowed and grieving spirit; to pour the oil and wine of consolation for the poor and afflicted.

It is a great and a good work—the very work in which God's angels delight. Yea, in doing this work, you are brought nearer in spirit to Him who is goodness and greatness itself, for all his acts are done with the end of blessing his creatures."

There was another change. I was awake. It was broad daylight, and the sun had come in and awakened me with a kiss. Again I resumed my work, content to meet the common want in my labors, and let the more gifted and brilliant ones around me enjoy the honors and fame that gathered in cloudy incense around them.

It is better to be loved by the many, than admired by the few.

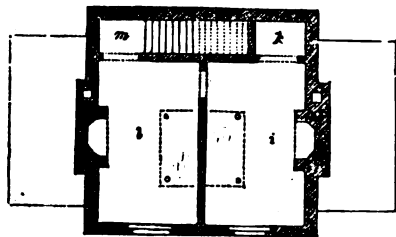
MODEL COTTAGE.



Dwelling for a small family.

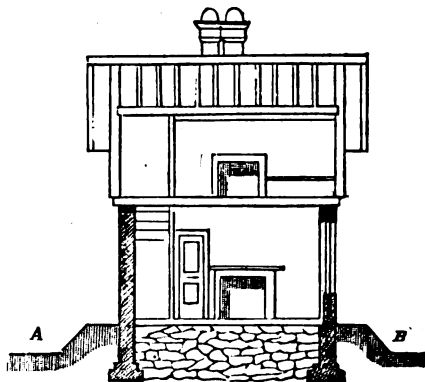
Accommodation.—It contains on the ground-floor, an entrance-porch or lobby, *a*; a wash-house, with a place for an oven to heat the kitchen-floor with a flue, *b*; a kitchen or living room, *c*; a large closet under the staircase, *d*; a pantry, *e*; fuel-house, *f*; water-closet, *g*; closet, *h*.

The chamber-floor contains a bedroom, *i*; a clothes



or lumber closet, *k*; child's bedroom, *l*; and staircase, *m*.

General Estimate.—9,528 feet, at ten cents per foot, \$952 80; at five cents, \$476 40.



POETRY.

LINES ON LONGFELLOW'S "HYPERION."

How sweet at summer midnight, when the universe is still,
And starlight and the moonlight roam over it at will;
When Silence reigns omnipotent, and naught that lives
may stir—

But all things pause in awe, and kneel submissively to her;

Save now and then, as mournfully the pinions of the breeze
Brush, with a rustling motion, o'er the branches of the
trees;

And tell them tales of sorrow they have heard beyond the
main,

In strange, wild lands of beauty they may never see again:

How sweet, on such a night as this, to feel the golden
streams

Of music mingling in our sleep, and kissing us in dreams!
Which bear us from the crazy world, till meets the dazzled
eye

The sapphire walls of Heaven and the splendor of the sky!

We lie in blissful transport, and drink in with ear and soul
The soft, bewitching melodies that o'er our spirits roll;
And people air, and earth, and sky with beings not of clay,
More wondrous than the angels, and as glorious as they.

We dream it is a dream we have, "and yet not all a dream,"
And wish that it may stay with us, and thus forever seem:
But even while the glory lasts we feel a change begin—
The vision fades, the music ceases, the daylight breaking in.

We rise and pace the paths of men, and mingle with the tide
That hurries on forever to the ocean yawning wide:
But ever 'mid the tumult and amidst the hum of life
That vision, and the melody, and memory are rife.

Even so in waking slumber, when our buoyant hopes depart,
And sadness spreads a veil between the sunlight and the
heart,

And we are almost dead to life, and would the gloomy day,
With all its crushing troubles, were forever passed away;

We sometimes hear a strain arise, so tremulous and far,
It seems a whisper of the saints who throned in glory are:
And nearer comes and lovelier, till sinks the soul beneath
The deep and crystal river, like a star in morning's sheath.

Not music this of sound that charms, but music of the
brain—

Discours'd through books as instruments, nor ever heard
in vain:

And played by skillful players, such as most have touched
the keys,

Who know the best to form the notes which cannot fail to
please.

High is this mental melody above all else to me,
And one there is who breathes it oft, and so exquisitely,
That I could pause to hear it in the mighty "world to be"—
May choicest blessings ever fall, brave Longfellow, on thee!

As when we hear of nightingales, or birds of paradise,
Of ice-environed vultures, or of eagles of the skies,
And know they must be noble, as their very names imply.
Great spirits that would be alone, alone would clear the sky:

So, when we list to other names, to names of books or men—
So different from the millions, they are ne'er forgot again—
We fancy there is something great, distinguishing, profound,
Like grandeur to the thunder's roar, attaching to the sound.

Thus is "Hyperion" apart; and, though the mind at first
May think that something beautiful from every page will
burst,

Yet, when the Rubicon is crossed, shall thought and soul
and sense

First know its depths of interest, how absorbingly intense.

And when the spell is broken, and we heave a sigh of pain,
That ne'er by such another we may be enthralled again;
It seems to follow after us, and in the distance gleams,
Like the glory of the angels, through the iv'ry gate of
dreams.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

AN INCIDENT.

BY W. WALLACE DAVIS.

WALKING with a friend one night,
 When Luna's beams were out of sight,
 And only little stars were winking, winking on the world
 below;
 Many gentle couples moving
 Back and forth, in whispers loving,
 Seemed to utter a reproach because we did together go,
 Instead of having each a lady—
 Each a charming, gentle lady,
 Slowly walking, gently talking—entertaining belle and
 beau:
 We approached a well-known dwelling,
 And with bosoms beating, swelling,
 Straight into the porch and parlor without knocking did
 we go.

Both our hearts were wildly beating
 At the prospect soon of meeting
 Eyes as bright as diamonds glowing in Golconda's famous
 mine;
 When, upon a chair reclining,
 Unto sleep her thoughts resigning,
 Sleeping as she sat, and smiling—smiling in her dreams
 divine—
 Looking as if "distant Aiden"
 Had but loaned the sleeping maiden
 Unto earth for some rare purpose which no mortal could
 define—
 Saw we one whose presence often
 Served our sterner thoughts to soften,
 In that parlor, all unconscious that we worshipped at her
 shrine.

Every grace in perfect keeping;
 Heavens! (thought I,) if, when sleeping,
 So much beauty, such perfection, are unconsciously dis-
 played,
 What, oh! what must be her powers
 In her wakeful, thoughtful hours,
 When her eye, with all its fire, comes that witching smile
 to aid;
 When she tries a heart to waken
 By the means so often taken—
 Practiced both in jest and earnest by each matron and
 each maid—
 To bewilder so the lover
 That his eyes may not discover
 Aught but angel, yet uncertain of her power, of her grade?

Then her eyelids gently raising,
 And upon us softly gazing
 With a glance whose magic power memory evermore shall
 keep;
 With a smile that lent attraction;
 With a sudden graceful action;
 With a half-excusing sentence, in a tone so rich and deep,
 Bids us welcome, and then, chatting,
 So bound up our spirits that, in
 After dreams, recumbent Graces upon silv'ry clouds did
 sleep;
 Visions bright were set before us,
 Holy feelings crowded o'er us,
 Angels round us did assemble—did their watchful vigils
 keep.
Norfolk, Va.

SONG.—TO AN ABSENT ONE

BY VIRGINIUS HUTCHEN.

I KNOW not where thy parents be,
 Or where *thy* lot is cast;
 My mem'ry can but trace for me
 The home where we met last:
 Time's never-pausing wing hath borne
 Eight weary years away—
 And I seem living but to mourn
 Their fleeting and decay.

I have missed thee, loved one, long—
 My heart's a hermit's now;
 I cannot hear thy low, sweet song—
 I cannot kiss thy brow;
 That brow, which snow-drops blushed to see—
 Those cheeks with roses set—
 That they are gone now saddens me—
 Their absence wakes regret.

I love thee as the Naiads love
 Their crystal-flowing streams;
 I see thee, where no feet may rove,
 In the fairy Land of Dreams;
 I hear thy voice in every breeze
 That hymns a tune to even;
 And then my spirit mounts and flees
 To seek thine in the heaven.

The stars of night (her eyes that shine),
 And their concave of blue,
 Remind me of those orbs of thine,
 And their cerulean hue;
 And vines that twine, in garden bowers,
 Around some favorite tree,
 Remind me of those halcyon hours
 When my arms encircled thee.

When I clasped, I loved thee, idol one,
 As the song-birds love sweet May;
 But passion burneth as the sun
 Since thou art gone away.
 Thy mem'ry lingers with me still,
 Though I know not where thou art;
 Thy own is still the hand to trill
 The "harp-strings of my heart!"

SOFTLY O'ER MY SPIRIT STEALING.

BY V. R. F.

SOFTLY o'er my spirit stealing,
 Comes the spell of memory
 Softly, like the moonlight gleaming
 O'er the slumbers of the sea;
 Softly, like soft billows lav'ing
 On the dim and distant shore,
 When the waves have ceased their heaving,
 And the tempest ceased its roar.

Like soft music sweetly blending
 Sadness with its strains of light;
 Like the pensive stars now lending
 Lustre to the gloom of night;
 Like the dreamy twilight flinging
 Shadows o'er the flow'ry lea;
 Pensive as the night-bird's singing,
 Are the charms of memory!

THE ENGLISH LAND.

[Written off England.]

BY NADEEMDA.

HURRAH! hurrah! for the Englishman!

He loveth his land full well!

Yet why he loveth the Ocean Isle,

Oh, how can a Yankee tell?

He loveth it for its bright-green fields,

Each lovely hill and dale,

Its running streams, with their flowery banks

That such sweet perfumes exhale.

He loveth it for its ancient piles,

Its castles high in air,

Where the belted Earl, in the hour of war,

Embowered his lodge fair.

He loveth it for its holy heights,

The Rolem or old Minster's wall,

Where they worshipped in the olden time,

Though they quailed 'neath the despot's thrall.

The lordly castle hath inmates few,

And now when its halls they greet,

'Tis not to be safe from the warrior band,

But for revelry they meet.

And, oh! where is now the ghostly throng

That the minster's aisles once trod?

They are gone—all gone from their ancient haunts;

Their spirits—all fled to God!

Then hurrah! hurrah! for the Ocean Isle!

Its cliffs may we soon behold!

And then may ye find, when your hearts are warm,

A Yankee's cannot be cold.

For, England, our mother-land art thou!

And thy truant children we!

Then scorn us not that we've rent the band,

And rebelled that we might be free.

MEMORIES.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

A DRAUGHT from Lethe's sunless wave,

Oh, were it mine to drain!

'Twould still the fevered agony

That throbs within my brain.

'Twould blot from out my heart a name

Too deeply graven there;

A name I dare not utter now,

Not even in a prayer.

But, oh! forgetfulness is not

A boon to mortals given;

We hear the echoes of past griefs

Till they are hushed in Heaven.

And Sorrow's icy waves still drown

My life beneath their flow,

For Memory liveth in my heart,

Where Hope died—long ago!

Yet I must smile before the world,

And gayly play my part;

I wear the roses on my brow—

The thorns are in my heart!

TO A BUTTERFLY.

BY CORNELIA J. ORSE.

VAIN creature! why fatigue your wing

In ceaseless sport upon the gale?

The lustre of the budding Spring,

Like yonder cloud's, will quickly fall!

The crimson cup in which you feast,

Your dewy drink upon the thorn,

Will close before the reddening east,

And vanish with the glowing morn.

Upon the lovely virgin rose,

That wooes a while your amorous stay,

The burning god will soon repose,

And ravish all her sweets away.

The blush that beams on Nature's cheek,

Her breath which now embalms the grove,

A little while, you'll vainly seek—

A little while, you'll cease to love.

The song of each responsive bird,

The murmur of the shady stream,

Shall soon, alas! no more be heard,

Or shed a soft enchanting dream.

The Summer's rays shall Spring disarm,

Exhale each verdant fountain dry,

Dissolve the rose's fragrant charm,

And bid the purple tulip die.

Or if the scorching solar ray

Should spare the lily's pallid flower,

Autumnal storms shall sweep away

Each lingering trace of vernal power.

The choral strains will then be hushed;

The vivid landscape smile no more;

The sparkling fount that, living, gushed,

Shall cease its nectared lymph to pour.

Nature her woes must then prolong,

And every sound her plaints repeat;

The moaning blast her funeral song—

The snow-drift be her winding-sheet.

Gay insect! why so careless still,

And waste your rainbow bias in air?

Autumn your fluttering breast will chill!

Stern Winter spread your frozen bier!

Thus man a phantom life enjoys,

And, reckless of his future doom,

Sports for a while with fading toys—

And then descends into the tomb!

TO THE ORIOLE.

BY H. B. WILDMAN.

O song, my little minstrel bird,

And let me in thy bower recline;

For ne'er have I in forest heard

Such sweet and silvery tones as thine!

Now Nature, from her azure dome,

Looks brightly out upon the sea;

The streamlet, from its mountain home,

Goes merry dancing to the sea.

The winds are hushed in soft repose;
The summer sky is beaming fair;
The bee is folded in the rose,
Or rocking in his lily lair.

Morn's censer-urn a fragrance breathes,
O'er dewy lawn and flowery bed;
The dewdrops hang in diamond wreaths
Around thy little minstrel shed.

The lark, in yonder hazel-bush,
Is closing up his morning strain;
The blackbird and the merry thrush
Seem waiting for thy song again.

Then let thy music float along
Upon the spicy-breathing air;
For while I hear the liquid song,
My soul forgets to dream of care.

From yonder temple-rearing pine,
Dear minstrel, let thy numbers flow;
Oh! let this breaking heart of mine,
In hearing thee, forget its woe.

EVENING HYMN.

BY JULIETTE ST. L. H. BEACH.

DAY is gone, and shadows deep
Noiselessly around us creep;
Silent snow-flakes, meek and soft,
Are sleepily floating from aloft;
And my heavy eyelids fall
Like a curtain, hiding all.
I am weary—let me rest,
Nestled closely in thy breast.

Yet, before we fold our hands,
And in sleep's delicious lands
Send our dreaming souls to roam,
And bring back some heavenly tone,
Pray thou to our gentle Father—
Pray for thee and me together;
Sleep thou, then, and angels bright
Guard thy slumbers well—Good-night!

There will come a longer night,
Colder sky, and dimmer light,
When these eyes shall darkly close
Under lids as pale as snows:
In that coming night of gloom,
In that breathless sleep of doom,
Saviour, on thy pitying breast
Let thy weary trembler rest.

TO THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

THE ancient bards, in their devotion, sought
Fountains of beauty; and, thereafter, true
To the divinity which in them wrought,
From Beauty only inspiration drew.
All elements that unto life belong,
The valor and the love of gods divine,
Were blent in beauty in the deathless song
Of the first masters of the tuneful Nine;
Who, when the art, ideal, was rude and young,
And lofty beauty its unbroken lore
Inspired, to the entranced nations sung
Their glorious epics of primeval war;

The strife of heroes of gigantic mould,
Who dwelt enthroned, and guided battles when
The gods from clouds—so runs the fable old—
Came down and mingled in the feuds of men.

Spirit of Beauty! thou that didst inspire,
Coeval with the infancy of Time,
The prophet's vision and the poet's lyre
With wisdom and with melody sublime,
Still, as of old, thou hast thy shrines and fountains,
And temples in dense groves of odorous trees;
Thy thrones far distant on the cloudy mountains,
And palaces in the enchanted seas!
And evermore, as in the days of old,
The fancy of the bards embodied thee
In every beautiful image they beheld,
Engraven on the earth, or sky, or sea.
Thy form ethereal to the poet's eyes,
Nor in his dreams alone, unveiled appears;
Nor yet as unto men in mysteries,
Its splendor dim as stars beheld through tears.

And still, as ancient bards, by thee inspired,
In tuneful song the deathless fable made,
How quivered Dian, by his beauty fired,
Awoke Endymion dreaming in the shade—
All after poets, enamored of the theme,
Therefrom new beauty, with new art, create;
Unfold some mystery of the Latman's dream,
Some ecstasy of his imagined state.
And still, as in their song the "bards sublime,"
Who first thine unveiled presence did behold,
Have made their own a consecrated clime,
With the great fable of the gods of old—
So, in the centuries and the years that make
The train of ages, some high bards have sung,
The echoes of whose strain not yet forsake
The mountains and the groves they dwelt among.

CRAZY AGNES.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

A PALE, sweet face, and a mournful eye,
As blue as the beautiful summer sky,
A wealth of negligent, nut-brown hair,
Buoyed by the breath of the loitering air;
A measured gait, and an absent mien,
Half like a maiden and half a queen,
That tells, like a voice, how the thoughts of her breast
Have flown from the things on her path that rest—
From the birds that sing and the brooks that purr!
Such is sweet Agnes, the crazy girl.

She moaneth a fragment of plaintive song,
That her heart and lip have cherished long;
Some chance strain, saved from her life's lost hours,
And hid in her breast as the dew in flowers;
And sadder she grows, as her spirit hears
That musical message from other years;
For touching its tones as a weeper's wall,
Each note a remembrance, each word a tale:
And the messenger-birds of forgotten things
Are called by the sound of the song she sings.

She has plaited of straw a russet crown,
And placed it upon her hair so brown,
And her thin hand holdeth manifold flowers,
Chosen from brook-sides, and banks and bowers:
She answers the nod of the fragrant grass,
And deems that the waves, as they throb and pass,

Are sent to breathe in her dreaming ear
A story sweet, that she only may hear;
And a random smile, like a sunbeam bright,
Illumines her lip with its pleasant light.

But the silver chimes of the marriage-bell
Are borne, by the breeze, to that quiet dell;
And the smile departs from its rosy home—
Will the sunbeam stay when the cloud hath come?—
She spurneth the blossoms she loved but now,
And the hot blood mounts to her cheek and brow,
And a dew of tears, like the dew of the sky,
Distils from the blue of her heavenly eye;
For the wildest pain of a wildest thought,
By that merry chime, to her heart is brought.

For it tells of the hours that have passed away,
As the meek stars pass at the blush of day,
When the eagle came to the trusting dove,
And won her heart with its mines of love;
But a falsehood dwelt on his trait'rous tongue,
And a venom lurked in the song he sung;
And she learned to mourn, as she mourneth now,
At his shattered faith and his truthless vow:
He left her naught, when they came to part,
Save a 'mind diseased' and a broken heart.

Like a captive pent in a prison cell,
Is the secret hid that she cannot tell;
Like a portrait limned by the hand of art,
His features dwell in her brooding heart:
And the day will come when her vengeance dread
Shall fall, like a shower, on his guilty head.
Heaven be kind to the maiden fair,
Record her tears and receive her prayer:
Oh, who, from the serf to the haughty earl,
Would merit the hate of the crazy girl?

The injured lamb hath the lion's ire;
The wounded dove hath the eagle's fire;
And who shall say that her vengeful thirst,
By the God of Right, shall be held ascurt?
All is not sin which is deemed as such;
The logic would change were ye wronged so much!
Each heart knows best what its wrongs have been,
And a righteous hate is devoid of sin.
Let Mercy and Love their banners unfurl
Above the head of the crazy girl!

She has gone from the dell, and the flowers are there
That she twined but now in her leaf-brown hair;
And long will it be ere that haunt so sweet
Shall echo the sound of her thoughtless feet;
Then shall the loving repeat their hymns,
And children sport 'neath the emerald limbs,
And blossoms shoot from the velvet sod,
And look with a lifted eye to God:
The birds shall sing, and the brooks shall purr;
But not for sweet Agnes, the crazy girl!

FADING, STILL FADING.

BY WM. LOFTIN HARGRAVE.

FADING, still fading! As fleets in the morning
The rose-tinted light, which, with delicate ray,
First kisses the dew-drops each flow'et adorning,
Then, shining on, ruthlessly dries them away:
So ever, alas! from the joyous heart, glowing
With life's early dream, fades the rosy light shed

On the flow'ets of Hope, a sweet freshness bestowing,
Then, changing and bright'ning, to wither them dead!

Fading, still fading! The things that we cherish,
Like sweet dreams, beguile us, and lo! they are passed!
Whatever we love the most fondly will perish,
Or, languishing, linger and fade to the last.
And they, the dear hearts that most tenderly love us,
With love passing all, braving danger and death,
Oh, fade they not often, like green leaves above us,
That die in the sunshine they turned from our path?

Fading, then, fading! As onward we wander,
The noon withers much that the morning had spared;
And Friendship and Love break their own ties asunder,
Till the heart itself fades, and the bosom is seared!
But where spreads the shade by some murmuring river,
The birds sing all day, and the flowerets bloom:
So joys, if unlighted, might linger forever,
Or vanish not wholly ere winter has come.

Fading, still fading! The same light at even,
Which glittered at morn on the dew-drops so bright,
Seems rosy again ere it melts into heaven,
And Life fades away into Death's dreamless night!
But no! scarce the beams from the clouds have departed,
Ere the moon and the stars catch them up in the sky!
Sweet Hope! oh, how sweet to the desolate-hearted!
That, fadeless, our spirits live thus when we die!

SHE GAVE ME HER HEART.

SHE gave me her heart when the spring blossoms came,
Herself but the shade of a flower,
I spoke of sweet buds that had died on the stem—
She gave me her heart in the bower.

She sang of her love when the soft summer ray
Enlivened its holler fire;
I told her of sadness, in love's sweetest lay—
She gave me her heart at the lyre.

I found her still trusting, what ever deceives,
That hectic, when autumn was near;
I spoke of bright hopes that would fade like the leaves—
She gave me her heart with a tear.

The wild winds of winter, the sound of adieu,
Repressed ere the whisper was o'er;
I spoke of a world for the constant and true—
She gave me her heart never more.

SONNET.—WAR.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

DESTRUCTIVE demon, War! away! away!
Deep desolation ever marks thy track,
Nor do thy blood-robed victims e'er come back,
Since o'er them goes thy car destroyingly.
Cities depopulated ever are by thee,
Or, as great Moscow, in ten thousand fires
Sink down their battlements and lofty spires;
Plains saddened, which erewhile looked pleasantly.
The innumerable wrecks which thou hast wrought
No human eye can dry and tearless see;
When scattered lie man's bones still bleachingly—
So are thy works with ruin ever fraught.
"With good advice make war;" yet better peace;
No garments rolled in blood, but plenty and increase.

VESTS AND CAPS.

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



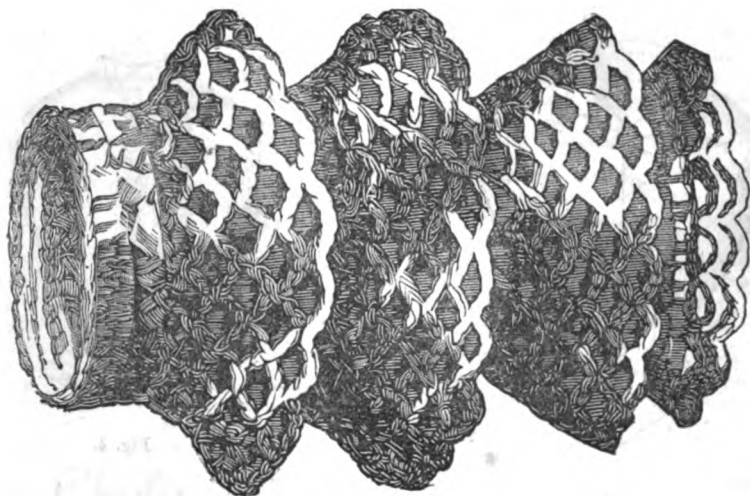
We have the last "*Moniteur de les Modes*" for our authority in the matter of vests, their remaining ascendancy being a question here as well as in Paris.

It is said the waistcoat is no longer in favor among the Parisian ladies, that its reign is already over; but it is not one of those vulgar fashions which every one can adopt and wear. For it to be really elegant, several conditions are indispensable: first, a slender and easy figure; secondly, a corset admirably modeled and well made. Corsets are no longer instruments of torture, but are now serving the proper purposes of their invention, to shape and correct the female figure. The two favorites are the Louis XIII. and Louis XV.; they are entirely distinct in style, one being intended for vest bodies, and the other for the *Marquise* corsage.

Several large *Maisons de lingerie*, under which last term is included everything in muslin or linen that can belong to a lady's wardrobe, have brought out novelties in vests. We give two: Fig. 1 is a close vest of Marseilles, of most correct form, intended for a riding-habit or promenade-dress. Fig. 2 is one of the later styles, intended for summer wear, and composed of muslin and embroidery in the chemisette style.

We give also two caps: Fig. 3, composed of lace and ribbon quillings, ornamented with knots of ribbon on each side of the face. Fig. 4 is more simple, and is intended for a dinner-cap at a small party, the ornaments being bands of ribbon, and a few fine flowers near the face.

CROCHET.—YOUNG LADY'S CUFF.



Materials.—One ounce of shaded scarlet, or violet Berlin wool, six skeins of white wool; Penelope crochet No. 2.

With white make a chain the width of the arm; unite the first loop to the last, and work ten rounds in close long stitches.

With scarlet, work one round in double crochet, and one in long stitches.

3d round.—1 double crochet, 5 chain, miss 1; repeat.

4th round.—Chains of 5 united to the centre stitch of former round.

Work seven more rounds like 4th; then 1 round 1 double crochet in centre stitch of chain, 1 chain;

repeat. Work two rounds in double crochet in every stitch; then repeat twice again from 3d round, continuing to work with colored wool. Now draw the colored part over the white, and crochet the first round of white and the last of colored together. Work one round long stitches, one round double crochet, and finish with the following

EDGE.—1st round.—1 double crochet, 1 long worked in one stitch, 3 double long in one stitch, 1 long, 1 double crochet in one stitch, 5 chain, miss 2; repeat.

2d round.—1 double in double crochet, 7 chain; repeat.

KNITTED BERRIES AND FRUIT.

PEAR.

Four needles (No. 19) are required. Cast on six stitches on each of two needles and three on the third.

Knit one plain round with green purse twist.

Second round.—Knit one, make one, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, make one, knit two, make one, knit one, make one.

Third and Fourth rounds.—Plain.

Fifth round.—Knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit two.

Sixth and Seventh rounds.—Plain.

Eighth round.—Knit three, make one, knit one,

make one, knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit three.

Ninth and Tenth rounds.—Plain.

Eleventh round.—Knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit eight, make one, knit one, make one, knit eight, make one, knit one, make one, knit eight, make one, knit one, make one, knit four.

Twelfth and Thirteenth rounds.—Plain.

Fourteenth round.—Knit five, make one, knit one, make one, knit ten, make one, knit one, make one, knit ten, make one, knit one, make one, knit ten, make one, knit one, make one, knit five.

Fifteenth and Sixteenth rounds.—Plain.

Seventeenth round.—Knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit twelve, make one, knit one, make one, knit twelve, make one, knit one, make one, knit twelve, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

Eighteenth and Nineteenth rounds.—Plain.

Twentieth round.—Knit seven, make one, knit one, make one, knit fourteen, make one, knit one, make one, knit fourteen, make one, knit one, make one, knit fourteen, make one, knit one, make one, knit seven.

Twelve plain rounds, then work one round, taking two stitches together on each side of the stitch which was between increases, and work thus altogether four decreasing rounds, with two plain rounds between each decreasing one; then decrease for four rounds one stitch only (by taking two together) as straight as possible, in continuation of the decreasing stripes, with three plain rounds between each decreasing one, and four more decreasing rounds, with four plain rounds between. When twelve stitches only remain (four on each needle), work six plain rounds, then one round, decreasing one stitch on each needle; two more plain rounds, and finish off by gathering the stitches. Make a stalk with a spring wire cut in two, and covered, first with cotton wool, then with brown floss on half twist silk; insert it in the narrowest end of the pear; fasten the gathered stitches as close as possible to the stalk; fill the pear with coarse bran* as firm as possible; gather the stitches of the other aperture; place a clove in it, and fasten the gathered stitches round the stalk of the clove. A leaf may be added with good effect. The pear-tree leaf is of an oval shape, and so simple, that no directions to make it will be needed by those who have worked the far more difficult oak leaves, or any other leaf.

* As the bran would soil the wool, it will be found necessary to knit a second pear, somewhat smaller, in white cotton, and insert it in the first before filling it up.

MOUCHOIR CASE, IN PATCHWORK.

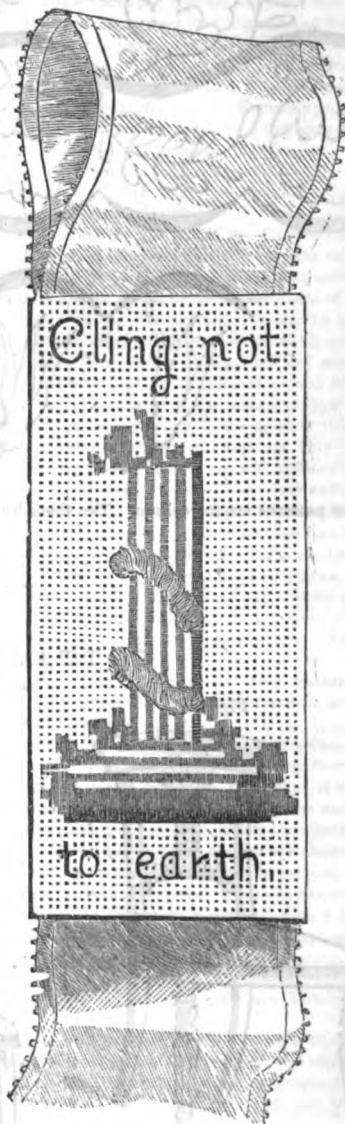
(See Cut, in the beginning of the Book.)

Materials.—Black satin; various silks, of very light shades, and some much darker; half a yard of colored sarsenet; a yard and a half of chenille edging, of the same color as the lining; and four large fancy buttons, also of the same color.

Cut out the patches to form a box pattern, according to illustration, making the lightest color the top of the box; sew the patches together, and, when sufficient is made to form the two sides, double it in half; line it with the sarsenet, and put a pocket on each side; sew the gimp round it, and a button on each corner of one side; make a bow and ends of the gimp, and place at the back. Tassels, if preferred, may be used instead of buttons.

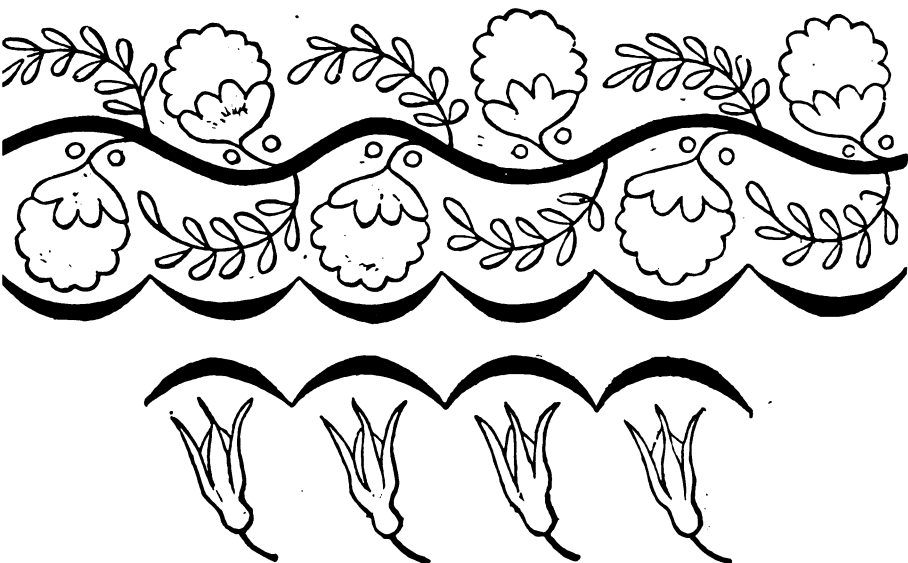
BERLIN WORK.—BOOK MARK.

Materials.—Perforated cardboard, two inches broad, and one-eighth of a yard long; two shades of green, two of brown Berlin wool; half a yard of ribbon, rose color or blue, and silk to correspond.



Split the wool, and work, in tent stitch, the pedestal in dark green, and the column in the shade of brown, the ivy with the light green, and the motto with the silk. Form a loop with the ribbon, one nail in length; stitch the cardboard to the remainder of the ribbon.

PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



These patterns are for collars. The thick lines may be wrought with fine lines, if preferred.



COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.

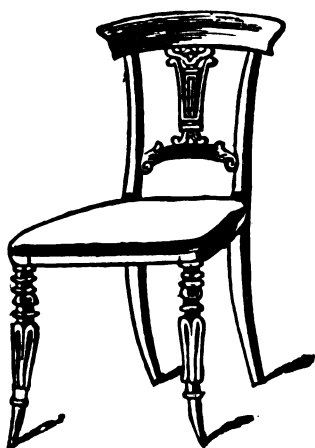


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



Figs. 1 and 3 are fancy chairs for the drawing-room.

Fig. 2 is a Gothic chair.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"His education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

We need not waste words to prove the truth of Pope's axiom. It is acknowledged by all who examine the subject, that the training of the individual from infancy to adolescence forms the character. From this cause comes that particular phase of thought and habit which marks the distinctive differences in nations, sects, and orders of mankind. To note at a glance the mighty difference training or education makes in men, compare the Quaker with the Thug; the follower of Jesus with the worshiper of Juggernaut! The infant of the East is as susceptible of moral impressions as the infant of the West. There are differences in individuals of the same nation; but we cannot doubt that all, by a right method of education, might be made to improve. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is the declaration of Divine truth.

To whom does this important task of education belong? Has not the Creator specially confided the care of the young to woman? Has He not indicated by this that female influence should be paramount, from infancy to youth, over sons as well as daughters? History and observation both testify that wherever woman is degraded, deprived of the educating influence, either by her own ignorance or the policy of priests and rulers, the moral character of the people is low, and their improvement nearly impossible. Men are not fitted by nature to be the teachers of the young. Even boys are more usually taught by their preceptor how to detect evil in others than how to correct it in themselves. Men govern children by fear, women rule by love; the difference in this process alone would have an almost transforming effect on many minds. Fear, like frost, kills the buds of promise because they are tender, thus leaving more room for the upspringing weeds of sin; while love, like the soft sunshine of spring, calls out the early flowers, and thus overshadows and stifles the latent seeds of evil in the disposition.

Every good man bears testimony to the worth of female influence and teaching in forming his character.

And yet, even in our brave New World, where woman is so highly favored, how little has been done for female education! The endowed Colleges and High Schools are all for boys and young men. The sons of the republic have great advantages of learning—not professional—denied the daughters. The EDUCATOR is left uneducated, or, at best, very superficially instructed. Is this wise?

We gave last month some statistics, showing the proportion of female teachers, now employed in the public schools of Massachusetts and other States, to be very large in comparison with male teachers: in Philadelphia it is as eight to one. These are good omens.

The most satisfactory proofs, however, of the fitness of woman as an educator, have been given by the Board of National Popular Education. This association was formed for the purpose of sending female teachers from the Eastern States, where the education of young ladies is best provided for, to the West and Southwestern portions of our land, where such instructors were wanted.

During the five years this association has been operating,

the Board has sent out TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT young ladies—teachers, chiefly from New England and New York. These 248 teachers have been sent as follows: 69 to Indiana; 60 to Illinois; 24 to Wisconsin; 18 to Michigan; 13 to Ohio; 12 to Iowa; 10 to Missouri; 8 to Tennessee; 5 to Pennsylvania; 8 to Minnesota; 3 to Kentucky; 3 to North Carolina; 3 to Alabama; 2 to Texas; 5 to Oregon; and one to the Shawnee Mission, destined to New Mexico.

Of their fitness for the responsible stations they fill, and the advantages of employing female teachers, the agent, Hon. Wm. Slade, thus speaks:—

"In considering the question of the effectiveness of human power, we do not sufficiently consider the matter of *adaptation*—the peculiar capacity of different individuals, or different classes, for particular departments of human effort. Let a lawyer—strong-minded it may be, and well-versed in the principles and technicalities of his profession—be turned suddenly into a schoolmaster, and placed in a school-house, with a group of children around him, and there will be an illustration of our meaning. Now dismiss the lawyer, and place a woman in the midst of that group of children, and see how she will draw and bind them to her; with what a ready instinct she will understand their mental and moral peculiarities; with what tact and skill she will communicate instruction to them; and with what all-enduring patience she will ply her energies, and tax her invention to overcome the difficulties that lie in the teacher's way. If there is in woman any one adaptation of mind and heart distinguished above all others, it is the capacity to teach and govern children; we do not mean *little* children merely, but the young, in all the stages of their progress to manhood."

In another place, he remarks of these teachers, after stating that various religious denominations are represented in the Board:—

"They excite no jealousy—provoke no opposition. Their presence wins the children. They can govern them better and teach them better than men. And then, it is a leading purpose of our Board to combine Religious and Moral with Intellectual training; to cultivate the affections; to make the conscience sensitive; to draw the children into the paths of righteousness; and, for this purpose, to lead their minds and hearts up to God. And who can do this so well as woman? The world needs just such a type of Christianity as woman is eminently fitted to impress on the mind and heart of childhood—the Christianity that is 'pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.'"

The better way, however, of learning what the teachers have done, is to read their own account. We will give extracts from a few of the many letters written by these young ladies, which show how they govern and how they teach.

INDIANA, December, 1851.

"Our school is in a flourishing condition, numbering a present one hundred and seventy pupils—three teachers [This teacher has charge of the young ladies' department. We have thirty young ladies and gentlemen from abroad. The school has a very good name throughout the country. It has the best school-house that Indiana can boast. W.

am now trying to get up a library for the school. I am one of a committee to go round from house to house soliciting aid. We have done very well so far; and, I think, shall succeed without trouble."

"INDIANA, December, 1851.

"I found that there was some prejudice against female teachers, never having employed one before. I commenced my school the Monday after I arrived, and am now teaching the ninth week. I have between forty and fifty pupils, mostly between the ages of twelve and twenty-two. I have a large number of young men and women; and the number is increasing every week. My scholars are ignorant, but eager to learn; the most so of any I ever taught; and, of course, they improve rapidly. They are naturally intelligent, and their minds active; and only need cultivation to make them useful members of society."

"ILLINOIS, June, 1850.

"I feel that, like the blade of grass, though I cannot compete with the oak, I will add my mite to beautify the great moral garden of the West. More and more I feel the nobleness of the work undertaken by the Society, viz., to aid in training the crude mass of western children for usefulness and happiness. May God prosper it in the work! Alas, indeed, are the elements to be found here in the West, among these tillers of the soil. From these materials are to be wrought, if I mistake not, some of the grandest pillars for the support of our Republic. You may think me enthusiastic; but, were you conversant—as perhaps you may be—with the growing minds of these western children, you would not wonder at one's growing enthusiastic among them. They have such keen perceptive faculties; such ingenuous manners; such warm and generous affections—that I would defy any one to live among them, and not become interested in them."

From a Married Teacher.—"WISCONSIN, December, 1851.

"Though I have left the service as teacher, yet more than ever do my thoughts and feelings linger around that 'Board of Popular Education.' Its great aim seems more necessary to be attained, in my mind, as I have not only labored under its patronage, but have linked my destinies with those of the West. I love to think of what it has done, is still doing, and is destined to do, for the thousands who are filling this part of our country.

"They are ready to welcome those coming from the East; but, with such provision as this State makes for common schools, they are anxious to see their daughters and sisters avail themselves of these means, to become thorough scholars and efficient teachers.

"There might be trained in almost every village, a number of young ladies to engage in teaching; and, so far as I have had an opportunity of judging, they would be found standing as high as teachers in the Eastern States."

"WISCONSIN, December, 1851.

"My school consists of thirty-three pupils, of all ages from four to twenty. There are several young ladies who would like to prepare themselves for teachers. They apply themselves very closely, and I think will be very successful, although they are not far advanced now. I find it necessary to begin at the very first principles in all the common branches. I have scholars that have been over their studies very superficially, and need a thorough review; and, therefore, I have only Orthography, Reading, Writing, Geography, Grammar, and Arithmetic in school, yet. I am very much pleased with my school; I never had scholars that I felt so much interest in."

"WISCONSIN, December, 1851.

"My school numbers thirty-five scholars, three of whom

are young men over twenty-one years of age. Two of these have been my pupils all the winters since I came here, and have made good progress in the common branches. The other came this winter for the first time, and has to spell two words out of three in the most simple reading-book for children. Three young ladies, who were my pupils last winter, were teachers last summer, and one is this winter."

"MICHIGAN, December, 1850.

"I design to make this a school of the highest grade. I have classes in Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Algebra, (one in Davies's Bourdon,) French, Latin, and Drawing. I have an ambitious school, and some of my classes are performing twice as much as I have ever had done in the same branches before. It is a pleasure to teach them; and, as for government, I have no trouble at all. The school is opened by reading the Scriptures, and praying, with singing. My pupils are all connected with the Sabbath School; but my practice is, usually, to deduce general instruction from the chapter read each morning. I am very happy in my school."

"MICHIGAN, December, 1851.

"My school is large, and is increasing. People are moving to this place from their farms in the woods; that their children may have the benefit of a school. We have applications we are obliged to refuse. My expectation is that the people will build a new house and receive all that apply. Years will be required to effect the change I expect will yet take place in this village. It is a fine location—quiet—central—being the county seat—just the place for a school of high order. Last winter I had 130 scholars; last summer 100; now the house is full."

"IOWA, December, 1850.

"A kind Providence has seemed to smile on me, ever since I decided to leave my home and come to the far West, and never for one moment have I regretted having made that decision; indeed, I never was happier than I have been since I came here. I have found a pleasant home in a pious family, from which the voice of prayer and praise daily ascends. The prejudice which at first existed in the minds of some of the people against female teachers seems to have disappeared, so that I am now treated with kindness and attention by the people generally; and I think I have the confidence of all my pupils.

"This is a beautiful and healthy country, and there is a wide field for usefulness in Iowa, which calls loudly for faithful, devoted teachers, who are willing to do and suffer the will of their Heavenly Father."

"MISSOURI, December, 1851.

"My school now numbers thirty-five, and there is a prospect of more. A large number are young men and women. My summer school numbered thirty-nine; and the whole number which have attended during the year is one hundred and ten. I have been very much prospered in my school, every way, since I came here; each session seems pleasanter and more interesting than the previous one; and I can truly say that I have no school trials. I have not seen the first desire or inclination to disobey or break any rule which I make; and each session I am able to draw the reins a little tighter; and whispering is banished from among us as a habit, and is only an accidental occurrence; and I consider that a great march of improvement.

"The school has a good name, generally, and is gaining more and more in the confidence of the community. One lady said to me, a few days since, 'This is the only school that I have ever known, where the children did not learn mischief.' If all can say as much, I shall be thankful; for I feel the weight of my responsibility, and the influence

which I am exerting over these future men and women. In all my movements here, I look to the future as much as the present, and I endeavor to make it easy for whoever shall succeed me."

"OREGON, September, 1851.

"I open my school with reading the Scriptures, and prayer, frequently asking questions upon the portion read, giving explanations, et cetera. My experience is the same as the other teachers, that, without the Bible and Prayer, I could not teach. The weight of responsibility sometimes seems pressing me down; but, 'Casting all thy care upon God, for he careth for thee,' comes like a cordial to the soul, imparting new strength and vigor.

"Two gentlemen went into my school-room, early one morning; after looking round, one says, 'I like the looks of the school-room much; but where is the whip?' The other replies, 'Our teacher neither whips nor scolds, yet she has the stillest school that has ever been taught here.' When I first commenced teaching here, complaints would come to me, daily, about the boys fighting. I thought of it for some days. One afternoon, when things had gone pleasantly, I told the boys I wished to make a few remarks to them. I said, 'I frequently hear you saying, "There comes the teacher, she will see you fighting." Now,' said I, 'you might as well fight before me as before each other.' They looked up surprised. 'God sees you fight, whether I do or not. Is it right to fight?' I asked. 'No,' was the unanimous reply. 'Would you like to leave it off?' 'Yes; but—and—but.' 'I might punish you, and make you afraid of fighting before me; but that is not my object. I wish to make you afraid of fighting before God. I cannot make you leave it off; but you can do it yourselves. Would you like to?' 'Yes, ma'am.' 'You will find it hard work sometimes; but you can do it. Whenever you feel like striking any one, think—God sees me—and run away, for fear you might be tempted to strike. Each one watch himself. Will you try?' They all promised; and, since that day, I have neither seen nor heard of fighting."

We might swell these interesting extracts largely, but sufficient has been given to show the importance of the enterprise, and its wonderful success. Consider the matter for a moment; there are elements of national improvement here worthy the attention of the Statesman as well as Christian. The daughters of New England, in the bloom of early womanhood, leaving their pleasant homes for the arduous duties of the teacher, are swaying the minds and destinies of the free, gifted, but untrained youth of the western prairies. They do this with an ease that seems almost magical. Pupils of both sexes are often older than their teachers—the latter being generally between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two—yet these young ladies find no trouble in maintaining order. Moral elevation gives them power and dignity; they set the example of obedience to the laws of God, in their faithfulness, gentleness, and reverence of His Word; the pupils feel the truth and beauty of this system of government, and soon learn to govern themselves. This is the only system of training to make good citizens and truly great men.

How shall such a system of education become universal in our land? That it is imperatively needed, no reflecting mind will doubt.

"About 5,000,000, probably, of the present population of the United States, are between the ages of five and twenty. Within fifteen years, the youngest of these will have reached the age of manhood. The character of the country, intellectual and moral, social, civil, and religious, will take the direction of the character of that portion of this 5,000,000 which shall survive, and pass into the period of

life between the ages of twenty and thirty-five. If a want of education, or a wrong education, of this mass shall give its mind and heart a wrong direction, who can arrest the downward progress of our country, which will be visible fifteen years hence? Moral forces will have gathered a strength and momentum, in the neglected children, which nothing will be able to withstand.

"We affirm, without fear of contradiction, that female influence is, more than any other influence, needed in the West. We mean, of course, the influence of intelligent, well-educated Christian women. Of its general importance and bearings we have not time to speak. It is with its power over childhood and youth that we are more especially concerned. Here it is that woman appears in her position of greatest power; here that she may claim decided superiority to the other sex. And this superior power was given her for some purpose. What that purpose is, it becomes the friends of education well to consider.

"The field for enterprise in our country is boundless; and few young men can be found who will turn away from the glittering prize in prospect, to the sober, patience-taxing, thankless business of 'teaching school.' Where shall teachers be found for the myriads of children, native and foreign, who must be educated—speedily educated, or lost, worse than lost, to their country? Nowhere, in numbers making any approach to adequacy, unless the *Young Women* of the nation come to the rescue. And they must come. They will come. An enlightened public sentiment will demand, and suitably reward, their services; for on them, it is manifest, is to devolve the high duty of becoming the educators of the children of the nation."

Thus says the "Board of National Popular Education." Agreeing with these views, that to prepare female teachers for the wide field of duty now opening before them, is of paramount importance, we venture to suggest a new plan, and trust to the noble spirit of American men to make it effectual. On behalf of the friends and patrons of the "Lady's Book," who represent the true cause of woman in our republic, we present the following

Petition to the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress assembled:—

That, from the foregoing facts and statements, showing the importance of woman's agency in the instruction of the young, and the pressing need of Female Teachers in the Common Schools throughout the land, we venture to request that your honorable body would make some provision for the suitable education of those young ladies who are willing to become teachers, if the way is opened before them.

We respectfully ask the attention of Congress to this subject. While the public domain is parceled out and granted for internal improvements and plans of national aggrandizement, we would humbly suggest that a small portion be set apart and allotted for the benefit of the Daughters of the Republic. Three or four millions of acres of land would be sufficient to found and endow one Free Normal School for the education of Female Teachers in every State of the Union. These institutions could be modeled and managed in each State to suit the wishes of its inhabitants, and young ladies of every section would be trained as instructors for children in their own vicinity. This would be found of immense advantage in the States where schools have hitherto been neglected. In short, the value of all the physical improvements in our country will be immeasurably enhanced by this provision for Female Education; because in the influence of intelligent and pure-minded women lies the moral power which alone can give safety and permanence to our institutions, prosperity and true glory to our nation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted :
 "Influence of External Nature on Man," "Home," "Ella Lee," "The Voyager," "The Dream of Bliss," "My Sister's Death," "Bless the Children," "The Flower of Spring," "The Maiden Wood and Woe," "The Boon," "Christmas Lines," "To my Mother in Heaven," "The Wedding," "Lines on a May Morning," "Woman," and "Genius."

The following are declined, though several are deserving of revision : "Emma Elworth," "The Serenade of the American Tar," "The Sea," "Faded Flowers," "Only One," "Sonnet," "The Wasted Fountain," "Morning Hymn," "The Pet Robin," "To Fannia," and "My Dream."

Several articles are under consideration. We are greatly obliged to our friends for their favors. Eminent writers are sending their articles a free offering to the "Lady's Book," because they feel that in no other way can American literature be sustained, while English Reviews and magazines are republished here without cost of copyright.

OUR TREASURY.

MY MOTHER.

BY HON. MRS. MORTON.

My mother! often does my heart retrace
 My childhood's vision of thy calm, sweet face;
 Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded
 In thy black weeds, and coil of widow's woe;
 Thy dark, expressive eyes all dim and clouded
 By that deep wretchedness the lonely know :
 Sifting thy grief, to hear some weary task
 Conned by unwilling lips, with listless air,
 Hoarding thy means, lest future need might ask
 More than the widow's pittance then could spare.
 Hidden, forgotten by the great and gay,
 Enduring sorrow, not by fits and starts,
 But the long self-denial, day by day,
 Alone amidst thy brood of careless hearts!
 Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain,
 The young rebellious spirits crowding round,
 Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain,
 And could not comfort—yet had power to wound!
 Ah! how my selfish heart, which since hath grown
 Familiar with deep trials of its own,
 With riper judgment looking to the past,
 Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,
 Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,
 And darkens every folly into crime!

EDUCATION

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Culture's hand
 Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
 And smiles and fragrance rule serene
 Where barren wild had usurped the scene.
 And such is man : a soil that breeds
 Or sweetest flowers or wildest weeds;
 Flowers lovely as the morning light,
 Weeds deadly as an aronite :
 Just as the heart is trained to bear
 The poisonous weed or floweret fair.

Literary Notices.

FROM E. LITZELL & Co., Boston, and G. P. PUTNAM, New York :—

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST. By W. J. Broderip, Esq. A most delightful book of "LEAVES," fascinating as a romance, and instructive as a philosophical treatise. Indeed, the comparison does injustice to this work ; none of the *ologies*, elaborate as they may be, are so well adapted to make the study of the animal creation popular. The author and reader are companions at once, and the latter gathers instruction which, being pleasing as useful, will be retained. The book is excellent for family reading, and will deeply interest all classes.

FROM LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia :—

THE AGAMEMNON OF ESCHYLUS. Translated from the Greek. By William Porter, A. M. The translator of this world-renowned tragedy has done good service to the cause of literature in other productions ; but none has given more decided proof of his high attainments as a scholar, and his genius and taste as a poet. The old Greek bard seems to live again in this spirited version.

MEMOIR OF PHILIP AND RACHEL PRICE. Printed for Eli K. Price and Philip M. Price, Philadelphia. We are greatly obliged to the author of these biographic sketches, for the privilege of reading such a precious memorial of true goodness. The book is not published, only printed for the friends and relations of the dear and honored dead. A tribute of filial affection most beautifully rendered.

FROM LEPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg & Elliot), No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia :—

THE HISTORY OF KENTUCKY, from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By T. S. Arthur and W. H. Carpenter.

THE HISTORY OF GEORGIA, from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. By T. S. Arthur and W. H. Carpenter.

These volumes form the first two of a series of State histories, the publication of which has just been commenced under the general title of "*Lippincott's Cabinet Histories of the States*." The gentlemen whose names appear in the title-pages are well known to the public for their abilities, their impartiality, and truthfulness, and are every way competent to furnish such a history of every State in the Union as will be acceptable to every family desirous of obtaining correct information. The two volumes now before us present the most reliable assurances which the public could desire, that "no sectarian, sectional, or party feelings will bias their judgment, or lead them to violate the integrity of history."

HAMILTON, THE YOUNG ARTIST. By Augusta Browne. With an Essay on Sculpture and Painting, by Hamilton A. C. Browne. This little volume embraces an affecting memorial of a late student in the New York Academy of Design, to the members and students of which institution it is dedicated.

FROM C. M. SARTON, Agricultural Book Publisher, New York, through LEPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia :—

RURAL ARCHITECTURE. Being a complete description of farm-houses, cottages, and out-buildings, comprising wood-houses, workshops, tool-houses, carriage and wagon-houses, stables, smoke and ash-houses, ice-houses, dairy or bee-house, poultry-house, rabbitry, dovecote, pigstye, barns,

and sheds for cattle, &c. &c. Together with lawns, pleasure-grounds, and parks; the flower, fruit, and vegetable garden. Also, useful and ornamental domestic animals for the country resident, &c. &c. Also, the best method of conducting water into cattle-yards and houses. By Lewis F. Allen. Beautifully illustrated. Our country friends, and those who may be preparing for agricultural pursuits, will find this work an admirable companion and assistant.

From FOWLER & WELLS, Clinton Hall, New York, through STOKES & BROTHERS, Philadelphia:—

CHILDREN, THEIR HYDROPATHIC MANAGEMENT IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. A descriptive and practical work, designed as a guide for families and physicians. Illustrated with numerous cases. By Joel Shew, M. D., author of various works on Hydropathy. This work contains a great deal of information highly interesting to parents and others, whose duty it may be to watch over the health, and to investigate the diseases of children.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York:—

LYRA, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alice Carey, author of "Cloven Nook; or, Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West," and one of the authors of "Poems by Alice and Phoebe Carey." The numerous admirers of Alice Carey's poetical genius have now an opportunity of purchasing a neat volume, containing upwards of seventy of her poems on various subjects.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Arsene Houssaye. In two volumes. We cannot say that we admire the general characteristics of the men and women of the eighteenth century, as displayed by the author in this collection. Many of them, however, must already be familiar to those acquainted with the history of France during the eventful century embraced in the work, as well as to those who have perused any of the numerous volumes of romance and gossip successively dedicated to the infamy and infidelity of that age. It is a consoling reflection, nevertheless, that the characters here introduced were not the only men and women of France, even at that dissolute period.

NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From A. Hart (late Carey & Hart): "The Spanglers and Tinklers." This is still another sparkling volume to be added to "Hart's Library of Humorous American Works." In our last number, we noticed, incidentally, a comic work entitled "As Good as a Comedy; or, the Tennessean's Story." We have since had an opportunity to read it with as much care and attention as its burst of humor, wit, and satire would permit us to bestow upon its pages, and we must say that the author, who, it appears, is "an editor," in many respects, and in many of his descriptions, is quite equal to Dickens in some of his very best efforts.—"Adventures of Colonel Vanderbomb (of Slough Creek) in Pursuit of the Presidency. Also the Exploits of his Secretary." By J. B. Jones, Ex-Editor of the "Official Journal." Another satirical volume added to the "Library of Humorous American Works."—"The History of the Consulate and Empire under Napoleon." By M. A. Thiers, late Prime Minister of France, author of "The History of the French Revolution." Translated from the French by D. F. Campbell. With Notes and Additions by Henry W. Herbert. This is Part 9 of "Thiers's Life of Napoleon." Price 12½ cents.

From Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia: "The Initials: a Story of Modern Life." Three volumes of the London edition in one. Third American edition.—"Lynde Weiss: an Autobiography." By Geo. H. Throop, author of "Nag's Head," etc.

From T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "The Two Brides: a Story of Real Life." By T. S. Arthur. Price 25 cents.—"Poor Jack: a Tale of the Sea." By Captain Marryatt.—"Jack Hinton, the Guardsman." By Charles Lever, author of "Charles O'Malley," etc. Complete in one volume.—"The Abbey of Innismoyle: a Story of another Century." By Grace Kennedy, author of "Donallen," etc.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." No. 21.—"A Story Without a Name." A Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq.—"Falkenburg: a Tale of the Rhine." By the author of "Milford Vernon," etc.

From Dewitt & Davenport, Tribune Building, New York: "The Swamp Steed; or, the Days of Marion and his Merry Men." A Romance of the American Revolution.

Codey's Arm-Chair.

"REVIEWS" AND "NOTICES."—It requires a very considerable amount of learning, research, and industry, to review a book with ability, justice, and candor. Honest reviews are therefore the works of honest and impartial men, men of leisure, and men of talent. To "notice" a book, however, beyond the mere title, with any degree of perspicuity, imparting to the reader an idea of the author's intentions, requires the exercise of a peculiar tact, which is not always attained, even by the best reviewers. To write a long essay, embracing any subject that comes first to hand, whether applicable to the work under consideration or not, and to call it a review, is, comparatively, a work for the erudite and the profound. Such essays make a great display upon paper, no doubt. But, after all, the reader rises from their perusal as ignorant of the true character of the book reviewed, as he was before he sat down. The reviewer has, indeed, as in many instances, taken great pains to show off his own learning and familiar acquaintance with quite

an array of subjects which the author reviewed has never touched, and the reader is thus left entirely in the dark as to the real character of the latter, and the pretensions of his work, until, perhaps, the summing up, or conclusion. At this point, tired of his labors, and disgusted with the literary labyrinths into which he has been drawn, his theme having been exhausted but not yet explained, the reviewer comes to a close, declaring, in the bitterness of his heart, that the author for whom he has taken so much interest, and expended so much gravity, is nothing more than an illiterate knave, a wretched compiler, a miserable thief and plagiarist, or a downright unmitigated simpleton! This is not, however, their invariable "conclusion." Under very peculiar circumstances, some of which involve the author's popularity, the wealth and respectability of his family, or the ascertained number and influence of his friends, he is then set forth as a prodigy of wisdom, an original writer of the first magnitude, and a genius of trans-

endent brilliancy. In a book notice, a month or two since, we had the imprudence to quote a few lines from a popular author, and at once our "notice" was construed into malignancy and rivalry! Just as if we ever had, or could entertain the least business or poetical rivalry with a gentleman who is not himself a business man, while we make no pretensions to poetry!

CONSULT THE LADIES.—Richardson, the celebrated author and printer, even in the latter years of his life, entertained the greatest confidence in the literary taste and judgment of his female friends. Nor was this confidence confined to ladies of mature years, inasmuch as he often selected very young persons, to whose judgment he in a manner submitted his literary productions before trusting them to the criticisms of his rivals and cotemporaries. We have all doubtless heard the story related of Dean Swift, who, having no other person to whom he could read his manuscripts, was in the habit of calling in his female servant, and, though she does not appear to have been a woman of education, yet he carefully watched her countenance while he read to her, and, in that way, discovered the probable fate of his sermons and other writings before they were submitted to the decision of the public. We know political as well as literary editors who have long been in the practice of reading their leading articles to their wives, relying in a great measure upon their advice and judgment. And our own observation will bear us out in saying that we have scarcely ever known a lady who was not competent to give sound opinions on all such matters, and to give which seems to require a discernment which does not depend so much upon a refined education as upon those refined and delicate sentiments and instincts which appear to be the natural endowments of the sex. It is a common saying with some men, when they desire to escape a bad bargain, that they must go home and consult their wives. Our belief is that fewer bad bargains would be made, and that fewer troubles would find their way into the domestic circles, were husbands more generally to consult their wives on all occasions, small or great.

LADIES' SEWING BIRDS.—Our Yankee friends are always contriving something useful, neat, and practical in some of the departments of social and business life. We have received from the manufacturer, C. E. Storm, of Middletown, Conn., a very convenient article, to which the inventor has given the name of "Sewing Bird." This Bird is fastened to the table by a screw, and holds in its beak the material upon which the lady is employed with her needle. The present practice is to pin the article to the dress, which has the effect of placing the body in a stooping position, tending to round the shoulders, and to injure the lungs. The "Sewing Bird," however, obviates all these difficulties, by allowing the person to sit upright in a natural position, and to pursue her work with greater ease and facility. Believing such to be its advantages, from a neat lithograph which is now before us, we commend the "Sewing Bird" to the protection of the ladies.

WAITING FOR A GUEST.—Nothing, perhaps, is more annoying to a host who has invited a dinner party than to have to wait for one of his guests, especially if that guest be a person of more than ordinary pretensions. And not only is the generous entertainer rendered impatient at perceiving how fast the piquancy and flavor of his costly dishes are wasting away, but he has also the mortification of seeing, in the half-suppressed irritability which rests upon the countenances of those who have attended punctually, plain manifestations that the warmth of his meats is being dif-

fused through the temper and conversation of his guests. It would be well for diners-out, especially for literary lions, who are commonly supposed to be somewhat tender to pungent criticisms, to bear in mind the knowing remark of a celebrated French wit, who was asked why he was so particular in coming early when invited out to dine. "Because," said he, "I have frequently noticed that the faults of one who is waited for invariably present themselves to those who wait for him."

RULES vs. JUDGMENT.—In the following anecdote from the German, evidently the production of some unfortunate poet whose cherished epic had fallen upon the public attention like snow upon a mountain stream, there is a delicate stroke of satire, directed against those critics whose brains are stored with rules which they have not the judgment to apply with propriety and fitness:—

A peasant, who had noticed that old people used spectacles to read, went to an optician and asked for a pair, which were politely handed him. Taking up a book, he examined it very attentively for a few moments, and then laid the spectacles down, saying that they were not good. Whereupon the spectacle-maker hunted out the best glasses the shop could afford, and placed them, one after another, upon his customer's nose. The peasant, however, rejected them all, still complaining that they were not good. A bright idea seemed to spread over the honest merchant's countenance. "Ah, my good friend," said he, "perhaps you cannot read at all?" "If I could," tartly responded the peasant, "I would not want your spectacles."

Alas! there are many in the world quite as blind as the poor peasant; but few possess his blunt and open honesty. If they have the spectacles, they must of course be able to read.

"AM I NOT MY OWN MASTER?"—When we hear these words coming boastfully from the lips of a young man just entering upon his majority, we cannot forbear recalling the reply of a French prince to a stranger whom he encountered in one of the rooms of his palace. "Pray, sir," said the prince, "to whom do you belong?" "To myself," gruffly replied the stranger. "Ah, my dear sir," was the ready retort, "what a pity it is you have such a stupid master!"

CONFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.—The many evidences of almost unpardonable ignorance now and then presented by our transatlantic brethren in the fields of literature forcibly remind us of the glorious confusion of knowledge exhibited in the following question of a somewhat notorious sprig of nobility from the island of chalky cliffs, who, on being presented with the Countess of Albany's card, exclaimed—"The Countess of Albany! Ah! true—I remember. Wasn't she the widow of Charles the Second, who married Ariosto?"

A HINT FOR MONARCHS.—For the benefit of "the nephew of his uncle," and for that of sundry others of our modern "descendants from the Cæsars" who seem disposed to check the tongues of their so-called slanderers and defamers by enforcing a change of climate, we resuscitate the following: Philip, father of Alexander the Great, being advised to expel from his dominions a man who had been speaking ill of him, "I shall take care not to do that," said he, "for then he would go and slander me everywhere."

WHY WE NEVER MENTIONED HIM.—One of our very good friends in the State of Ohio expresses his surprise that we have never once mentioned the name of a certain celebrated man who has been received with the greatest honors by the inhabitants of every city and town through which

he has passed since landing on our shores. Now, the most particular reason we can give our friend for not having made a *public* parade of our feelings in regard to the illustrious individual alluded to, is the fact that we are too good-natured for a politician, and by no means ambitious enough for a patriot. But we have other reasons for our modest course in this matter, one of which is that we have been constantly reminded, in view of the honors showered on the guest by most of the cities and towns through which he has passed, of the following touching anecdote:—

It is related that a very poor town went to a considerable expense in feasts and illuminations on the occasion of its prince passing through. The latter expressed much surprise at it. "It has only done," said a courtier, "what it owed your majesty." "That is true," said another, "but it owes all that it has done."

PRINCE LUCIEN MURAT, whilom of Bordentown, N. J., is now one of the great men of Paris. We remember him well, and also his wife, formerly Miss Fraser, of South Carolina. The following, we suppose, is considered a compliment:—

"The baptism of the infant of Prince and Princess Murat took place at the Elysée. The infant was held at the baptismal font by the Prince President and the Princess Mathilde."

Her Majesty of England is determined to dress well, no matter how her subjects may fare. Here is a description of her dress at a late reception:—

"The Queen wore a train of white watered rainbow silk, trimmed with white satin ribbons and tulle. The petticoat was of white satin, trimmed with white satin ribbons and tulle. Her Majesty's head-dress was composed of emeralds and diamonds"

On another occasion the following was her dress:—

"The Queen wore a train of blue and gold brocaded silk, trimmed with blue and gold ribbon and white tulle. The petticoat was of white satin, trimmed with white tulle and blue and gold ribbons. Her majesty's head-dress was composed of rubies and marabout feathers.

THE "London Punch" is hard upon the Bloomers. It says:—

"Mr. Punch fearlessly challenges the civilized universe, not excepting even the Editor of 'Notes and Queries.' To und a single convert to Bloomerism among the 'Maids of Jerry England,' those at the 'Public' Bar alone excepted."

A LITERARY gentleman in London writes to a friend in this city as follows: "We have had enough of Bloomers here of late. They serve at the bars of public houses, dressed in pants, straw hats, and ostrich feathers; also in the cigar and coffee shops—the sign-board being, '*A genuine Bloomer serves constantly here.*'"

WHAT AN ELECTION COSTS IN ENGLAND.—"The recent contest for the borough of Greenwich has cost the successful candidate £6,000 (\$30,000)!"

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE.—A more courteous gentleman than Mr. Russell, the present manager and treasurer of Welch's Olympic, does not exist; and a more delightful place of amusement to spend an hour or two with the children cannot be found.

A VERY amusing Book is for sale by Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street, price only twenty-five cents, "My Friend Wiggle's," his adventures, misfortunes, &c., full of humorous engravings.

WE cannot answer the question about Putnam's publications; we do not receive them. There is a paper in this city, whose circulation is about one thousand, that does. Some of our publishers make great mistakes in this way. The circulation of the "Lady's Book" is the largest but one of any magazine in America; it goes into every large town and village, and circulates everywhere.

THE MOST PLEASING INTELLIGENCE TO HUSBANDS.—One of the Paris papers states that "dresses are now worn shorter, and a female foot may once more be seen."

WE TOLD YOU SO.—The editor of the "Picton Gazette" says of the "Lady's Book": "There are some beautiful specimens of ladies' work, and the directions, we are assured by a lady friend skilled in these matters, are always correct, which is far from being the case with some magazines that profess to teach the mysteries of knitting, netting, and crochet."

SOME GOOD IN CORSETS, AFTER ALL.—The Queen of Spain, in the late attempt to assassinate her, was saved by the dagger's striking against the whalebone in her stays.

THROWING BOUQUETS AT THEATRES.—"Who throws the bouquet to-night?" was the question asked by Manager Crummels, in Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby." In Paris, the actors provide their friends with the bouquets that are to be thrown on the stage. We remember hearing of the mother of a celebrated actress being very angry at finding only eleven bouquets, when she knew that she had furnished twelve to be thrown. The same bouquets answer until they become so faded that they will not hold together.

GOOD NEWS FOR THOSE FOND OF READING.—This will be No. 2 of our double numbers. It is our intention to continue them. Plenty of reading in future, and plenty of engravings.

A SMALL THIEF.—A rogue in Ohio received \$1 25 from a lady for thirteen months' subscription to the Lady's Book: he also promised to pay the postage for the time.

Since writing the above, we have had another complaint, from a person in Michigan. We need hardly say that the fellow is an impostor.

WE have had several applications for our autograph since we published how it might be obtained. Several remittances, with a particular request that the receipt should be signed by myself, have been received. We can still accommodate a large number; and, in every case where it is requested, our name in full will be placed to the receipt. How pretty it would look framed!

SUBSCRIBERS must remember that remittances must be made directly to us, as we have no travelling agents. Bills were sent to all in arrears in the May number; so please hurry along the remittances. Living is very high now in Philadelphia: butter forty cents, and shad three levies, which, being translated into United States English, means 37½ cents each.

THE beautiful plates that we have at times published on our cover, can as readily be bound with the "Lady's Book" as any plate that is published in it. Any binder can place it properly. It should be the leading plate of the volume; and, with the January number, it will answer as a title-page.

THE tinted cottages in this number are also from Rantlett's celebrated work, which can be had of Dewitt & Davenport, New York. Our subscribers will see how easy, and at how little expense, common cottages may be changed to ornamental ones.

WE continue, in this number, our series of useful articles. We commenced with steam; but we do not end in steam. "Cotton Bleaching" is the first of a series of articles beautifully illustrated, which we are sure will please all our readers. Our reading matter is nearly doubled. A mezzotint and line engraving, and two tinted engravings, with a host of other illustrations, will show our subscribers that, while we increase the size of the "Book," we do not lessen the number of illustrations.

CONGRESSIONAL PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—Our thanks are returned to Messrs. Borland and Letcher for several public documents; but, as we had no particular use for them, we handed them to our friend Scott, of "Scott's Weekly"—a very excellent family paper, by the way.

DICKENS'S "Bleak House," No. 1, has been received, and it opens well. The Harpers have brought it out in a very neat style.

F. E. F. NEW YORK.—We have written you six times, and will write no more, unless you will allow the letter directed to the care of some person. Look over the advertised list in the newspapers, commencing February last.

Receipts, &c.

THE following receipt for cleansing feathers of their animal oil gained a premium from the Society of Arts: Take for every gallon of clean water one pound of quicklime, mix them well together, and, when the undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder, pour off the clean lime-water for use. Put the feathers to be cleaned in another tub, and add to them a quantity of the clean lime-water sufficient to cover the feathers about three inches, when well immersed and stirred about therein. The feathers, when thoroughly moistened, will sink down, and should remain in the lime-water three or four days; after which, the foul liquor should be separated from them by laying them in a sieve. The feathers should be afterwards well washed in clean water, and dried upon nets, the meshes of which may be about the fineness of cabbage-nets. The feathers must be, from time to time, shaken on the nets, and, as they dry, will fall through the meshes, and are to be collected for use. The admission of air will be serviceable in drying. The process will be complete in three weeks; and, after being thus prepared, the feathers will only require to be beaten to get rid of the dust.

TO TAKE RUST OUT OF STEEL.—Cover it with salad oil well rubbed in it, and in forty-eight hours use unslaked lime, finely powdered, and rub till the rust disappears.

TO MEND BROKEN GLASS.—An excellent cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire—taking especial care that it does not boil over—one ounce of isinglass in two wineglasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

TO PRESERVE PICTURE-FRAMES FROM FLIES.—Boil three or four young onions in a pint of water; then, with a gilding-brush, wash over with the liquid. It will do no injury to the gilded frames.

TO PRESERVE ORANGES.—Wholly grate or peel the oranges taking off only the thin outside portion of the rind; cut off a piece of the stalk, making a small incision at the place; squeeze out as much of the juice as can be obtained, and preserve it in a basin with the pulp that accompanies it. Put the oranges into cold water, let them stand for three days, changing the water twice; then boil them in fresh water till they are very tender, and put them to drain. Make a syrup with sugar and water sufficient to cover them, and let them stand in it for two or three days, and drain them well; then put double its weight of sugar to the pulp and juice; boil it together until the scum ceases to rise; then put in the oranges and boil them once more; cover them in the pots with this syrup. They will be fit for use in a week.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES IN WINE.—Put a quantity of the finest strawberries into a bottle, and strew in three large spoonfuls of fine sugar; fill up with good sherry.

PEA SOUP.—The liquor in which a leg of mutton or a calf's head has been cooked, makes good stock. Put this on to boil, slice into it a head of celery, a carrot, and turnip, with two onions; boil the peas in fresh water, putting them in when it boils fast; and, when they will mash, add them to the broth, with a crust of bread the size of a roll. Boil for half an hour; then run through a sieve, and season to taste.

TO DRY FLOWERS.—Take some fine white sand; wash it repeatedly until all dirt is removed, and the water remains clear; dry it thoroughly, and half fill a stone flower-pot; in this, stick freshly-gathered flowers when they are dry, and cover completely, taking care not to injure the leaves. Place the vessel in the sun, or in a room where a fire is kept, and let it remain until the flowers are perfectly dry; then carefully remove the sand, and clean with a feather brush. The process succeeds best with single flowers.

TO WASH MOUSSELINE DE LAINE.—Boil a pound of rice in five quarts of water, and, when cool enough, wash in this, using the rice for soap. Have another quantity ready, but strain the rice from this and use it with warm water, keeping the rice strained off for a third washing, which, at the same time, stiffens, and also brightens the colors.

ARROWROOT BLANCHMANGE.—Beat up two ounces of arrowroot, with a little milk, to the thickness of cream; then pour upon it three gills of boiling milk, stirring it all the time; flavor with essence of bitter almonds, and sugar to your taste; boil it ten minutes, stirring it all the time. Pour it into moulds. This should be made the day before it is to be used.

It should never be forgotten by those of studious habits that the delicate springs of our frail machinery lose their activity and become clogged with obstructions when we totally desist from exercise; from which, consequences arise which necessarily affect the brain. A mere studious life, therefore, is one equally prejudicial to mind and body.

AN echo returns a monosyllable at forty feet distance. Sound of all kinds travels at the rate of thirteen miles in a minute. The softest whisper travels at the same rate as the loudest thunder.

THE custom adopted by brides of wearing orange flowers was derived from France. It is there a matter of much pride and importance, inasmuch as it is not only a token of the purity of the bride herself, but also bears witness to the integrity and morality of her relations.

Centre-Table Gossip.

THE CONSERVATORY.

ONE of the most beautiful, and, at the same time, novel species of flowering plants, is that now attracting such general attention in Europe, known as the orchid, or air-plant family. The several varieties are found in great beauty in South America, from which country they are principally imported, though we know so little about them here. This is more from the expense of their importation and culture than from a necessity of great attention, all that they require for their support being a warm, moist atmosphere, a block of wood, bark, or a moss basket, to depend from.

We learn this, with many other interesting particulars with regard to their discovery and introduction into Europe, from an address delivered before the Horticultural Society of Delaware, by our townsman, Dr. G. Emerson, to whose courtesy we are indebted for a copy. Apart from the desire to see and cultivate these beautiful creations, a description of their freaks and forms is very curious. In some conservatories near Philadelphia, the pitcher plant and butterfly flower are found. The first is not the single large green leaf so common in the woods of the Northern and Middle States, and sometimes known by children as "Jack in the pulpit." At the extremity of each leaf there is a small pitcher, of graceful shape, with a close-fitting lid, that opens or shuts, as the pitcher is full or empty.

The imitations of life most common among them are of birds and animals, and these are so close as scarcely to be believed. The "swan plant," we are told, is the most remarkable. It has the graceful curved neck, the swelling bosom, mimic head, turned back as if in pride. Then there is the snow-white dove, native to the celebrated Isthmus of Panama, where it is regarded by the ignorant as a religious symbol. It has all the appearance, Dr. Emerson tells us, "of a beautiful dove descending, the wings expanded, the head stooping—in a word, just such a figure as the old masters depict in the scene where our Saviour comes from the waters of John's baptism."

It may be imagined that these rare plants are beautiful only to the eye; but we are told that their fragrance is delicious, "soothing, delicate, and never cloying." As an example of the interest their introduction excited in England, a vessel was fitted out by M. Deschamps for the express purpose of importing them. It was loaded at Vera Cruz with no other freight than orchids and cactuses, which novel cargo reached England in safety. We should think that, with the constant communication we have at present in the Isthmus and South America, they might easily be procured for the conservatories of our fair ladies, to whom we suggest their culture. A demand for any article will be followed by its importation; and we are sure the infinite beauty and variety of the blossoms would soon reward them.

THE well-known writer who sends us the following sketch, *de la* T. Haynes Bayley, assures us it is not a "personality." There was scarcely a necessity for the voucher. The slip-pers will fit too many pretty feet for any one to quarrel for possession. We are promised other chapters in the future.

"YOUNGLADYHOOD."

IN VARIOUS CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LAND-ING," "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," ETC.

THE CALL.

SCENE.—A fashionable drawing-room in Walnut Street; two young ladies, in very flowing undersleeves, rush towards each other with frantic kisses and embraces.

"Well, sweetest! how are you this evening?
I declare, it's an age since we met!
What, practicing scales for Pirelli?
Dorago you've ceased to regret.
Come, quit those roulades and cadenzas;
I called to invite you to walk;
My bonnet came home only Wednesday,
And I long for a sociable talk.

"And you have a glimpse for the summer?
That came from Miss Wharton's, I know.
Have you seen those mantillas at Levy's,
With bugles, which now are 'the go'!
My scarf—'tis real India, you notice—
Pa imported expressly from France:
By the way, did you know that in Paris
They've invented a charming new dance?"

"It was time; for the Polka's so vulgar!
The Schottish I never could bear!
See, there goes the beauty, Miss Lawson,
How badly she dresses her hair!
And how is your dear little sister?
I always vote children a bore;
But she's such a sweet little creature—
You're musle she's pulled to the floor!

"Now, yesterday I was so busy!
I scarcely looked up all the day;
I tried a fantasia by Strakosh,
And learned a new stitch in crochet.
Then uncle insisted on reading
A poem, by no one knows who;
And, what's more, he obliged me to listen!
He's rich, and what was I to do?"

"Mamma's afraid he'll get married,
So he's not introduced half the time:
For bachelor uncles to dream of
, Such folly, I think is a crime.
There's the library at his disposal,
He may sit there all day with my aunt,
And the nursery's equally open—
What more can an invalid want?"

"Dear me! I declare, what a toilet!
I'm ashamed to go out by your side!
With that lovely blonde veil on your bonnet,
You can easily pass for a bride.
But, dear, how old fashioned and prudish,
Such a dress buttoned close in the waist!
Now a veet, with your elegant figure,
Would be in such exquisite taste!

And what! does your father oblige you
To wear winter gaiters—thick soled?
Now men are so fussy and cautious,
As if we should ever take cold!
See, I have silk stockings and slippers:
When one has a tolerable foot,
I think it's a shame—when you know it—
To go covering it up with a boot!"

HOUSEKEEPER'S KEYS.—No. I.

"Centre-table gossip" would never be complete, we are sure, without passing comments on the difficulties and pleasures of housekeeping. What ten ladies ever assembled, with books and work, for an evening's chat, without reference to that all-important occupation? Not that we consider the *coup d'état* of the kitchen cabinet at all entertaining as a *staple* in conversation, like the soup stock a French cook always has on hand for any emergency; on the contrary, we would not have them wholly banished as an ingredient, for variety's sake, and being a matter on which every lady has more or less interest. The chataleine, corrupted now by the effeminacy of gold or platinum imitations of useful implements, had its significance when, in the good old times, a housekeeper was known by the bunch of keys suspended from her waist, as she overlooked the domestic kingdom. We of the nineteenth century have, in a measure, dispensed with these clanking accompaniments of our morning's occupations, save in the South, where the rigors of this household law compel exaction. When the mistress is not unfrequently informed that the meal-bag has disappeared—without hands, of course—from the storeroom, or the sugar has given *itself* out with wonderful rapidity, the basket of keys can by no means be laid aside, the collection being quite too heavy for the support of a girdle.

But we were intending these keys to symbol those practical advices and instructions known as receipts, or the more passing hints which housekeepers often gain from each other in a pleasant chat, unlocking the mysteries of many an excellent time and labor-saving process. Under this head, therefore, we shall, from time to time, communicate practical experiences, at the same time soliciting aid from those of our lady readers who are interested in the matter. Many an admirable receipt is handed down from mother to daughter, and has never yet been stained with printer's ink. Let the happy possessors of such secrets remember that

"Charity begins at home,
But does not always stay there!"

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

The last "*Moniteur*" announces that *Delisle*, the celebrated Parisian importer, has concluded an arrangement with one of the chief Indian factories to send him the most magnificent cashmeres Hindostan can produce. As they will no longer be at the great expense of sending an especial agent to Bombay or Cashmere, the shawls will be more reasonable in price; or, as our informant says, with true French emphasis, "Indian cashmeres will no longer be a tantalizing dream to our young ladies!"

The new Bagdad shawls promise to be great favorites this year: they have palm leaves a foot long, on a Turkish green ground, apparently illuminated by rays of the sun. This is not done by a woven thread of gold, as might be imagined, but with a very lustrous gold-colored silk; this makes it much softer, and less glaring, than gold embroidery would be. Shawls will always continue to be worn more or less; and the only excuse for the apparent

extravagance of an India shawl, is that they can, by care, be preserved from generation to generation, making a tasteful bequest, from mother to daughter, and frequently prized the more for this very reason. We believe there are more fine Indian cashmeres in Boston than any city in the Union. We never have heard an explanation suggested; but the fact is generally conceded. Cashmere scarfs for the neck are very common in Philadelphia.

CHANGE IN JEWELRY.

Colored stones, so long voted out of taste in a full toilet, are once more to be worn. Amethysts, emeralds, and rubies are used in the elaborate evening toilets of our fair ladies. For ourselves, we cannot say we like them, as they are too often worn incongruously with colors of dresses not at all suited. The simple hue of pearls, so chastened and softened, as it were, will always be ladylike. We notice that antique sets of pearls are once more brought forward. Bracelets, necklaces, and ear-rings that have reposed on their velvet cushions since the times of our grandmothers, now see the light again. We were lately shown, by Mr. Warden, a curious spray of pearls intended for a brooch, or an ornament for the hair, in the shape of an eagle with outspread wings; the folding of the plumage was curiously imitated by rows of large and small pearls. The eye was a single diamond, and a pendent of large pearls was clasped by the beak. It was displayed at the Great Exhibition the past year.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

We commend the following historical enigma to our lady friends for its clever significance; and, at the same time, if they are so disposed, solicit a poetical response.

How dull and gloomy is the day!
Fast rolls each sombre cloud;
The sun denies the faintest ray
To cheer the gathering crowd,
Who, with grave mien, assemble round
Yon tower with age so gray,
From whence proceeds a dismal sound—
The knell for Lady Grey.
See, the dread instruments of death
Aloft are raised there;
And now all, with suspended breath,
In pity drop a tear,
As they see that form so graceful,
With face of beauty rare,
Issue from beneath yon portal,
Intent on earnest prayer.
You see the vizored headman there,
How indifferent he stands!
Carelessly waving in the air
The keen axe in his hands.
Now see, that lady—noble, great,
And lately made a bride,
So lately dressed in regal state—
Throws her rich robes aside,
And of a few takes her farewell,
In tones most soft and sweet;
Then, whilst loudly rings her parting knell,
Goes her last end to meet.
Her head upon my first is laid;
And soon the fatal blow
The headman gives, quite undismayed,
That lays my second low.
My whole is of the human kind,
By Wit's bright light unblest;
To learning's value he is blind,
And certainly a pest.

U. M.

Fashions.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editors of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, etc., will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq., who will be responsible for the amount, and the early execution of commissions.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Stewart's, bonnets from Miss Wharton's, jewelry from Bailey's, Warden's, or Tiffany's, if requested.

CHITCHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Crape shawls being laid aside with the cold weather, that may now be supposed to have taken its final departure, the demand for scarfs, mantillas, etc., becomes imperative. We find from the importations that *summer shawls* will be worn more than for many seasons past. Of these, Levy has infinite variety. There are the printed berage long shawls, of cashmere patterns; they are lighter than the cashmeres—we do not mean Indian cashmeres, but those covered with the small palm leaf, and so long worn under that name—and fall more gracefully to the figure. The centre is filled with some neat pattern on a white ground, and the border is in the dark, rich Indian cashmere colors. The square berage shawls are in great variety. Those of plain white are well adapted to the toilet of a middle-aged matron, and combine cheapness with utility, coming at three dollars. They have the same neat effect as a plain crape, and, as will be seen, cost far less. With dresses in every shade of gray or fawn, they are particularly becoming. These have fringe. Others we find with plain centres, white, green, or blue, in delicate shades, and a cashmere pattern border in brilliant colors. These have no fringe. The gossamer berages are still more delicate and beautiful. They are principally long shawls, the texture as transparent as the finest silk tissue, and the pattern extremely rich and beautiful. These range as high as twenty dollars.

But, for young ladies, we think mantillas much more graceful. Those in white silks are not now made, except to order, when the new fringe, the heading knotted in diamonds, makes a little change from those of the last season. It was a tasteful fashion, and so brief only because so universally adopted and imitated. Black will be the favorite color for the present season. We find black silk dresses once more in vogue, for young as well as old; lavender a favorite shade; and it is but natural that black mantillas

should resume their reign, the more so that it is the original color, that graceful article of dress having been introduced and modified from the national Spanish costume. The most graceful pattern is the scarf form. It is not quite so long as the simple silk scarf, and is hollowed out slightly to fit the shoulders, and widens a little on the back, where the form is rounded; the ends are also rounded *en tablier*. It is made to come very far off the shoulders, to display the collar, chemisette, etc., and falls on the arm in graceful folds.

They are trimmed variously. A favorite style is an insertion of plain black lace about a finger in width, ornamented with rows of silk piping, put on in waves and scallops. This is again edged with a fold of silk the same width. The whole should not fall far below the waist. Diamond-knotted fringe a finger and a half in depth, lace, or gimp ornamented with bugles, and folds of silk, are all used. We still prophecy that bugles will have a short reign; they are too heavy for summer, and too easily imitated. Heavy gimp, ornamented with bugles, is selling at five dollars per yard. Closer mantillas are made for those who prefer them; but, as they are intended only for the summer, we recommend the scarf form.

White lace bonnets embroidered with straw, drawn crapes and thulies, straw gimps, with puffs of silk inserted, or *ruches* of ribbon made to imitate puffs, are much worn. Plain and common gimp straws sell from seventy-five cents to three dollars, at our straw stores.

There is no decided change in dress bodies and sleeves. The *Marquise* waists will be worn for some time to come, as they can be made to answer the purpose of full or plain dress by a change of chemisettes and undersleeves. A high fichu and undersleeves gathered at the waist, or a rich lace chemisette and flowing sleeves, make the change.

The hair is still worn in twists and plaits at the back. We have plates of two styles, the one a French twist, with the front hair in full *bandeaux*, and forming a coil under the loop of the twist on either side, behind the ear. The other is a round mass of braids, flat on the back of the head, and covered with a net of silver thread, the front hair in wide puffs.

Hair nets are once more in vogue: they are composed of silk or gold and silver twist, and are ornamented with bugles, beads, etc., in the diamonds. A plain silk net, of the brown called "hair color," is much used for young girls; but ornamented nets for full dress are very becoming to some styles. A Grecian contour is always improved by one; and we have often regretted the passing away of this graceful and classical style of *coiffure*. The hair should be disposed rather low upon the back of the head, in flat coils or braids, in the Grecian style, the net a little more than covering it. It is fastened by ornamented pins or tassels; sometimes a spray of silver flowers is worn. Wreaths are still worn in evening-dress by young ladies: the prettiest one of the season is composed only of green leaves of various shades, with silver pods and tendrils. It can be worn with a dress of any color but blue. Drooping flowers, or cords of velvet, are still mixed with the side *bandeaux*; but the loops and rings of the last season are gone out. For married ladies, there is a pretty network of velvet and pearls; blonde caps are once more worn. We should say, in passing, that nets for the hair is still an English fashion, but one that will be much adopted before the present season has gone by.

FASHION.

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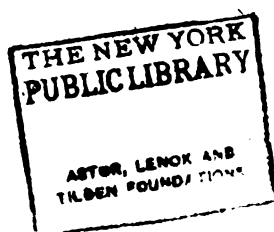


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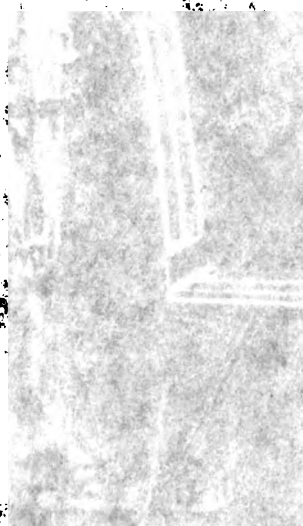
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The First Tribute.



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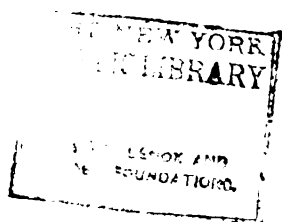


The First Tribute.

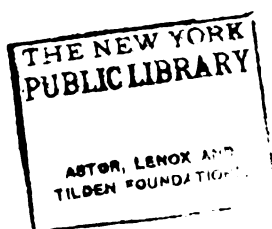


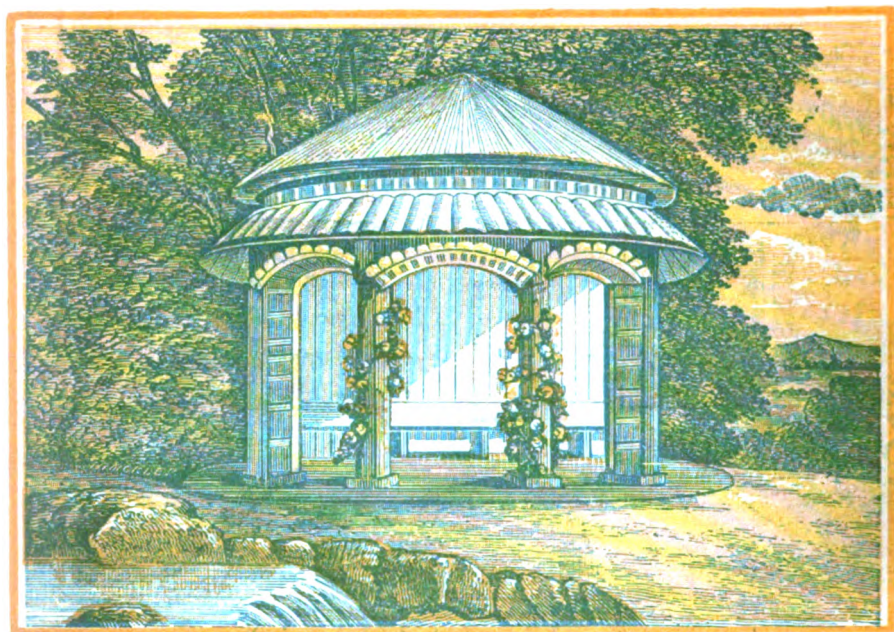


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## A SUMMER-HOUSE.

**A** NOVEL design, intended to be composed chiefly of unbarked wood, which is naturally the first of trees of the kind seen in nature. To receive these native pieces, a framework is to be erected, to which the pieces are to be fixed, and here the ingenuity of the selector of the materials would be fully employed, for much of the beauty of the structure depends on the form of the wood, and so that by its color it may claim attention, independent of its outline and general appearance.

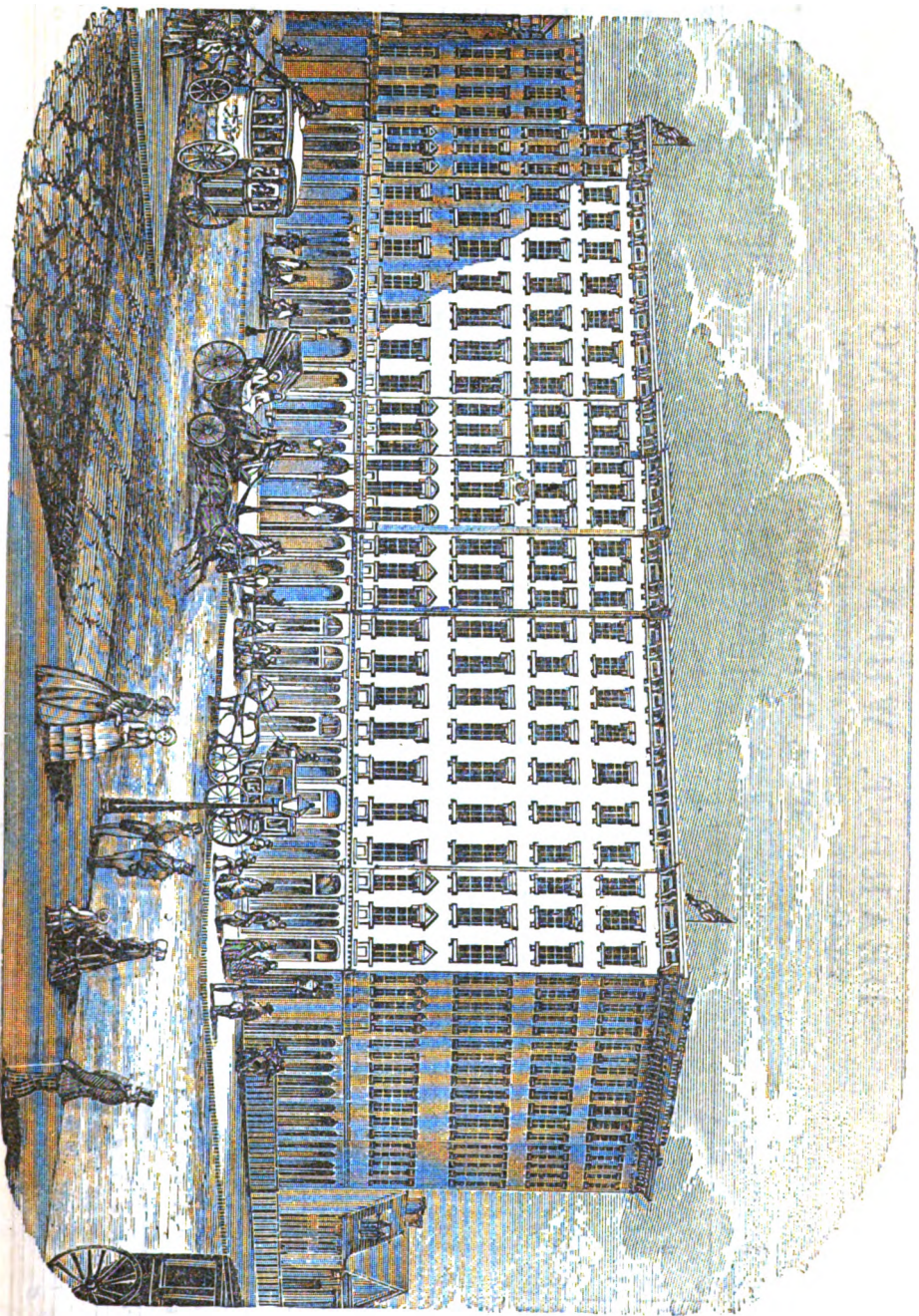
The various sizes of the material, the color and texture of the bark when peeled, and the various colors of the wood, afford ample means for an effective display of taste, particularly as they are to be used in a variety of ways, and are to be covered with reed thatching.

The summer house is to be placed in a garden, or in a park, at a short distance from the residence. Here, it would add relief and force to its surroundings, and induce the visitor more satisfactorily to contemplate the prospects its site affords.









METROPOLITAN HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

# DEAREST, WHEN EVENING

BALLAD, WRITTEN, COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR PIANO AND GUITAR,

BY J. G. WHITEMAN.

The musical score is written for three parts: Guitar, Voice, and Piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked *Moderato*.

**GUITAR:** The guitar part begins with a series of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic accompaniment for the voice. It includes a melodic line in the upper register and a bass line in the lower register.

**VOICE:** The voice part is a ballad melody. The lyrics are: "Dear - est, when ev' - ning". The melody is simple and expressive, with a range of an octave.

**PIANO:** The piano part is a ballad accompaniment. It features a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The piano part includes a series of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic accompaniment for the voice. It includes a melodic line in the upper register and a bass line in the lower register.

The score is divided into two systems. The first system contains the first two staves (Guitar and Voice) and the first three staves of the Piano part. The second system contains the remaining staves of the Piano part.

And an - gels guard thy down-y bed,

Sleep - ing, wilt thou dream of me, As I sleep - ing dream of thee? Dream of thee?

*ritard.*

SECOND VERSE.

Dearest, when morning's light appearing,  
Tints the sky with golden rays,  
And the joyous sunlight cheering,  
Warns the flow'rs to sing his praise,  
Waking, wilt thou think of me,  
As I waking think of thee?  
Think of thee?

# COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.

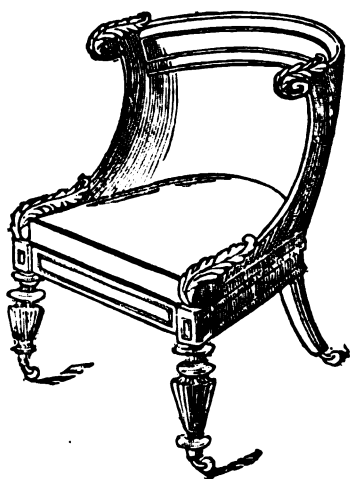


Fig. 2.

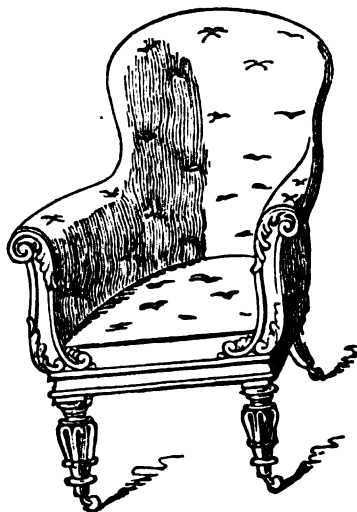


Fig. 3.

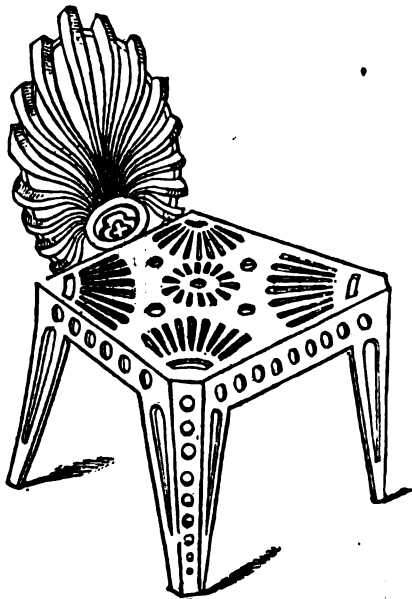
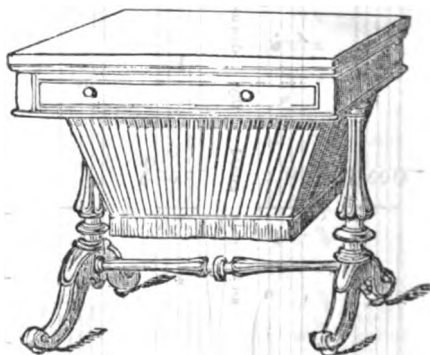


Fig. 4.



Figs. 1 and 2 are easy-chairs. They may be covered with morocco or with cloth corresponding with the other furniture, as the sofas or window-curtains, of the same apartment.

Fig. 3 is a large hall-chair of cast-iron, with numerous perforations. It may be imitated in wood.

Fig. 4 is a lady's work-table, with drawers and bag.



# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1852.

EVERYDAY ACTUALITIES.—NO. II.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND GRAVER.

BY C. T. HINCKLEY.

### CALICO-PRINTING.

THE art of impressing in color various figures and patterns upon calico, silk, and other fabrics, is one of great importance to the world, and forms a branch of what is the most extensive of the mechanic arts. It was the custom formerly to print



### BLOCK-PRINTING.

upon linen fabrics; but, since the modern improvements in the manufacture of cotton cloths, it is now seldom practised. This arises not only from the expensiveness of linen, but also from the greater facility in printing upon cotton, from the nature of the material; cotton possessing more affinity for coloring matter than flax.

The art is of very ancient date in India, and takes its English name from Calicut, a town in the province of Malabar, a district where it has been practised with great success from time immemorial. Homer notices the variegated linen cloths of Sidon as magnificent productions, and Herodotus says that the inhabitants of Caucasus adorned their garments with figures of animals, by means of an infusion of

the leaves of a tree, and that the colors thus obtained were durable. Pliny gives a description of the art as practised by the Egyptians, which bears a great resemblance to the modern method. He says, "They take white cloths, and apply to them not colors, but certain drugs, which have the power of absorbing or drinking in colors; and, in the cloths so operated on, there is not the smallest appearance of any dye or tincture. These cloths are then put into a caldron of some coloring matter, scalding hot, and, after having remained a time, are withdrawn all stained and painted in various colors. This is, indeed, a wonderful process, seeing that there is in the said caldron only one kind of coloring material; yet from it the cloth acquires this and that color, and the boiling liquid itself changes according to the quality and nature of the dye-absorbing drugs which were at first laid on the white cloth. And these stains and colors, moreover, are so firmly fixed as to be incapable of being removed by washing. If the scalding liquor were composed of various tinctures and colors, it would doubtless have compounded them all in one upon the cloth; but here one liquor gives a variety of colors according to the drugs previously applied. The colors of the cloths thus prepared are always more firm and durable than if the cloths were not dipped into the boiling caldron."

The cotton chints counterpanes of great size, called *pallampoors*, which have been manufactured in Madras from the earliest ages, have, in like manner, peculiar dye-absorbing drugs applied to them with the pencil, as also wax, to protect certain parts of the surface from the action of the dye, and afterwards immersed in a staining liquor, which, when wax is applied, is usually the cold indigo-vat; but, without the wax, is a hot liquor similar to the Egyptian. In the cabinet of the "*Société Industrielle*," at Mulhouse, there are many interesting specimens of this curious mode of printing, together

with the native implements used for applying the wax and coloring basis. In the same collection, is a sample of an ancient pallampoor, five French yards long, and two and a half broad, said to be the labor of Hindoo princesses, which must have taken a lifetime to execute. Cortez noticed in Mexico that the inhabitants wore garments ornamented with colored figures. The North American Indians have also been long acquainted with the art of applying different-colored patterns to cloth, as may be seen in the various museums in this country.

The art of calico-printing was practised in Asia Minor and the Levant several centuries before its introduction to Europe. It was not till the close of the seventeenth, or the beginning of the eighteenth century, that Augsburg became celebrated for its printed cottons and linens, and that city was long a school for the manufacturers of Alsace and Switzerland. The art was introduced into England, about the year 1676, by a Frenchman, who established works on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond. More extensive works were established soon after at Bromley Hall, in Essex.

Printed goods which, half a century ago, were sold for fifty-six cents per yard, may now be had for twelve and a half cents or less; and a cotton print, sufficient for a complete dress, may be had for one dollar or less. It is stated, as an example of the prodigious increase of calico-printing, that, in 1829, 89,862,433 yards of all descriptions of printed goods were exported from England; whereas, in 1841, there were exported of printed cottons alone, 329,240,892 yards.

The object of calico-printing is to apply one or more colors to particular parts of cloth, so as to represent a distinct pattern, and the beauty of a print depends on the elegance of the pattern, and the brilliancy and contrast of the colors. The processes employed are applicable to linen, silk, worsted, and mixed fabrics, although they are usually referred to cotton cloth, or calico.

There are various methods of calico-printing, the simplest of which is block-printing by hand, in which the pattern, or a portion thereof, is engraved in relief upon the face of a block of sycamore, holly,



HAND-BLOCK.

or pear-tree wood, backed with deal, and furnished with a strong handle of boxwood. The block varies in size from nine to twelve inches long, and from four to seven inches broad. In some cases, the pattern is formed by the insertion into the block of narrow strips of flattened copper, the interstices being filled with felt. This gives a very distinct impression. The block is charged with color by pressing it upon a surface of woollen cloth stretched

tightly over a wooden drum. This, which is called the *sieve*, is made to float in a tub of size or thick varnish, for the purpose of giving it elasticity. The sieve is covered with the coloring-matter by a child, called the *tearer*—probably from the French *tireur*—who takes up with a brush a small quantity of the color from a pot, and spreads it uniformly over the surface of the sieve, and every time that the man presses his block upon the sieve, in order to charge it with color, it is the duty of the *tearer* to brush over the woollen surface, in order to erase the mark of the block; for, if this were not done, the block would not be equally charged with color.

The calico having been prepared for printing by *singeing*, *bleaching*, and *calendering* [see BLEACHING], a number of pieces are stitched end to end, and lapped round a roller, or arranged in folds in the printing-shop, which is a well-lighted apartment, the air of which is kept warm, in order to dry the colors soon after they are applied, for which purpose the cloth is passed over hanging rollers, so as to expose a large surface. The printing-table is about six feet long, and is made of mahogany, marble, or flagstone, or any material capable of forming a flat, hard surface. This table is covered with a blanket, upon which the calico is spread, and the block being charged with color as above described, the man applies it to the cloth in the exact spot required, and, in some cases, strikes it on the back with a wooden mallet, in order to transfer the impression fully. Thus, by repeated applications of the block, a pattern is produced in one color. Care is required to place the block in the exact spot, so as to make one impression exactly join or fit in with the previous impression; and, for this purpose, the block is furnished with small pins at the corners, which make holes in the cloth, and serve as a guide to the printer. If the pattern contain three or more colors, there must be as many blocks, all of equal size, the raised portions in one, which take up color, corresponding with depressed portions in the others which do not take up color. In order therefore to print a piece of cloth twenty-eight yards long, and thirty inches broad, with three blocks, each measuring nine inches by five, there must be six hundred and seventy-two applications of each.\* But, if the design consist of parallel stripes of different colors, they may be applied with one block at a single application on the same part of the cloth, by arranging the colors in small tin troughs, and transferring a portion from them to the sieve by means of a small wire brush, and the color is then distributed evenly in stripes over the surface by a roller covered with

\*Our engraving of block-printing shows the general arrangements of the printing-room in printing by hand. The printers are working in the *discharge style* (which will be noticed further on): the acid used to discharge the color is supplied to the sieve by means of an inverted bottle, as shown in the cut, so that the services of the *tearer* are not required. (See cut, p. 6.)

woollen cloth. In those patterns in which the colors are blended into one another at the edges, in what is called the *rainbow style*, they are first blended by a brush on the sieve before being taken up by the block. Stereotyping has been applied to the production of printing-blocks. A small mould is produced from a model of the pattern, and copies are then made by pouring fusible metal into it. A number of these plates are joined together, and mounted in a stout piece of wood, and thus form a printing-block.

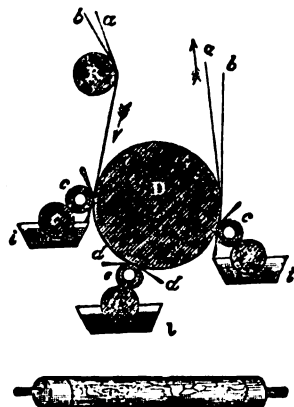
A machine called the *Perrotine*, in honor of its inventor, M. Perrot, of Rouen, is in use in France and Belgium as a substitute for hand-block printing. It is thus described by Dr. Ure: "Three wooden blocks, from two and a half to three feet long, according to the breadth of the cloth, and from two to five inches broad, faced with pear-tree wood, engraved in relief, are mounted in a powerful cast-iron framework, with their planes at right angles to each other, so that each of them may, in succession, be brought to bear upon the face, top, and back of a square prism of iron covered with cloth, and fitted to revolve upon an axis between the said blocks. The calico passes between the engraved blocks, and receives successive impressions from them as it is successively drawn through by a winding cylinder. The blocks are pressed against the calico through the agency of springs, which imitate the elastic pressure of the workman's hand. Each block receives a coat of colored paste from a woollen surface, smeared after every contact with a mechanical brush. One man, with one or two children for superintending the color-giving surfaces, can turn off about thirty pieces English per day, in three colors, which is the work of fully twenty men and twenty children in block-printing by hand."

Copper-plate printing, similar to that used in the production of engravings, has also been applied to calico-printing; but the perfection to which cylinder-printing, next to be described, has been brought, rendered the extension of this method unnecessary.

The invention of *cylinder, or roller-printing*, is the greatest achievement that has been made in the art, producing results which are truly extraordinary: a length of calico equal to one mile can, by this method, be printed off with four different colors in one hour, and more accurately and with better effect than block-printing by hand. One cylinder-machine, attended by one man, can perform as much work in the same time as one hundred men attended by one hundred tearers. The effect of this beautiful machine has been greatly to cheapen cotton prints, and to create an enormous demand for them, so that, while apparently superseding labor in one direction, it creates a demand for it in all directions.

The invention of this machine is attributed to two persons, who had no connection with each other: the one is a Scotchman named Bell, who, about the year 1785, practised at Monsey, near Preston, Eng-

land; the other was named Oberkampf, a calico-printer at Jouy, in France. We will endeavor, with the assistance of a diagram, to explain the principle of the machine as arranged for printing a pattern in three colors. The cylinders upon which the pattern is engraved, one cylinder for each color, are shown

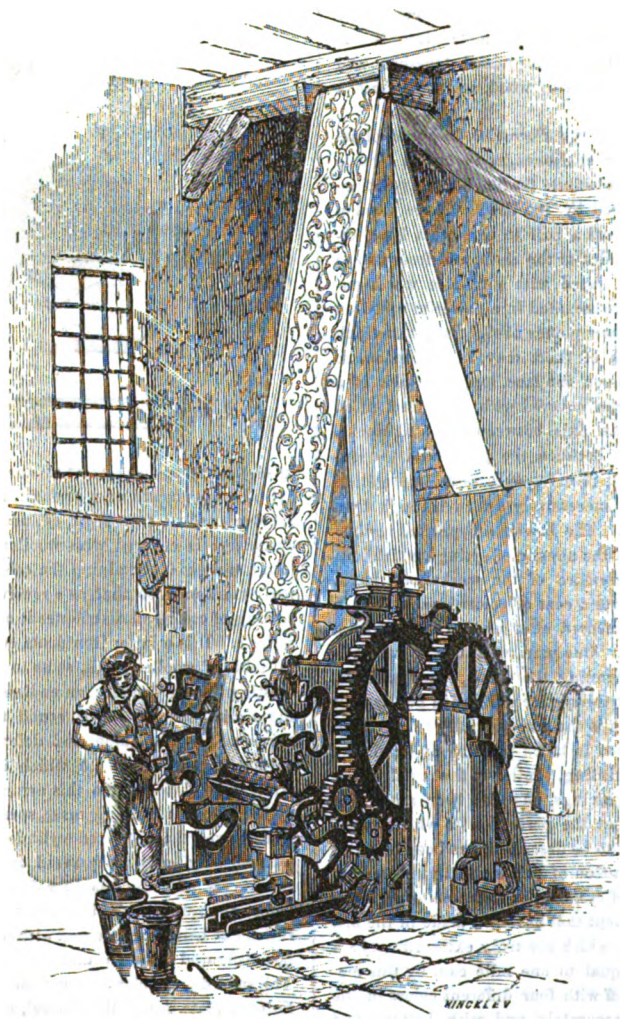


in section at *e*, and a view of one of them. Each cylinder is mounted on a strong framework, so as to revolve against two other cylinders, *d* and *e*: the cylinder *e* is covered with woollen cloth, and dips into a trough *t*, containing the coloring-matter properly thickened, so that as *e* revolves it takes up a coating of color and distributes it over the engraved roller *c*. *D* is a large iron drum covered with several folds of woollen cloth, so as to form a somewhat elastic printing surface: an endless web of blanketing *a a* is made to travel round this drum, which serves as a sort of guide, and defence, and printing surface to the calico *b b* which is being printed. Now it is obvious from this arrangement, that the cylinder *e* in revolving must spread the color uniformly over the engraved cylinder *c*, whereas it is wanted only in the depressed or engraved parts; the excess of color has therefore to be removed before the roller comes in contact with the calico, or instead of being ornamented with a pattern it would be disfigured with an unmeaning patch of color. The superfluous color is removed by a sharp-edged knife or plate *d*, usually of steel, called the *doctor*.\*

\* The origin of this term has been explained by Mr. Baines in his "History of the Cotton Manufacture." When Mr. Hargreaves, a partner in the factory at Monsey, near Preston, where cylinder-printing was first introduced, as already noticed, was making some experiments with the process, one of his workmen said, "All this is very well, sir; but how will you remove the superfluous color from the surface of the cylinder?" Mr. Hargreaves took up a common knife, and pressing the edge parallel with the axis of the revolving cylinder, at once showed its action in removing the color. After a short pause, the operative exclaimed, "Oh, sir, you have *doctored* it!" a common phrase for "You have cured it;" and the contrivance has ever

This is so arranged that the color scraped off shall fall back into the trough *i*. Each engraved cylinder is usually provided with two doctors, one called the *color doctor*, *d*, and the other the *lint doctor*, *d'*. The object of the latter is to remove the fibres which

the roller acquires from the calico. Doctors are made of gun-metal, bronze, brass, and iron alloys, as well as of steel, that metal being used which is least acted on by the coloring materials and mordants used in the troughs.



CYLINDER PRINTING MACHINE.

Our large engraving is a view of a cylinder-machine for printing colors. Some of the machines are very complicated in appearance, as many as eight colors being printed at once by one machine; but this complication is only apparent, for it is produced by the repetition of similar arrangements eight times over, each engraved roller, provided with its own color trough, &c., revolving against the

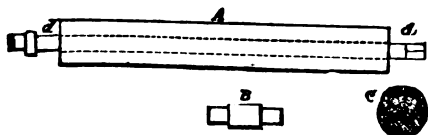
iron drum *n*; but very great nicety of arrangement is required to bring all these rollers to bear upon the cloth, so as to print at the exact spots required for forming a complicated pattern; but when the proper adjustment is made, a machine for printing eight colors acts with as much precision and regularity as a machine arranged for a fewer number of colors.

As fast as the calico is printed, it is drawn through a long gallery or passage, raised to the temperature of nearly 200°, by means of a furnace flue which traverses its whole length. The upper surface of

since retained the name of *the doctor*. Another account is, that the word *doctor* is a corruption of the Latin, *abductor*.

the gallery is covered with rough plates of cast-iron which radiate heat upon the printed goods. A piece of calico of twenty-eight yards is drawn through the gallery in about two minutes, during which the colors become dried and set.

The printing cylinders vary in length from thirty to forty inches, according to the width of the calico: the diameter varies from four to twelve inches. Each cylinder, *a*, and in section *c*, as shown in the following figure, is bored through the axis *d d*, and



accurately turned from a solid piece of metal. For some styles of pattern the engraving is done by hand; but, as this is expensive, it is usual to adopt Perkins's method of transferring engravings from one surface to another by means of small steel rollers, *b*. The pattern is first drawn upon a scale of about three inches square, so that this size of figure being repeated a number of times will cover the printing cylinder. The pattern is then engraved upon a roller of soft steel about one inch in diameter, and three inches long, so as to occupy its surface exactly. This small roller, which is called the *die*, is next hardened by heating it to redness and suddenly quenching it in cold water. The roller thus hardened is then put into a rotatory press, and made to transfer its design to a similar small roller in a soft state, called the *mill*. The design which was sunk in the die, now appears in relief on the mill. The mill in its turn is hardened, and being put into a rotatory press, engraves or indents upon the large copper cylinder the whole of the intended pattern. This is, of course, a work of time, and requires considerable care to make the numerous junctions of the small roller exactly fit each other upon the printing cylinder. By this process, however, a pattern may be imparted to a large cylinder at the cost of about one-eighth of what it could be done by hand. By the method just described, a worn cylinder can be renewed and made equal to a new one. The pattern is also sometimes produced by *etching*, in which case the cylinder is covered with a thin coat of varnish, and on this the pattern is traced with a diamond or steel point. Aqua-fortis is then applied to the surface, which bites into or corrodes the parts which have been removed by the point. This point or tracer is sometimes applied in a manner similar to that of the eccentric chuck of a lathe, by which means the surface is covered with patterns, or a groundwork for patterns of great variety and beauty. The electrotype has also been used for producing the design on the printing cylinder. The design is also sometimes cut in relief upon wooden rollers; or formed by the insertion of

flat pieces of copper edge-wise. This is termed *surface printing*, probably from the circumstance of the thickened color being applied to a tense surface of woollen cloth, against which the cylinder revolves and takes up color. A combination of wooden and copper rollers forms what is called the *union printing-machine*.

Another method of calico-printing remains to be described, namely, *press-printing*, by which several colors can be printed at once. The cloth to be printed is wound upon a roller at one end of the machine, and the design, which is formed in a block of mixed metal about two and a half feet square, is supported with its face downwards in an iron frame, and can be raised or lowered at pleasure. The face of the block is divided into as many stripes, ranging cross-wise with the table, as there are colors to be printed. If, for example, the pattern be made up of five stripes of different colors, and each stripe be six inches broad, and as long as the breadth of the cloth, the colors have to be applied without mingling or interfering with each other. This is accomplished in the following manner: The side edges of the table are furnished with a couple of rails similar to a railway, and upon this is a shallow tray or frame, capable of moving backwards and forwards upon wheels. Within this frame is a cushion of about the same size as the printing-block, and by its side are five small troughs containing the thickened colors. By means of a long piece of wood, formed so as to dip into all the troughs at once, the tearer applies a small portion of each color to the surface of the cushion, and spreads them evenly into five portions or stripes, taking care not to mix them; but making their breadth equal to that of the stereotype rows on the block. The cushion being prepared, the frame is rolled along the railway until it is immediately under the printing-block, which the pressman then lowers upon the cushion, by which means the five stripes of the block become charged, each with its proper color. The block is then raised, the frame rolled away, and the block brought down upon the cloth, which it prints in five rows of different colors. On raising the block, the cloth is drawn forward about six inches in the direction of its length, or exactly the width of one stripe on the block; the tearer again pushes forward the cushion with the colors renewed, and the block is again charged and applied to the cloth. Now, as a length of the cloth equal to the width of a stripe is drawn from under the block at each impression, every part of the cloth is brought into contact with all the stripes on the block. Great care is required so to adjust all the moving parts of the press, that the colors may not mingle and distort the pattern.

The mechanical portion of the art of calico-printing having occupied so much space, we will have to give the chemical portion in our article next month.

## SIR HENRY SIDNEY.

THE following letter was written by Sir Henry Sidney to his son Philip, then twelve years of age, at School at Shrewsbury:—

"I have received two letters from you, which I take in good part; and, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow as documents to you in this your tender age.

"Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to the Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray; and use this at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time. Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time, I know, he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words; so shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years growth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master; for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be cautious of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more lively and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do; lest, being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body,

but such as is without peril of your joints or bones; it will increase your force and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments; it shall make you grateful in each company; and, otherwise, loathsome. Give yourself to be merry; for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able in wit and body to do anything when you be most merry. But let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man; for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech; otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your memory, with respect to the circumstance when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly; and rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins or bridles for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth; no, not in trifles. The custom of it is naught; and let it not satisfy you that, for a time, the hearers take it for a truth; for, after, it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar. Study, and endeavor yourself to be virtuously occupied, so shall you make such a habit of well-doing in you that you shall not know how to do evil though you would."

## THE FIRST TRIBUTE.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Plate.)

THE child's first tribute! Surely He who spake  
His kind approval of the widow's mite  
Shall hold this "first fruit" precious in His sight!  
Train up the child to love, for Jesus' sake,  
The suffering and the poor; to feel and know  
The claims of penury, and the rights of woe.  
Whoso, the Lord hath promised, in my name  
The poor, imprisoned, and the sick shall seek,  
The wounded comfort, and raise up the weak,  
And, in the fulness of a Christian heart,  
Blessings to these, my brethren, shall impart,  
Bearing the cross, and fearing not the shame—  
The almsdeeds that he doth shall counted be  
As precious gifts bestowed, through my beloved, on me!

A small thing that the humble righteous hath  
Is better than the wealth of godless pride:  
A cup of water many sins may hide,  
If given for Christ's sake, and in modest faith;  
While he to whom all human praise is given,  
Whose ostentatious bounty sounds abroad,  
Finds in that human fame his sole reward,  
But stands in naked guilt before just Heaven.  
Oh, rather train the child to seek His ear  
Who hears in secret, and to court His eye  
Who marks the humble paths of poverty:  
Teach him to give—but not for human praise,  
But seek high witness, and the thoughts to raise  
To God in Heaven, nor heed what men may see or hear.

# F A N S.

BY MRS. C. A. WHITE.

WITH the aid of literary and historic association, "trifles as light as air" become charmingly important; but perhaps none more so than the subject of our paper, every fold of which is replete with interest, and filled with classic and poetic memories.

Incentive in itself to pleasant talk, the fan leads us by the short cuts of imagination to its place of origin, the East, where nature, in the leaves of the fan-palm-tree, seems to have set the type of its fashion, and where, in all probability, these natural screens preluded the use of artificial ones.

In the Orestes of Euripides, the Phrygian slave who relates the death of Clytemnestra, was employed in waving round the fair shoulders of Helen a fan like a palm branch, or open leaf, when the matricides burst into the wretched queen's apartment; and in the Elgin Saloon of the British Museum, we find a *bas-relief* representing Hygieia feeding a serpent out of a patera, and holding in her left hand a fan in the shape of an ivy-leaf.

But these primitive and simple forms appear soon to have given place to others; and from the descriptions of Propertius and Claudian, feathers mounted, as well as fans made of linen stretched over a light frame and painted, were generally used. Sometimes we find them made by simply fastening together, back to back, a pair of wings, and attaching them to a handle; but in every case, according to the editor of the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," however elegant in form, or delicately colored, or costly in material, they were stiff and of a fixed shape, incapable of being furled or unfurled; nor were they carried by the ladies themselves; "Flabellifers," or female fan-bearers, forming, when Plautus wrote, part of every fine lady's retinue.

Not that such attendants were confined to women, for the minions of the tyrant Aristodemus at Cumæ, are described by Dionysius Halicarnassensis, as followed, whenever they went to the gymnasium, by female slaves bearing *fane* and parasols, the use of both of which had been borrowed from barbarian nations.

Occasionally, beautiful boys held this office, and in the luxurious passage of Cleopatra on the Cydnus,

"On each side of her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-colored fane, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did."\*

Even Augustus himself seems not to have been a shade less luxurious than this "triumphant lady," and the "curled Antony," for Suetonius describes him in the heat of summer reclining in his peristyle with a slave fanning him while he slept.

But though the waving of the flabellum so as to produce a cooling breeze was the especial duty of an attendant, it was gallantry in a gentleman to take it in his own hand and make use of it in compliment to a lady. Fans appear to have had a religious use amongst the Egyptians from a very early period; they were suspended from the roofs of the temples, like the *pankas* of India at the present day; and were also employed to keep off flies from the sacrifices, as well as for the purpose of exciting the sacred fires.

Mention is made, in the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" before alluded to, of a painting of a sacrifice to Isis, in which the priest is seen fanning the fire upon the altar, with a triangular *flabellum*, such as is still seen in Italy.

Staveland, in his "Church History," informs us that in the middle ages fans became part of the church furniture, for the purpose of chasing away flies from the holy elements during the administration of the Eucharist; and Moreri has described a magnificent fan of this kind, preserved in the Abbey of St. Philibert de Tournus, which resembled those used by ladies, but was much larger, and with a longer handle. It was richly decorated with images of saints, and bore inscriptions in bad Latin verse, abounding, after the manner of the monks, in false quantities. These fans were held by the deacons on either side of the altar, as they continue to be in the Greek Church during the celebration of the sacrament.

In Japan, where Siebold informs us, neither sex wear headdresses to shade the face, the fan is seen in the hand or girdle of every inhabitant, and even priests and soldiers wear them.

His fan is to the Japanese dandy what the whale-bone switch is to the London exquisite. Ladies and gentlemen receive and offer presents on them; the schoolmaster uses his in lieu of the ferule; the beggar who asks an alms holds out his fan for its acceptance, and it is even said that when presented on a peculiar kind of salver to a high-born criminal it becomes the warrant of his death.

But the most absurd service in which we have found the fan figuring is that suggested by a sepulchral tablet in the Egyptian Room of Antiquities at our Museum, representing Tete, *flabellum*-bearer to the Sun!

\* Antony and Cleopatra.



It is a matter of question whether the fan came direct to us from the East during the Crusades, in the reign of Richard II., or was imported from Italy in that of Henry VIII., more than a century afterwards. At any rate, it is not until the time of Elizabeth that we find it popularly used; but at this period, both sexes wore it, and young gentlemen who would have thought it shockingly effeminate to be seen in a coach, made no scruple of carrying fans and feathers in their hands, which in war, continues our authority, "their ancestors wore on their heads." In the "Book of Table Talk," (a modern work,) we learn that men, in the south of Italy, continue to use them, and that it is no unusual thing, in sultry weather, to see a captain of dragoons, moustached and "bearded like the pard," fanning himself with all the graces and dexterity of a young coquette.

In a collection of ancient costumes we find the fan making its first appearance in the simple form of a single ostrich plume; but soon after it is formed of three or four feathers fastened into a handle; the more costly of these handles being composed of gold, or silver, or ivory, curiously wrought and occasionally set with precious jewels. Wharton, in the Sidney Papers, mentions a fan presented to Queen Elizabeth, the handle of which was studded with diamonds; and Nichols, in his progresses of the same royal lady, in a list of jewels presented to her at *New Year's Tide*, in 1589, mentions a "Faune of fethers, white and red, the handle of gold enamelled with a half moone of mother of perles, within that a half moone, garnished with sparks of dyamonds and a few seede perles; the one side having her Majesty's picture, and on the other a device with a crown over it."

This superb trinket was the offering of Sir Francis Drake. Looking-glasses were sometimes set in the broad part of these fans, as we still see them at Du-volléro's, in those intended for the use of the ladies of the Harem. They were placed at the summit of the handle just below the feathers, which were very frequently the beautifully colored one's of the peacock's tail.

These fabled eyes of Argus had been a favorite material for the *flabellum* of the ancients; but the Elizabethan form and mode of mounting them was a great improvement on that of the ancients, who, after binding the separate feathers at the base, further united them by a thread passing along their tips, and another tied to the middle of the shaft of each feather, after which they were attached to a handle nearly two feet long,\* and were thus fixed, and except when moved bodily, inflexible.

The feather fans of the sixteenth century, on the contrary, were light, graceful, and easily handled; and we learn from Marston's Satires that as much as forty pounds were occasionally given for them; a

\* Some wooden fan-handles, from Memphis, in the R. B. Museum, measure from 1 ft. 5 in. to 1 ft. 6 in. length.

large sum in these days, but insignificant compared with the price of some modern ones, of which we shall have occasion to speak.

In an old comedy of 1610, called the "*Fleire*," it is said: "She hath a fan with a short silver handle, a description which reminds us that the handle of the fan, when Shakspeare wrote, was the most valuable part of it; and lets us into the secret of Falstaff's observation in the second act and second scene of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," where the Knight upbraids Pistol with the obligation he is under to him, and amongst other matters reminds him that "when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan," he "took 't upon his honor *he* (Pistol) had it not." Steevens, in his notes upon this passage, has given four cuts of these fans, one from the frontispiece of a play of 1616, ("Englishmen for My Money,") the others from drawings by Titian and his brother Cesare Vecelli, in "*Habiti Antichi e Moderni di tutto il Mondo*," (Venice, 1598.)

It is rather singular, that in Herbé's "Costumes Français," the fan does not make its appearance till between 1540 and 1550, although it is stated, on good authority, that as early as 1522, the master fan-makers made one of the Companies of Arts and Manufactures of Paris and its environs; a circumstance which proves that even at this period the business had become one of considerable importance.

It was not until many years subsequent to the first East Indian voyage from this country, which was in 1591, that the folding fan of the Orientals superseded the ever-open ones of our ancestral fashions; and though Herbé has placed one in the hands of a demoiselle so early as the time of Catherine de Medici, other authors date their introduction into France to the return of some missionaries from China, in the reign of the luxurious Louis Quatorze.

The quaint and elaborate carving of the Chinese, till within the last few years, was better known to our sex through the medium of the card-case and fan, than from any other articles of commerce; and exquisitely as the tiny watch-spring saw used by the French artificers enables them to work the most delicate designs in the bone, or ivory, or mother-of-pearl *brins* of the French fan, the miracles of minutiae effected in the same space by the patient craftsmen of the Celestial Empire, surpass whatever European fan-makers have hitherto executed in this branch of their art; and, at the present time, China may be considered the only country that prevents the French from enjoying a monopoly in the manufacture of this article.

Madame de Genlis, who appears to imagine the fan a pure invention of French modesty, informs us, that prior to the Revolution it was worn of a large size, and served the ladies who often blushed, at once for a veil and a countenance. "By agitating the fan," continues the Mother of the Church,\* "the

\* "*La Mère de l'Eglise*," a name given to Madame de



female concealed herself. In the present time ladies blush but little, and are not at all timid; they have no desire whatever to conceal themselves, and they carry only invisible fans," (*des éventails imperceptibles*.)

Lady Morgan, with her usual archness, reminds us that those vaunted times of excessive delicacy—so far as the fan was concerned—were those of Agnes Sorel, Diana of Poitiers, Mdes. de Montespan, Pompadour, and Du Barri; a series suggestive of the pretty hypocrisies of the periods, as well as of the coarseness and freedom of conversation and manners which subjected the fair companions of kings and courtiers to the reality or affectation of such a frequent repetition of blushing.

The ladies of the court of our Charles the Second, in whose time as well as that of his successor, fans became very fashionable, if not less faulty dames than Madame de Genlis's Dianas, as Lady Morgan calls them, were at least more frank:—

"The modest fan was lifted up no more,  
And virgins smiled at what they blushed before."

Or, if they did blush at the Bull in Vere Street, Clare Market, or afterwards at Drury Lane, at the comedies acted there by Killigrew's company in broad daylight, it was under a mask. The fan was reserved for less serious business, and became, for all the purposes of flirting, wonderfully potent in the hands of the Hampton Court beauties.

The marriage of James the Second with the princess of Modena, maintained for our subject the popularity it had gained in the preceding reign; but it was not until the latter part of that of Anne, in 1709, that it became of sufficient importance as a branch of national manufacture, to bring about the incorporation of the Fan-makers' Company in London.

During this Queen's reign, which may be called the "golden age" of fan-making, as well as of some other matters, this "ornamental trinket" was used by women of almost every degree, "to *hide their faces at church*, and to cool them by gently exciting the air, in sultry weather and close places." It was indeed the high tide of the fan's fashion, no lady's dress being complete, whether at ball, or supper, morning promenade, or evening drive, unless one hand held the indispensable fan, which was either painted or composed of feathers. High art was at this period occasionally employed in ornamenting them; and amongst other exquisite specimens with which our researches for this paper have acquainted us, we were shown, at an elegant repository of antique fans, one, the *mount* of which, representing a Greek wedding, was painted in those days by Watteau.

Arcadian scenes, such as the French painters still often choose with which to decorate them, ap-

pear to have been the most usual subjects; and Addison, in his charming paper on the exercise of the fan,\* alludes, in his paragraph on unfurling it, to the effect of this manœuvre, discovering on a sudden an infinite number of Cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, and rainbows. We were treated the other day to the sight of one, that, if not Watteau's, looked very like his; it represented a trio in a triumphal car in the centre, drawn by lions led by Cupids, with nymphs dancing, with musical instruments before them, and others scattering fruits and flowers in the path. But occasionally, less poetical subjects were chosen, and in the reign of George the Second, we find a fan-painter named Loggan,† sketching, for his professional purpose, from the windows of his house, at the south end of the walk at Tunbridge Wells, the most remarkable characters that appeared amongst the company; with such fidelity, Richardson tells us, that they were immediately recognized by their forms.

It was in Addison's time that the discipline of the fan appears to have reached its perfection; the constant use of it familiarized ladies with all those graceful and coquettish motions of which the instrument is capable; and by many allusions in the writings of the period, it appears to have been almost as dangerously fascinating in the hands of English ladies then, as it still is in those of the Spanish *donnas*.

"Women," says the essayist, "women are armed with fans, as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them; an expression playfully seconded in his Chapter on the "Mother of Poetry," by one or two cases on a list of metaphorical deaths, one of which reports "Tim Tattle *killed* by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window;" while Sylvius is shot through the *sticks of one at St. James's Church*. These are precisely such effects (figuratively speaking) as the novelists are fond of giving to the fan in the hands of a Spanish lady, who to a natural grace of action and consummate practice in the use of the implement (which, from her third year, is scarcely ever out of her hand), adds all those piquant arts which the love of coquetry, and the consciousness of *surveillance* inspires; and, as flowers in the East, from similar causes, have grown eloquent, so the love of intrigue on the one hand, and the necessity of deceit on the other, have given language to the movements of the fan in Spain; and ladies are said to make appointments by means of them, the peculiar manner of opening, holding, and shutting them indicating the how, when, and where. After the French revolution of 1789, which introduced Madame de Genlis's "*éven-*

\* Spectator, No. 102.

† He had been dwarf to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and, in spite of his diminutive size, appears to have been a person of considerable intellect.

Genlis, on the occasion of her publishing "La Religion Considérée."—LADY MORGAN.

*tails imperceptibles,"* the manufacture of fans fell almost wholly into English hands, and both the American and Spanish markets were, for the most part, supplied by English makers.

The only peculiarities of the Spanish fan are its size and shape (the half circle we at present make use of), and the necessity, in technical phrase, of its *playing easily*. Without this virtue, however otherwise attractive, it would not please the Iberian dames; who never use more than one hand in practising the fan; its evolutions for the most part being effected by the turn of the wrist, so that any stiffness of the rivet which confines the radiants at the base, would of course preclude this ease of motion, and the graceful effects consequent upon it.

The battle of Waterloo appears to have been as fatal to this branch of manufacture in England, as the revolution had been in France.

With the peace, this branch of art, in common with others, began to revive at Paris and elsewhere. The scattered artificers returned to their *ateliers*, and French fans, not only from their elegance, but comparative cheapness, extinguished the English trade. In point of fact, there are no fan-makers in London; those who call themselves so, simply dealing in the article, which is imported from China and France. The largest manufactory in Paris is that of M. Duvelléroy. This house alone employs more than two thousand men, and fans are manufactured in it from the value of a halfpenny to several thousand francs each; yet the commonest of these, as well as the most costly, passes through the hands of fifteen individuals, before it is ready for use, or for the retailer. Not only the different parts which compose the fan, but those parts themselves, give occasion for a division of labor; the leaf, which is sometimes simple, but more frequently made of two pieces pasted together, passes through the hands of the printer, paster, colorist, and painter, before it is mounted—this last operation being usually performed by women; the process of plaiting is executed by means of a board, cut for that purpose, upon the principle of a crimping machine, upon the exactness of which the perfection of the fan in folding depends. Beside mounting, the fan passes in the women's workshop through the hands of the *borderer*, who fixes the edge; the *borderer*, who finishes it; and, finally, through those of the *examiner*, who minutely scrutinizes every part of the work.

In the meanwhile, the other portions of the toy have given employment to no less than seven individuals; the handle or wood, as it is indifferently called, which forms the frame of the fan, and upon the radiants of which the leaf is pasted, has passed from the *smoother* who planes, to the *fashioner* who cuts it out, then to the *finisher* who polishes it; afterwards to the *carver* who cuts the designs on the ivory, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, ebony, horn, or any other material of which the handle is formed. It is

then handed to the *engraver*, who ornaments the metal, after which it passes from the *gilder* to the *riveter*, who fastens the two outside ends (which the French call the *panache*), and the *brins*, or radiants, with a rivet passing through the base of them all; sometimes set with diamonds or other precious stones, or it may be gold, or mother-of-pearl, or simply wood, according to the price of the article.

One most exquisite specimen which was shown us amongst the antique fans before mentioned, had the leaf formed of the most delicate *point d'Angleterre*, mounted on carved mother-of-pearl *brins*, finished with a brilliant rivet; it was at once so simple and elegant, that all we afterwards saw could not displace the impression of its superiority.

Its superiority, we should remark, was acquired from the lace of which it was composed. The idea, we believe, originated with the proprietor, and we were told it was the only house that possessed anything of the kind.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, sun-fans made of green silk, or paper, and of an immense size, were worn instead of parasols, and for a time gave considerable employment to the manufacturers, while the spangled fans so popular in the young days of our mammas afforded a respectable livelihood to numbers of our sex—an income of from fifty to sixty pounds per annum being easily earned at it.

Female reigns have always proved auspicious to our subject. It grew into vogue in that of Elizabeth, reached the climax of its popularity with us in that of Anne, and why may we not hope for the revival of its manufacture in that of Victoria, the noble Patroness of Art and Science?

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## I'M LONELY HERE WITHOUT THEE.

BY CLARA J. H.

I'm lonely here without thee,  
Though others round me are;  
I miss from day its sunshine,  
And from the night its star.

The green trees look not half so green,  
The flowers not half so bright;  
It is thy presence, love, I want,  
To give them clearer light.

Then come to me: my heart awaits,  
With greeting warm and true,  
Thy loved caress; it droops without,  
As flowers for want of dew.

I've none to tell of all the love  
I've garnered up for thee:  
My heart will break if it must keep  
Such heavy secrecy.

Then come, oh come! I'm lonely here,  
Though others round me are;  
I miss from day its sunshine,  
And from the night its star.

## COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE TOILET IN THE MOGUL AND BIRMAN EMPIRES.

THE dress of the princes and nobles in Homer's time resembled the jama, girdle, and kincob drawers, flowered with gold and silver, now worn by the Moguls, as we find by the description of Ulysses in his royal attire; and it is worthy of notice that the custom of making presents of garments, as men-



tioned in the last two lines, has continued ever since, and is still prevalent among Eastern nations. In the description of the reception of the ambassadors sent by the Uzbek Tartars to Aureng-Zébe, we read that he commanded there should be given to each of the ambassadors a *seraph*, or vesture from head to foot—namely, a vest of brocade, a turban, and a sash of silk in embroidery.

The dress of Hyder Ali, the most formidable enemy the English ever met with in the East, like that of most of the natives of India, consisted of a robe of white muslin, with a turban of the same. The vest, which is fashioned much like the gown of a European lady, is fastened at the body and sleeves by strings; the rest of the robe hangs loosely in folds, so that the grandees of India, when they walk, have a page to support their train.

Forbes gives the following description of the dress

of a Mogul lady: "Her drawers of green satin, flowered with gold, were seen under a chemise of transparent gauze, reaching to her slippers, which were richly embroidered. A vest of pale blue satin, edged with gold, sat close to her shape, which an upper robe of striped silver muslin, full and flowing, displayed to great advantage. A netted veil of crimson silk, flowered with silver, fell carelessly over her long braided hair, which was combed smooth and divided from the forehead, where a cluster of jewels was fastened by strings of seed pearl. Her earrings were large and handsome—the ring worn in her nose, according to our idea of ornament, less becoming. A necklace, in intermingled rows of pearl and gold, covered her bosom, and several strings of large pearls were suspended from an embroidered girdle set with diamonds; bracelets of gold and coral reached from her wrist to her elbow, golden chains encircled her ankles, and all her toes and fingers were adorned with valuable rings."

The silk-net veil of a crimson or purple color, embroidered in silver, which the Mogul ladies wear, either to cover the face or to throw back over the shoulders as an ornament, is similar to that mentioned in the "Odyssey" as being presented by Helen to Telemachus:—

"The beauteous queen, advancing, then displayed  
A shining veil, and thus endearing said:  
'Accept, dear youth, this monument of love,  
Long since in better days by Helen wove;  
Safe in thy mother's care the vesture lay,  
To deck thy bride and grace thy nuptial day.'"

The court of Hyder Ali was the most brilliant of his time in India. His company of comedians was very celebrated, both on account of their riches and the beauty as well as the harmonious voices of the Bayadères or dancing-girls. The dimpled cheeks of these lovely creatures are tinged a yellow color, which, though a strange adornment in the eyes of a European, is much admired by the Orientals. Their black hair hangs in flowing tresses to the ground. Their dress is always made of fine gauze, very richly embroidered with gold, and they are covered with jewels. The head, neck, ears, breast, arms, fingers, legs, and toes, have each their own peculiar ornament, and even the nose is adorned with a diamond. Small bells are frequently used as ornaments by these fair maidens.

"A zone of sweet bells  
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing."

The Sikhs, the most rising people of modern India, next come under our observation. Runjeet Singh, their celebrated chief, like Hyder Ali, had a

great taste for the adornments of fashion, and was imitated in his love of fine clothes by his whole court, which was in this respect unequalled in all the East.

The Sikhs wear a small flat turban, which becomes them well, and a short tunic, which only descends as far as the knee, leaving the rest of the leg exposed. Costly brocades and shawls lined with fur are employed by the great for these tunics. The Sikhs wear their hair long; the ladies of the tribe knot it at the crown, and throw over the head a robe, which also envelops the body, and gives them a singular appearance. They pull the hair so tight to form this knot that the skin of the forehead is drawn with it, and the eyebrows are considerably removed from the visual organs.

The glowing descriptions in the "Arabian Nights" are not more gorgeous than the realities often met with in India.

A scene which took place at the Maharaja's court at Lahore is worthy of description. "The hall of audience is built entirely of marble, and is the work of the Mogul emperors; part of the roof was gorgeously decorated by a pavilion of silken cloth, studded with jewels. The Maharaja himself wore a necklace, armlets, and bracelets of emerald, some of which were very large; the nobles likewise displayed upon their persons vast quantities of jewels, and all the court was habited in yellow, the favorite color of the nation."

The neighbors of the Sikhs, the Scindians, from religious motives, wear garments of dark color, and form their turbans of tight and round folds of cloth.

The weaving and embroidery of India are justly celebrated, and have been so for many ages. The stuffs of Mooltan and Bhawalpoor are now interwoven with gold, and frequently of a purple color; and we read that Aureng-Zébe had a tent lined with Masulipatam chintzes, figured with flowers, so natural in appearance, and of such vivid colors, that the tent resembled a real parterre.

The muslin drawers worn by the women in India are frequently most richly and beautifully embroidered with needlework, and some of them are of so fine a texture as only to allow of once putting on. Satins and silks are also embroidered in the hand, in great quantities. One of the garments worn by Aureng-Zébe is described as having been a vest of white delicately-flowered satin, adorned with a silk and gold embroidery of the finest texture and the brightest colors.

In this country men as well as women devote much time to embroidery; and it is not unusual to see several of the former seated cross-legged on a mat, employed in a manner that in Europe would be considered effeminate, and quite below the dignity of the nobler sex. But in India the needle does not belong exclusively to woman; her prerogative is there invaded; and the most delicate patterns of tinted flowers, or muslins fine as the spider's web,

are ornamented in gold and silver threads by these industrious workmen.



With the Birmans many articles of daily use as well as of ornament indicate the rank of the possessor. The shape of the betel-box, which is carried by an attendant after the people of distinction; the ear-rings, cap of ceremony, horse furniture, and even the metal drinking-cup, all indicate the different degrees of society; and woe be to him who assumes the insignia of a rank to which he has no legitimate right!

The common dress of a man of distinction consists of a tight coat with long sleeves made of muslin, or of very fine nankeen, and a silk wrapper fastened at the waist. The court-dress of the nobility is very becoming: it is formed of a long robe, either of flowered satin or velvet, reaching to the ankles, with an open collar and loose sleeves. Over this there is a scarf, or flowing mantle, that hangs from the shoulders; and on their heads they wear high caps made of velvet, or silk embroidered with flowers, according to the rank of the wearer. Ear-rings are an indispensable part of the attire. Some of them are made of gold tubes about three inches in length, expanding into a ball at the lower end; others consist of heavy masses of gold, the weight of which often drags the ear down to the extent of two or three inches.

The Birman women have their distinguishing ornaments as well as the men: their hair is tied in a bunch at the top of the head, and bound round with a fillet, the embroidery and jewels of which mark their respective ranks. Their dress consists of a short chemise, and a loose jacket with tight

sleeves. Round their waist they roll a long piece of silk, or cloth, which reaches to the feet, and sometimes trails on the ground.

When women of distinction go abroad, they put on a scarf, or shawl, made of silk, which they throw around them with much grace and elegance. Women in full dress stain the palms of their hands and their nails of a red color, and rub their faces with powder of sandal-wood, or of a bark called *sunneka*. Both men and women tinge the edges of their eyelids and their teeth with black, which in the latter case gives them a disagreeable appearance. The lower class of females often wear only a single garment, in the form of a sheet, which, wrapped round the body and tucked in under the arms, descends to the ankle.



Men of the working classes also wear a very limited quantity of clothing; a mantle or vest is, however, highly prized in the cold season.

Their neighbors, the inhabitants of Siam, wear very little clothing, which may, perhaps, be accounted for by the excessive heat of the climate. People of rank tie a piece of calico round the waist, and allow it to hang down to the knees. The lower classes wear a garment that resembles breeches. All have a muslin shirt without a collar, and open in front, with large loose sleeves, and no wristbands. When the weather is cold they throw a piece of painted linen over their shoulders, like a mantle, and twist it round their arms.

The women's dress is much the same. They wrap a cloth round the waist, and let the ends hang to the ground; they also cover the neck and shoulders, but never wear any ornament on the head. They cover their fingers with rings, and wear numerous bracelets and immense ear-rings. All classes have very pointed shoes, but no stockings.

The king is distinguished by a vest of rich brocade satin, with tight sleeves to the wrist; and it

is unlawful to wear this dress unless it is presented by the sovereign as a mark of favor to a subject.

The court wear red dresses, and the king a cap shaped like a sugar-loaf, surrounded by a circle of precious stones, and fastened under the chin. Officers of rank have coronets of gold or silver. In travelling, hats are used, but in general no covering is worn on the head: the hair is very thick, and both sexes cut it quite short to the ears; the women make it stand up straight from the head. Beards are never worn in Siam.

## REAPING.—TO A. C.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

His harvest is not yet, who, *long ago*,  
Went scattering broadcast the small seeds of truth;  
And thou, bethink thee! faintest in thy youth,  
Complaining that to suffer is to know!  
What if thy cup with sorrows overflow,  
As His did? What if, in extremest need,  
The strong world passes o'er thee for a weed?  
Or, if thy feet are set on heights of snow?  
For every prayer thou shalt have blessing sure;  
For every deed wrought out in humble faith  
Sweet answer, in a good that shall endure—  
Thou canst not be an idle, fruitless wail:  
Build of the snow, if need be, pyramid;  
Or—in the mines work there—thy deeds will not be hid!

And, if thy hands be soiled, it is not clay  
That will pollute; stains that the eye can see  
Are not the proofs which will dishonor thee;  
Such broken cisterns yield, to wash away:  
But, murmurings of sloth in face of day,  
And plaints of pride, and wails of selfishness,  
And words (*the falsest tokens of distress*),  
Leave record difficult to wash away—  
Give penitence to the air which circles round  
The feeble heart—give sorrow to the weak—  
And stumbling-blocks to youth; wouldst thou be found  
Reaping such fruitage? Well! thou needst not seek  
Harvest of coming Harvest out from Thee;  
What fruit thy heart bears now, thy Future's All will be!

## SONNET.—THE COUNTRY.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

DELIGHTFUL is the peasant's peaceful lot,  
Permitted o'er the fields to roam at dawn,  
When early dew-drops sparkle on the lawn  
Around his lowly, ever-happy cot:  
For him, Life's vale is ever decked with flowers;  
A tuneful choir charms him in every shade;  
Birds sporting merrily in every glade  
Make pass in love and harmony his hours.  
Here let me dwell, from folly far away,  
Till old age steal the roses from my cheek:  
Here let me calmly live to show "I seek  
That upper country" where ne'er comes decay;  
Where golden clouds forever deck the sky,  
And Heaven's fair flowers bloom everlastingly.

## PROVIDENTIAL: OR, THE FIRST WEDDING.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"*Thou didst not leave them, mighty God!*  
Thou wert with those that bore the truth of old  
Into the desert from the oppressor's rod,  
And made the caverns of the rock their fold,  
And met when stars met, by their beams to hold  
The free heart's communing with Thee—and Thou  
Wert in the midst, felt, owned."

"How did you say the young man was named?" inquired Mr. Zechariah Long, gently touching the elbow of Governor Winthrop, and directing him by a glance of the eye to the object of his curiosity.

"His appellation is master Oliver Temple," replied the governor.

"A kinsman of Sir John Temple of Devonshire?" pursued Zechariah Long, raising his forefinger to his nose.

"I do not know his family," returned the governor. "The young man was introduced to me by the worthy Mr. Johnson, who said the youth had letters of recommendation from a pious friend of his, as one who wished to leave all for righteousness' sake. And truly, since he hath been on board, his conduct hath been very seemly."

"I saw he showed the courage of a true soldier of the cross when we were preparing our ship to give battle to the Dunkirkers," observed Zechariah. "I never noticed him before or since except he had a book before his face, or was otherwise leaning on the railing of the vessel as at this moment, and looking as if he was watching the clouds or counting the stars. But when the word was given that the Dunkirkers were at hand, how he bestirred himself! I think he must have been a soldier, governor. I marvel Mr. Johnson does not communicate to you who the young man is."

"It may be such course would not be prudent, Mr. Long," said Governor Winthrop, calmly. "The young man may have reasons for not wishing to have his family known. This is the time when a man's foes are often those of his own household; when great sacrifices must be made for conscience' sake. You know who hath said—'he that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.'"

"Ah! governor," responded Mr. Zechariah Long, again raising his finger to his nose, "you are a learned man—learned to expound the law spiritual as well as the law temporal—but there are signs of the times and signs of the heart which those who are, like myself, but as babes, and to be fed with the milk of knowledge, may nevertheless understand.

Though the countenance of Governor Winthrop

was mild, it had usually an expression of deep gravity that many mistook for sadness; but now, in spite of his apparent efforts, a smile curled his lip, and the spirit of mirth glistened in his eye, betraying that the infantile comparison of Mr. Zechariah Long was not, even to his accustomed ear, wholly divested of the ludicrous. Zechariah boasted that he was the tallest man in the company's service, being six feet four inches in height—and seldom was the point disputed, as his upright and rigid air gave him the appearance of being even taller than he asserted. He was long-limbed, and large-jointed, with a spare, sinewy frame, that looked as if it would have required a ton of flesh before the sharp angles would have been rounded into any resemblance to the dimpled beauty of an infant's form. Then his face, it was long, lank, lean, and covered with a skin of the color and apparent toughness of parchment; his features were large, the nose in particular standing out with a curve as bold as Cæsar's—and his eyebrows thick, black, and overhanging, beneath which his small gray eyes gleamed out with a brightness that gave animation, indeed somewhat of interest, to a face otherwise repelling.

The smile of Governor Winthrop seemed checked involuntarily as he met the glance of Zechariah Long's eye, and, with a tone of more deference than even Christian humility would seem to prescribe to one so much inferior in station, he inquired what might be his opinion of the person in question.

"If you ask my opinion, governor, I am bound to answer faithfully," responded Zechariah, drawing himself up to his greatest altitude, and speaking very slowly—"I have observed the youth carefully ever since, as I told you, I noted his bold bearing when we prepared for the battle that by the goodness of God was not to prove unto our hurt, but the rather to our joy, inasmuch as we found friends where we expected enemies; but, had it fell out otherwise, I am persuaded the young man would have been of great assistance, and therefore I would that he was truly as we are."

"Wherefore would you cast suspicions on the stranger?" inquired the governor, regarding Zechariah rather sternly.

"I am not prone to evil-speaking, governor," replied the other in a tone so calm and assured that Mr. Winthrop actually felt rebuked. "I am not one who watches for matters of accusation; but I confess I have watched that young man, and this is my judgment, that his motives for joining us were not all dictated by duty or conscience."

"What then did induce him?—or perhaps your vision does not extend so far," observed the governor, rather dryly.

Zechariah's small quick eye shone with the lustre of a certain triumph as he replied: "His passions, governor, his earthly passions have prompted him to go forth in search of a resting-place; but, verily, unless he does become more heavenly-minded, I fear he will be of little comfort to us, or enjoy little comfort himself."

Zechariah then walked slowly away towards the steerage, and soon the deep peculiar twang of his voice was heard joining in a hymn which some of the passengers were singing. Governor Winthrop was left alone standing on the larboard side of the deck, nearly opposite the young man who had been the object of the colloquy; and who was, by the conclusion thereof, represented as obnoxious to those suspicions which are not the less forcible for being indefinite. The longer he pondered on the circumstances that had hitherto come under his observation respecting the said Oliver Temple, the more mysterious they appeared. And yet the sagacious governor could not believe that the young man would be found a deceiver. There is something in the countenance of an ingenuous youth that so ill accords with the subtlety of the crafty manager intent on stratagems or crimes, that the heart of a good man will be slow to tax such an one with enormous guilt. Folly may be predicated of the young, but vice seems too gross to be harbored in the soul so simple as to receive pleasure from the thought of a flower, or the sight of a bird. And Governor Winthrop had seen young Temple smile, and it was the only time he had seen him smile, while assisting the Lady Arabella in arranging some flower-pots containing specimens she was carefully transporting to the New World, but which had been nearly destroyed in the preparations made to give battle to the Dunkirkers. And he had heard him, too, remonstrating with a passenger who wished to shoot some of the birds that were continually flitting around the vessel.

"He showed a merciful spirit, and such shall obtain mercy," thought the governor. "And yet I wish I knew his history. The Lady Arabella can perchance inform me. She once observed that she thought I would like him, and that she thought he looked like me. He is not a wicked youth. Zechariah Long is a zealous saint, but he is sometimes prone to be suspicious—a fault for which he must be reprimanded. I will seek the Lady Arabella, and endeavor to learn who Oliver Temple may be."

Thus resolving, he descended to the cabin appropriated to the ladies, purposely passing in his way thither near the place where Oliver was leaning on the railing of the deck, his gaze steadily fixed on the setting sun. There was a calmness on his countenance that seemed more like resignation than happiness; yet no one would have called him mis-

erable; nor was he, though he had endured, in his short career, more real distresses than a novel-writer would invent, unless his imagination were very prolific of horrors, to prove the fortitude of his hero.

The history of Oliver Temple was briefly this. He was the only son of a gentleman of ancient family, but small fortune. His father was a younger brother, and the title and a large estate were expected to descend to Oliver, as his uncle, a decrepit old bachelor, seemed as unlikely to seek for a partner as the man in the moon. So his nephew was bred with the expectation of becoming in due time Sir Oliver Temple. He was a gay youth, but nevertheless possessing a good deal of that decision of character which is imparted by a consciousness of integrity of purpose. He was also an excellent scholar, fond of poetry, and, as his father often boasted, an adept in history, particularly in what related to ecclesiastical polity. This mood of mind was no doubt fostered, if not engendered by the character of the times, as religious opinions were then, and had been for many years, the grand lever by which the whole Christian world was moved and agitated with a power that shook the foundations of civil society, and threatened to overturn or alter many of the most important forms of the existing governments. Oliver's relations were all loyal and orthodox defenders of the kingly prerogative and priestly habiliment. Yet Oliver sometimes, in his own mind, doubted the expediency of punishing men because they did not wish to wear a square cap, a scholar's gown, a tippet, and a linen surplice. And as Oliver grew in stature and reason, he doubted still more, and all the arguments and invectives he heard urged against non-conformity only confirmed him the more in thinking the Puritans a very unfortunate, if not injured people.

Till he was eighteen, he had never heard them mentioned except with contempt or execration. At eighteen he saw Rebecca Welden. The seeming chance that first introduced them to each other was one of those events which, appearing casual, perhaps trifling, have yet an influence on the fate of the individuals concerned, which in those days was recorded as providential.

The parents of Rebecca Welden were non-conformists, and had died martyrs to their religious belief. They were not literally burnt or beheaded; but fell victims to the thousand tortures which a persecuting spirit, when armed with arbitrary power, has the means of inflicting. Fines, stripes, imprisonment, and the confiscation of their once ample estate they suffered, till finally their hearts were broken, and they both died within a few days of each other, leaving two children, Robert and Rebecca, who had been for some time under the care of an aunt. This lady, though a Puritan, was a very prudent woman, and she managed to compromise the matter between her creed and her conscience by reflecting that if she boldly avowed her principles,

and suffered in consequence, the poor orphans would lose their only stay. So she attended a regular church on the Sabbath, and spent the week in praying that her sin of lip worship might be forgiven her. But, as if to atone still further for her own lax observation of the tenets she believed, she labored to instil them, in their most severe and uncompromising spirit, into the souls of her nephew and niece. She succeeded, and when Oliver Temple first became acquainted with Rebecca Welden, and her brother, they were as strict and stern Puritans as the Rev. John Robinson would have desired.

With a young man of Oliver Temple's feelings and temperament, the persecutions these young people had endured in the persons of their parents would make an impression favorable to their cause; and Robert Welden was, like most of his sect, well versed in the theory of his religious opinions, and above all well acquainted with the history of the corruptions and oppressions of the hierarchy.

It would be impossible, without more speculations than we have time to pursue, even to guess whether Rebecca's virtues and beauty, or Robert's zeal and eloquence, had the most effect on Oliver Temple. Be that as it may, he soon became a thorough convert to the peculiar creed of the non-conformists, and what would of course be foreseen, a suitor for Rebecca's hand. An application to his father for consent to the union revealed to his parents not only the state of his heart, but his faith. The quotation that "the course of true love never did run smooth," would but poorly portray the storm, the tempest, the whirlwind that seemed loosened to work its fury on the devoted heads of these young sufferers. This result is all that can be told. They were separated. Oliver was sent into Northamptonshire, there to abide with a friend of his father's, as was reported. But he was carried to a castle and kept in the close confinement of a prisoner, not being permitted to see or speak with any one except his bigoted jailer, who thought the crime of daring to differ from the established form of church government was the most heinous and impious a subject could commit, except to question the divine right of his king.

Young Temple was confined in his apartment, which might very properly be styled a dungeon, nearly a year, as he could not escape, and would not purchase his freedom by the only alternative offered, which was that of taking a solemn oath to abjure forever the abominable heresy of non-conformity and Puritanism in all their forms. This oath he was resolute in rejecting, although threatened with a worse punishment than imprisonment. But at last his father, as if convinced that severe measures were of no avail, wrote to him very kindly, and after telling him of the illness of his uncle, who was not expected to continue long, and hoping that the time he had spent in solitary reflection had convinced him of his errors, &c., informed him that a carriage had been sent, in which he might return to

his home and his friends, who were anxious to see him.

To the poor youth who had so long been detained from all intercourse with the world, the privilege of returning to his family appeared such a favor that for a time all the resentment he had felt for the wrongs he had endured was nearly obliterated. He almost resolved to take the oath his father had prescribed, and probably would have voluntarily offered such a pledge of obedience to his parent—so much more easily is a generous mind subdued by human kindness than by threats of human vengeance—had not the recollection of Rebecca, and the hope that they might meet, and be one day united, operated to make him resolve still to hold fast the faith which was dear to her.

His parents received him with every demonstration of gladness, and no allusion was permitted to be made to the unhappy subject of his banishment. But Oliver was not long in discovering that, though he was ostensibly at liberty, yet a strict watch was kept to prevent him from holding any communication with the obnoxious party he was supposed to favor. His solitude had not been idly or unprofitably spent. He had been furnished with books and writing materials, and then the daring plans he had formed, and once or twice nearly executed, to obtain his freedom, had given him the habit of depending on himself, which his father considered as a very dangerous sentiment for a young gentleman to entertain. So he took him up to London that he might acquire the tone of flattery and obsequiousness so necessary to those who would shine at court.

Oliver had made repeated inquiries concerning Rebecca Welden and her brother; but had never been able to find a person who could give any information respecting them. He learned their aunt was dead, before he left his confinement; but what had become of her heretic nephew and niece, none of the loyal and true believers could be supposed interested to know.

In London, Oliver Temple passed several months, occupied with the usual pursuits and recreations of his age and station, apparently seeking happiness in society, but in reality searching for some clue whereby he might discover the place where Robert Welden and his sister had retreated. He did not dream that retreat was the grave! This truth was at last revealed to him. He saw accidentally, in London, a gentleman whom he knew was acquainted with the Weldens. After several unsuccessful efforts, he at length obtained an interview with the man, who told him that Robert Welden, in a desperate attempt to escape from a prison where he had been thrown for his religion, had wounded his jailer, as it was thought dangerously, and that, to avoid an ignominious death, which he knew awaited him, he committed suicide.

"And Rebecca, what became of Rebecca?" exclaimed Oliver, clenching his hands and drawing in



his breath with the deep gurgling sound of a drowning man.

"She died the day after her brother."

"A self-murderer was she?"

The gentleman looked at Oliver; the veins of his neck and temples were swelling with the tide of passionate emotions which he could scarcely restrain from bursting into the violent paroxysm of insanity. He went to him, took his hand, and said in a soothing tone, "Mr. Temple, this is a sorrowful business; but to the Lord we must resign ourselves and all that we hold dear. Remember, the Lord doth not willingly afflict."

"Then she did not kill herself?"

"No, no—she died of a fever, calmly as an infant falls asleep, and is now an angel in heaven."

Oliver's joints relaxed, his countenance lost its stern expression of passionate grief, his lip quivered, his eyelids drooped—one moment he struggled to suppress the outburst of his sorrow—but it might not be; nature triumphed over manly pride, he sank into a chair, and, covering his face, wept and sobbed as audibly as a child.

From that time, Oliver Temple was a changed man. There was a solemn severity in his countenance that announced, without the form of words, the Puritan in spirit. He considered himself as dead to the pleasures and hopes of this life, and the intensity of his thoughts and affections was directed how to secure the heavenly inheritance. To advance the cause for which Robert and Rebecca Welden had suffered was, as he believed, the only motive that induced him to wish to survive them. But in his own family he could hardly hope his efforts would be of any avail. He heard of the expedition to the New World, that was to be undertaken by godly men who went forth in the faith and strength of the Lord of hosts, to found a nation where man should be free to worship according to the commands of Scripture and the dictates of conscience.

In the mood of mind Oliver Temple then cherished, the expedition of the Puritan colony was just the one he would have chosen to join, rather than have been proclaimed ruler of the whole earth. He wrote to Mr. Johnson, of whom he had heard much good, and communicating the most important events of his life, besought his aid to enable him to escape from the temptations by which he was surrounded. In short, he wished to join the expedition unknown to his father or family. Mr. Johnson, though he would not have advised this step, did not think it his duty to oppose it. The young man was, by the civil law, of age to act for himself; and though the parental authority was highly venerated by our ancestors, among themselves, yet, like all who have a particular creed to support, involving what they consider the eternal welfare of its believers, they were sometimes too intent on advancing their Master's kingdom to attend to the minor point of earthly claims. "He that loveth father or mother more than

me, is not worthy of me," was a favorite text with the Puritans.

"Oliver Temple is willing to leave father and mother, yea, and houses and lands and title, for Christ's sake: shall I discourage this zeal, or throw obstacles in the way of its immediate accomplishment, which may in the end prove a stumbling-block to this young Christian, even to the peril of his soul?" said Mr. Johnson to his wife.

She agreed with him that such would be sin for those who professed to be willing to endure every cross rather than disobey God.

Oliver Temple was accordingly admitted secretly on board the ship, in which Mr. Johnson and his wife, with Governor Winthrop and others of the most important members of the emigrating company, sailed in the spring of 1630.

There was no point of faith in which our ancestors were more fully established than in the firm belief of an overruling providence, which watched in a particular manner over them. In all their conversation, this belief was apparent. Neither was it, as some may suppose, the language of cant, or mere form of words. The faith that enabled them to endure unrepiningly the terrors and hardships of the wilderness, was that of the soul. The thought that God demanded the sacrifice of every selfish consideration animated them to endure privations; and though now, in these days of peace and plenty, liberty and liberal principles, we may sometimes feel inclined to smile at what we are pleased to term the credulity of those primitive Christians, yet the energy and consistency of their conduct, and the glorious results that have followed those labors they endured for their faith, should awe us from ridicule.

Indeed, if we would but call up the scene when those self-exiled men bade adieu to their homes in that pleasant land where their fathers had dwelt, and severing the ties of soul, which seem the sinews of our life, embarked on a wide and gloomy ocean in search of a resting-place in a new and almost unknown world, we should feel that they needed the high and holy excitement of a "faith that could remove mountains." They were not driven forth by the necessities of temporal want. They moved in obedience to the dictates of what they felt assured was the Spirit of God; and no wonder, therefore, that their language should be imbued with those thoughts which filled their hearts. Hence arose their frequent inference that Providence, in a particular and especial manner, directed their path; a sentiment which, if it cannot be deduced from philosophical principles, was, in their opinion, far more conclusively proved than mere human reason could have established—it was taught in the Bible.

"All things shall work together for good to them that love God!" was pronounced in a triumphant tone by Governor Winthrop when he would animate the ship's crew for the battle which was expected momentarily to begin. The odds were fearfully

against the Puritans, yet the band of Leonidas was not more determined on victory or death. "It is the will of God that we should be tried," continued the governor; "if our faith faint not, the crown of victory, either of life or death, will be ours."

There was not a pale cheek or lip among the men, nor a tear seen, or a cry heard among the women and children. That Providence would direct the issue for their best good, all believed, trusted; and when they discovered those they had mistaken for Dunkirkers were indeed their own countrymen, the good Providence that had sent the trial, and yet shielded them from injury, was still more apparent. And it was thus every event that marked their passage to America was interpreted.

Did fair weather and fair winds prevail?—how providentially it was ordered that they might have a quick voyage when so much depended on their arrival early in the season! If they were retarded by storms and contrary gales, God had seen that it was good for them to be afflicted; and by a dispensation of his Providence was testing their patience and submission.

And thus, when Governor Winthrop had, from Mr. Johnson and his wife, learned the particulars of Oliver Temple's history, did he discover, in every misfortune which had befallen that young man, some particular bearing on his future destiny, on the part which Providence was fitting him to perform. And he felt persuaded that Oliver was to become a distinguished Christian, a shining light in that sanctuary from persecution, that pure church, which was to be founded in America. Yet the governor was not a visionary; he calculated with the shrewdness of worldly prudence when worldly things were under discussion; and he calculated that Oliver Temple would be a more active, and consequently a more useful man, could he be aroused from the torpor of sorrow which seemed to benumb his faculties, and was evidently preying fast on his health. But the sagacious governor did not trust to arguments merely to effect his purpose. He knew that words were never more idly used than in endeavors to combat by reasoning the indulgence of those griefs which the mourner's heart has consecrated as sacred. But he calculated that, if he could interest the young man's affections, those sensibilities which bind the human heart in fellowship with its kind, he would soon appear soberly cheerful as became his age and character.

The governor communicated his views and feelings on the subject to the Lady Arabella and her husband. They both agreed it would be judicious.

"If it is practicable," said the governor, "what do you think of promoting a match between this young man and your friend Lucy Perry?"

The lady smiled with that kind of meaning which argued satisfaction.

"I have marked her modest deportment and pious attention to religious duties with much approbation,"

continued the governor, "and I own I have felt that the young lady must make a great sacrifice of inclination to duty in going thus solitary to a strange land. I know she has excellent and dear friends in your ladyship and Mr. Johnson, but still I do think a kind protector, one of our strong and firm sex, is peculiarly necessary for the support of a delicate woman who ventures to be a sojourner in the wilderness."

The Lady Arabella looked on her husband with that expression of trusting love that told on whom she depended; the smile that answered her appeal spoke how fondly her confidence was appreciated. The governor raised his handkerchief, as if clearing his eye of some mote that pained him, but the pain was at his heart; for at that moment the thoughts of his own wife, whom he had left, perhaps never to be united again, rushed so tumultuously on his mind, that, firm as he was, it unmanned him, and he strove to conceal the tears he could not restrain.

"I think Lucy Perry will make an excellent wife," observed Mr. Johnson.

"And I have no doubt Oliver Temple will be a kind husband," said the Lady Arabella.

"I believe their meeting thus together on board the vessel was providential; and that we shall be in the way of duty to endeavor to promote a marriage between them," said the governor.

So the affair was settled, and, though nothing like a modern match-making was undertaken by the governor or his coadjutors in the plan, yet they contrived sometimes to bring the young people together, either to join in singing a particular tune in which it had been remarked their voices harmonized wonderfully, or else Lucy sat by the Lady Arabella as a listener, while Oliver was persuaded to read a chapter in "Precious Consolations for Weary Souls," or some other of those quaint and devout books that formed the light reading of our ancestors.

Day after day thus passed, and though Oliver Temple had paid no more attention to Lucy than the ceremonious civility of those days, which was most conspicuous in the frequency and flexibility of the bows of a gentleman, required, yet the governor was firmly persuaded of the success of his scheme. He conferred with the Rev. Mr. Wilson respecting it, and his approval seemed still further to stamp it as designed by Providence. And Zechariah Long's opinion was a coincidence that appeared almost miraculous, or at least prophetic.

The governor had thought it his duty to confer with that somewhat stern and peculiar, but yet esteemed and pious man, concerning Oliver. He found the suspicions of Zechariah were first awakened by hearing Oliver sigh and groan repeatedly in his sleep, as if his mind was burdened, and then he overheard him one day lamenting, in bitter terms, to the Lady Arabella, for the death of some person. "And so," said Zechariah, "I found his sorrow was for the decease of some one, and I thought it could

not be a relation, as he was not clothed in mourning garments, and he had come on board privately, and no person knew him save Mr. Johnson and his lady, and so I inferred that he was a son of some of their friends, and that he had in a quarrel—such things happen among the children of this world, and are called honorable—slain a man, a friend perhaps, especially as I thought he showed guilt with his grief."

"You judged hardly," said the governor.

"I do repent me of it, since you have told me his history. And I wish we could devise something whereby the sadness of his countenance might be changed."

"I can join in your wish," said the governor.

Zechariah raised his finger twice before he spoke; as if the weight of his subject required deliberate pondering, then he came close to the governor, and said, in what he meant for a whisper—it might have been heard three paces—

"I have a thought; if it may be spoken, governor, to you I will say it. Would it not be well if the young man should find among us a companion who would comfort him for the loss of his first love? There is Lucy Perry; the maiden is comely, and seems heavenly-minded."

Zechariah paused, fearing he had said too much on so worldly a subject; but the smile of the other reassured him.

"If such is the will of Providence, it would exceedingly rejoice me," replied the governor.

And from that time he felt assured it would be the will of Providence, and even spoke confidently to the Rev. Mr. Wilson respecting the marriage which he might hold himself ready to solemnize.

Their long voyage at length drew to a close.

The cold winds of spring, that hitherto had chilled the passengers, were exchanged for the warm breath of a summer gale laden with the perfume of fruit and flower, as if to welcome them to the shore where such treasures of the earth abounded. It was the season when the approach to our then wild country was the most inviting. The forest foliage was sufficiently expanded to conceal the rudeness and desolation that a leafless mass of trees presents; and it had not that dense, dark aspect which, in its full maturity and verdure, made it look frowning and almost impenetrable. Some of the wild trees, the dogwood in particular, were in bloom, and their blossoms contrasted beautifully with the bright green of the young leaves, thus softening the majesty of the scene. They had been for more than two months confined on board a crowded ship, and the idea of liberty to range abroad on the shore before them was of itself sufficient to bring rapturous exclamations from almost every tongue. But there were higher and holier considerations that called for rejoicing. They had been preserved amid the perils

of the deep; the land they had sought as their place of rest was reached, their home!

"There, my Arabella, must be our home; can you be contented to dwell there?" said Mr. Johnson to his wife, as he pointed to the sea of forest that stretched in the distance, far as the eye could penetrate.

The tear that was gathering in her dark eyes did not fall, it only brightened their expression, as she met her husband's gaze, and calmly replied, "It will be home to me wherever you dwell, my husband."

"I wish the young man had better improved the opportunity that so providentially placed him in her society. But we must be content. It is, however, impressed on my mind that you will shortly be called to bless his nuptials," said Governor Winthrop to Mr. Wilson. They were both regarding Oliver Temple, who seemed, as he stood gazing on the shore, so rapt in the contemplation of the new and strange scene before him, that he was totally unmindful of the questions and exclamations his companions were pouring forth, as a boat from the harbor approached the vessel. Mr. Endicott and some others were in the boat.

"Welcome, welcome to Salem," was the greeting. Oliver did not regard it. His eye was caught by a young man who remained in the boat; the cry of "Robert Welden! is it you?" burst in a shriek from his lips; and the next moment they were in each other's arms.

Robert and Rebecca had escaped. The tale of their death was an invention of Oliver Temple's father, to efface, as he hoped effectually, the romantic dream of his son, that he should ever obtain the sister.

"How providential it was that this young man and Lucy Perry did not fall in love!" said the governor to Mr. Johnson a few days after they had landed. "We may see by this how easy it is for the wisdom of man to be turned into foolishness. I thought I had laid a mighty prudent plan; but lo! I now see my folly. We must submit ourselves and all that we have to God. He will in his good providence order events for our best happiness."

When the fleet, that brought over the colonists, had all arrived safely, a day of thanksgiving was appointed. This was July 8th, 1630, and on that day of rejoicing Oliver Temple and Rebecca Welden were married.

This was the first wedding celebrated in the colony that laid the foundation of Boston. There was great joy and many congratulations, and none of the guests appeared more disposed to kindly feelings on the occasion than Mr. Zechariah Long. His suspicions were all removed, and he stood so erect that his superior altitude was never afterwards a matter of question.

"How beautifully everything is ordered by Providence!" said the governor.

## VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

WHEN we examine the various plants around us, and notice their phenomena, we at once see that all are subject to certain fixed and immutable laws, which operate with as much constancy and regularity as the laws governing the motions of the ponderous worlds that roll in the depths of space.

Thus all plants have a definite period of life assigned them, more or less limited, during which time we see them, as it were by successive increments, slowly elaborated out of the earth and atmosphere, arrive at the full perfection of their growth and beauty, reproduce themselves, and then die. With the cessation of life plants become disorganized or chemically decomposed, decay, and disappear, the materials out of which their fabric was constructed being reunited unto other bodies by the influence of that mutual attraction which subsists not only between worlds, but amongst atomic particles of matter, however small.

The law of material attraction may be thus expressed: Matter may attract matter at all distances, from zero to infinity. This attraction takes place with a force varying directly in proportion to its quantity and inversely as the square of the distance. Now when matter collects into masses, as we see it has done in the case of the starry heavens and planetary bodies, the bodies thus mutually attracting each other separate sometimes to distances all but infinite, but according to fixed and determinate laws which may be calculated by the higher mathematics, the distance increasing in the ratio of their respective magnitudes. We call the name of this species of attraction gravity. But when matter retains its elementary condition and exists in the form of those invisible particles called atoms, two or more mutually attracting particles must be brought by the same law infinitely near to each other before they can exercise any mutual influence; and we give the name of chemical affinity to this kind of attraction.

To apply this philosophy to plants. They are the result principally of the atomic or chemical affinity, combined with other agents, and are a beautiful pile of matter borrowed from the atoms in the earth and air, and united together by the operation of natural laws for a little space of time. Fabricated by nature as material for the building up of higher organic forms, they perform their part in the ever-shifting scenery of life. Some of them become incorporated as food into animal bodies; others retain their state as plants, and are the instruments used by nature to extract fertilizing principles from every falling shower and passing breeze, which they impart to the

soil on which they finally decay. The end of being accomplished, these beautiful and evanescent forms decay, they become disorganized, the pile of matter falls, and is restored by the influence of secret, invisible affinities to the air and earth from which it was borrowed for a little while.

The period of time during which these phenomena take place varies according to the peculiar organization of each species. Thus plants whose organization is very simple, as ferns, mosses, and many of our flowering plants, come to perfection, reproduce themselves, and then die, and this all in a single season. In those, however, whose organization is higher, the duration of life is proportionably longer. But the forest tree, lifting its massive stem for centuries to the light of day, has an appointed period to its life as regular as the lowly moss that grows beneath its shade. The duration of these phenomena is alone different. The phenomena themselves are precisely analogous. The growth of the humble moss with its beautiful little reproductive mechanism is only a simpler expression of the same law which operates in the production of the forest tree. A few months, however, suffice to perfect the one, whilst many centuries are required by nature before she can build up the other. It would seem from this that the study of the simple plants ought to take precedence of those whose structure is more complex and intricate. It is these plants which first clothe the surface of the barren rock. They are the first settlers on those new lands which, after unnumbered ages, according to geologists, rise from their parent waves. Successive generations of these plants die, and form by their decay a humus for the growth and nutrition of higher plants.

We will take nature for our guide. We will follow the footsteps of her successive creations. We are satisfied that the plan and structure of her higher organizations may be successfully studied in detail in the humbler. Let us begin at the beginning. How can we possibly comprehend what is intricate when we stumble at what is simple? It is a philosophical as well as a scriptural truth that "all flesh is as grass." We depend on plants for the materials of our own growth; the development of our own being is closely connected with that of the vegetable world; and, if we know nothing of wild flowers, how is it possible that we should know anything properly of ourselves? The highly organized body of man can never be thoroughly understood unless the whole series of forms of life beneath him engages his attention.

## A R I S T O C R A C Y.

THE world has been frequently entertained with descriptions given of the manners of the great, by fortunate individuals who, with the help of "letters of introduction," and the practice of suave obsequiousness, have climbed to the "summits of refinement" in Europe, and in wondering admiration have surveyed, from the height, the world of "white Kid-dom" around them. Intoxicated perhaps by the "thin air" which pervades those regions, their descriptions of the aristocracy have become tintured with a kind of servile amazement—an envious idolatry—which will provoke the quiet contempt of wise men, and excite wonder and imitation in the foolish. A young tourist—fresh from a republican country—visiting for the first time the land of his ancestors, and mingling with the noble and the high-born, is apt to be dazzled by the glare that surrounds him, and to forget that tinsel glitters as brightly as pure gold. He cannot perceive in a match-making countess the practice of arts which, when stripped of their fashionable cloak, a green-grocer's wife would spurn—nor detect under the bland smile of conventional coldness, a wreck of good feeling, a blight of genuine nature, and a frigid selfishness, that are too often to be found in their withering perfection among these envied classes.

We listen to his excited narrative—some with delight and others with charitable patience. In perfect good faith he assures us how that, one fine morning, he sat with Lady X. in her ladyship's boudoir; how that her ladyship was attended by a sky-blue page who handed her a scented note on a silver salver—he becomes learned in millinery, and minutely describes her ladyship's dress, and informs us that in the important *côte à côte* he enjoyed with her ladyship, she said that "she was fond of Americans." To all this we attend with laudable gravity; we bless the penetration of our tourist, and Lady X. is immortalised in our thoughts.

Lady X. does not tell him that she is voted a bore by the élites at Almack's—that her life is spent in petty intrigues—that her expenditure exceeds her income, and she condescends to be mighty humble to plebeian creditors, and coax French milliners with fashionable scandal. We have seen gentlemen of this kind who have left home, plain citizens and good men, and, during their sojourn in Europe, have merged manhood in fashion, and native goodness in second-hand foppery; drowned nature in fastidiousness, and sacrificed nationality to puerile imitations of foreign follies.

There is an aristocracy of the country as well as the town, and in this paper the writer will endeavor

to portray the manners of the class in their rustication, both of those whose permanent residence is in the country, and those votaries of fashion who visit it during the interregnum of the London "season."

The residences of these great people in England are in the vicinity of small country towns, in which no manufacture is carried on, and whose inhabitants are supported in fact by their trading with them. Their houses embrace every style of architecture, from the modern mansion with its three or four hundred acres of land, to the old turreted castle, embosomed in its wide domain of hill and dale, woods and lawns. These establishments during the greater part of the year present a dull and desolate appearance. An over-fed butler with a pompous housekeeper exercise a despotic viceroyalty over a troop of inferior domestics. The coach-houses and adjacent offices are hermetically locked, and no signs of life are visible except among grooms "breathing" the horses, or a dozen dogs leaping to the extreme length of their chains from their kennels, to fright an intruding stranger with their aristocratic yelping. The mantle of command descends at these intervals from the proprietor to the butler, who makes the most of such opportunities to impress the lower servants and the towns-people with an immense idea of his importance. The dreariness infects the towns, and the shopkeepers grumble away their mouths in deploing the badness of trade, and the degeneracy of things in general.

But a change comes o'er the spirit of the scene in September and October, when parliament is prorogued and "all the world" flies into the country to slaughter domesticated game, and destroy hecatombs of tame hares in fashionable *battues*. The Marquis of A., an old peer whose park wall bounds the town on one side, whose trees pry into the windows of some of the houses, and whose rooks keep up an eternal clamor above the streets, returns from his arduous parliamentary duties of dining at his club, and sleeping his dinner off in the House of Lords, to the halls of his ancestors. He is accompanied by his two sons, the Earl of B. and Lord Frederick C., his right honorable daughters the Ladies C., and a high-bred gout, of very ancient pedigree; yet lively withal, aristocratic, imperious, and yet painfully eccentric.

The Marquis's arrival is soon followed by that of other noblemen and gentry who reside from two to seven miles around; and the dosing townsmen, whose respect for rank is hereditary and extreme, shake hands with each other in fervid congratulation, and invite the servants of the establishments (who have profitable patronage to bestow) to snug evening

parties in the taverns, where they make laborious speeches and drink solemn toasts. The quiet streets are distracted with mounted horsemen in gaudy liveries, who are dispatched for perfumeries for ladies-maids, and physic for horses, fish-sauces for the cook, and boluses for his Lordship's gout, letters and lozenges for her Ladyship, and dog-lashes and horse-girths for the stables.

The Marquis (who may be taken as a sample of the whole tribe) is inviolable for a few days, and the townsmen shake their sagacious heads and propagate dim rumors among themselves, that "it's the gout," or that "there's a screw loose up at the Hall," "things have not all gone right in his absence," and such like, while he, good gentleman, is overhauling the accounts of his steward, learning of defaulters in rent, or prosecutions for poaching. The young sprigs of nobility are examining the shrubbery and gardens, listening to the feats performed by one or two favorite thoroughbreds, or trying the scent and training of a few young pointers. After business is attended to, and a few days immurement in the hall has proved a bore, the different members of the noble family begin to emerge from their splendid solitude, to make morning calls upon the surrounding gentry, and condescend even to go "a shopping" on fine mornings.

The reader has perhaps some crude notion of shopping, but I doubt if he (or she rather) have any just idea of the mysteries of that important science, as practised by these classes. Let us suppose an elegant barouche of a light-brown color, pricked out with dark-green, with a full-grown coat of arms surmounted with a coronet upon the panel. To this vehicle are attached four "bright bays," each seventeen hands high, glittering in silver-mounted harness, arching their shining necks and snorting in contemptuous pride as they spurn the ground. These animals are managed by two boys (one boy to each pair) of fourteen years old, clothed in small tight green jackets buttoned up to the chin, and displaying in front three rows of round gilt buttons, two of which pass over their shoulders and penetrate a short distance down their backs; they have faultless white gloves and silver-handled whips, their legs are bound in stainless breeches and Lilliputian top boots, and their business is to look straight before them without moving a muscle of their necks, and rise and fall at the same moment in their saddles, with the undeviating regularity with which infantry soldiers, on their own horses, "keep step." At the back of the carriage is a tall human being, who has cheated Nature by forsaking the sphere of usefulness for which he was sent upon earth, and voluntarily torturing himself into that biped anomaly—a footman, or flunkey—there is some excuse for a bear that is *compelled* to learn the art of dancing, but no apology can be formed for a rational animal, who submits of his own free will to the tricks of lackeyism. This gentleman is superb in flaming livery and

shoulder-knot, and sublime in white silk stockings, into which he has inserted two false calves making—with one real one—a total of three. His duties are to hold on to the carriage, to preserve a stolid gravity in his face, a small frown of importance on his brow, an unwrinkled state of spruce erection in his white cravat, to leap from his stand when the carriage stops, to touch his hat whenever he is looked at, and to treat the lady's maid with a kind of deferential familiarity, which he wishes to impose upon the world for love-making.

One would naturally suppose that this brilliant equipage was called into action to do honor to some important occasion of infinitely greater consequence than shopping; but so it is. In the carriage are two young and handsome ladies of eighteen or thereabouts, reclining in attitudes of Eastern voluptuousness, and a young man of unimpeachable moustaches and cravat, loling luxuriously back, smiling and biting a rose-bud, in order to show his white teeth. A young gentleman invited "down" probably, on some speculation of alliance, perhaps merely because he has gained celebrity as a "diner-out," and has a happy knack of saying smart things at a dull season. At his side on cushions are seated two Blenheim spaniels; and an Italian greyhound, with a silver collar and chain, is standing "rampant," with his two forefeet upon the carriage door, barking with a tiny snappish voice at foot-passengers. The carriage is also accompanied—by way of foot-guards—by two large spotted Danish dogs, running one on each side of it.

The elegant "set out" now stops at an apothecary's shop, the tall fellow behind leaps from his standing place; and, walking to the door of the carriage, assumes a demure look, and touches his hat. The proprietor of the shop, in his haste forgetting to remove his white apron, runs to the carriage and shows a shining bald head to the ladies, as he bows obsequiously. They order him to send a few bottles of *eau de cologne* to the Hall; this he promises to do, with a profusion of compliments and thanks for their patronage. You may observe, while they are stopping, half a dozen fellows who were talking gossip in a group about forty yards distant; three of them hastily retire to their shops in expectation of a call, and the others instinctively "hem" to clear their throats, although they have no idea of speaking, and walk with a sanctified gait past the carriage, merely to have the gratification of lifting their hats to the great people. You may perceive, also, that every horseman, and every other passenger, ease their consciences by performing the same action; and you may notice likewise, if you are a person of acute observation, that a couple of beggars (one of whom is blind, and led by a young girl) who have assailed every person they have met with importunities, leave off begging, as if by some tacit agreement, as they near the carriage, and hurry past it like convicted criminals. To all these obeisances the young

gentleman lolling in the carriage returns a lazy nod, and the young ladies a stare which, from such charming creatures, would be acknowledgment enough, if it were only accompanied by a smile.

The Marquis himself rides out on horseback, attended at a respectful distance by two mounted grooms, and surrounded close at hand by half a dozen hounds. He makes a point of dressing very plainly in a black coat and velvet waistcoat; the only remarkable portions of his attire being a starched muslin cravat tied *à la Brummell*, and a pair of Hessian boots with aristocratic tassels. He is altogether a jolly-looking fellow, and his manly cheeks gracefully protrude over his shirt collars, while his countenance exhibits that appearance of dignified nobility and ill-temper which is the immemorial perquisite of overwhelming ancestral honors, and eternal—remorseless—gout. The Marquis has learned that one of his best tenants requires some repairs done to his barn; and, being a man of business, in these rabid anti-cornlaw times, he deems it best to conciliate all men by a display of incredible condescension, and pay a visit to the farmer, to inspect the premises in person. He therefore arrives at the homestead of his tenant just at one o'clock, when the farmer is at dinner; and while his footmen are flogging away his hounds, which have commenced a furious attack upon the dogs in the farm-yard, the old farmer hurries from his dinner with his head bare, and his wife, to the utter dismay of the laborers, sweeps away all vestiges of the unfinished meal, and commands them to retire, lest "his lordship" should condescend to enter the house and find it

in an uproar, from clowns having perpetrated the enormity of eating.

Now, as the farmer was never behindhand with his rent, the Marquis, addressing him by his surname, lowers his dignity so far as to ask him about the state of the late crops, and the markets, and the old man is enraptured; but still the old fellow—who in his heart does not care a great deal for a Lord, so long as "he is able to pay his way"—obstinately informs him that times are "dreadful bad," and an honest man can't live, and reminds him of the state of his barn, whereupon the Marquis assures him that he has given orders to his steward to have it repaired, and humors the old farmer by asking for a glass of his "home brewed." If he is in an extraordinary good-humor, he will dismount and enter the house; where he will find "the dame," who has hastily donned her Sunday cap and a clean apron, with her daughters in the same articles of dress recently adopted, courteseying lowly, and silent with profound respect, until he familiarly accosts the old lady, and jokes the young ones upon matrimonial matters, in a short, abrupt manner, finishing every sentence with an "eh, eh?" not giving them time to answer him, which, indeed, they are too much "frustrated" to do: so he just sips a little of the ale that is brought to him, and, wishing them a condescending "good morning," mounts his horse, and canters home, dismissing them from his thoughts for another six months.

This slight sketch may serve to give the reader some idea of the manners of the great when rusticationg.

## THE HEIRESS AND HER WOOERS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"As the Diamond excels every jewel we find,  
So Truth is the one peerless gem of the mind!"

A NEW tragedy was about to be brought forth at the Haymarket Theatre. Report spoke loudly of its merits, and report touched closely on the name of its author. Either Talbot or Stratford must have written it; those regular attendants at rehearsal, who seemed equally interested in every situation, equally at home in every point, throughout the piece. Some said that it was a Beaumont and Fletcher concern, in which both parties were equally implicated; and this conjecture did not appear improbable, for the young men in question were indeed united together in bonds of more than ordinary friendship. They had been schoolfellows and brother-collegians; each was in the enjoyment of an easy independence, and their tastes, pursuits, and ways of living were very similar. So congenial, indeed, were they in taste, that they had both fixed their preference on the same

lady! Adelaide Linley was an accomplished and pretty heiress, who, fortunately for them, was the ward of Mr. Grayson, an eminent solicitor, with whom they had recently renewed an early acquaintance. Rivalry, however, failed of its usual effect in their case, it created no dissension between them; indeed, the manner of Adelaide was very far removed from coquetry, and although it was evident that she preferred the friends to the rest of her wooers, she showed to neither of them evidence of any feeling beyond those of friendship and good-will.

The night of the tragedy arrived. Mr. and Mrs. Grayson, their ward, and two or three of her "woosers," were in attendance before the rising of the curtain; they were just as ignorant as other people touching the precise identity of the dramatist about to encounter the awful fiat of the public. Talbot

and Stratford were sheltered in the deep recesses of a private box; had they been in a public one, nobody could have doubted which was the hero of the evening. Talbot's flushed cheek, eager eye, and nervous restlessness, plainly indicated that the tragedy was not written on the Beaumont and Fletcher plan, but that it owed its existence entirely to himself.

The curtain rose; the tragedy was admirably performed, and many of the speeches were beautifully written; but it lacked the indescribable charm of stage effect, so necessary to stage success; the last act was heavy and uninteresting, great disapprobation was expressed, and finally another piece was announced for the succeeding evening!

Adelaide was much concerned; it mattered nothing to her whether the play was written by Talbot or Stratford; she wished well to each of them, and sympathized in the disappointment of the author. Talbot, who had anticipated stepping forward to the front of the box, and gracefully bowing his acknowledgments to the applauding audience, now found himself under the necessity of making an abrupt exit, muttering invectives on their stupidity; and Stratford repaired to his own lodgings, aware that Talbot, in the present state of his mind, was unfitted for the society even of his favorite friend. The next morning, Stratford had half finished breakfast when Talbot entered the room. Stratford was about to accost him with a lively remark, that "he hoped the severity of the audience had not spoiled his night's rest;" but a momentary glance at his friend told him that such a remark would be cruelly sarcastic; it was quite clear that his night's rest *had* been spoiled; it was quite clear that what had been "sport" to the public had been "death" to the dramatist; it was quite clear that the "Russian Brothers," although they had ceased to exist on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre, were still hovering about, like shadowy apparitions, "to plague the inventor!"

"Read these papers," said Talbot, placing four or five newspapers in the hands of Stratford, "and do not wonder that I look and feel miserable at having thus exposed myself to the derision of the world."

Stratford hastily finished a cup of coffee, and pushed away a just broken egg; it seemed quite unfeeling to think of eating and drinking in the presence of so much wretchedness. He turned to the dramatic article of one newspaper after another, expecting to find his friend victimized, slandered, and laughed to scorn; but in reality, as my readers may perhaps be prepared to hear, the critics were very fair, reasonable critics, indeed; and it was only the sensitiveness of the author which had converted them into weapons of offence.

"I am sure," said Stratford, after the scrutiny was concluded, "the dramatic critic of the 'Times' speaks very kindly of you; does not he say that

there is much beauty in many of the speeches, only that the drama is unsuited for representation?"

"Exactly so," replied Talbot, dryly; "the only defect he finds in it is, that it is perfectly unsuited for the purpose for which it was written!"

"But," persisted Stratford, "he says that he is certain you would succeed better in a second attempt."

"As I shall most assuredly never make a second attempt," replied Talbot, "his opinion, or that of any one else on the subject, is of very little importance to me."

"Surely, however," said Stratford, "it is better to receive the commendation of writers of judgment and ability, than the applause of the one shilling gallery. Arbuscula was an actress on the Roman stage, who laughed at the hisses of the populace, while she received the applause of the knights."

Talbot only replied to this anecdote by a muttered exclamation of impatience.

And here let me give a few words of advice to my readers. Whenever you condole with those in trouble, do it in the old-fashioned cut-and-dried way; it is true that your stock-phrases and tedious truisms may cause you to be called a bore, but thousands of highly respectable, condoling friends have been called bores before you, and thousands will be called so after you. But if you diverge at all from the beaten track, and attempt to introduce a literary allusion, or venture on a classical illustration, depend upon it you will be cited ever afterwards as an extremely hard-hearted person, intent alone on displaying your own wit or wisdom, instead of properly entering into the sorrows of your friend.

"The 'Morning Chronicle,'" resumed Stratford, "speaks highly of the scene between the brothers at the end of the second act."

"Yes," replied Talbot, "and the 'Morning Chronicle' winds up its critic by advising me never to write another drama."

"Did you not say just now that you never intended to do so?" asked Stratford.

"How I wish, Stratford," exclaimed Talbot, impetuously, "that I could make you enter into my feelings. How very differently you would think and speak if you were the author of a condemned tragedy!"

"I do not consider," said Stratford, "that if such were the case, I should in any respect think or speak differently. I should feel far more pleasure in knowing that I had written a work which deserved to be successful, than mortification at the want of good taste in a mixed and misjudging audience, which had caused it to fail of success."

Stratford, having been unfortunate in his previous attempts at consolation, had taken some pains to devise a prettily turned speech; but he little thought how completely successful it would prove; the countenance of Talbot actually lighted up with pleasure.



"Are you really sincere in what you have said?" he replied. "I have a particular reason for wishing to know; do not reply to me in a hurry; take a few minutes for consideration."

Somewhat surprised, Stratford began the course of mental examination prescribed by his friend; and the result of it was that, although he had only meant to speak civilly, he found that he had been speaking truly; for Stratford had a great admiration for literary talents, and a great wish to possess them; he also knew that Adelaide Linley was a warm admirer of dramatic poetry; he could not doubt that her judgment would lead her to approve of the "Russian Brothers;" and, in regard to its condemnation, she, like every other intelligent person, must be fully aware that the plays that read best in the closet are often least adapted to the stage.

"I have considered the matter again," said Stratford, after a pause, "and I repeat what I previously said; I should be glad to be the author of the 'Russian Brothers,' even although it has been condemned; but after all, Talbot, how useless is this conversation! no good wishes on your part, or aspiring wishes on my own, can make me the author of a drama to which I never contributed an idea or a line."

"Yet," said Talbot, "I do not see why the business might not be arranged to our mutual satisfaction. You wish to be known as the author of this play; I, perhaps foolishly and irritably, repent that I ever wrote it; no one but ourselves is aware which of us is the author; why should you not own it? I will most joyfully give up my claim to you."

Stratford was a little startled at this proposition.

"But should the deception be discovered," he said, "people will allege that, like the jay, I have been strutting in borrowed plumes."

"Not at all," replied Talbot; "your plumes are not borrowed, but are willingly bestowed upon you by the owner; besides, how should any discovery ensue, except from our own disclosures? You, of course, will not wish to disown what you consider it a credit to gain; and, for myself, I give you my word that, should the 'Russian Brothers' be destined to attain high celebrity at a future day, I shall never assert my rights of paternity—they are the children of your adoption; but, remember, you adopt them for life."

"Willingly," replied Stratford; "and now let us pay a visit at Mr. Grayson's house. Doubtless the fair Adelaide will be impatient to pour balm into the wounds suffered by one of her adorers; pity is sometimes akin to love."

"It is more frequently akin to contempt," murmured Talbot, in too low a voice to be heard; but nevertheless the friends proceeded on their way, talking much less cheerfully, and looking much less contented than might be supposed, when it is considered that they had recently entered into a com-

pact so satisfactory to both of them. I wish I could say that conscience bore any share in their quietude, and that each felt grieved and humiliated at the idea that he was violating the sacred purity of truth; but such was not the case. Either Talbot or Stratford would have shrunk from the idea of telling a falsehood of malignity or dishonesty; but the polite untruths of convenience or flattery were as "household words" in their vocabulary. A dim foreboding of evil, however, now seemed to overshadow them. Talbot had something of the same sensation which a man may be supposed to have who has cast off a troublesome child in a fit of irritation. His tragedy had been a source of great disappointment and mortification to him; but still it was his own; it had derived existence from him; he had spent many tedious days and nights watching over it before he could bring it to perfection; he was not quite happy in the idea that he had forever made over all right and title in it to another. Stratford also was somewhat dispirited; he could not help thinking about a paper in the "Spectator" concerning a "Mountain of Miseries," where Jupiter allowed every one to lay down his own misery, and take up that of another person, each individual in the end being bitterly dissatisfied with the result of the experiment. Stratford had laid down his literary insignificance, and taken up the burden of unsuccessful authorship; should he live to repent it? This in the course of a little time will appear.

Adelaide Linley sat in the drawing-room of her guardian, eagerly awaiting a visit from her two favorite admirers. She was not alone, neither was one of her "wooters" with her. Her companion was a quiet-looking young man, whose personal appearance had nothing in it to recommend him to notice, although a physiognomist would have been struck with the good expression of his countenance. His name was Alton, and he was the confidential clerk of her guardian. He had never presumed to address the heiress, save with distant respect; but she valued him for the excellent qualities which had made him a high favorite with Mr. Grayson, and always treated him with kindness and consideration. On the present occasion, however, she was evidently somewhat out of humor, and accepted the sheet of paper from him, on which he had been transcribing for her some passages from a new poem, with a cold expression of thanks. Alton lingered a moment at the door of the room. "There is peculiar beauty," he said, "in the closing lines of the last passage."

"There is," replied the heiress, carelessly; "but I should scarcely have thought, Mr. Alton, that you would have taken much interest in poetry: why did you not accompany us last night, to see the new tragedy, although so repeatedly pressed to do so?"

"I had a reason for declining to go, Miss Linley," said Alton.

"Probably you disapprove of dramatic representations," said Adelaide; "in which case I approve

your consistency and conscientiousness in refusing to frequent them."

Alton would have liked to be approved by Adelaide; but he liked to speak the truth still better.

"That was not my reason," he replied; "I do not disapprove of the drama, nor could I expect anything that was not perfectly excellent and unexceptionable from the reputed authors of the tragedy in question—I had another reason."

"May I beg to know it?" said Adelaide, half in jest and half in earnest.

Alton's cheek became flushed, but he replied, "I am not in the habit of withholding the truth, when expressly asked for it. I never go to public amusements, because I object to the expense."

Alton could scarcely have made any speech that would more have lowered him in Adelaide's estimation. The young can make allowance for "the good old gentlemanly vice" of avarice, in those who have lived so many years in the world that gathering gold appears to them as suitable a pastime for age as that of gathering flowers for childhood; but avarice in youth, like a lock of white hair in the midst of sunny curls, seems sadly out of its place. Adelaide knew that Alton received a liberal stipend from her guardian, and that he had also inherited some property from a cousin; he had not any near relations, he was doubtless hoarding entirely for his own profit; he was a gold worshipper in a small way, accumulating the precious metal by petty economies in London, instead of going out manfully to dig it up by lumps in California! She therefore merely replied, "You are very prudent, Mr. Alton," with a marked and meaning intonation of the last word, which converted it into a severe epigram, and took up a book with an air of such unmistakable coldness, that the discomfited economist was glad to beat a retreat. Adelaide's solitude was soon more agreeably enlivened by the arrival of Talbot and Stratford. Talbot quickly dispelled all embarrassment as to the subject of the tragedy, by playfully saying, "I bring with me an ill-fated author, who I am sure you will agree with me deserved much better treatment than he has met with."

Hereupon Adelaide offered words of consolation, and very sweet, kind, and winning words they were; indeed, Stratford deemed them quite sufficient to compensate for the failure of a tragedy; but then, we must remember that Stratford was not really the author of the "Russian Brothers;" his wounds were only fictitious, and therefore it was no very difficult task to heal them. Possibly Talbot might have felt a little uneasy at Adelaide's excess of kindness, had he been present during the whole of Stratford's visit; but Talbot had soon made his escape to his club; he had several friends there, who suspected him of having written the tragedy of the preceding night; a few hours ago he had dreaded the idea of meeting them; but now he encountered them with fearless openness, expressing his concern for the failure of

Stratford's tragedy, and remarking that "the poor fellow was so terribly cut up about it, that he had advised him to keep quiet for a few days, and let the affair blow over."

Talbot and Stratford dined together; both were in good spirits; neither of them had yet begun to feel any of the evils of the deceptive course they were pursuing. A week passed, and the sky was no longer so fair and cloudless. Adelaide's pity for Stratford was evidently far more akin to love than contempt; she was an admirer of genius, and was never wearied of talking about the tragedy, which had really made a deep impression upon her. She requested Stratford to let her have the rough copy of it; the request was not so embarrassing as might be supposed, for Stratford had been obliged to ask Talbot to give it to him, that he might be able to answer Adelaide's continual questions as to the conduct of the story and development of the characters; the handwriting of the friends was very similar, and the blotted, interlined manuscript revealed no secrets as to its especial inditer. "Remember," said Adelaide, as she playfully received it, "that I consider this as a gift, not as a loan; it will probably be introduced into various circles."

Talbot was present at the time, and felt a pang of inexpressible acuteness at the idea of the offspring of his own brain being paraded in "various circles" as the production of Stratford. He could not offer any opposition to Adelaide's intentions; but he revenged himself by constant taunting allusions to the mortifications of an unsuccessful dramatist, abounded by the manager, scorned by the performers, and even a subject of sarcastic pity to the scene-shifters!

These speeches hurt and offended Stratford, especially as they were always made in the presence of Captain Nesbitt, another of the "woocers" of the heiress, who shared Talbot's newly-born jealousy of Stratford, and consequently was delighted both to prompt and keep up any line of conversation likely to humiliate him in the presence of his lady-love. A short time ago Talbot and Stratford had been generous and amicable rivals; but they had ceased to walk together in peace from the period when they entered the crooked paths of dissimulation. When Adelaide had attentively read the manuscript tragedy, she transcribed it in a fair hand; she had already fixed on a destination for it. One of the oldest friends of Adelaide's late father was a fashionable London publisher. Adelaide had kept up frequent intercourse with him, and waited on him with her manuscript, secure of being kindly received, even if he did not grant her request. Fortunately, however, for her, he had been present at the representation of the "Russian Brothers," and had been extremely struck with the beauty of the dialogue, and he readily agreed to print it. When the proofs were ready, Adelaide, quite sure that she should be giving great pleasure to Stratford, announced to him what she had done.

Stratford nervously started, and gave a hurried, apprehensive glance at Talbot.

"It will be certain to be a favorite with the reading public, will it not?" said Adelaide, addressing Talbot.

"I am sure it will," answered Talbot, with animation, forgetting for the moment everything but that he was the author of the 'Russian Brothers,' and that the 'Russian Brothers' was going to be printed. "How well the scene will read between the brothers at the end of the second act!"

"It will, indeed," returned Adelaide, with an approving glance at Talbot, whom she had lately suspected of being somewhat envious of the genius of his rival; "really, we must try and inspire our friend with a little more confidence. I don't think he is at all aware of his own talents."

"I don't think he is, indeed," said Talbot, with a distant approach to a sneer.

"But my favorite passage," pursued Adelaide, "is the soliloquy of Orloff, in the third act. Will you repeat it, Mr. Stratford?"

Stratford began to repeat it as blunderingly and monotonously as he had been wont to repeat "My name is Norval" in his schoolboy days; but Talbot quickly took possession of it, and recited it with feeling and spirit.

"How strange it is," said Adelaide, "that authors rarely give effect to their own writings! But how beautiful is the sentiment of that speech—more beautiful, I think, every time one hears it. How did you feel, Mr. Stratford, when you wrote those lines?"

Stratford declared, with sincerity, that he had not the slightest recollection how he felt; and Adelaide asked Talbot to repeat another speech, and praised his memory and feeling, in return for which he praised her good taste. Poor Talbot, he was somewhat in the position of the hero of a German tale; a kind of metempsychosis seemed to have taken place in relation to himself and his friend, and he did not know whether to be delighted that his tragedy should be admired, or angry that it should be admired as the composition of Stratford. All contradictory feelings, however, merged into unmistakable resentment and discontent when the tragedy was published; it became decidedly popular; the Reviews accorded wonderfully in their commendation of it, and the first edition was speedily sold off. Stratford's name was not prefixed to it, at his own especial request: he did not want to plunge deeper into the mazes of falsehood than he had already done. But Talbot had proclaimed with such unwearied perseverance that Stratford was the author of the condemned tragedy, that his name on the title-page would have been quite an unnecessary identification. Poor Talbot! he certainly had much to try his patience at present. Stratford received abundance of invitations, in virtue of his successful authorship; he went to many parties in the charac-

ter of a lion, where he was treated with much solemn reverence, and his most commonplace remark was evidently treasured as the quintessence of wit and judgment. These festivities Talbot did not wish to share. But frequently Stratford was invited to literary, *real* literary parties, where everybody in the room was celebrated for doing something better than it is done by people in general; and were any half-dozen guests taken at random from the assemblage, they would have sufficed to stud an ordinary party with stars. Here Stratford was introduced to brilliant novelists, exquisite poets, profound scholars, and men of searching science. Here, also, he met with literary women, as gentle and unassuming as they were gifted and celebrated, who wore their laurels with as much simplicity as if they had been wild flowers; and who, so far from possessing any of the old-fashioned pedantry which has aptly been defined as "intellectual tight lacing," were ready to converse on the most trite and every day subjects—casting, however, over every subject on which they conversed, the pure and cheering sunshine of genius.

All these new acquaintances of Stratford's were extremely kind and encouraging in their manner towards him, inquiring into his tastes and employments, praising him for that which he had already done, and encouraging him to do more in future. Such society and such conversation would have realized Talbot's earliest aspirations, and he could not willingly cede those privileges to a man who had never written half a dozen lines to deserve them. Yet Talbot was not a vain nor a selfish man; had Stratford been really gifted by nature with superior abilities to his own, he would have been quite satisfied that he should have reaped the harvest of them. But that Stratford should be distinguished at once by the notice of the gifted ones of earth, and by the smiles of Adelaide Linley, and that he might himself have been occupying that doubly enviable position, had he only kept in the simple path of truth—it was indeed a trial to the nerves and to the temper. At length, one day, when the rivals were alone, the smouldering fire burst forth.

"I am very much surprised, Stratford," said Talbot, flattering himself that he was speaking in a remarkably cool, self-possessioned tone, when in reality his cheeks were flushed with excitement, and his voice trembled with irritation—"I am very much surprised that you can continue from day to day to enjoy literary celebrity to which you must feel that you have not the shadow of a claim."

Stratford did not return an angry answer to his friend; he was on the winning side, and successful people can always afford to be good-tempered. "I do not see," he replied, "how I can possibly escape all the marks of kindness and distinction that are shown to me."

"Have you any wish to escape them?" asked Talbot, sneeringly.

"Before you reproach me," said Stratford, "I think you should remember at whose suggestion the deception was first entered into."

"I did not foresee the consequences," said Talbot.

"Pardon me," said Stratford; "the consequences were foreseen by both of us. I remarked that I was unwilling to strut, like the jay, in borrowed plumes; and you replied that if the 'Russian Brothers' attained the greatest celebrity, you would never assert your rights of paternity."

"You certainly possess an excellent memory," said Talbot, sarcastically, "whatever other mental attributes you may be deficient in. I remember the promise of secrecy to which you allude, but no promise was made on *your* part; therefore if you are inclined to descend from your usurped position, and give it up to the rightful owner, there is no cause why you should refrain from doing so."

"And can you really," asked Stratford, with surprise, "expect that I should expose myself to the censure and ridicule of society for the purpose of reinstating you in rights which you voluntarily made over to me?"

Talbot paused some time before he replied. "I feel," he said, "that I have expected too much. I rescind my proposal. I will only require you to make known the truth under a strict promise of secrecy to one individual."

"And that individual is Adelaide Linley, I conclude," said Stratford. "It is," replied Talbot; "let Adelaide but know me as I really am, and I do not heed—at least I will endeavor not to heed—the opinion of the world; besides, Stratford, recollect that if you marry Adelaide, she must certainly find out the deception eventually; she can never believe that the fount of poetry has suddenly dried up within you; no doubt, indeed, she has already begun to wonder that you have not given vent to 'a woful sonnet made to your mistress' eyebrow.'"

Stratford returned no answer, but the conversation left a deep impression on his mind; and he felt that it would indeed be the most honest and upright course that he could pursue, to confess the whole truth to Adelaide, and then silently to withdraw himself from the literary society of which he was so little calculated to be a member. Nor was this resolution of Stratford's so great a sacrifice as might be imagined; he had for some time felt himself very little at ease among his brilliant new associates; he was aware that he was only "cloth of frieze," although circumstances had for a time matched him with "cloth of gold." He could not respond to the literary quotations and allusions constantly made in his presence. He had heard some wonder expressed that he had no scraps in his portfolio to show confidentially to admiring friends; and the editor of a leading periodical had kindly suggested to him a subject for a tale in blank verse, which, if written at all in the style of the tragedy, should, he said, re-

ceive immediate attention from him. Then, in other circles, young ladies had requested contributions for their albums, and Adelaide had more than once expressed her wish to have new words written for some of her favorite old airs.

Stratford, the morning after his conversation with Talbot, sought the presence of Adelaide, resolved that, if his courage did not fail him, he would make a confession of his misdeeds, and an offer of his hand and heart before he left the house. He found Adelaide, as he had wished, alone; she was reading a letter when he entered, and it dropped on the ground as she rose to receive him; he lifted it up, and recognised the hand in which it was written; it was that of Captain Nesbitt, and the letter appeared to be of some length. Stratford felt disposed to be rather jealous; Captain Nesbitt was well connected, remarkably handsome, very lively, and had, like Captain Absolute, "an air of success about him which was mighty provoking."

"Do not let me interrupt your perusal of that letter," he said, rather coldly and stiffly.

"You have doubtless," said Adelaide, with a smile, "seen the handwriting; you do not prevent me from reading the letter—I have just finished it; and although your visit may cause my answer to it to be delayed a little while longer, the delay is of no manner of importance, since I shall only write a few lines of no very agreeable purport."

"I pity the poor fellow from my heart," exclaimed Stratford, and he spoke with sincerity; he could afford to pity Captain Nesbitt when he knew that Adelaide was about to reject him.

"He does not deserve your pity," said Adelaide.

"Can the gentle and kind-hearted Adelaide express herself so harshly?" asked Stratford, feeling more and more generously inclined towards his rival, when he saw how much he was disdained.

"I must explain myself," said Adelaide; "for I should be very sorry that you (and the delighted lover actually fancied that he detected a slight emphasis on the word *you*) should believe me to be hard-hearted and unkind. Captain Nesbitt has considerably fallen in my estimation during the last few days. I have received abundant proofs that he does not always love and respect the truth."

Stratford began to feel rather nervous; he had a particular dislike to conversation which turned on the subject of love and respect for the truth.

"Captain Nesbitt," continued Adelaide, "when he first became acquainted with me, informed me that, although his present property was but limited, he expected to succeed to the estates of an old and infirm uncle residing in Wales. I was lately in company with a family who happened to live in the immediate neighborhood of this wealthy old uncle; he has indeed large estates, but he has two sons in excellent health, to inherit them."

Adelaide here paused, expecting to hear an exclamation of indignant surprise from Stratford; but

it was not uttered. Stratford was by no means troubled with an over development of conscientiousness, and it appeared to him that Captain Nesbitt had committed a very venial offence in keeping two Welsh cousins in the background, who might have interfered so materially with his interests.

"Doubtless," he at length remarked, "this subterfuge on Captain Nesbitt's part was owing to the excess of his affection for you."

"I doubt it very much," said Adelaide; "affection is always prone to overrate the good qualities of its object; now Captain Nesbitt must have greatly underrated mine, if he could deem it likely that, possessing as I do an ample sufficiency of the goods of fortune, it could make any difference to me whether the lover of my choice were wealthy or otherwise."

"Could you not in any case deem an untruth excusable?" asked Stratford.

"In none," replied Adelaide; "but there are cases in which I deem it particularly inexcusable: the falsehoods of pride or vanity, the assumption of being better, or richer, or wiser than we really are—these are, in my opinion, as contemptible as they are reprehensible."

"Men of the world," pursued Stratford, "are apt to think very little of an occasional deviation from truth."

"Pardon me," said Adelaide, "if I entirely differ from you. Should one man of the world tax another with the violation of truth in homely, downright phrase, what is the consequence? the insult is considered so unbearable, that in many cases the offender has even been called on to expiate his words with his life. Now, if a departure from truth be so mere a trifle, why should not the accusation of having departed from truth be also considered as a trifle?"

Stratford was silent; his shallow sophistry could not contend with Adelaide's straightforward right-mindedness, and he was rejoiced when the entrance of visitors put an end to the conversation. A *tête à tête* with Adelaide had on that morning no charms for him; he lacked nerve for either a confession or a proposal! Perhaps, however, it would have been better for Stratford if he could have summoned courage to have outstaid the visitors, and revealed everything to Adelaide; for discovery was impending over his head from a quarter where he could not possibly expect it, inasmuch as he was ignorant of the very existence of the person about to give the information. Every one must have been repeatedly called on to remark, that in society there seems to be a mysterious agency perpetually at work, bearing news from one quarter to another apparently quite unconnected with it. In every class or set we meet with some person who makes us cognizant of the sayings and doings of another class or set, from which we have been hitherto removed at an immeasurable distance. Often the information thus gained is desultory and uninteresting, and it passes away from our mind almost as soon as we receive it; oc-

asionally it strikes upon some connecting chord, and we eagerly listen and respond to it.

When Adelaide Linley left school, she had, like most young girls, a favorite friend, with whom she kept up a regular correspondence, at the rate of three sheets of rose-colored note-paper a week. Emma Penryn, however, lived in Cornwall; and as year after year passed by, and the friends never met, the correspondence decidedly slackened. Still, however, it was never wholly given up, and Adelaide had written to her friend shortly after the introduction of Talbot and Stratford to her, mentioning their names, and speaking of them as likely to prove pleasant and desirable acquaintance. The day after Adelaide's interview with Stratford, a letter arrived for her from Emma Penryn. She apologized for her long silence, and gave an excellent reason for it; she had been receiving the addresses of a very desirable admirer, who had at length proposed, and been accepted; he was a Cornish man, and his property lay within a few miles of that of her father. After entering into numerous details regarding the carriage, the *trousseau*, and the marriage settlement (young ladies in the nineteenth century are very apt to talk and write about the marriage settlement), the bride-elect continued—

"I am quite sure you will hear an excellent character of my dear Trebeck, if you mention his name to Mr. Talbot; only think of their being great friends; indeed, Mr. Talbot was quite confidential with Trebeck a year ago, when staying with him in the country-house of a mutual friend, and actually was so kind as to read to him the beautiful tragedy of the 'Russian Brothers,' to which he had just put the finishing stroke. Mr. Talbot did not let any one else know a word about it, and in fact extracted a promise of the strictest secrecy from Trebeck; the reason was, that he meant to produce the tragedy on the stage, and had a terrible nervous fear of failure, a fear which was unfortunately realized by the event; I suppose because it was too good for the audience to understand. Trebeck kept the secret most admirably, never breathing a word of it even to me, till the brilliant success of the published play of course took off the embargo of silence, and now we tell it to everybody; and Trebeck, I assure you, is not a little proud of the confidence reposed in him by his literary friend."

Adelaide read this part of the letter with incredulous surprise, imagining that Emma was under some misapprehension; but when she came to reflect on past events, she could not but see that it was very likely to be true; she had several times been much struck with the inconsistency of Stratford's conversation and his reputed literary talents, and had felt surprised that he should so invariably have resisted all persuasion, even from herself, to give any further proof of his poetical abilities. It might seem astonishing that Talbot should so freely have acquiesced in this usurpation; but Emma's letter threw

light on the subject, by alluding to Talbot's nervous horror of failure, and Adelaide's quick apprehension soon enabled her to see the real state of the case, and to become sorrowfully convinced that Captain Nesbitt was not the only one of her "wooters" who had shown himself regardless of the sacred laws of truth.

Reluctantly, but steadily, did the young heiress prepare herself to act as she considered for the best under the circumstances. She wrote to Talbot and to Stratford, requesting that they would each wait upon her at the same time on the following day. Neither of them suspected the reason of this summons; Talbot had indeed almost forgotten the existence of the silly, good-natured Trebeck; he had read the "Russian Brothers" to him, because, like most writers, he felt the wish, immediately after completing a work, to obtain a hearer for it; and because, like *some* writers, he had a great deal of vanity, and had been flattered by the deferential admiration of a man much inferior to him, and from whom he need not fear any distasteful criticism. Talbot knew Trebeck to be perfectly honorable, and if he had ever thought of him at all, he would have remembered the promise of secrecy he had exacted from him, and would have felt quite at ease. It never entered his mind that circumstances might happen which would induce Trebeck to consider himself absolved from his promise, and that, as the "Russian Brothers" had been published without a name, it was perfectly natural and probable that the Cornish squire might be ignorant that the London world of letters imputed the authorship of it to Stratford, and not to Talbot. The rivals were punctual to their appointment, anticipating nothing more important than that they should be invited to join a party to a flower-show or the opera-house. Adelaide did not keep them in suspense, but said that she wished to read to them part of a letter which she had recently received. When she had finished, she told them that she had considered it right to make them acquainted with this statement, and asked if they had anything to say in refutation of it. They looked confused, and were silent. Stratford was the first to speak. "Forgive me for my seeming assumption of talents not my own," he said; "and remember that my motive was to save a friend from the mortification of acknowledging a defeat."

"I cannot conceive that such was your only motive," replied Adelaide; "you evidently took pride and pleasure in your new character. Did you attempt to suspend the publication of the drama? Did you shrink from the distinctions that followed it? No; you courted popularity, and enjoyed it, knowing all the time that you had done nothing to merit it, and that the whole of the applause that you received was in reality the right of your friend!"

Adelaide's words sounded a knell to the hopes of Stratford, but they seemed "merry as a marriage-

bell" to the eager ears of Talbot. "Dearest Adelaide," he said, "how kindly, how gratifying do you speak of my talents! They are entirely dedicated to you; all the laurels that they may hereafter gain for me shall be laid at your feet!"

"Do not trouble yourself to be so very grateful Mr. Talbot," replied Adelaide. "You will be little obliged to me when you have listened to all that I have to say to you. Your talents are undoubtedly great, but I do not consider that vividness of imagination and elegance of composition constitute a man of really fine mind, any more than a suit of regimentals and an acquaintance with military tactics constitute a brave soldier. I may continue the parallel. You entered the field of battle by your own choice, knowing that it was possible you might meet with defeat. Your first defeat came, and what was the course you pursued? Did you resolve to try again with added vigor? No, you determined to conceal that you had tried at all; you deserted the noble ranks to which you belonged, to sink into the mass of commonplace beings; and should your conduct ever become generally known, rely upon it that all literary men who sit in judgment upon you will unanimously sentence you to be cashiered for cowardice!"

Stratford breathed a little more freely during this speech; it was a great relief to his feelings to hear his friend so severely reproofed.

"I will not," pursued Adelaide, "dwell upon the offence that you have mutually committed in departing from the straight, clear, and beautiful path of truth; you well know my opinion on the subject. I could never feel happy in a near connection, or even in an intimate friendship, with any one who did not know and revere truth as I have always done. I shall probably occasionally meet again with both of you, but we must meet hereafter only on the footing of common acquaintance."

The disconcerted "wooters," now no longer rivals, took a speedy departure: they exchanged a few sentences on their way, in which there was much more of recrimination than of condolence, and then coldly separated. Their friendship had long been at an end; and, in the midst of all their recent mortifications, each felt consoled at the thought that he was not compelled to cede Adelaide to the other.

It was easy for Adelaide to avoid future intimacy with her two rejected lovers, without causing any remark among her circle of acquaintance.

It was now nearly the end of June; Mr. Grayson was quite a man of the old school: he did not stay in London till the middle of August, and then repair to Kissengen or Interlachen. He had a pretty country-house a few miles from London, and always removed to it at midsummer. Mrs. Grayson, who enjoyed nothing so much as her flower-garden, was delighted to escape from the brown, dusty trees of a London square; and Adelaide, although she liked public amusements, liked them as "soberly" as

Lady Grace in the "Provoked Husband," and always professed herself ready to rusticate as soon as the roses were in bloom. Three days after her interview with Talbot and Stratford, she removed from the bustle of London to a region of flowers, green trees, and singing-birds. The former friends—now, alas! friends no longer—travelled abroad. They had each studiously contrived to depart on a different day, and to visit a different point of the continent; but they happened accidentally to meet on a mountain in Switzerland. They passed each other merely with the remarks that "the scenery was very grand," and that "the panorama of the Lake of Thun, at the Colosseum, had given one a capital idea of it!"

Stratford returned to London in January: Captain Nesbitt was the first person of his acquaintance whom he encountered. Now Captain Nesbitt possessed an infallible characteristic of a narrow-minded, mean-spirited man: he never forgave a woman who had refused him, and never omitted an opportunity of speaking ill of her. After having anathematized Adelaide and her coquetties for some time, he proceeded—

"Her marriage, however, will shortly take place, and it is, I think, a fitting conclusion to her airs and graces. Perhaps, as you have only just arrived in England, you are not aware that she is engaged to her guardian's clerk?"

"To Alton!" exclaimed Stratford. "To that quiet, dull young man! Impossible! She used to ridicule his unsocial habits, and also was very severe on his propensity for hoarding money."

"However that might be," replied Captain Nesbitt, "he has proved himself not too dull to devise and succeed in an admirable matrimonial speculation: and, as for his system of hoarding, perhaps the fair Adelaide, although she objected to it in an indifferent person, may not disapprove of it in a husband. Heiresses are always terribly afraid of marrying men who are likely to dissipate their money."

"When is the marriage to take place?" asked Stratford, with affected carelessness.

"I believe in a few weeks," said Captain Nesbitt; "that is, if nothing should happen to prevent it. I think I could set it aside at once, if I took interest enough in Adelaide to make it worth my while to do so. I could communicate to her something respecting Alton which would decidedly lower him in her opinion."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Stratford, eagerly. "Has Alton, then, been guilty of any deviation from the truth?"

Poor Stratford! "He that is giddy thinks the world turns round;" and he had no idea that a lover could offend in any other way than by deviating from the truth.

"I do not know that Alton has told any untruth,"

said Captain Nesbitt; "but I have reason to think that he has kept back the truth."

"That may do quite as well," thought Stratford, "when one has to deal with so scrupulous a person as Adelaide;" and he requested Captain Nesbitt to explain himself.

"Alton's father," said Captain Nesbitt, "did not resemble the father in an old song of O'Keefe's—

'Who, dying, bequeathed to his son a good name!'

He was, like his son, a confidential clerk—not, however, to a solicitor, but to a Liverpool merchant. He repaid the confidence of his employer by embezzling sundry sums of money, which he hazarded at the gaming-table. At length, the frequency of his losses occasioned him to commit a more daring act than a breach of trust: he forged the name of the merchant to a banking-house check; discovery ensued, and he only escaped the punishment of the law by committing suicide. This event happened five years ago, and is fresh in the remembrance of many persons in Liverpool."

"But do you not think it likely that Alton may have revealed these facts to Adelaide?" asked Stratford.

"I do not think it in the least likely that he should have proved himself such a blockhead!" replied Captain Nesbitt. "Adelaide would never marry the son of a man who only escaped hanging by suicide!"

"They do not hang for forgery in these days," said Stratford.

"So much the worse," said Captain Nesbitt. "It is a crime that cannot be too severely punished. I remember hearing that, many years ago, a man was hanged for forging the ace of spades: I wish those good old times would come back again."

Stratford was silent; not all his pique, nor all his jealousy, could induce him to think that it would be desirable for the times to come back again, when a man was hanged for forging the ace of spades!

The next day, Stratford called at Mr. Grayson's, and found Adelaide alone in the drawing-room. She looked a little surprised at seeing him, but received him as she would have done a common acquaintance. Stratford congratulated her on her future prospects, and uttered some forced commendations on the excellence of Alton's character.

"He affords a convincing proof," he said, with a little trepidation, "that the son of an unworthy father need not necessarily tread in his steps."

"There are so many similar instances of that fact," said Adelaide, "that I think there is nothing astonishing in them. The good or bad qualities of a father are not, like landed estates, entailed upon his son."

"Then you do know," said Stratford, "that Alton's father was an unworthy man?"

Adelaide looked at him with grave, earnest sur-

prise. "You have chosen a strange subject of conversation," she said; "but I have no objection to satisfy your curiosity. I heard of the circumstance to which you allude from Alton himself."

"I conclude," said Stratford, "that Mr. Grayson insisted on his being candid with you, previous to your engagement being concluded?"

"You are quite in the wrong," returned Adelaide. "Mr. Grayson is much attached to Alton—whom he is on the point of taking into partnership—and was very desirous that he should propose to me. He enjoined him to keep secret the melancholy circumstances connected with his father, as they could only tend to give me uneasiness; and it was quite certain that no one else would be so deficient in kind feeling as to mention them to me." Stratford felt rather embarrassed and uncomfortable as Adelaide uttered these words. "Alton's strict and honorable love of truth, however," pursued Adelaide, "led him to disregard this counsel; some weeks before he proposed to me he made known to me every particular of his father's transgression; and I assured him, in reply, that I did not consider him in the smallest degree lowered in excellence by having become good, conscientious, and truthful, without the aid of parental precept or example."

Stratford was determined to discharge a parting arrow at the provoking heiress. "You have shown yourself extremely liberal in your opinions," he said; "and you have the very comforting reflection that, from Mr. Alton's known and remarkable habits of frugality, he is never likely to fall into the same snares that proved fatal to his father, but will distinguish himself rather by saving money than by squandering it."

"As you appear," said Adelaide, "to speak in rather an ironical tone concerning Alton's economy, I think it due to him to enter into a short explanation of his motives. When Alton first paid me those marked attentions which I knew must lead to a proposal, I sometimes rallied him on his strict frugality, and sometimes gently reproved him for it: he was not only sparing to himself, but I felt grieved to remark that, although ever willing to devote time and thought to the poor, he rarely assisted them with money. He assured me that he had a reason for his conduct, and that he was certain that I should not blame him if I knew it. He added that the necessity for economy would soon cease, and that he should then have the pleasure of indulging his natural feelings of liberality. I was not satisfied with this reply: I required him to give a direct answer to a direct question, and to tell me what were his motives for saving, and why they should exist at one time more than another."

"It was very merciless of you," said Stratford.

"Not in the least," replied Adelaide. "Alton had given me such proofs of his truthful and honorable nature, that I knew, if he held back any communication from me, he could only do so because it

was creditable to him, and because he wished to avoid the appearance of boasting of his own good deeds: and so it, indeed, proved to be. Alton had for five years been denying himself every enjoyment suitable to his age and tastes, for the purpose of saving the sum of money of which his father had defrauded his employer. When he first began this undertaking, it seemed likely to prove a very tedious one; but, two years ago, he happily received a legacy from a relation, which more than half realized the amount that he required; still, however, he did not slacken in his laudable energy; and, shortly after the conversation to which I have alluded, he was enabled to pay over the whole sum, with the accumulated interest, to the Liverpool merchant, who sent him a letter full of the kindest expressions of approbation, concluding with the assurance that he should make his noble act of atonement generally known among all his friends. Therefore, by this time, every one who has censured the faults and frailties of the father, is engaged in lauding the honor and honesty of the son."

Stratford had heard quite enough; he took a hasty leave, sincerely repenting that he had ever thought of troubling the bride elect with a morning call.

Alton and Adelaide were married in the course of a few weeks: two years have elapsed since that time, and I am of opinion that the unusual happiness they enjoy is greatly to be attributed to the truthfulness which is the decided characteristic of both of them. I am aware that many of my readers will say that it is of little importance whether a married couple, whose interests necessarily bind them together, should mutually love truth, or mutually agree in sanctioning the thousand and one little falsities of worldly expediency; but I think that those who hold such an opinion cannot have had many opportunities of closely observing the domestic circles of their friends and neighbors. Had they done so, they would have been aware that the beginning of matrimonial unhappiness repeatedly arises from the detection by one party of some slight violation of truth on the part of the other. Often such a violation is committed with no ill intent; nay, often, indeed, is it done with the kind motive of sparing some little trouble or anxiety to the beloved one. A trifling trouble is concealed, a small expense kept in the background, the visit of an intrusive guest unmentioned, or a letter read aloud with the omission of a short part of it, which might be supposed to be unpleasant to the listener. These concealments and misrepresentations, in themselves so seemingly slight, become of terrific account when frequently repeated; confidence is shaken; and, when once *that* is the case, conjugal happiness is soon at an end. Adelaide and her husband are on the most confidential terms, because neither of them ever thinks whether a true remark or communication is agreeable or not: they speak it because it is



the truth; and, if a moment's pain be thus given, the passing cloud breaks almost as soon as it is perceived; no tempests are suffered to gather in the distance, and the heiress constantly congratulates herself that she chose not the handsomest, the cleverest, or the most fashionable, but the most *truthful*, of her "wooters."

Of these wooers I have but little to say. Captain Nesbitt is on the point of marriage with a middle-aged widow of good fortune; he was successful in impressing her with the belief that he must ultimately inherit his uncle's property; but she was more cautious than ladies of fewer years and less experience might have been, and made so many inquiries about the state of health of the old gentleman, that his nephew was obliged to improvise an

apoplectic fit for him! This intelligence caused the widow to fix the day; but she is providing a very limited *trousseau*, since she anticipates the "melancholy pleasure" of giving large orders, in the course of a few weeks, at one of the "Mansions of Grief" in Regent Street!

Talbot and Stratford seldom meet; indeed, if one becomes introduced into a family, the other almost invariably ceases to visit there. However, there are two points in which they show great sympathy and congeniality of mind. They particularly dislike to hear of the failure of a new piece at the theatre; and there is no work for which they feel such unmitigated detestation, as one which still engrosses much of the public notice—the tragedy of the "Russian Brothers!"

## INTERVENTION.

### A SEQUEL TO "PLEASING THE PARISH."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS BREMER'S VISIT TO COOPER'S LANDING," "GETTING INTO SOCIETY," "WOOLING THE WIDOW," ETC.

"If you don't like it, let it alone," is a very excellent and pithy aphorism, when the advice can be followed.

In politics now, your non-interventionists are having the game mostly to themselves, and, as we write, are spending the money contributed by the sovereign people for the specific purpose of law-making, in very flourishing, and, for the most part, eloquent, denunciations of a course no one ever intended to pursue; enlivened or relieved by an occasional pause to pass the appropriations of the aforesaid funds to their own especial pocket-money.

In fashion, moreover, the system answers very well. There is that recent innovation, the vest, with its close fitness to an elegant figure, the coquettish roll of the collar, the jaunty pockets, the richly jewelled or enamelled buttons. What right has Prudery to deny its assumption by our sex, or to urge that it is unfeminine to imitate any garment that has been sacred to the wardrobe masculine heretofore? Are not the close corsets still left to choice? Has any one denied the shrinking conservative free election?

And society, with its sparkling current of wit, and beauty, and style; who has a right to point out the quicksands of wasted time, and the wreck of reputation, the detraction and sarcasm that bars the arrows of repartee, the selfishness that lurks under the blindest proffers of service, or the honeyed flatteries that fall so soothingly on the ear of the novice? If the cavillers have looked beneath the surface, and cannot have the heart or conscience to remain one of the gay throng, society will not miss their withdrawal! Their places can be easily, and

perhaps more pleasantly, filled! Society is impatient of strictures, and has no leaning towards the reading of homilies. It is a system in which no Lent is recognised, and the mad revellers of the Carnival do not choose ashes for their adornment.

So says the mere observer; and yet one cannot always follow the advice so complacently offered. The rector's wife found it so, when she would gladly have stepped aside for the retirement of her home, the simple round of domestic joys and pleasures. Her son—for the nursery had its cradle now; her pretty Etta, full of all winning, childish ways—her husband, with his ever-affectionate manner, and their united tastes, gave all that she could wish of interest and variety to her life. Particularly when she found so little pleasure in the formal visiting which she was expected to pursue. The frigid morning calls; the tea-drinkings, rarely enlivened by music or rational conversation, and never by dancing; but, nevertheless, the weary round must be gone through, or offence would be given; and, where the congregation was so large, invitation followed invitation with never-ceasing regularity. The Christmas week at Mrs. Lovel's had been an oasis in her social existence. Her host and hostess, in themselves delightful, had gathered a pleasant circle about them, and, in this charming *domesticated* intimacy, each seemed to contribute their utmost to the general enjoyment. Mrs. Stone had particularly liked Miss Lovel, and Dr. Howell and his young wife, the last a niece of their host, and, when they separated, had said that she hoped to meet them often, as they were both residents of the city. She had breathed a congenial atmosphere, more like that of her own home, and her new friends promised

\* See "Lady's Book" for January, 1852.

to see her frequently. She returned to — Place, invigorated and refreshed by change of scene and society, and quite prepared to do all that was right and proper in her difficult position as the rector's wife, to bear the affronts of Mesdames Jenkins and Skimpton with sweetness as well as composure, and try, if possible, to regain the good-will of the offended parties.

It is the work of Sisyphus to keep up a large round of acquaintances in a city. No sooner do you begin to congratulate yourself that you have nearly paid a list of owing visits, than you find half of them already returned by people that have more leisure or fewer acquaintances than yourself, and the toilsome labor is to be recommenced. Mrs. Jones reminds you that you have owed her neighbor, Mrs. Smith, a call since before Christmas. Mrs. Brown's gray beaver recalls her sister-in-law, Mrs. Green, and her friend, Mrs. White, to your recollection. Mrs. Thompson offers to go with you, and return visits in her set, which you had overlooked when you were in that neighborhood; and, though you are fully aware that neither Mrs. Smith, Mrs. White, nor Mrs. Green care one whit to see you, or would do more for your memory than a ceremonious call of condolence on surviving relatives, you are equally sure of their displeasure and its gossiping effects of unpopularity, if you do not keep up the acquaintance.

Therefore, as we have said before, Mrs. Stone could not "leave it alone," much as she "did not like it." "Popularity was a duty with her," said Mrs. Skimpton, the first visit she paid to the offended lady, with all sincere desires for pacific measures, and a consequent humility of deportment.

"Her husband's usefulness depended on it, unity in church measures depended on it," she urged still more vehemently, emphasizing her remark with a decided tap of her gold thimble upon the work-table before her. "For the good of the church, every clergyman's wife ought to sacrifice her own private views to popularity!"

Poor Mrs. Stone! How little she had realized the vast responsibility thrown upon herself by her husband's acceptance of the call of St. John's Parish!

Mrs. Skimpton held her hand to the light, and took up the stitches of the thin place she was darning. Mrs. Skimpton considered economy a chief virtue, and therefore mended the stockings of the household; she could not trust it to any one else; and the parlor window-seat was therefore frequently adorned with a heaped-up willow basket of ungraceful hose.

"Speaking of that reminds me," she continued—though what was the train of association Mrs. Stone in vain attempted to discover—"that the reason I advised you to have the Venetian pattern on the stair-carpet, is that the threads are so much closer, and it wears longer. But I noticed, the last morning I called at your house, that it is beginning to

go."—(No wonder, with the multitude of feet that trod the way to Dr. Stone's study, where he was never secure from interruption.)—"When you have it taken up—I suppose you will begin to clean in April—you must go over it carefully, and darn all the thin places, being particular to use worsted of the same color in every thread. Just now I observed the hall door open, just before you came over; it was when Dr. Jackson was let in, you remember: Mary often leaves the door open for ten minutes together. She is a careless creature; I would never put up with her. Any one might have gone into your parlors, and carried off dear knows what all. But, as I intended to say, the oilcloth seems to have worn very badly. You should have chosen one of the last year's patterns. The colors have had time to dry in, and it wears twice as well. I never chose a fashionable oilcloth for that reason."

Mrs. Skimpton seemed to forget that she had urged Mrs. Stone to this particular purchase, assuring that "stone colors wore better than any others, and were the most fashionable for entrances now."

However, she had condescended to offer her advice once more, and Mrs. Stone saw in it an omen of good. Mrs. Skimpton had used her eyes in all her late visits at the rectory, but had closed her lips in a painful, but, nevertheless, firm silence with regard to what she saw. But Mrs. Stone asking her advice about the baby's cloak, in the commencement of her call, had somewhat mollified her; the fair had been numbered with "accomplished efforts," and their unusual success, realizing nearly two thousand dollars, and a vote of thanks from the committee to herself, for her active superintendence, had made her more than usually forgiving. Besides, withholding advice was really too great a self-denial, involving a miracle of self-control, particularly with the constant opportunities her *neighborship* to Mrs. Stone presented.

Miss Angelica Tuttle also renewed her visits when she heard the Lovels had become friends of Mrs. Stone; for she had always wished to be intimate with them, not that she exactly liked their society, but that it was considered *exclusive*—a far greater charm than a lavish display of wealth and luxury. Miss Little, who was now devoting all her energies in behalf of the "Female Auxiliary Society, for the Evangelization of Southern Italy," condescended to call and solicit the aid of the rector's wife in this important undertaking; and, as the summer advanced, there was a truce at least to hostilities. Mrs. Stone began to be sorry that she had troubled her husband with any of the past discomforts, and to think she "might be happy yet."

Autumn came, with the return of the birds of passage, the opening and cleaning of houses, the putting down of carpets, and the putting away of brown Holland covers. Mrs. Stone had paid a short visit to her own home, and found much to occupy her in housekeeping on her return. She

looked over the card-basket in dismay, at the accumulation not only of cards, but notes of inquiry, and notification, and invitation, that awaited response:

"The Union Benevolent would hold a meeting for the election of officers on October 14th."

"The Evangelical Society had chosen her as Secretary."

"The Treasurer of the 'Seaman's Friend' would be obliged for her aid to assist in soliciting subscriptions."

"A special meeting of the Directors of the 'House of Industry' was earnestly requested."

"Mrs. Tuttle's compliments, and would Mrs. Stone fix a day for visiting the 'Foster Home'?"

Mrs. Jenkins solicited a subscription for the silver pitcher about to be presented, as a mark of respect, to the lady of "our lamented pastor," the widow of Dr. Naylor's predecessor.

"Mrs. Smith's compliments, and would Mrs. Stone be so good as to look over the pamphlets relating to the shocking atrocities of the Thugs of India, and return them as soon as possible? Mrs. S. would be pleased if Mrs. Stone could prepare a short and pithy abstract of them for the next week's 'Church Witness.'"

Mrs. Jones would call an afternoon early next week, to finish visiting the district assigned to her in the Dorcas distribution. "Mrs. Jones was sure Mrs. Stone would feel it a great privilege to become acquainted with some of the pensioners of this admirable church institution."

A subscription was solicited by the committee appointed to report on the expediency of establishing a "Church Home" for colored orphans.

Mrs. Stone spread out the communications in dismay; she had not yet opened half of them. It is so wearisome to commence an accumulated round of duties, when every day has its "sufficient evil!" Yet there was Mrs. Skimpton's warning sounding in her ears, as distinct as when first uttered: "For the good of the church, every clergyman's wife ought to sacrifice her own private views to popularity."

But there was one invitation she was not at all disinclined to accept: "Mrs. Howell would see a few friends very socially at tea. She must beg Mrs. Stone not to disappoint her." Miss Little had fixed on the same evening for a meeting of the matrons of the "Female Auxillary," at her house. Yes, it was the same date, "Thursday, October 11th." Mrs. Stone compared them twice, and then sat in deep deliberation. She had always liked Mrs. Howell; she was sure of meeting a pleasant circle at her house, like that of Rhawood. Perhaps Miss Lovel would be there; and she should so enjoy her music! On the other hand, she had never approved of Miss Little's society, thinking the "Evangelization of Southern Italy" a work the ladies of Philadelphia were not specially called to; at any rate, while there was so much ignorance and destitution immediately around them. It had always reminded her

of Sidney Smith's celebrated retort, "Madam, the Feegee's are at your own door!" If she accepted the membership and managership at all, it was as "a sacrifice" to the Moloch of "popularity," which, gaunt and spectral, ever rose before her. Besides, she had opened Mrs. Howell's note first, and mentally resolved to go. Could not that be considered "a previous engagement?" We cannot much wonder at Mrs. Stone's affirmative decision; nevertheless, as often as a thought of it came to her mind, it was accompanied by an uncomfortable feeling of disquiet, not very unlike a conscientious scruple, which destroyed all the pleasure of anticipation.

But, seeing that "Harry" was comfortably asleep, and charging the careful nurse with two unnecessary cautions at least, kissing Etta's rosy cheek, turned towards the light, as she lay with one little arm embracing the rounds of her crib—Mrs. Stone descended to the parlor, to await her husband's leisure as escort. But, in the hall, she was met by Mrs. Skimpton's maid Eunice, who shared in many of the peculiarities of her mistress, either from natural sympathy or the power of association. "Mrs. Skimpton had sent over to see if she should call and take her to Miss Little's, where the committee met; she thought Dr. Stone might be engaged, as there was a light in the study, and she knew Mrs. Stone would not like to be disappointed in going."

The sharp eyes of Eunice seemed to pierce the unhappy lady through and through, as she said, in a faltering tone, that it would not be possible for her to go to Miss Little's that evening. She was sure a full report of her toilet would be given to Mrs. Skimpton, and it certainly was not one intended for a quiet evening at home.

The bang which the departing Eunice gave the street door thrilled every nerve with a dread of "evil to come."

Sitting with head in hand, awaiting her husband, Mrs. Stone half resolved not to go; but she was glad she had not given way to it, when the warm welcome of Mrs. Howell and Miss Lovel laid all thoughts of Mrs. Skimpton and her displeasure at rest for the evening. There were about twenty present, all intimate family friends, except the young bride of Mrs. Howell's cousin, to whom the company was given. The entertainment was tasteful, but simple, conversation lively and agreeable. Mrs. Stone forgot her "popularity," and seemed to grow young again. Dancing was proposed at the close of the evening; but neither Mrs. Howell nor Miss Lovel played quadrilles, and none of the young ladies could be spared from their partners. Mrs. Stone could play at sight; "would she be so very good?" begged Jeannie Howell, the doctor's sister. Before her marriage, Mrs. Stone had been in general request at all their little gatherings as musician, the marked and excellent time which distinguished her style being so well suited to the lively measures. Certainly; Mrs. Stone would be very happy to oblige

them. She rose at once, and, going to the piano, commenced a favorite set from recollection, every note recalling the pleasant days of her girlhood, and the associations which had brightened it. Then Jeannie Howell placed a new polka before her, and some of the young ladies were soon circling in the lively dance. A Schottish followed by Jeannie and her brother; none of the others had learned the then new figure. Mrs. Stone played this also, still reading at sight, and was warmly thanked for her goodness.

On the whole, it was a delightful evening; and Dr. Stone was pleased by his wife's good spirits, when she came home escorted by young Mr. Howell. He had been detained on parish business, and found it impossible to return for her. "Southern Italy" did not cross the mind of the rector's wife, except as a geographical existence, until she saw Mrs. Skimpton going to market the next morning. The new board of managers for the society was reported in the "Church Witness" the following week. Mrs. Stone saw, with a feeling of relief, that her name was altogether omitted. She little knew the storm it portended in her horizon.

Through cold and snow, Mrs. Stone pursued the weary tenor of her visits and engagements. Often a whole morning was lost by a continual succession of visitors. She was obliged to be ready to receive them at an instant's notice. Once she placed it upon record that, from nine in the morning until ten at night, there had been visitors in the house; but it was not a solitary instance. Though able to snatch but few moments for housekeeping, it was always necessary to provide for dinner company. It can readily be seen that, with the time occupied in societies and calls, there was little left for the nursery or sewing. It was well her old nurse, Etta's nurse, was so entirely trustworthy; after the morning's bath, accomplished usually before breakfast, poor Harry saw very little of his mamma. It must have been the same, if her place had been filled by an untrained Irish servant-girl. Sewing she was obliged to give out; but here she always made it a point to seek those in need of employment, and to pay them liberally. It was not so much physical fatigue—though this was all Dr. Stone dreaded, as he often insisted on her taking a carriage, when he saw her consulting a formidable list of people who lived at the extreme ends of the city—as the mental anxiety or harassment, lest something should be neglected, some unintentional offence given. Scarcely a Saturday night but that was shaded by a part of the week's engagements unfulfilled, and Monday brought its own duties in addition.

Mrs. Skimpton seemed to have passed over her neglect of Southern Italy; but Miss Little was still unforgiving. This Mrs. Stone was especially reminded of by the second annual report, in which was stated that, "*notwithstanding the discouragement and cold neglect which the society had met*

*with, even in high places, and where it was least expected*"—the italics as pointed as printer's ink could make them—"they had been prospered far beyond their humble deserts and expectations." Mrs. Skimpton, by repeated attacks upon Mary, Mrs. Stone's waiter, by special settings forth of her many delinquencies, with which she seemed unaccountably acquainted, had induced the rector's wife to discharge her, and take a sister of Eunice, highly recommended by herself, in the place. Judith was indolent and a slattern; but Mrs. Stone did not dare to discharge her, or even complain. She charitably supposed Mrs. Skimpton to be in ignorance of these faults; but as Judith, whenever most wanted, had "run over to see Eunice a moment," she had the pleasant apprehension of being always under her neighbor's surveillance. In this she was not mistaken; with the range of front windows, and the full daily report of Judith to her sister, Mrs. Skimpton was in ignorance of very few facts relating to the household economy of the rector.

"I don't see how she can reconcile it to her conscience," Mrs. Skimpton remarked to Eunice, as she stood looking over a tray of clean clothes that had just been brought up from the kitchen. "Such neglect is as bad as downright robbery of the poor:—just hand me that shirt, it wants a button on the waistband. Dear knows what would become of my house, if I let things go on so—one, two, three, four, five; there's one of these fine napkins wanting, Eunice. Put Miss Jane's clothes in the left-hand side of the upper drawer. Doesn't count the wash? I shouldn't think she would know when she had a clean pocket handkerchief—there—not the other side, and put the stockings in my basket. As long as I've kept house—twenty-seven years, next April—I never saw Monday morning without counting my clothes. A minister's wife ought to set a good example—there, just look; is not that young Sidney Howell ringing over the way? The second time this week. She's never too busy to see any of that family; and they Presbyterians! Well, all is—my goodness, Eunice, don't fold those pillow-cases so! I should think you'd been with me long enough to know my ways—and he's gone in, of course."

Mrs. Skimpton's chamber commanded a view of the rector's parlor. Eunice gave one curious look, following the example of her mistress, who seated herself at the stocking-basket, as her handmaid removed the empty tray. Mr. Howell had gone in, and Mrs. Stone just appeared from the back parlor to welcome him. In justice to Mrs. Skimpton, we must say that Eunice did not go over to borrow the pattern of her sister's cape, ten minutes after, at her suggestion.

Mrs. Stone was preparing for a tea-party at Mrs. Green's one evening late in February. The long and busy winter was almost through, and she was jaded in spirits and weary in body. Etta had been attacked with croup frequently of late, causing her

constant alarm; and not a day passed but some fresh domestic trial of temper arose, from the negligence or impertinence of Judith. She was weary of misapprehension from those around her, of half real, half imagined slights, and unkind remarks. A half finished report of the "Evangelical Society" lay on her writing-desk, beside a letter from home which she had just received, and watered with her tears. It was an exertion to dress and go out, still it was expected of her, and she must make the effort; though she would gladly have passed the evening in a dressing-gown in her own nursery. She did not anticipate any pleasure from the visit; she knew the stiff and formal circle she would meet, and she dreaded lest any should be there that she had offended by look, word, or deed. Dr. Stone did not seem to notice her dejection when he came in. His own tranquillity was disturbed. There had been a meeting of the vestry that afternoon. She longed to beg him to take her home; she had often checked this impulse; for she knew she had no right to attempt to influence him, when he was useful and satisfied with his choice of duty. As far as it was possible, she had spared him the knowledge of her own grievances, since her first lesson in "popularity."

Mrs. Green's guest-chamber, the reception-room, was filled with square and massive black walnut furniture. Nothing was out of place; for nothing looked as if it could be moved. There were stone-colored Venetian blinds at the windows; everything stiff, formal, and precise. The mistress of the place was the presiding genius, as one could see from her dress and manner, when she came in to welcome her guests. Cold, square, and undemonstrative, the visitors were ladies of her own heart, middle-aged, and many of them in mourning, with black kid gloves, as if it were a funeral, instead of a social gathering—an adornment at once unnecessary, and in bad taste. Gloves have no place out of a full-dress party, and those mourning ought never to intrude. They sat in a stiff, unbroken line about the stereotyped parlor, the exact counterpart of hundreds we pass daily with Venetian blinds at the windows. The panel wall-paper, the mirrors, the candelabras, the chairs, the heavy sofas, the "what-not," and the angular gas fixtures, are all there, if the blind was but drawn up. The very portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Green in the recesses, in their square gilt frames, would not be amiss in the parlor of Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Jones, having that family resemblance in coloring and posture which all portraits by third-rate artists bear to one another.

They talked of the weather: it was always freely discussed at Mrs. Green's tea-parties. Then the ladies who sat next to each other spoke of the bishop's last charity sermon, and commended his course, with frequent allusion to Bishop White and his mild paternal sway, the spirit of which, however, minds like theirs never could appreciate. The

alterations in St. Stephen's, the last "Church Witness," in turn suggested the topics of conversation until tea came in, with the best china and the new silver service. Mr. Green, a small, rather retiring gentleman, went around with the tray, and made the same formal inquiry of every lady present, "Black or green?" The toast was uncommonly hard, the crumpets crisper than crumpets were ever known to be before; but that was in their favor, every one agreed. It was such a relief from the dire necessity of keeping up a conversation! The solemn silence was broken only by the click of teaspoons, or an interjectional "Thank you," "If you please," "Quite sufficient!" Every lady seemed to consider herself fully employed in the onerous task of balancing her tea-cup, so as not to deluge her own or her neighbor's dress.

Mrs. Stone enjoyed the respite particularly; she had not been able to extract one gleam of intelligence, or to call up one flush of animation from her right-hand neighbor. It was such a relief, as she turned to deposit her empty plate on the tray, to find herself seized on conversationally, by a lady she had not noticed before; one of those who never weary of discussing one theme, and require only a good listener to be perfectly contented for the evening. How she had happened to be admitted to Mrs. Green's solemn convocation was a mystery; but Mrs. Stone gladly resigned herself to be talked to for the remainder of the evening.

Mrs. Campbell was one of those people who, out of mere indiscretion and goodness of heart, make more mischief than any other members of society, the professed evil-speaker not excepted. She heard everything, notwithstanding she talked so much; but she never heard things quite right. In her repetitions, she always managed to be mistaken either in the words or the circumstances of the occurrence. Her particular forte was telling her acquaintances what others said of them—always from the kindest motives—either to warn them, or to show how she had defended them. She always *did* take the part of the slandered one, the very warmth of her defence often doing more harm than the passing unkind remark she caught at; for that might have passed unnoticed, but for her zeal, which, of course, fixed it on the memory of the listeners.

"Why, I had no idea that was you, Mrs. Stone! I was admiring your collar while you were talking to Mrs. Lea. It's a lovely collar! I saw one at Levy's, the very mate to it, at four dollars," was Mrs. Campbell's first remark, which naturally suggested the second. "I shouldn't have noticed it, only Angelica Tuttle was with me, and she said—I remember now—that you had one like it. Yes, I recollect; and how provoked I was with her at the time for calling you extravagant, as I told her it was none of her business if you chose to pay ten. But she said a minister's wife ought to set an example to the whole parish, Mrs. Skimpton said; and it

was well known how wasteful you were in housekeeping, and how extravagantly you dressed. Mrs. Jenkins was by, and said, 'Yes; poor Dr. Stone goes actually seedy, and they never can afford to subscribe to any charity. No wonder!' I took it up for you, of course, and told them if Dr. Stone liked to wear an old coat in his study, it was no more than my husband did in his office; and, as for your housekeeping, you were a little young thing, and couldn't be expected to be as saving as us. It does provoke me to hear people talk about their neighbors!"

Mrs. Stone's face flushed deeper and deeper. She was mortified, indignant. She did not know what answer to make. Mrs. Campbell ran on.

"I shouldn't have minded that so much, only Miss Little always has something to say, when your name's mentioned, about your finding no time to do good, and going to parties, and dancing, and all that. As to the dancing, I always said I didn't believe you did; not that I see any hurt in it; but, you know, it *would* make talk, and I think it's best to avoid even the appearance of evil. And, if Sidney Howell *does* choose to visit you, and escort you about, I can't see any harm in it. I believe Angelica Tuttle has been making love to him herself, and I as much as told her so."

"Sidney Howell! I dance! Why, Mrs. Campbell, I do not understand this!"

"I never would mind it in the least, my dear; I wouldn't let it trouble me an instant. But I supposed you knew people said you danced the polka with Sidney Howell, and that he was at your house quite too often! I always take your part, and always will."

A great consolation, certainly, to a wounded spirit! Who wishes to know that their defence is ever needed? Such sympathy blisters rather than heals. Mrs. Stone moved mechanically for the rest of the evening; the tumult of shame and bitter feeling was scarcely typed by her cold exterior. Should she tell her husband, and beg to "go home" like a weary child? Should she meet her accusers face to face, and challenge them to substantiate their charges? or was it best to suffer silently, "bearing all things, enduring all things?"

"I am troubled, Mary," the rector said, as she entered the study, after a visit to the nursery. He had not taken off his overcoat, and stood leaning against the mantel. "There was a meeting of the vestry this afternoon; I could not tell you about it before we went out; but they do not seem pleased with my measures, or satisfied with the present success of the church. Mr. Tuttle says there is a great falling off of pew-holders this year, and Mr. Skimpton remarked the quarterly collections were much less than formerly, and no formal account had yet been rendered of their appropriation. I meant to have carried it in this afternoon; and it pained me a little. Not so much the words as the tone and

manner. Perhaps I am too sensitive. But lately I grow more and more disheartened in trying to please my vestry and do good to my people. I look back with envy at the quiet days of my professorship, when I was accountable only to my conscience and my God. I am almost tempted at times to resign."

"Oh, if that could be!" Mrs. Stone said, involuntarily, clasping her hands in half entreaty. "I have not complained, have I? But I cannot bear it any longer. I would not mind it, if I *could* do right; but to be censured when I don't deserve it, to be bringing slander on the church and on you! Oh, if it was right to resign!"

Great was the wonder excited everywhere when Dr. Stone gave up the charge of St. John's Parish! Now that he had done so, he began to find that his efforts had not been all unavailing; many there were whom he had comforted, and who sorrowed that he would come no more among them. Defenders, unlike Mrs. Campbell, took up the cause of his long-suffering wife. Mrs. Lovel conquered her disinclination to general visiting, and went everywhere reducing the mountain of charges to its proper mole-hill level. Judith confessed that Mrs. Skimpton always wanted to know how things went on, and, when Mrs. Stone had reproved her for any fault, she had always thrown the blame on her mistress. Miss Little, with the air of an injured woman, shut her mouth as closely as the steel clasp of her reticule, and contented herself with an ominous shake of the head, when the matter of the dancing was explained to her; and Angelica Tuttle said, "How was she to know Mrs. Lovel had sent Mrs. Stone the collar from Levy's, when purchasing one for her daughter?"

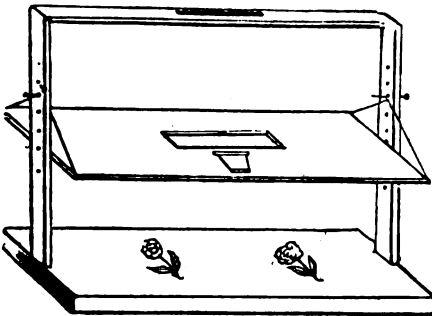
There was a meeting of the parish called, which refused to accept the resignation, and resolutions were passed commending the account which Dr. Stone had rendered, at the same time, of his labors among them. But the late rector was firm; his inexperience in parish matters generally, his wife's health wasting, in the routine of city life daily, decided him to resume the more congenial duties of his professorship. He read that they who provided not for their own households had "denied the faith," and he could not see the "light of home" dying from its once steady radiance. Not that he shrank timorously from trial and responsibility, but there were other laborers in the harvest-field better fitted, by longer experience, to "bear the burden and heat of the day."

St. John's was crowded when his farewell sermon was given; but it breathed only of love and peace; and when, at its conclusion, he read most fervently a collect for his successor, many a heart inwardly promised he should tread a pleasanter path among them than Dr. Stone had ever known.

## THE PHANTASCOPE.

PROFESSOR LOCKE, of the National Observatory, Washington, has invented an instrument to which he has given the above name, which illustrates very prettily and with simplicity many of the phenomena of binocular vision. It consists of a flat board base, about nine by eleven inches, with two upright rods, one at each end, a horizontal strip connecting the upper ends of the uprights, and a screen or diaphragm, nearly as large as the base, interposed between the top strip and the tabular base, this screen being adjustable to any intermediate height. The top strip has a slit, one-fourth of an inch wide, and about three inches long from left to right. The observer places his eyes over this slit, looking downward. The movable screen has also a slit of the same length, but about an inch wide. A few experiments, which we will describe, will illustrate its use.

*First.* Let there be two identical pictures of the same flower, say a rose, about one inch in diameter, placed the one to the left and the other to the right of the centre of the tabular base, or board, forming the support, and about two and a half or three inches apart from centre to centre. A flower-pot or vase



is painted on the upper screen, at the centre of it as regards right and left, and with its top even with the lower edge of the open slit.

*Experiment 1.*—Look downward through the upper slit, and direct *both eyes* steadily to a mark, a quasi stem, in the flower-pot, or vase; instantly, a flower similar to one of those on the lower screen, but of half the size, will appear growing out of the vase, and in the open slit of the movable screen. On directing the attention through the upper screen to the base, this phantom flower disappears, and only the two pictures on each side of the place of the phantom remain. The phantom itself consists of the two images painted on the base optically superimposed on each other. If one of these images be red and the other blue, the phantom will be purple. It is not unfrequently that people see *single objects double*; but it is only since the establishment of temperance institutions that it has been discovered that two objects can be seen as one, which is the fact in the phantascope.

*Experiment 2.*—Let part of a flower be painted at the left, and the *supplementary part* to the right, on the lower screen; then proceed as in experiment first, and a *whole flower* will appear as a phantom.

*Experiment 3.*—Let a *horizontal line* be marked on one side of the lower screen, and a *perpendicular* one on the other; then proceeding as in experiment first, a *cross* will appear in the opening of the upper screen as the phantom. This might be called the "*experimentum crucis*."

*Experiment 4.*—If two identical figures of persons be placed at the proper positions on the lower screen, and the upper screen be gradually slid up from its lowest point, the eye being directed to the index, each image will at first be doubled, and will gradually recede, there being of course four in view until the two contiguous ones coincide, when three only are seen. This is the proper point where the middle or doubled image is the phantom seen in the air. If the screen be raised higher, then the middle images pass by each other, and again four are seen receding more and more as the screen is raised.

As all this is the effect of crossing the axes of the eyes, it follows that a person with only one perfect eye cannot make the experiments. They depend on *binocular vision*.

All these effects depend on the principle that one of the two primitive pictures is seen by one eye, and the other by the other eye, and that the axes are so converged by looking at the index or mark on the upper screen that those separate images fall on the points in the eye which produce single vision. To a person who has perfect voluntary control over the axes of his eyes, the upper screen and index are unnecessary. Such an observer can at any time *look two contiguous persons into one*, or superimpose the image of one upon the image of the other.

This apparatus will illustrate many important points in optics, and especially the physiological point of "single vision by two eyes." It shows also that we do not see an *object* in itself, but the mind contemplates an image on the retina, and always associates an object of such a figure, altitude, distance, and color, as will produce that image by rectilinear pencils of light. If this image on the retina can be produced without the object, as in the Phantascope, then there is a perfect optical illusion, and an object is seen where it is not. Nay, more, the mind does not contemplate a mere luminous image, but that image produces an unknown physiological impression on the brain.

A similar and superior instrument to this has been long known to the public and artists—the Stereoscope of Professor Wheatstone. But so many beautiful experiments may be made with this simple contrivance of Professor Locke's, that we are certain this description will be acceptable to our readers.

# THE MAIDEN WOODED AND WON.

BY T. BISS BRADLEY.

A MAIDEN sat at eventide  
Beside a flowing stream—  
Majestic stream, with flowery banks,  
And waves of golden gleam:  
The maiden sure is in a dream,  
Her haale eyes so pensive beam!

So young, so fair, why sits she there  
With melancholy mien!  
So motionless, her shadow still  
Within the waves is seen:  
The dusky twilight soon will come—  
The maiden then should seek her home.

The maiden dreameth on; and sad  
The waves' low music-swells  
Upon the ambient atmosphere  
With softest cadence dwells:  
Just sad enough the waves' refrain  
To link her thoughts' harmonious chain.

The maiden dreameth on; and lo!  
Upon the river rides  
A boat of gorgeous golden prow—  
How noiselessly it glides!  
See! through the twilight's dark'ning fold,  
How gleams that burnished prow of gold!

Hark! loud above the waves' refrain,  
In right commanding tone,  
Full tender, yet as proud as if  
Demanding but its own,  
A lordly voice the maiden hears  
And these the words that reach her ears:—

"Thou maiden fair, of raven hair,  
Of melancholy mien!  
Within my dreams thine eyes' soft beams  
Have long ago been seen:  
I vowed it then to leave my home,  
In quest of thee o'er earth to roam.

"I've kept my vow, roamed o'er the land,  
And sailed upon the stream;  
My cynosure the haale-beam  
Years since I gazed on in a dream:  
Oh! sail with me towards the sea,  
Where wealth and honor wait for thee

"Where broad baronial lands extend  
Beneath a peaceful sky,  
My palace rears its marble walls  
In grand serenity:  
Within the hall my slaves await  
Thee, maiden, thee to share my state.

"Wilt come? If thou wilt be my bride,  
Upon my turtle's gray  
The earliest sun will shine, and e'er  
The softest moonbeams lay:  
A word, a sign, will e'er command  
All that thy lightest wants demand."

"It may not be," the maiden said;  
"Sail on unto the main!  
Not wealth, not power, I crave for dower,  
But heart for heart again.  
Float, golden boat, unto the sea:  
And leave me portionless, but free!"

The maiden dreameth on; again  
Mute, motionless is she;  
Again the waves' low music swells,  
And soothes her reverie:  
Upon her ear sweet accents fall—  
Her guardian-angel murmured "Well!"

The maiden dreameth on; and lo  
Upon the river rides  
A boat, whose keel the waters kiss—  
How gracefully it glides!  
Although it boasts not prow of gold,  
Its course how stately doth it hold!

Hark! chiming with the waves' refrain,  
A voice, as low and sweet  
As music's tone, steals gently on,  
For ear of maiden meet:  
Those wooing words of softest spell  
Her heart within will ever dwell.

"Thou maiden fair, of raven hair,  
Of melancholy mien!  
Canst tell me why the dew-late swan,  
On lake of sil'vry sheen,  
Though limpid waters lave his breast,  
Will lowly droop his pensive crest?

"Thou maiden fair, of raven hair,  
Of melancholy mien!  
Canst tell me why the dove doth mourn  
In mead of brightest green?  
Why plaintive song, the woods among,  
The lonely bird doth e'er prolong?

"List, maid! the mystery I solve  
By art that love believes:  
The dove, upon the withered bough,  
For absent loved one grieves.  
Apart they mourn in lonesome grove—  
Together live, together love.

"The swan upon the silver lake  
His wand'ring mate doth woo;  
His shadow is no company—  
His shadow makes him lone.  
Shall I, while gliding down this stream,  
Behold a single shadow gleam?

"See! one by one bright stars appear  
T' attest my solemn vow:  
I swear alway to cherish pure  
The love I offer now:  
Oh! sail with me towards the sea—  
A loving heart awaits but thee.

"Our souls will yield us sigh for sigh,  
While sailing to the sea!  
Our shadows, floating on with us,  
Shall keep fond company:  
In storm or calm, our hope is love—  
Our trust is in our God above."

The boat glides down the stream of Life,  
Soft downward to the main;  
The waves' low music swells aloud  
In tuneful nuptial strain.  
Two souls there love, two shadows gleam:  
God guide the boat safe down the stream!



## PIONEER LIFE IN OHIO.

BY A WESTERN CONTRIBUTOR.

### ELIZABETH HARPER.\*

ELIZABETH BARTHOLOMEW, one of the pioneer band who made the earliest settlement in north-eastern Ohio, was born in Bethlehem, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, February 13, 1749. She was the sixteenth child of her parents, and had still a younger sister. She was descended, on the maternal side, from the Huguenots of France, and her ancestors were persons of wealth and respectable rank, firmly attached to the principles they professed, and willing to surrender all, and yield themselves unto death, rather than give up their religious faith. They removed to Germany, after the revocation of the edict of Nantz; and there is a family tradition that the grandmother of the subject of this notice, then a child, was brought from Paris concealed in a chest. She married in Germany, and in old age emigrated to America.

In 1771, Elizabeth was married to Alexander Harper, one of several brothers who had settled in Harpersfield, Delaware County, New York. At the outbreak of the revolutionary war, these brothers immediately quitted their peaceful occupations to enter into the continental service, Alexander receiving a commission to act as captain of a company of rangers. The exposed situation of that part of the country, and the frequent visits of Indians and Tories, made it necessary for the whig families to seek the protection of Fort Schoharie. Mrs. Harper repaired thither with her family, including the aged parents of her husband. In time of comparative security, she lived at the distance of about a mile from the fort. Here, when there was a sudden alarm, she would herself harness her horses to the wagon, and, placing in it her children and the old people, would drive with all speed to the fort, remaining within its walls until the danger was over, and then returning to her occupations on the farm. As peril became more frequent or imminent, the old people were removed to a place of greater security, while Mrs. Harper, with her four children, and a lad they had taken to bring up, remained at home. One night they were startled by the sound of the alarm-gun. The mother took the youngest child in her arms, another on her back, and, bidding the two elder hold fast to her clothes, set off to escape to the fort; the lad running closely behind her, and calling to her in great terror not to leave him. The fugitives reached the fort in safety; and for the present, Mrs. Harper concluded to take up her abode

there. She would not, however, consent to live in idleness, supported by the labor of others; but undertook, as her special charge, the bread-baking for the whole garrison, which she did for six months.

During her stay, the fort sustained a siege from a party of Tories and Indians, commanded by British officers. Messengers were dispatched to the nearest forts for relief; but while this was slow in arriving, the commanding officer, in opposition to the wishes of all his men, determined on a capitulation, and ordered a flag of truce to be hoisted for that purpose. The announcement of his intention created a dissatisfaction which soon amounted almost to rebellion. The women, among whom Mrs. Harper was a leading spirit, had on that day been busily occupied from early dawn in making cartridges, preparing ammunition, and serving rations to the wearied soldiers, and they heartily sympathized in the determination expressed, not to surrender without another effort to repel the besiegers.

One of the men declared his willingness to fire upon the flag which had been ordered to be hoisted, provided the women would conceal him. This they readily agreed to do; and, as often as the flag was run up, it was fired at, while the commander was unable to discover the author of this expression of contempt for his authority. The delay consequent on this act of insubordination and the displeasure of the soldiers, prevented the capitulation being carried into effect, till the arrival of reinforcements caused the enemy to retreat.

In the spring of 1780, Captain Harper availed himself of an interval in active service to look after his property in Harpersfield. While there, with several of his friends, they were surprised by a party of Indians and Tories under Brandt, and taken prisoner, an invalid brother-in-law being killed. Harper and Brandt had been schoolfellows in boyhood, and the chief did not fail to show a remembrance of the days thus spent together. The Indian captor of Harper treated him with great kindness, taking him, however, to Canada. Here his exchange was effected soon afterwards; but he was not released until peace was concluded, being offered, meanwhile, large rewards by the British if he would enter into service on their side. Mrs. Harper remained in ignorance of his fate during the time of his absence; and supposing him killed, mourned for him, while she did not suffer grief to paralyze her efforts for the protection and support of her family. All her characteristic energy was devoted to keep them together, and do what she could towards improving their shattered fortunes.

\* Written for Mrs. Ellet's "Pioneer Women of the West."

In 1797, a company was formed in Harpersfield to purchase lands in the country then called "the far West." Besides Alexander and Joseph Harper, the company consisted of William McFarland, Aaron Wheeler, and Roswell Hotchkiss; others joining afterwards. In June of that year, these individuals entered into a contract with Oliver Phelps and Gideon Granger, members of the Connecticut Land Company, for six townships of land in what was then called New Connecticut, in the Northwestern Territory. Three of these townships were to lie east, and three west, of the Cayahoga River. The Connecticut Land Company drew their lands in the same year, and the township now known as Harpersfield, in Ashtabula County, was one of those which fell to the company formed at the town of that name in New York. In September, commissioners were sent out by them to explore the country. They were much pleased with the locality called Harpersfield, and selected it as the township most eligibly situated for the commencement of a settlement. On the 7th of March, 1798, Alexander Harper, William McFarland, and Ezra Gregory, set out with their families on their journey to this land of promise. As the winter's snow was upon the ground, the emigrants came in sleighs as far as Rome, where they found further progress impracticable, and were obliged to take up their quarters till the first of May. They then made another start in boats, and proceeded to Oswego, where they found a vessel, which conveyed them to Quecstown. Thence they pursued their journey on the Canada side to Fort Erie, being obliged to take this circuitous route on account of there being no roads west of Genesee River, nor any inhabitants, except three families living at Buffalo, while a garrison was stationed at Erie, in Pennsylvania. At Fort Erie they found a small vessel, which had been used for transporting military stores to the troops stationed at the West, and which was then ready to proceed up the lake with her usual lading of stores. This vessel was the only one owned on the American side, and the voyagers lost no time in securing passage in her for themselves and their families, as far as the peninsula opposite Erie. As the boat, however, was small, and already heavily laden, they were able to take with them but a slender stock of provisions.

Having landed on the peninsula, the party was obliged to stop for a week, until they could procure boats in which to coast up the lake, at that time bordered by the primeval forest. After having spent nearly four months in performing a journey which now occupies but two or three days, they landed, on the 28th June, at the mouth of Cunningham's Creek. The cattle belonging to the pioneers had been sent through the wilderness, meeting them at the peninsula, whence they came up along the lake shore to the mouth of the stream. Here the men prepared sleds to transport the goods they had brought with them, the whole party encamping that

night on the beach. The next morning, Colonel Harper, who was the oldest of the emigrants, and was then about fifty-five, set out on foot, accompanied by the women, comprising Mrs. Harper and two of her daughters, twelve and fourteen years of age, Mrs. Gregory and two daughters, Mrs. McFarland, the colonel's sister, and a girl whom she had brought up, named Parthena Mingus. Their new home was about four miles distant, and they followed up the boundary line of the township from the lake, each carrying articles of provisions or table furniture. Mrs. Harper carried a small copper tea-kettle, which she filled with water on the way to the place of destination. Their course lay through a forest unbroken except by the surveyor's lines, and the men who followed them were obliged to cut their way through for the passage of the sleds. About three o'clock in the afternoon they came to the corner of the township line, about half a mile north of the present site of Unionville, Ohio, where they were glad to halt, as they saw indications of a coming storm. The women busied themselves in striking a fire and putting the tea-kettle over, while Colonel Harper cut some forked poles and drove them in the ground, and then felled a large chestnut tree, from which he stripped the bark, and helped the women to stretch it across the poles, so as to form a shelter, which they had just time to gather under when the storm burst upon them. It was not, however, of long continuance; and, when the rest of the men arrived, they enlarged and inclosed the lodge, in which the whole company, consisting of twenty-five persons, great and small, were obliged to take up their quarters. Their tea-table was then constructed in the same primitive manner, and we may suppose that the first meal was partaken of with excellent appetite, after the wanderings and labors of the day.

The lodge thus prepared was the common dwelling for three weeks, during which time some of the trees had been cut down, and a space cleared for a garden. The Fourth of July was celebrated in the new Harpersfield by the planting of beans, corn, and potatoes. The next thing was to build log-cabins for the accommodation of the different families; and when this was done, the company separated. The location chosen by Colonel Harper was where he first pitched his tent, while his brother-in-law took a piece of land about half a mile east of Unionville, near the spot now occupied by the Episcopal Church, and Mr. Gregory put up his dwelling close to the river, where Clyde Furnace was afterwards built.

The settlers suffered from the sickness peculiar to a new country, when the season came. A hired man in Harper's service was taken ill in August, and soon after the colonel himself was seized with the fever, of which he died on the 10th of September. They had been able to procure no medical aid, and a coffin was made by digging out the trunk of a

tree, and hewing a slab for the lid. This melancholy event was a peculiar and distressing affliction to the little band of pioneers, and its effects on them would have been paralyzing, but that the firmness and energy exhibited by the widow, who now found her exertions necessary to sustain the rest, restored the confidence and hope which had nearly been extinguished by the loss of their leader. Although the principal sufferer by the dispensation, she would not for a moment listen favorably to the proposition made to abandon the enterprise. When an invitation came from friends in Pennsylvania, for herself and daughters to spend the winter, both she and her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, declined; knowing how necessary was their presence to keep up the spirits of the little community, and that their departure would discourage many who had intended coming to join them in their forest home. The magnanimity of this resolution can only be appreciated in view of the hardships which they knew it would be their lot to share.

In the fall, another small vessel was built for use on the American side of the lake, and two of our pioneers were sent to Canada to procure provisions for the winter. They dispatched four barrels of flour by this vessel, and waited some weeks for the ether, the captain of which had agreed to bring provisions up the lake for them. Disappointed in this expectation, and hearing nothing of the vessel, they were compelled to return, when the season was far advanced, without supplies; finding, on their way home, the remains of the vessel, which had been wrecked near Erie. They found, also, that the vessel which had on board the flour they had purchased, had been driven into the basin, and was too fast locked in ice to proceed. They were obliged therefore to remain till the ice became so strong that the flour could be removed in sleds. They at length arrived at home just in time to bring relief from absolute want to the settlers, who had lived six weeks without any kind of breadstuffs, substituting salt beef and turnips, the supply of which was just exhausted. Some grain had been raised at Elk Creek, in Pennsylvania, but there were no mills in that neighborhood, and the wheat procured there afterwards was brought in hand-sleds on the ice to Harpersfield, and ground in a hand-mill somewhat larger than a coffee-mill, which the pioneers had brought with them. By keeping this constantly in operation, enough flour was obtained for daily use, mingled, of course, with the bran, from which they had no means of separating it, but having a relish and sweetness which such necessity only could impart to the coarsest food. There were no deer in the country at that time; but large droves of elk, the flesh of which resembled coarse beef, were frequently seen. The flesh of the bears was much more oily, and really very palatable; raccoons also were abundant, and easily obtained, and were much used by the settlers; although, in after years of plenty,

they lost all relish for "coon meat." Hickory nuts were also abundant that year, and were found a valuable article of food when other provisions failed. It is worthy of notice that, in the severest straits to which the settlers were reduced, the utmost harmony and friendly feeling prevailed among them; and, whatever game or provisions chanced to be obtained by any one family, was freely shared with the other two.

Towards spring, the men were again sent for a supply of wheat; but, by that time, the ice was growing tender, and the weather tended towards thawing, so that they were detained on the way much longer than they had expected; and on their arrival at home, found the families reduced to the last extremity, having been without provisions for two days. In this time of distress, the fortitude and energy of Mrs. Harper aided to sustain the rest; she was fruitful in expedients, and for the last days they had lived on the wild leeks she had gathered from the woods and boiled for them. Their troubles did not terminate with the severity of the winter. As soon as the lake opened, the men set out for Canada in boats to procure provisions; but found so much ice as they went down, that they were unable to reach Buffalo without much detention. In the mean time, new difficulties arose in the little settlement. The mill, on which all depended, was broken beyond hope of repair, and there appeared no way of grinding the wheat, which they could not pound so that bread could be made of it, and which, when prepared by boiling, proved unwholesome food. In this extremity, some relief was afforded by the arrival, at the mouth of Cunningham's Creek, of Eliphalet Austin, who came to make preparations for a settlement at Austinburgh, and gave the pioneers what they needed for immediate use from his supplies of provisions, thus preventing them from suffering till the return of their messengers.

About this time an accident, not uncommon in this forest life, occurred to Mrs. Harper. She went out one morning to find the cows, which had strayed away; but, not having yet learned to tell the north side of a tree by the difference in the bark—a species of woodcraft with which she afterwards became familiar—she lost herself, and wandered all day along the banks of a stream that ran through the depth of the forest. Her family, of course, became alarmed at her lengthened absence, and blew the horn repeatedly; but it was not until the shades of night had fallen that she heard the signal, when she managed to light upon the township line, and followed it to the clearing.

In the summer following, her sons were obliged to watch closely the hogs they had brought from Canada, on account of the bears, which were very numerous and destructive to stock. The men being occupied in clearing and working the land, or procuring provisions, various outdoor employments were cheerfully assumed by the women. One evening,

Mrs. Harper, with her eldest daughter, went to look up the hogs, taking the path that led to the nearest neighbor's house. Presently, they were startled by seeing a small bear's cub cross the path just in advance of them; it was followed by another, and the old bear composedly brought up the rear, taking no notice of the females, who made their way home with all speed, unmindful of the pigs, which came to their quarters directly, unharmed. So frequent were encounters with wild beasts, that the men never went beyond the clearing without firearms.

In July, 1799, Major Joseph Harper, the colonel's brother, joined the colony with his family, while a relative of the same name, with some other families, commenced a settlement at Cognesaut, some thirty miles down the lake. This year wheat, corn, etc., were raised sufficient for consumption; but there was a scarcity of meat, the severity of the preceding winter having killed several of their cattle, and many of the hogs being devoured by the bears. They were under the necessity, therefore, of depending on wild game, and the ease with which they secured it in traps, or by the unerring aim of their rifles, with their iron strength for the endurance of fatigue when ranging the forest, might well entitle them to be called "mighty hunters." But they were heavily laden with daily cares and laborious duties, which even the pleasures of the chase could not induce them to neglect: the clearing of the land and the culture of grain and vegetables demanded incessant attention, and the grinding of the grain was a matter requiring the exercise of some ingenuity. Corn they soon contrived to pound in mortars scooped in the top of oak stumps, with pounders attached to spring poles; but they were obliged to send their wheat in boats down the lake as far as Walnut Creek, in Pennsylvania, where a mill was erected this year. The families of the new emigrants suffered considerably in the latter part of the summer from sickness, and Mrs. Harper went down to the settlement at Cognesaut to offer assistance in attending to them. She remained some weeks occupied in her ministrations of kindness, and was not ready to return home till the last of November. Travelling in open boats and on horseback were the only modes practicable among the pioneers. The season was too far advanced for the first, and, accompanied by her relative, James Harper, our benevolent heroine set out on her homeward journey, the only road being along the lake shore. Forging the streams at their mouth, they had rode some fifteen miles when they came to the mouth of Ashtabula Creek, across which a sand-bar had formed during the summer, but had now given way to the increased force of the waters, which flowed into the lake. Harper was not aware of the depth of the stream, into which he rode without hesitation, and presently found his horse swimming. He called out to warn his companion; but she was too anxious to reach home to heed his remonstrance, and followed him fearlessly. Both reached the other

side with some difficulty, Mrs. Harper wet to the shoulders, and in this condition she rode the remainder of the way, arriving at home before midnight.

During the fall, there were some accessions to the colony; Judge Wheeler, who had married a daughter of Colonel Harper, came in October, with his family, and Harper's eldest son, who had been out the year before and returned. For a year and a half after the settlement was commenced, they were not visited by Indians, though they frequently heard their dogs, and learned afterwards that they had not escaped the observation of their savage neighbors, who had counted them, and had noticed all their occupations and new arrivals. The winter of 1799 was remarkable for the depth of snow upon the ground. In consequence of this, game could not be procured, and the Indians suffered severely. Some thirty of them, unable to procure anything to satisfy the cravings of hunger, came to the settlement to ask relief, and were treated with the most generous hospitality. They remained six weeks, sheltered and fed by the pioneers; and when the snow melted, they found plenty of game in the forest, which they showed their gratitude by sharing with their white friends. In March, 1800, Daniel Bartholomew brought out his family, accompanied by that of Judge Griswold, whose destination was Windsor. They came on the ice from Buffalo, arriving only the day before the breaking up of the ice left the lake clear as far as the eye could reach. In the winter preceding, the whole Western Reserve had been erected into a county, which was called Trumbull, the part of it comprising Ashtabula being then included in one township, and called Richfield. In May, there were still further accessions, in consequence of which a scarcity was experienced of provisions raised the previous year, and designed for the use of a much smaller number. The settlers were again compelled to send to Canada in an open boat, in June, for fresh supplies. In August, an election was held for the purpose of sending a delegate to a convention appointed to be held at Chilli-cothe in the ensuing winter, for the purpose of taking measures preparatory to the admission of Ohio as a State into the Union. The winter of 1800-1801 passed without any remarkable occurrence, the country being healthy and provisions abundant. In the following June, other families were added to the number of inhabitants, and the summer was signalized by the erection of a horse-mill, the first built in the county, and the only one, till others were built in Austintown. The sufferings of the settlers from scarcity of food and other privations were now over, the advance of improvement developing the resources of the country, and the farmers were able to enlarge their cleared lands, and cultivate the soil to better advantage. Their friends from the East continued to join them, and Mrs. Harper had the satisfaction of seeing her elder children settled around her. In 1802, a school was established in the settlement—

supposed to be the first on the Reserve. The scholars came from a distance of two miles and a half; and as the reputation of the institution extended, they were sent from Windsor and Burton, twenty and thirty miles distant. The same year regular meetings were established by the "Lovers of Good Order," and the year following saw numerous accessions.

In about three years after the commencement of the settlement, the Indians began to visit them periodically. They were chiefly Ojibwas, and belonged to Lake Superior in the summer, but came down every fall in their bark canoes, and, landing at the mouths of the streams, carried their canoes on their heads across the portage to Grand River, seven miles from the lake. Here they took up their quarters for the winter, returning west in the spring. They showed a friendly disposition towards the white men, and as the pioneers gave them assistance in sickness and destitution, they endeavored to show their gratitude by bringing them portions of such large game as they killed. Many a choice piece of bear's or elk's meat, carefully wrapped in a blanket, has Mrs. Harper received from her savage friends. One day she saw a party of drunken Indians coming towards her house when the men were absent; and she had just time to conceal a small keg of liquor under the floor before they came in, demanding whiskey. They were told they could not have any, but, insisting that they would, they commenced a search for it, and finding a barrel of vinegar, asked if that would "make drunk come," as, if so, they

would take it. Finding it not the right sort of stuff, they insisted, before leaving the house, on treating the women from a calabash of muddy whiskey which they carried with them.

During all the privations, trials, and sufferings which Mrs. Harper was compelled to undergo, she was never known to yield to despondency, but with untiring energy exerted herself to encourage all within the sphere of her influence, teaching them to bear up against misfortune, and make the best of the home where their lot was cast. Her own family knew not, until the hardships of pioneer life had been overcome, how much she had endured—how many sleepless nights and hours of anxiety she had passed in the days of darkness and disaster. She found her reward in the affection and usefulness of her children, several of whom filled important stations in their adopted State. During the war of 1812, the country was exposed to all the dangers of a frontier, liable, on every reverse of the American arms, to be overrun by hostile Indians. In time of peril, Mrs. Harper's advice was always eagerly sought, as one whose experience qualified her to decide on the best course in any emergency. Her granddaughter well remembers seeing her engaged one day at the house of her son-in-law in showing a company of volunteers how to make cartridges.

Her life was prolonged to her eighty-fifth year, and she died on the 11th of June, 1833, retaining unimpaired, until her last illness, the characteristic strength of her remarkable mind.

## WAYSIDE STRUGGLES.

BY KATE CAMPBELL.

### CHAPTER I.

"We might have been!—these are but common words,

And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing;

They are the echo of those finer chords,

Whose music life deprecates when unavailing—

We might have been!"

Our first chapter opens on an afternoon in early September, and upon a group in one of our western cities. The windows of a large and cheerful apartment looked upon the deep and rapid Muskingum; and, at the open casement of one, a girl of about twenty was seated, on whom the attention of the party within seemed riveted; from the mother, who sat in her comfortable rocking-chair, and occasionally looked up from her sewing, to the fair girl of sixteen, who fidgeted restlessly about, pausing oftentimes beside her sister, to throw her arms about her neck with ardent affection.

"Frank, you must not go!—you shall not go!"

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she exclaimed, at last, impetuously. "What shall we do without you?"

"Well enough, Carry, I dare say," replied the girl, withdrawing her eyes from the prospect without, and returning her sister's caress. "Well enough, now that you are home from school, and mother will not be lonely;" and her gaze sought that of her parent with fond solicitude.

"Well, I do not see how!" answered Carry, impatiently; "and you are just as calm as though going for six weeks, instead of six months. No one knows what may happen in that time: only this I hope and pray of all things, that you don't get married!"

Unconsciously, Frank glanced at the figure of a handsome young man, who was seated opposite her, with his arms resting upon the table before him, and his hands supporting his head; while, with his keen, forward, pressing eyes, he followed every movement. His lip curled now, and Frank blushed slightly, while she laughingly replied—

"How selfish, Carry! Before I come back, I shall be twenty-one. It is high time to look out for a husband."

"I do not think so," cried Carry; "at least, not there."

"But I, now, have an especial fancy for an eastern beau," Frank answered: "they are so much more intelligent and cultivated than our cavaliers, and"—

"Polished fools!" muttered Philip Arden, rising suddenly as he spoke, and overturning the small table with a crash.

"Oh, Philip! you have broken sister's beautiful vase, and all her beautiful flowers, too!"

"Confound them!" was his only answer, striding off towards the window, where Frank no longer sat, but stood pale and breathless. "Frank, come and walk with me; I want to talk to you! Nay, you must come!" he continued, as the girl proudly withdrew the hand he had taken, and turned away.

"Must!" murmured Frank Cushman, slowly, through her closed lips, and fixing her glittering eye full upon him.

Mrs. Cushman rose and left the room with a troubled air; and, at a sign, the light-hearted Carry followed. Frank looked around, to find herself alone with a man with whom, the day before, she had parted in passionate anger; vowing, as she tore a sparkling gem from her finger, and dashed it into the rapid river, that the memory of Philip Arden should perish in her heart as that diamond in the flowing Muskingum! Now the color rose to her brow, as she questioned the reason of his unwished presence.

"Yesterday, I told you we were parted forever, and to-day you are here again, with your ungovernable temper, to destroy the small remnant of happiness left!"

Philip Arden's eyes flashed.

"Frank, you never loved me!"

"Perhaps not," she said, with withering coolness, though her lip trembled the while.

"Oh, madness! madness!" cried the young man, traversing the room with passionate gestures. "So to love! so to lose!"

"Yes, Philip; our love has been all madness, all fire, and consumed itself by its own intensity. It were better, far better, to part thus, and now, than to have wedded, and waked to find ourselves victimized forever. So much alike—how *could* we ever love so madly?"

"Frank! Frank! do not talk thus; you will drive me frantic! I am so now, I believe!" And he dashed his hands wildly against his high and burning brow.

Frank sank upon her chair and hid her face; she dared not look upon such passion. Once again her hand was taken, and Philip Arden knelt before her.

"Oh, Frank!" and the scalding agony dropped from his brow upon her hands, "must it be so—as you have said? Can you not try me once again?"

If years of probation are needful, still give me hope at last!"

Now she spoke hurriedly, and with more softness—

"Philip, I have vowed, before high Heaven, that wed I *will* not, as we now are! Love is not immortal; it cannot stand such shocks as you have given mine daily by your constant, causeless, watchful jealousy. I lose my respect and trust when you thus degrade yourself; and I would not dare to marry without respect. Now I will tell you, while I am calm, my resolution. I will go to Philadelphia, as I have promised; and, when there, I will mingle constantly in society, and not seclude myself: that shall be the trial of my love for you. If I love not there—if, at morn and eve, at noonday and midnight, my thoughts turn homeward to you, then I shall be faithful—I shall know, indeed, my love is lasting. But, remember, I would not bind you with a hope, a chance; you also may change; but we shall know, when first our eyes meet on my return, whether the breath of the world hath been upon our hearts. If it be of one only, the other must be content to suffer; if of both, what matters it? But, if both are still the same, then"—

She stooped down, and, imprinting a fervent kiss upon Philip Arden's forehead, passed quickly from the room; while still he knelt, and gazed upon her vacant chair, as though she still were present.

## CHAPTER II.

"Thine is a face to look upon, and pray  
That a pure spirit keep thee!"—WILLIAM.

"GIRLS! girls!" cried Fanny Ashton, rushing into the parlor of a large and handsome house in the western part of our own good city, where half a dozen maidens sat engaged in earnest conversation, "I have seen her! I have seen the beautiful Frank Cushman! Lend me your ears, and I will give you such a description!"

"Quick, then, quick!" cried many light voices, impatiently, and eager glances were bent on the new-comers. One was a showy, dashing girl, with few pretensions to beauty; but the other, her sister, was exceedingly handsome, though, at present, a tinge of melancholy obscured the radiance of her beauty.

"Well, then," cried the former, throwing down her bonnet and fanning herself violently, "this same Miss Cushman, about whose beauty and attractiveness such a commotion has been made for the last month, turns out to be just nothing at all! No style, no beauty, no pretensions of any sort, that I can discover; and I don't think I'm quite blind."

"Not beautiful?" exclaimed the blooming concave, with universal surprise.

"I think she is," half murmured her sister; but so faintly that no one heard her.

"No; that's a positive fact! Sarah and I were just going by Clara Hastings's, and she beckoned for us to come in; and who should be in the parlor but her sister! She arrived last night. Clara introduced us immediately; but Miss Cushman was so reserved and quiet, that Clara and I had the conversation to ourselves, after all."

"Well, that is very singular!" observed Amy Bryan. "Clara was forever talking about her sister. What did you think, Sarah?"

"Oh, don't ask Sarah! She is desperately taken with the lady, and thinks I have grown blind. She will rave, if you only give her a chance."

"Oh, that is delightful!—the very thing!" cried Amy. "I thought there must be two sides. Come, Sarah, now for your description."

The girls laughed. Sarah laughed, yet spoke enthusiastically.

"I do not wonder Clara praises her. I think she will queen it most decidedly. There is a sort of spell about her; you cannot be with her five minutes without feeling it, whether you acknowledge it or not."

"But tell us what she is like, can you not?" cried Amy Bryan, impatiently.

"Yes; only wait one moment," Sarah answered, with perfect good-humor. "At first, do you know, though her appearance was striking, I said, 'Why, she is not pretty!' but, the next moment, I had changed my opinion. She is not very tall, though you would think so at first, her figure is so slender; and her face is not round nor oval, nor any particular shape that I can describe, and her mouth is decidedly large; but, at either corner, lurk two of the most bewitching dimples! She cannot smile or speak without disclosing them, and they give such an innocent, loving expression to the lower part of her face, in itself so far from beautiful; but the upper part, that is perfectly exquisite! Her forehead is purely Grecian, with a profusion of dark hair parted plainly over it, and woven in a loose plait behind; and her eyes! I thought, at first, they were black, but they are gray, with those large dilating pupils and long, black lashes, fairly sweeping her cheek."

"And her complexion?" asked Amy.

"It is very white; but not a particle of color: but you never think of that."

"Oh, I'm sure I should!" replied Amy, herself displaying, at the moment, two round and rosy cheeks, which were justly the envy of many a pale-faced maiden. "But go on, go on!"

"I have finished," said Sarah, laughing. "But I do not think, after all, that Frank Cushman will trouble us much; I do not think she will become one of us: she conveys the idea of a superior being. Even Clara, accomplished as she is, and so much older, too, seems to look up to her in some things. Oh, girls, I warn you; we must look to our laurels!"

### CHAPTER III.

"And can young Beauty's tender heart  
Nurse thoughts of scorn?"

MRS. HASTINGS sat at her writing-desk, directing a pile of invitations on the table beside her. She laid down her pen to speak to her sister, who sat quietly on the sofa, with her head thrown back and eyes half closed.

"Frank, dear, don't you think I had better put off this party, after all, till you are better? I don't think you are at all well."

"Oh yes, I am, Clara, perfectly so; only somewhat fatigued with my journey—jolting over the mountains."

"You do not look well, at all events, and I had just as leave put it off; only say the word."

"That I will not. I dare say society will revive me, and be the best possible thing, after all." But a weary sigh followed the assertion.

"Very well, then, if you think so." And Mrs. Hastings resumed her employment.

"Frank," she said again, after a while, "how did you like Sarah and Fanny Ashton?"

"Those were the girls who called here yesterday?" said Frank, languidly.

"Yes; the same."

"I like the beautiful one—Sarah: is that her name?—but not the other. I should dread her rattling tongue."

"Oh, as to that, Fanny is nice enough, and her tongue most amusing, when one has a fit of the glooms, or feels indisposed to converse themselves. But Sarah has half obtained my ill-will; for I fear she will disarrange my pet plan with regard to you."

"How?" asked Frank, with more interest, unclosing her fine eyes.

"Why, you see, the state of the case is this: Sarah Ashton, with her beauty and various accomplishments, has more than half succeeded in captivating the lion of our set, whom, in my heart, I had laid out for you to exercise your powers upon. Is it not provoking? He is just the man for you: no one else can appreciate you, or enter into your high-flown feelings, or—in short, I am thoroughly provoked that he should make such a goose of himself! Why could he not wait?"

"What is his name?" said Frank, with a smile.

"Quite a romantic one—Percy Bryan; and he writes verses, and sings enchantingly, and plays, and is most eloquent! And, to descend to vulgar particulars, is very handsome, and rich, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Oh yes; I know," said Frank, with an amused expression of countenance. "He writes sonnets, does he, and 'strums the light guitar,' and perhaps dresses à la Byron, and has floating locks, and

white hands? Ah, poor me! how sorry I feel! Is there no chance for me yet, think you?"

"Never mind, Miss Frank," said Clara, biting her lip with vexation; "I'll be revenged for this: just wait! I only hope you will fall desperately in love with him!"

"I hope I may," said Frank, laughing. "I do so long for some excitement!"

The bell rang ere Clara could frame an answer, and a servant entered with a card.

"Percy Bryan, as I live, Frank!"

"The old saw verified," remarked the girl, quietly.

"For shame, Frank! Did he ask for me or 'the ladies,' Thomas?"

"The ladies, ma'am. He mentioned Miss Cushman"——

"There now, Frank! you must go and dress; only be quick, there's a darling."

"I shall do no such thing," was the composed reply. "I might dress for a lady; but for a gentleman—oh no, thank you!"

"Why, Frank, that is too bad!" cried Clara, angrily. "Percy Bryan is the very model of elegance, and fastidious to a degree. Only just imagine yourself going down in that horrid wrapper, and your hair in that plight!"

"My dear Clara, the wrapper was not considered horrid at breakfast, I believe. On the contrary, if I recollect rightly, Mr. Hastings particularly admired it; and, as for my hair, really I thought I had arranged it quite nicely." And Frank walked towards the tall mirror and smoothed, with her small fingers, the raven mass parted so plainly on her fair white brow.

Fanny Ashton had been wrong in her assertion that Frank Cushman possessed no style; she had a very decided one; and, when she had finished speaking, she took from the arm of the sofa a crimson cashmere, and, folding it about her graceful figure, calmly followed Clara into the drawing-room, to be introduced to the irresistible Percy Bryan.

She saw, at a glance, that she had formed a wrong idea; but, with somewhat of perverseness, perhaps, seated herself at a distance, and answered in quiet monosyllables, a lurking smile just betraying her dimples, now and then, as she could not but see how worried, how angry poor Clara grew.

Percy Bryan might, indeed, have typified extreme elegance; for every movement of his fine form was replete with unstudied grace, and every word he uttered told flatteringly upon the ear; every feature of his handsome face beamed with subdued vivacity when he spoke, with the utmost deference when others were speaking. Unlike some men, who convey by every word and motion how far beyond the rest of the world they deem they have gone in the art of good-breeding, and whose constant aim is to produce on all around an overpowering impression, Percy Bryan no sooner entered an assemblage than the atmosphere of perfect ease,

which he carried about him, seemed to diffuse itself through the room, to the comfort and self-satisfaction of everybody. Then he was, as Clara had said, gifted and talented, and fascinating; and, when we have enumerated all these various and excellent qualities, we were a most ungrateful member of society to pronounce him *hollow-hearted*.

But what was all this to Frank Cushman? What mattered it that his speaking eyes constantly sought hers, so resolutely veiled beneath their sweeping fringes that, on her merest remark, his fine head bent towards her with marked deference and profound respect? Perfectly independent as regarded her own actions, it suited her now to be silent; and silent she was through the whole of that rather long morning call.

Percy Bryan had been so accustomed to be courted, to see bright eyes grow brighter, and sweet smiles sweeter, on his approach, that, perhaps for the first time since boyhood, he experienced the sensation of amazement, in thinking over the hour just passed, while pursuing his way to call on the Ashtons.

"Singular, very, this Miss Cushman! Remarkably collected and cool"—as a cucumber, he would probably have added, had Percy Bryan ever imagined such an inelegant comparison. "Not beautiful, certainly; and yet she is, when she lifts those splendid eyes, or speaks. I must see more of her," was his concluding reflection, as he rung the bell at Ashton's residence.

Sarah Ashton was alone in the drawing-room. It had become quite an understood thing for the family group to scatter, when Percy Bryan entered the front door.

She was sitting at the piano, and trying to look cool, and seem absorbed in the song before her; still, before she raised her head to greet the visitor, who had not spoken yet, the warm color stole up to her temples, and down to her snowy throat, just disclosed by the gossamer fold of lace about the neck of her simple, yet exquisitely becoming morning-dress.

Sarah's beauty was of that superior kind which asserts its claims instantly. No one could presume to dispute that her complexion was not faultless, that her large and liquid eyes were not matchless, that her features were not all formed with the most chiselled exactness, and her figure with perfect symmetry. Still, her style was not peculiar; and, though few equalled her in the purity of their charms, many might be found, the character of whose beauty, more or less, resembled hers.

She was intelligent and amiable, with a large dash of romance in her composition, and somewhat singular, withal, from the warmth and simplicity of her nature; she had felt the world's breath, but had not received it, and this had formed her attraction in Percy Bryan's eyes. For the last few days, he had almost been tempted to launch his bark on the untrod sea of matrimony; but the preceding half



hour had startled him somewhat; he shrank back from the dreaming house, passed but so lately. He said to himself, "Do not be in too great a hurry: wait awhile."

## CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, much I fear thy guileless heart, its earnestness of feeling,  
Its passions and its sympathies to every eye revealing;  
I tremble for that winning smile and trusting glance of thine,  
And pray that none but faithful ones may bow before thy shrine."—J. G. WHITTIER.

"Joy for the present moment! Joy to-day!  
Why look we to the morrow?"—SARGENT.

FANNY ASHTON, with her own toilet completed for Mrs. Hastings's party, stood by her sister's dressing-table assisting, advising, and chattering.

"Percy Bryan not going with you, Sarah! That's odd, very!"

"I do not think so," said Sarah, laughing faintly, as she fastened a rose-bud in her beautiful hair. "Why should it be more singular than that Cousin Harry, or Tom Stephens, or—or any of the gentlemen we know, are not going with me?"

"Why, indeed? I'm sure I cannot tell, if you do not know. Of course, you understand your own affairs best. Only!"

"Only what?"

"Oh, nothing; only that lovers are generally more attentive than the one in this instance."

"A lover, Fanny! How perfectly absurd! No one but you would make such a speech!" said Sarah, reddening angrily.

"Well, my dear sister, we won't quarrel about terms; only, if he is not, in my humble opinion, he ought to be! I hope you have more spirit than to allow any man to trifle with you."

Sarah was silent. She would not for the world, and more especially at this time, have betrayed her feelings; so she choked down the rising emotion resolutely, and affected to be oblivious to her sister's insinuations.

Fanny Ashton had no idea how keenly her words struck home. She was indignant at Bryan, disgusted at what she supposed a proof of his fickleness: her anger exhausted, she became calm again, and offered her sister the loan of Tom Fenton's spare arm—Tom Fenton was her acknowledged lover—and Sarah laughingly accepted it.

Still, when Fanny found herself in the dressing-room at Mrs. Hastings's, her vexation returned.

"Is it not too bad, mamma, that Sarah should have no attendance? She, who has always made her *entrée* with such *éclat*, to be deprived of a beau to-night, because of that hated Percy Bryan's caprices! If he had not been so constantly in wait-

ing lately, it would make no difference; but now there will be a world of remarks, particularly as I happen to know he is here to-night, and alone!"

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, never mind, mamma; trust to woman's wit to find out all she seeks to know."

"Well, dear, it cannot be helped; and really I do not see that it matters. I can make an excellent chaperone; and, once in the room, she will be surrounded: that must always be, with her beauty."

"Oh, pshaw!—I beg pardon, mamma. But, if we were not in a crowded dressing-room, I would deliver a long dissertation on the evils to which Bryan has subjected poor Sarah by his trifling. No one likes to play second fiddle—no one likes to be very attentive to a girl who has been jilted."

"Fanny, I am ashamed to hear you talk thus! Who has been jilted? Not Sarah Ashton, I am sure!" replied Mrs. Ashton, all a mother's pride in arms.

"What on earth are you talking about?" said Sarah, coming over to the dark corner where they stood. "You cannot see to do anything here, I am sure; and, Fanny, Tom will be tired waiting."

"Let him wait, then—till I am ready," Fanny replied, applying herself slowly to the arrangement of her toilet.

It was not a conspicuous position, by any means, that Frank Cushman had chosen; nevertheless, before the sisters had greeted their hostess, both had remarked her slight, graceful figure seated on an ottoman, and, standing beside her, the tall form of Percy Bryan.

"There!" Fanny exclaimed, involuntarily, and her penetrating eyes encountered her sister's. Her exclamation, her look, touched the prideful heart. Sarah drew up her stately figure, the beautiful head erected itself haughtily, and the short, red upper lip assumed its regal air.

"Bravo!" Fanny whispered; and Sarah could have smiled, had not her heart weighed down so heavily, when she caught a glimpse of herself in a splendid mirror.

Five minutes after, her merry laugh floated on the fragrant air. She started, it sounded strangely, not part and parcel of herself; and so it was with every word she uttered, every laugh that broke from her lips that evening. Many were round her, and soft and earnest the tones ministering to her vanity; but their idle compliments wearied her, and constant were the efforts she made to reply to them, to carry on the farce commenced. Once she disengaged herself for a moment, and stood quiet and alone. Her sister's voice aroused her.

"Well, I give up, Sarah; she is pretty; there's no denying it—fascinating! But I do not like her, for all—prejudice, perhaps—but I think her vain: only watch her!"

"Who?"

"Who? What a question! Frank Cushman!"

And you are looking straight at her, and ask me who."

"I beg pardon, sister; but I did not hear what you were saying. Some one's dress"—

"Oh, pehaw! Why you are crazy to-night, Sarah!"

The fair girl colored vividly.

"What did I say? I was absent. Have I made myself ridiculous?"

"No; as it was only to me you were speaking. But *prenez garde*, I implore you!" she whispered, as Percy Bryan moved towards them.

Little Amy Bryan stood under the chandelier, with rosy cheeks, and chattered volubly to a knot of admirers.

"Oh, I think she is superb! How can you say she is not? Sarah Ashton said she was beautiful; but I didn't believe it, because she declared she had no color, and none of us could fancy beauty without that. But it's just as she said; you never think of it. How desperately smitten Percy seems! How nice it would be to have her for a sister!"

"So, Miss Amy, you do not contemplate the possibility of your brother ever being an unsuccessful suitor?"

"Oh dear, no!" replied the little lady. "Why, if Percy were to make love to an angel, she would have to return it! Why, though I am his sister, I am sure I shall never like another man like him."

Then, of course, followed various gallant lamentations over such heart-rending intelligence, in the midst of which some one observed—

"And Sarah Ashton—what has happened there? I thought Percy was all devotion."

"What nonsense!" cried Amy, reddening. "That was only a flirtation."

"I wonder," said the same gentleman, smiling, and glancing at Frank Cushman, now thoroughly animated, and talking to Percy Bryan with great spirit—"I wonder if *that* is only a flirtation? and, if so, which will win the game, Miss Cushman or your brother?"

"No one can excel Percy, when he chooses to exert himself," was Amy's reply.

"Ah, that is the thing; any one can do that which one exerts one's self to do. But Miss Cushman seems to have the power to win her will without any extra trouble. What she is, she is, because she cannot help it; and she does not look as if any motive could be sufficiently strong to tempt her from her originality. I like her exceedingly!" And the gentleman sauntered off towards the object of his remarks.

Fanny Ashton had been fearful that her sister would disclose her wounded feelings in a conversation with Percy Bryan. She was therefore surprised at her perfect composure when he addressed her; nothing in her tones, looks, or words which could convey to the spectator that they were on other than the most indifferently friendly terms.

Then, with the impetuosity of her nature, she went to the other extreme; she was thoroughly vexed that Sarah had not been more dignified and reserved—had not shown plainly her full appreciation of his conduct. She was wrong, and Sarah right.

The impulse of a noble woman guided Sarah correctly; her feelings, regulated and subdued by true pride, were too delicate to obtrude themselves: she was almost the same as she had been in the early stages of their intimacy. The one sad thing in this was not perceptible, but, nevertheless, existing. She had not only taken a step forward in life, but, in so doing, some of youth's fresh bloom was lost from her spirit: inevitable consequence, and a wise one, perhaps; but sad, for all.

She was glad, after he had gone from her, that she had met him: she suffered, but she was calm; her delirious, flighty gayety exhausted her: now she moved about attended by her full faculties; before all was confusion. Yes; she was glad she had conversed with him.

Frank Cushman talked peculiarly. There was nothing conventional in her form of conversation; it differed from the current coin, in that its tone was higher and superior; still, no one could have accused her of pedantry; indeed, there was much more of sentiment than of intellect about her. She was not affected either; both her language and manner were perfectly simple; one only felt a pervading sense of the beautiful diffused, as it were, through the air around her, through her being.

Besides, Frank was both independent and dependent in her nature: not such an anomaly as it may seem. Independent in her thoughts, her views, her line of action, so long as her spirit stood alone, from a consciousness that there was nothing on which to lean; but ready, the moment such a stay offered, to yield all and repose. The yearning of her life was for repose: should she never find it? Perfect trust must be so delightful; yet she had never felt it.

Though, as a girl, she had devotedly loved Philip Arden, she had never for a moment felt that she could give up the direction of her life to him. What! a man who could not govern himself a fit support for her? Absurd! And yet she loved him, and not as a brother, she felt assured; the stream of tenderness ran too deeply. "But I do not respect him sufficiently," she said. "I know him too thoroughly. If he could only conceal from me his faults of disposition!—but no; all is open to me as the day." Yet she could not but acknowledge that, if ever he learned to govern himself, then Philip Arden for her against the world! One thing was certain though—she would not marry him unless he did.

Percy Bryan she liked; but she could never love him. He might be more elegant than Philip, more intellectual, perhaps—he was also less strong. He might lead many through life with happiness, and

command their respect, too; but not her, with her strong mind, and strong feelings, and deep capabilities. What was love without respect—almost veneration? She could not conceive of it.

When the last guest had departed, and Clara would fain have detained her in the comfortable lounging-chair by the fireside, to talk over the events of the evening, she hastily bid her good-night, and ran up to her room. She threw on her dressing-gown and seated herself before her toilet in a large arm-chair; taking the comb from her hair, and suffering her magnificent tresses to fall over her neck and shoulders, she leaned back in abandonment. She felt so weary; as if life was such a farce, and its actors so pitiable! She often felt thus, but was not wont to give way to her emotions. She knew that such thoughts were opposed to religion; that religion which her excellent mother had striven so long to instil into her heart. She blessed God for a pious mother, without which she thought she had been in danger of straying into those easy paths which an imaginative, speculative mind lays out so constantly and involuntarily. She felt sometimes that she was like a perverse child—every way but the right way. She had imposed on herself this trial, this going from home; now she shrank from it; she felt herself looking forward to the future. After all, Philip might not be changed! What was there to alter him? And, *then*, what was to be done? Frank forgot Divine agency, which directs and controls human agency; she was giving up to her usual unbelief and unresisting nature. But, after all, it is very hard for the natural human heart to see a way for the accomplishment of its hopes. We may not condemn her.

She was sleepless that night; the struggle between impulse and principle wearied her, yet, at the same time, drove repose from her. Taking up a pencil, she strove to release herself from the troublesome bondage of thought by committing it to paper.

"I do not see why I should feel it incumbent on me to destroy my happiness with mine own hand—to leave scarcely a chance for brighter days! And yet I cannot shake off my mother's influence. She bade me ask my own heart if, in the face of Heaven, I could wed a man who feared not his Maker, and thus, by my actions, *dare* the misery sure to follow? And, when I did so, my heart answered, 'I would dare anything,' but my conscience—that it was which restrained me.

"But oh, when I think, it seems so calculating to love environed by such restraints! My impulse bids me become Philip's, and trust to fate; my principles bid me reject him, and trust my happiness to Providence!

"Why are my nature and my education made to war so constantly? And yet I shame to ask the question: I should rather bless God that it is so!

"Oh, how solemnly I declared my intention to forsake him! I know I could not do so now; but,

just then, the passions of the heart were still, subdued by the effect of a mother's prayer. Just then, all I desired was to do right, and leave the rest with Heaven. It hath passed—that moment; I fear I shall never feel so again."

## CHAPTER V.

"Her face was hidden in her hands; but tears trickled through her slight fingers—tears, those late Vain tributes to remorse."

"My desolation does begin to make  
A better life!"

THE next few months were passed by Frank in a whirl of gaiety.

Her sister, Mrs. Hastings, was a fashionable woman, living handsomely, frequenting excellent society; giving, herself, many extravagant parties, and called upon, in return, to bestow the light of her countenance on the assemblies of her friends—so called.

Frank was somewhat bewildered; she forgot her depression in constant excitement; right and wrong were not so clearly defined as they were wont to be. She was new—she queened it, as Sarah Ashton had predicted: she even did that for which she had always expressed the most supreme contempt—she flirted! and with Percy Bryan!

With the young ladies she was therefore unpopular; but the gentlemen, according to custom, adored her, or *professed* to adore. Her style of dress was pronounced whimsical and *outlandish* by the ladies; by the gentlemen, unique and refreshing.

"Would you believe it?" said Amy Bryan, one morning, quite confidentially, to a knot of girls who had gathered around her—"would you believe it? I went with brother yesterday to call on Miss Cushman—a formal morning call, mind you. Well, we caught her in the drawing-room! *Caught*, I say, because she looked as if attired for some tragic representation; her long hair *curled*, I suppose Percy would call it, but I should say waving upon her shoulders, and a shawl thrown around her. Then she was seated in a lounging-chair, with her eyes closed, and humming some sentimental song; and the strangest thing of all was, that she didn't express the slightest apology, or show any confusion, but got up, looking as pale and composed as though we had found her in the most elegant *séjligée*. Well, what do you think Percy said, after all? That he admired her dress a thousandfold more than mine! Than *mine*!" Amy repeated, glancing down at her rich silk dress and elegant velvet cloak—at her costly sables, and most *richerché* and becoming little bonnet!

"I left Percy there," she continued, after the various comments had been expended. "He grew

so *empressé*, that I was frightened lest he should make a declaration while I was present!"

Amy possessed all her brother's fickleness; she had early taken a jealous dislike to Frank Cushman; and, while she was pouring forth what she had seen, and heard, and thought, Percy was making the offer of his hand to the unconscious object of her remarks.

And how Frank started! She had trod the same ground before; but never to feel the acute sting of conscience rising up to tell her how weak she had shown herself—how she had departed from her standard of right!

"Is it possible that I have given enough encouragement for this?" she said; and then she could not but answer, *yes*. A vivid recollection of how her time had been spent for many weeks presented itself with unpleasing distinctness: the long mornings, lounged away in Clara's own quiet sitting-room, where the sentimental song blended with the breathings of the harp or guitar, beguiled the swift-footed hours. Or the books which he was constantly bringing to read to her, while she busied herself in some quiet feminine occupation, listening to his deep, rich voice and animated remarks. Then the noonday walk or drive, and the evening meeting again at some crowded party or showy concert, where many eyes were upon them, watching her undisguised preference to his society above all others.

And now, after all this, she was to say "No," for instantly she felt it could be no other word; and tears of shame and contrition were aching in her eyes, which must not be shed.

He heard her quietly, not calmly, and left her. Perhaps he felt he deserved her rejection; perhaps he remembered—for, in his heart, he felt he had been trifled with—that on him, also, the charge might be laid.

Dashing away the blinding tears, Frank rushed from the room: on the stairs, a servant handed her a letter; closing her door, she threw herself on her knees and tore it open. Well she knew the handwriting; but she read it slowly, for her eyes were dim, and she could not see the lines her tears were blotting so sadly. It ran thus:—

"You forbade my writing to you, Frank—*dear* Frank!—but you must forgive me that I cannot obey.

What was it that you said to me that took from me my life, and strength, and energy—which placed an obstacle between our union which I feared could not be overcome?

"You could not marry me as I was; one who had so little control over self: I must be changed.

"Hopeless!" I said to myself. 'Has it not been my constant, unavailing effort, since childhood, to keep my temper in subjection, and now, at five-and-twenty, what encouragement have I to proceed?'

"For weeks after you had gone, Frank, I was mad, wild; and my temper, the very thing which had sent you away from me, was destroying me!

"Frank, did you ever thank God that he had given you a pious mother? That, morning and evening, through all your life, *one* had knelt to plead for you, to call blessings on your path? Oh, if you have not, do so now!

"They did not tell you how the fever in my veins brought on delirium; how days passed in ceaseless agony; or how one knelt by my side and prayed for me. How, through all my madness, that kneeling figure haunted me; and, when I woke from that long, dreadful dream, still it was there, with its calm eyes and heavenly peace. It was your mother! When I looked on her the fever stayed; when I listened to her words a holy yearning was born in me, and over the struggles of my soul, beyond hours and days to come of combat and trial, lay the *strength* for which I had wished. It was still in the future; but what of that? I had received the deep, the sincere desire to possess it, and that, with the help of Heaven, must prove its surety.

"And oh, how different the motives with which I regarded the future struggle from those with which, in former days, I strove to subdue my passions! Be not offended, Frank, when I tell you higher, purer motives now animate me. My thoughts before were, 'Give me Frank, and I have Heaven!' Now I feel, 'Give me Heaven, and I shall win my Frank!'

"I said to your mother, 'Now I have found the way to conquer; but you must aid me still by your prayers, and Frank also. I will write, and ask her not to forget me in her morning and evening petitions to Heaven.'"

Frank dropped the letter with a feeble, wailing cry. "While he has been struggling, what have I been doing? While he was lying in sickness, in pain, where was I? Oh, Philip! you have been faithful, but I!"

"Frank, I am well now; I am mingling again with life, and find how hard it is to be in the world, yet not of it. But by my side an angel walks, and your memory makes me strong. In the evenings I go to your mother, and she is ever ready to aid me by her sordial converse. Sometimes I ask her if I am changed—if Frank can respect and trust me now? And then she smiles, and pressing her hand upon my shoulder, says, with inexpressible affection, 'My son!'

"Do those words convey to your mind all that they do to mine? Such fulness of joy, such serene, unclouded hope?

"You see, I do not write as though I feared a change in you. When a doubt obtrudes, I think of your last fervent kiss; I feel it now. I measure you by myself: *less* devotion I could not believe you capable of."

"Oh, Philip! Philip! how you sting me!" cried Frank, wildly. "Oh, Father above, it is *I* who have been weak! What have *I* been doing? While I fancied that Philip was not strong, not perfect enough for me, I have been descending, descending, till I fear I cannot reach him!"

It was a bitter hour for Frank Cushman, but beneficial: she learned that even the strongest fail when trusting in themselves.

Now she must write to Philip; not much—she could not trust herself—but a few lines, just to show him how far she was beneath the Frank he pictured.

"DEAR PHILIP: I am glad you disobeyed me. I am glad you wrote. Your letter has saved me, I trust. I had sadly departed from your ideal; you would no longer have recognized me. I was dreaming, and the bright flowers in my path were luring me on to a dreadful vortex! A few more steps, and I had been lost to you forever, unfit for your new-born self! You will wonder at this; well you may; but I cannot explain till we meet. A few weeks more, and I leave this bewildering maze for a purer atmosphere—for my *home*! I am stretching my arms to it now. I *long* for it! Can that assurance comfort you?"

"Frank," said Clara, coming into her room some hours afterwards, "I fancied, somehow, that Percy Bryan had offered himself this morning. Am I wrong? Your swollen eyes would seem to tell a different story."

"Dear Clara, you have touched on a painful subject. I shall never marry Percy Bryan."

"If you do not, it is then because you have already refused him. Frank, you cannot deceive me; and yet I thought you loved him: you have given him every encouragement."

Frank put her hands before her face and wept bitterly.

"You never would have imagined, then, that I loved another while thus trifling? Oh, faithless! faithless!"

"Loved another, Frank?"

"Yes; and one the noblest—the noblest! And I left him because I fancied his temper warm, and that it would be imprudent to marry him! Left him to come here and trifle and debase myself! to mingle in scenes of folly and dissipation, while he was striving to make himself my ideal—a guide and protector; and now he has risen, and I have fallen—oh, so low! Clara, dear sister, there is nothing so hard to bear as the condemnation of your own heart!"

"Frank, don't talk so! What have you done? Nothing, I am sure, to distress you so severely. It is not wrong to join in innocent gayety; and, as for flirting, it is what every one does who is beautiful or disengaged."

What comfort for a remorseful heart! Frank

could only shake her head and continue to weep. Clara continued—

"As for Percy Bryan, you need not trouble yourself about him! Men always recover from affairs of that sort; and, after a while, he will go back to Sarah Ashton, who is dying for love all this while; and then there will be an end to *his* trouble."

Frank heard but one sentence: "Sarah Ashton dying with love for him!"

"Why, you know, I told you Percy was desperately enamored before you came; and every one thought it would be a match."

"Oh, Clara! Clara! have I caused all this misery, too? You spoke so jestingly of his attentions to Sarah, that I did not dream of their truth; especially as I never saw him with her."

"No; that is the thing. From the first moment he saw you, he was fascinated. So cheer up now! How could you know that you were whiling him from another?"

"He was not worthy of her; so false, so fickle!" cried Frank.

"I do not believe *she* will hold that opinion long," was Clara's reply.

"If she is what I suppose her, she will *scorn* him!" Frank answered, with spirit; and there the conversation dropped.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;  
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine:  
Too long through weary crowds I roam—  
A river ark on the ocean brine,  
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam:  
But now, proud world, I'm going home!"

"How *still* Frank Cushman has become lately!" said Amy Bryan to Fanny Ashton. "Ever since Percy went to New York so suddenly! I declare, it is too bad for Percy to flirt so outrageously!"

"And Miss Cushman will go back to Ohio without a husband, after all!" remarked another maiden, with somewhat of glee at the thought.

"Well," exclaimed Fanny, with her usual impetuosity, "I despise a flirt or a flirtation from my very heart! At first, I disliked Frank Cushman, I own it; I misjudged her; and, latterly, her *spells*, which Sarah was so eloquent about, have charmed away my dislike. It does not strike me, moreover, that she looks like a victim."

"No, indeed!" cried Sarah, enthusiastically. "Her appearance rather conveys to my mind that her thoughts are far away from the gay scenes around her; she looks chastened and subdued, but not sorrowful. I should say that her spirit was merely waiting for some future happiness—for some great joy, which yet she feels she does not deserve."

One and all laughed at the beautiful visionary.

"My dear, good sister," said Fanny, good-naturedly, "I cannot pretend to follow you through your misty imaginings; I confine myself to common sense, and it is hard enough to get along with that sometimes."

And Sarah smiled—perhaps a little contemptuously—and whispered to herself, as many a young enthusiast has done before, hugging her ideal world still closer, "They cannot understand me; we feel so differently!"

"Who in the world, Frank, would believe that it was the end of March already? The winter has passed so quickly! I wish you would stay the summer out, and go to Newport with us; we shall have such a splendid time!"

Frank lifted her expressive eyes reproachfully.

"Can you press me to stay while Philip waits?"

And Clara laughingly allowed the omnipotence of the apology; only, as she observed—

"It was so intolerably stupid, Frank, for you to love Philip Arden! I wish he had been at the bottom of the Dead Sea, and then you would have married Percy Bryan, and I should have had a sister near me. It is too bad to think that all my family are contented to live away from me! I remember when I was a *pet* at home."

"Well, of all women, you are the most difficult to please! What in the world could you want more than your husband's love? And did you not leave all for him? Yet now you quarrel with your destiny!"

"Oh no! no! I would not exchange it for worlds!" cried Clara, with a merry laugh. "Harry Hastings for me!"

"And Philip Arden for me!" Frank answered, zealously.

"What in the world are you quarrelling about?" said Mr. Hastings, looking up from his newspaper with a comic grimace.

"Nothing; only Clara is running down her husband," said Frank, demurely.

"Oh, Frank, you *scetch*! what a story!" cried Clara, with a horrified expression of countenance, kneeling by her husband's side, with her arms about his neck. "Do you believe her?"

And, though he laughingly expressed his entire faith in Frank's statement, she did not cease her caresses; and he forgot, while pressing his lips to his young wife's brow, the "arrival of the steamship Britannia."

Mrs. Hastings gave a farewell party to her sister.

Never, perhaps, parted a beautiful young maiden from a gay and brilliant circle with such perfect delight. Frank was like a stream of light; wherever she moved, the merry laugh rose on the air; wherever she stood, the crowd besieged her.

For once, she had given up to Clara the direction of her dress. What was dress to her now? They might make a complete figure of her, for aught she

cared! But Clara knew better; and her attire was the admiration of the room.

Once a flower dropped from her hair, and she ran up into the dressing-room: Fanny and Sarah were there.

"I declare, I never saw you look so beautiful in all my life!" said Fanny, bluntly. "No one would imagine you were suffering from Percy Bryan's fickleness. Pray tell me? Do you feel badly?"

Frank opened her bright eyes. Then she comprehended the whole, and laughed heartily.

"Poor Miss Cushman! how much she is to be pitied!" she said; then, recollecting, with a pang, what Clara had said about Sarah, she spoke gravely, looking, however, at Fanny. "I presume it is quite sufficient to tell you I left my lover in Ohio! I am going back to him."

Fanny stared.

"But Percy Bryan! no woman, who has the slightest regard for her happiness, will marry him! Believe me; I have studied him thoroughly. I know he is talented and fascinating; but there is no strength in his character—in his soul. No one could be happy with him through life, unless weak and heartless. One might for a time, but not lastingly."

She did not once look at Sarah while speaking; but the fair girl grew pale while she listened, and sank into a chair behind her sister.

"Darling! darling!" said Fanny, after Frank had gone, kneeling, and fondly embracing her; "did you hear? Oh, believe her!"

"Yes, yes, I heard!" cried Sarah, convulsively; "and I believe! Sister, I have made a resolution: one can conquer one's self; don't you think so?" looking up appealingly.

"To be sure!" murmured Fanny, stoutly. "There needs but the will; and I know you have got that, sister!"

## CHAPTER VII.

"And I said, 'My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me;

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee!'"

"On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light,

As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night."—TENNYSON.

SHE had been clasped in a mother's embrace, and met fondly a sister's kiss; had wept and smiled by turns, and heard their loving welcomes; and now Frank Cushman stood alone, still in the centre of the room, but with her small hands clasped and her eyes drooping. She well knew the rapid step which sounded in the hall; but she did not raise her head, and her cheek grew blanched from deep emotion.

Philip Arden threw open the door, and rushed towards her; but then he stopped before he had received the wished embrace, frozen with a nameless terror. He remembered her last words: "We shall know, when first our eyes meet, whether the breath of the world hath changed our love."

But she did not look up. Did she fear, then, to show him she was changed?

"Frank," he said, huskily, "is it so?"

Still she bowed her head, growing perceptibly paler.

"Frank, oh, speak!" he continued, hoarsely, with a convulsive spasm about his chiselled lips. "Fear not to look on me; for the worst must be better than this horrid silence."

It did seem as though she tried to obey him; but the full lids might have been marble, so coldly, so immovably they fell over her dark eyes: she passed her small fingers over them once or twice, as though striving to dispel this nightmare rigidity, then gasped painfully.

Instantly he came near her, though with a broken, uneven step. He passed his arm supportingly around her, and her beautiful head sunk upon his shoulder, still with its pale and suffering features, with its drooping lids and long black lashes resting on the wan cheek.

"Be calm, Frank," he whispered; "I forgive you." And he touched with his lips her cold brow.

That touch! Now, at last, her eyes slowly unclosed, and she raised them to those sad ones above her, and in them, though at first he shrank, fearing to know too certainly his misery, he read a tale which sent back the warm blood to his heart, and lent new strength to his nerveless frame.

And over Frank Cushman's face there seemed to steal a light, swiftly and more swiftly lighting up the wild, dark eye, the pale cheek, and marble lips, which were parted now to give utterance to her broken words.

"Oh, Philip, I am true! Look upon me and say—but I am worthless. There was a cloud upon my hopes; I could not look, though I strove to. Oh, it was dreadful—that feeling—that anguish! I feared you would leave me, while I could not raise my eyes; and I thought, 'Must I lose all, when happiness seemed certain, with one so noble and so true?'"

"Dearest, how could you? Oh, faithless!" Philip whispered, fondly.

"I could not help it. I did strive; but the madness, the wildness stole upon me so suddenly; all seemed so vague, so unreal! I knew that you were there, and I so undeserving—but oh, to lose you! And will that not be, after all? Can you still love me when you hear all my weakness?" And Frank, relieved by this brief expression of her feelings, wept freely on his shoulder.

In the soft twilight hour of that day, a happy group once more assembled in the cheerful parlor

overlooking the Muskingum. The good, the praying mother was there, peaceful and serene; and Carry, who had protested so loudly against the long visit, which was now accomplished, flitting about restlessly as usual, and smiling *whiles* upon her sister, who looked so beautiful, so peaceful, so full of repose at last. And beside Frank was Philip, just as handsome, yet not quite so stormy-looking as six months before. Now, his

"Spirit had to manhood grown;"

and knowledge had for once brought happiness. What saith the best of books about he who ruleth his own spirit? Frank knew, else she had not smiled so sweetly, so confidingly, upon her chosen husband.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"There is a gentle element, and man  
May breathe it with a calm, unruffled soul,  
And drink its living waters till his heart  
Is pure: and this is human happiness."—WILLIS.

"We are not made to wander on the wing!  
But, if we would be happy, we must bring  
Our buoyant hearts to a plain and simple school."

"FRANK CUSHMAN," cried Carry, rushing into her sister's home, some months later—"Frank Cushman, here is a letter from Clara! Quick, read! mother wants to hear the news, and I'm appointed reporter!"

"My name is not Frank Cushman!" replied her sister, half playfully; yet with a little pride, too, in the new title which she had borne for two whole weeks—the wife of Philip Arden: and the happy wife, the trusting, the respecting wife; for each of these feelings mantled on her glowing cheek and beamed from her expressive eyes.

Carry laughed, and tossed her bonnet aside as she did so.

"I declare, you are so snug, so comfortable here, Frank—Mrs. Arden, I mean—that I could spend the evening, only mother was peremptory. So read, quick, read!"

But Frank was already absorbed in the epistle before her, and nothing could arouse her, save her husband's step upon the gravel-walk before the house.

"Oh, Philip!" she cried, springing to meet him, with the letter in her hand, "only think—poor Percy Bryan! I declare, it is too bad! I almost pity him! See what Clara says!" resigning to his hands the letter she was too modest to read herself. But we will not withhold from our readers the part which concerns our heroines:—

"Well, Frank, I dare say you are happy—of course, I can't disbelieve your protestations: but

you know your old cavalier; I am dying to tell you about him! I said he would not break his heart: are you not sorry he did not? You had not been gone a month, before he returned to his former flame: quite desperately, every one said; the more so, that he had a rival, one of the finest men you ever saw—every inch a man, as my loving husband said when he saw him. Well, Frank—don't laugh—but last week poor Percy took another trip to New York; and, what is more pitiable, or amusing, whichever you choose to consider it, people seem to understand much more generally the cause of this second journey! Frank, you were too delicate by half! Not one person in twenty would conceal such an offer as you received. Not that I mean to say Sarah Ashton enlightened the public as to hers; but her sister Fanny proved an excellent reporter. Sometimes I feel disposed to give the folks an inkling of your conquest; but Harry hushes me up, adding an incomparable compliment to your incomparable self.

"I fancy Percy will be somewhat at a discount, if he returns, which is not at all certain. A common man may be refused a dozen times, and no one think the less of him for that; but let one of your

starry throng suffer such a *désagrément*, and he is used up completely.

"Sarah Ashton looks more beautiful than ever, with the health entirely restored, which no one but me ever noticed was injured. So much the better for her prospects, then, which promise brilliantly, with this Boston celebrity at her feet!"

"Poor Percy! are you not sorry that he did not break his heart?" Philip repeated, half seriously, half mischievously, when he had finished reading.

"I ought to be, I know," Frank answered, with equal mischief; "but," and her eye exchanged its sudden sparkle for a look more loving, "somehow, my heart is too full of happiness to admit one sad sentiment." And then she was silent, in her perfect joy, till startled by her merry sister's voice.

"Well, Frank, you make a beautiful tableau, doubtless, you and your bonny husband; but please recollect that it is past seven o'clock, and your mother waiting all this while for news from the wanderer. Dear, but I'm glad, after all, that I'm not married! I'm sure I couldn't sit still so long. Are you not tired to death, Frank?"

## LASTING ATTACHMENTS OF MEN OF GENIUS.

No records are more interesting than those which tell of the attachments of men of genius—attachments often suddenly formed, and yet as remarkable for their constancy as for their ferrency. Years may still speed on, but imagination supplies every charm of which they may have robbed the beloved one; the grave may have withdrawn her from other eyes, but still her pure spirit lingers by her lover's side, in the haunts where they so often met.

Love at first sight was exemplified in Raphael. His window overlooked the garden of the adjoining house, and there he saw the lovely girl who amused herself among her flowers; he saw her lave her beautiful feet in the lake; he fell passionately in love. He soon made his feelings known; his love was not rejected, and she became his wife. He is said to have been so passionately enamored of her beauty, that he never could paint if she were not by his side. The lineaments of that fair face still live in some of his sublime productions; and thus while she gave inspiration, he conferred immortality.

Though among poets the most remarkable instances of ardent and enduring attachment may be found, their marriages have not, generally speaking, been happy. Milton failed in securing the felicity of wedded love, which he has so beautifully apostrophized. Neither the home of Dante, nor that of Shakespeare, was one of domestic happiness. Ra-

cine's tender sensibility met with no responsive sympathy in his partner; and Moliere experienced all the bitterness of the jealous doubts and misgivings which he has so admirably depicted. Yet the poet is of all, perhaps, the most capable of strong attachments. His warm imagination throws its glow over all that he loves; home, with all its fond associations; "the mother who looked on his childhood; and the bosom friend dearer than all," are so impressed upon his feelings that they mingle with every mood of his fancy. True, some critics, of more ingenuity than judgment, have doubted the real existence of the romantic attachments by which some of the finest poets have been inspired; and endeavor to explain as ingenious allegories the impassioned and pathetic effusions which find their way to every heart. Beatrice—of whom we might have expected better things—sees, in the ardent expressions of Petrarch's devotion to Laura, the aspirations of an ambitious spirit for the laureate-crown; and Dante has been said to have allegorized his energy in the study of theology under the guise of a passion for Beatrice. But the great charm of Dante's poetry is its deep earnestness and truthfulness, and those touches of tenderness which are scattered throughout his sublime work, like the wild flowers of home unexpectedly met with in drear and remote regions; the facts of an imperishable attach-



ment can be traced throughout his whole poetry. It is the custom in Florence for friends, accompanied by their children, to assemble together on the first of May, to celebrate the delightful season. A number of his neighbors had been invited by Folco Portinari to do honor to the day. Dante Alighieri, then a boy of nine years, was among them; young as he was, he was instantly attracted by the loveliness of one amidst the group of children. She was about his own age, the daughter of the host. Through all the vicissitudes of a long and eventful life, that early impression was never effaced—he loved her ever after with an intenseness of passion and unshaken constancy that gave a color to his whole existence—in the various paths of life which he was destined to tread, her image was ever present, inspiring the desire for distinction; their early intercourse, like the sweet May morning on which they had first met, was bright and happy; the purity and artlessness of youth made it so. The young companions of Beatrice rallied her on the devotion of the youthful poet, and the gay sallies with which she herself treated the ardor of his love, only served to make her the more engaging in his eyes. She was induced to bestow her hand elsewhere; more, it has been said, in accordance with duty than inclination; for it is supposed her heart was not insensible to the love of the gifted youth, whose devotion, purity, and intellectuality might have found their way to one harder than hers. Dante fell sick and slowly recovered; whether her marriage was a subject of which he could not bear to think, it is certain that it is not once alluded to in his poetry. Beatrice did not long survive her marriage; within the year she was borne to her grave. The anguish of Dante was so intense, that it brought on a fearful illness, in which his life was long despaired of. Boccaccio mentions that he was so altered by grief that he could scarcely be known. Beatrice occupied all his thoughts; on the anniversary of her death, he sat alone thinking of her, and portraying "an angel on his tablets." The influence which she had over him was as powerful in death as it had been in life—still to be worthy of loving, and of joining one so good and pure beyond the grave was his constant aim; all that he desired in renown, all that he wished for in fame, was to prove himself not undeserving of having devoted himself to her; in the camp—in the highest diplomatic positions, this was his great object in all his trials, and they were many and severe; this inspired him with a lofty dignity, and supported him under insults and injuries which would have broken many a proud spirit; but sublimed above the concerns of earth, his affection was such as might be felt for one translated to a celestial abode. By continually dwelling on but one subject, his mind became utterly estranged from passing events, and he often fell into such fits of abstraction and despondency that his friends, fearing that his reason would be completely upset, anxiously sought

to give him some new interest in life, and at length prevailed on him to marry. This made him still more wretched; he could not if he would, detach his mind from dwelling on her who had been his early and his only love, and to all his other misfortunes that of an unhappy marriage was added.

Like the attachment of Dante for Beatrice, that of Petrarch for Laura was the result of a sudden impression; he had hitherto ridiculed the notion of the power of love, but he was yet to experience it in its most extreme intensity. He was twenty-three when he first saw Laura de Sade, then in her twentieth year; he has himself recorded over and over again the exact hour, day, and year; it was at six in the morning on the 6th of April, 1327; it was at the church of Santa Claire at Avignon. Everything connected with that memorable meeting has been dwelt on with fond minuteness by the poet; the dress which she wore, the green robe sprigged with violets; every movement, every look was forever treasured in his memory; the celestial beauty of her countenance bespoke the purity for which she was so remarkable in that age of licentiousness, and in contemplating her loveliness, reverence for virtue mingled with admiration. Petrarch and Laura often met in society, and became intimately acquainted; he was charmed with her conversation; she appears to have been in every way capable of appreciating Petrarch, and deserving of the influence which she possessed over him, which was exerted only to exalt his sentiments and strengthen his principles; though unhappy in her marriage, true to her vows, she preserved all that purity of thought which gave such an unspeakable charm to her beauty. The chivalrous spirit of the age encouraged a devotion to the fair sex, and platonic attachments were the fashion of the day, so that the dignity of Laura was not compromised when Petrarch made her the object of his poetical devotions, and the celebrity which he gained by this homage to her charms may have gratified much better feelings than those of vanity; the faith which she had pledged, though to an unworthy object, she held most sacred; she repressed the feelings of the enthusiastic poet whenever they appeared transgressing the bounds of friendship. Once, when in an unguarded moment he ventured to allude to his passion, the look of indignation with which she regarded him, and the tone in which she said, "I am not the person you take me for," overwhelmed him with shame and sorrow. The hopeless passion, of which he only dared to speak in song—and even the allowed indulgence of thus giving it expression, had a fatal effect; his health gradually declined; he grew pale and thin, and the charming vivacity which had been the delight of his friends utterly forsook him; he estranged himself from the society of his former companions, and was no longer met with in the circles of which he had been the darling. At length he made an effort to conquer feelings that were too powerful to yield,

and sought in foreign travel and the pursuit of literature to dissipate the inquietude which was consuming him; but still the image of Laura haunted him through all his wanderings, and inspired that poetry whose purity, fire, and tenderness, have been the admiration of the world. He returned to Avignon, but again fled from the presence which was so dear to him, and sought in the solitudes of Vaucluse, to regain the peace which he was never to find. Shut in from the whole world by the rocks and hills, he found that solitude was "no cure for love;" through that sweet valley, among its shades and by its fountains, he sung the praises of Laura. And thus years passed on. It was during this seclusion that he got Simon Memoni, a pupil of Giotto, to take Laura's likeness. So delighted was the artist with the beautiful subject that the same lovely face was recognised in several of his pictures of saints and angels. On the 24th of August, 1340, Petrarch received two letters, each with an offer of the laurel crown; one from the University of Paris, the other from the Roman Senate; he decided on accepting it from the latter. He valued the honor as the meed of his celebration of Laura; all selfish considerations were lost in the one desire that the lover of Laura should be renowned and distinguished. The feelings with which Laura must have heard of the honors paid to the one so long and so devotedly attached to her have not been described, but they may be conceived. Thirteen years had now passed since they had first seen each other. When Petrarch and Laura met, time and care had wrought their changes in both. Petrarch's looks were already sprinkled with gray, and the animation of his countenance was saddened by sorrow; the bloom of girlhood had passed from Laura, and the traces of melancholy which an unhappy lot had left were but too visible; but all the tenderness and sympathy of other days remained. The jealous disposition of M. de Sade prevented Petrarch's being received at his house, but they often met and conversed together; and Laura would sing for him those songs to which he had so often delighted to listen; there was a tender sympathy in this intercourse, soothing to both. Petrarch's allusion to their last meeting is very affecting; he found her, as he describes, in the midst of a circle of ladies; her whole air betokened dejection, and the sorrowful look with which she regarded him, and which seemed to him to say, "Who takes my faithful friend from me?" made an indelible impression on him—his heart sank within him; and they seemed to feel at that sad moment that they were to meet no more. In the following year the plague broke out; Petrarch, who was at Parma, heard that it had reached Avignon; he was haunted by the recollection of the last moments that he had passed with Laura; it seemed to him as if the hand of death had been on her already. The most cruel forebodings tortured him by day and by night; his dreams represented her as dying or dead.

The dreaded news reached him—Laura was dead! An attack of the plague had carried her off in three days; she had died on the anniversary of that day on which they had first met. In all the bitterness of his grief, he recalled all that had passed at their last meeting; the melancholy solemnity of her adieu seemed to his memory as that of one on the confines of eternity; every kind word she had ever spoken, every kind look she had ever given, was dwelt on with passionate fondness; and the hope, the belief, that he had been dear to her was the only thing which could soothe. His dreams previously to her death appeared to his imagination mysteriously linked with that event; he has most touchingly described one of these visions, when he believed her pure spirit was permitted to visit and comfort him. His pathetic lamentations were heard throughout the world with the deepest sympathy, and wrung the heart of many a one who had in happier days shared "sweet counsel" with him.

The misfortunes of Torquato Tasso commenced in his early childhood; he was but eleven years old when political events obliged his father to quit Naples, and seek refuge in Rome. It had been settled that Torquato should follow him. The banishment from home, and from a mother on whom he doted, were sad trials. Some lines of touching tenderness commemorate the parting, and show how bitterly it was felt. They were never to meet again; in eighteen months after they parted she died. He was indeed a child that must have been regarded with the fondest tenderness and pride. To wonderful acquirements for his age, were added what can never be acquired—a feeling heart, and poetical genius of the highest order, which in all his wanderings, in all his trials, had magic influence to charm a world which had nothing but misfortune for him. His mother best knew how much his sensitive nature required the tranquillity of a home, and the sympathy and endearments of those who loved him. But his lot was to be cast among strangers, and some among them proved implacable enemies. A life of stranger vicissitudes is scarcely to be met with; sometimes courted and caressed, the companion of princes; at other times wandering in almost extremity of want; inspired by a sacred love of liberty, yet condemned to long years of the saddest captivity; with charms and graces to win the love of the fairest and the best, yet destined to feel all the pangs of a hopeless passion! A being more to be admired and more to be pitied than Tasso surely never existed. He was but twenty, when he received the most flattering office of employment from Cardinal Luizi d'Este, brother to the Duke of Ferrara, who was anxious to secure the services of one possessed of such genius. Though a connection with the D'Este family opened a brilliant prospect for a young man, yet the friends of Tasso, dreading for him the dangers of a court, endeavored to persuade him to decline the proposal; but it was too flattering to be

refused, and he hastened to Ferrara, in compliance with the Cardinal's wish, who received him with every mark of distinction, and on occasion of his being appointed legate to France, introduced him at the French court, where he was received in the most flattering manner by Charles the Ninth, who was a warm admirer of his poetry. At Ferrara, Tasso became acquainted with the sisters of the Duke, who, intellectual and accomplished, could appreciate the gifted poet. His hours passed delightfully in their society. He has described the effect of his first interview with these fascinating ladies, in a rhapsody given to Tirsi, the character meant to represent himself in his "*Aminta*," in which the terms of goddesses, sirens, nymphs, minstrels, and luminaries are liberally bestowed, and show at least that the young poet was intoxicated with delight in their presence. On their parts they enthusiastically admired him and his poetry. But there was one among them eminently attractive, whom he soon loved with all the passionate earnestness of which his ardent feelings were susceptible. Many of Tasso's biographers say that she was not insensible to the varied graces of the youth; in truth, his personal advantages, his rare accomplishments, and, above all, the enthusiasm of genius, so captivating and so winning, made him a dangerous companion for the young princesses.

Leonora was the youngest of the three sisters, and just nineteen when she and Tasso met. The princesses interested the Duke of Ferrara in his favor, and he appointed him to a situation in which he was exempt from duty, that he might devote himself exclusively to poetry. There was a handsome salary annexed, and apartments in the ducal palace. An inmate under the same roof with Leonora, the predilection which the young people felt for each other could not but increase. Confessions and vows may have passed between them, or Leonora's heart may have kept its own secret; the delicacy of Tasso's affection is clearly proved by the mystery which rests on those passages of his life in which she was concerned; for while allusions expressed with infinite tenderness, found throughout his poetry, discover the state of his own feelings, there is not one word which can furnish a suggestion relative to hers. He had ventured, in accordance with the custom of the times, to celebrate her praises in verse; this, or some other circumstance, awakened the suspicions of the Duke; the intercourse of Tasso with the princesses was abruptly terminated, and they were not suffered to meet. The duke, to put an end to any vague hopes which he might entertain, pressed Tasso to marry, and suitable matches were proposed and declined. He withdrew for some time to Rome; on his return he felt that he was incessantly watched, and his sensitive nature could ill brook the want of confidence which this betrayed, and he left Ferrara again and again, wandering, while absent, reckless and restless, from place to place; and then, impelled by his passion for Leo-

nora, he would return, notwithstanding all his resolutions to the contrary, and regardless of the suspicions and machinations of the duke. His melancholy increased, and his imagination continually represented that plots and designs against him were in agitation; he became irritable, and one day, in a fit of excitement, drew his dagger on one of the attendants; but he was instantly disarmed, and was confined, by order of the duke, within the precincts of the palace—he was, in fact, a prisoner; but on expressing the regret which he felt for the intemperate act, the restraint was removed, and the duke affected to treat him with his former kindness; but Tasso's feelings were too quick to be deceived; he felt that he was the object of the duke's dislike and displeasure. Unhappy and irresolute, he sometimes wished to retire to a convent for the remainder of his life; but thoughts of his early home and happy days would often recur to his mind, and he longed to see his sister, the companion of his childhood, whom he had not met for years; and he resolved to leave Ferrara secretly, and find his way to her. His sister was a widow, living at Torrento with her two children. One evening in the summer, as she sat alone, having sent the children out to amuse themselves, a shepherd brought a letter, which he had been directed to put into her hand—it was from Tasso, and told that he was in the midst of enemies and dangers at Ferrara, and that, unless she could devise some means to save him, his death was inevitable. She questioned the messenger; his recital confirmed the intelligence, and represented the misery to which her brother was reduced in such terms, that, overcome with anguish, the lady fainted away. When she revived, Tasso discovered himself, and in those moments of affectionate recognition, he told her that he would never leave her for a world of which he had had too much; but his resolves were of short duration; Ferrara and its attraction could not be withstood. It was on the occasion of one of his returns from his restless wandering that he saw Leonora; the surprise and delight of being again in her presence were so great that he uttered an impassioned exclamation; this gave the duke the pretext for consigning him to St. Anne's Asylum for Lunatics. "None but a madman would dare to act so!" was repeated over again. So hardly was poor Tasso dealt with for having indulged a hopeless, and it may have been an unrequited passion. At that time, and for very long after, the insane were treated as if they were not human beings, and the receptacles for them were under no regulations but those of caprice and cruelty. Tasso gives a most appalling account of his sufferings to his friend Gonzaga; it ends with these affecting words: "Above all, I am afflicted by solitude, my cruel and natural enemy, which even in my best state was sometimes so distressing that often, at the most unseasonable hours, I have gone in search of company. Sure I am, that if she who

so little has corresponded to my attachment, if she saw me in such a condition, and in such misery, she would have some compassion on me!"

Even this abode of wretchedness could not extinguish his poetic fire, and from his solitary cell poems of surpassing beauty found their way to the world from which he was utterly shut out; they were read in every circle, and the genius of the author extolled; but his misfortunes found no helping hand for seven long years: at length, through the intervention of his friend Gonzaga, he was released. During his confinement Leonora had died: sorrow and sympathy may have had their share in bringing her to an untimely grave. Cruelty had done its part; the young and beautiful sunk beneath its weight, and the gifted mind had received a shock from which it never after thoroughly recovered. Tasso left Ferrara never to return; like the troubled spirit, he could find rest nowhere; but at length he took up his abode at Naples; his mother's property, which had long been unjustly withheld from him, was restored. The beauties of nature please when nothing else can, and they may not have been without their gentle influence on the stricken heart; but the haunts of childhood must have been mournfully contrasted with the dark scenes of after days. Tasso received an intimation from the pope, that a

decree had passed the senate, awarding the laurel crown to "the greatest poet of the age;" "the honor," added the pope, "is to the laurel, and not to Tasso." Tasso accepted the honor with deep melancholy, and left Naples with a foreboding that he should see it no more. Though affliction had not extinguished a spark of poetic fire, it had not left a vestige of ambition; those that would most have delighted in his fame, and taken pride in his triumph, were in their graves, and he longed to be with them. The most gorgeous preparations were in progress, not only in the palace and capital, but in every street through which the procession was to pass. Tasso, with a prophetic spirit, declared the preparations were vain. Affliction, and his long confinement, had anticipated the work of years—the infirmities and languor of old age had overtaken him before their time; he fell ill—medical aid was unavailing—he was apprised of the approach of his last moments; he received the intimation with perfect calmness—all earthly concerns were lost in heavenly contemplations, and the only crown to which he aspired was that unfading crown which awaits the blessed in heaven.

The crowds were still collecting—fresh flowers were gathered to weave into the garlands that were to deck his triumph; but ere they had faded away the poet was dead!

## HOME EXERCISES.

We only repeat an established truism, familiar to us all, when we say that there is nothing which conduces so much to the health and consequent happiness of our fair friends as moderate exercise, or voluntary labor. We very naturally compassionate the condition of those who are compelled to work at some sedentary occupation from "early dawn" to the mid-watch of the night, for a mere subsistence, shut in from the freshness and healthfulness of the morning and evening breeze; from the brightness of the sun, and, at this season of the year, from the enchanting loveliness of nature. And yet, we can scarcely feel less compassion for those who voluntarily fall into idle, listless, and enervating habits, which not only destroy the buoyancy and elasticity of the mind, but absolutely deform the beauty and paralyze the energies of the body.

However unfashionable the sentiment may appear to some of our more than usually romantic and fastidious readers, we shall not hesitate to confess the fact, that we seldom meet with a more agreeable sight on a bright sunny morning, as we trudge to our daily labor through a fashionable part of the city, than to behold the daughters of some of our opulent citizens dusting the sills of the windows,

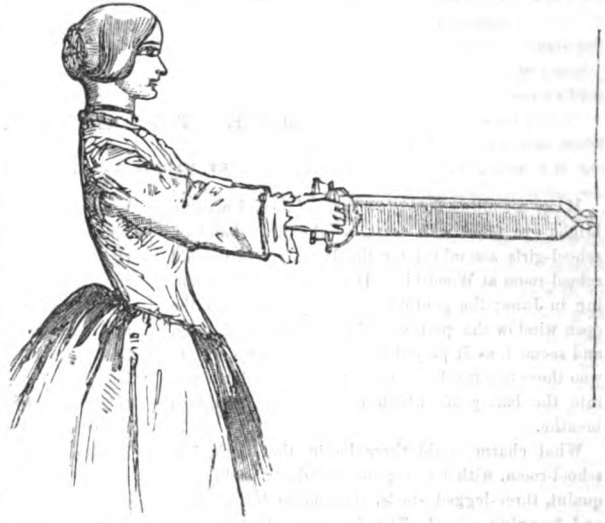
brush in hand, or, with broom in hand, sweeping the hall or parlor carpet. There is that in the bright eyes, and in the rosy flush of their cheeks, as they sparkle and bloom from beneath the closely drawn bonnet or hood, which to us are irresistible evidences of health and cheerfulness. There is something, indeed, in such a sight, not merely encouraging on account of the assurances it gives of the practical wisdom which pervades the whole family circle—the assurance that industry, comfort, peace, dignity, and purity of mind reign over all within the *little* republic—but it also affords us some assurance, amidst the prevailing strife for riches and aristocratic glory, of the perpetuity of all our *great*, yet simple republican institutions.

But besides a class of fashionables who may not choose to take regular exercise at the brush or broom handle, there is another unhappy class, the members of which, either through ignorance of, or inattention to the requirements of their bodies, or through forced mental labor while yet in their childhood, have in fact lost the muscular power to apply themselves to such voluntary labor as we have been describing. To both these classes, with whose necessities, infirmities, and prejudices we have been made somewhat

familiar, we propose to recommend for their consideration, and for their adoption, should they follow our advice, a series of practical exercises which, we verily believe, will have the most beneficial effects on their systems, whether diseased, deformed, or simply suffering from the absence of those physical energies, and that buoyancy of spirit, which exercise scarcely ever fails to reproduce in those who apply themselves to it prudently, in time, and with a will.

The annexed figures are Nos. 1 and 2 of a series, by means of which we shall endeavor to illustrate to our readers the use of an instrument formed of two elastic bands, which is furnished with a hook and handle, or a catch, and can be fixed upon any object, either in or out of doors, and be at once ready for use without delay, such as the corner of a table, the handle or frame of a door, window-sill, or bed-post. The hook acts somewhat in the manner of a "claw," or pair of "dogs," viz.: the greater the strain the firmer the hold, and out of doors can be attached to the top of a wall, railing, or branch of a tree. The exercises to be performed by it are varied, numerous, entertaining, and exciting. They may be increased to upwards of two hundred, and have been recognized in England, where the instrument was first introduced, as the most conducive towards the full development of the bodily frame, and the increase of muscular power.

In the future illustrations of this subject, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity which will be afforded of impressing upon our readers not merely the importance of the exercises it embraces, to the healthy, but to those who are laboring under diseases of the chest and spine. The information in relation to the origin and formation of such diseases will be



drawn from unquestionable authority, and will be interesting to parents as furnishing the means of prevention, as well as affording to the afflicted the most probable means of relief, if not of cure.

## OUR TALENTS.

BY HADDIE LANE.

MANY a smiling face grew sorrowful, and many a bright eye filled with tears, as the little band of school-girls assembled for the last time in the old school-room at Woodside. It was a beautiful evening in June; the gentle breeze wafted through the open window the perfume of thousands of flowers, and seemed, as it played with their sunny curls, to woo those fair maidens out on the scented lawn and into the balmy air which it was such luxury to breathe.

What charm could there be in that dark, low school-room, with its long rows of dusty desks, and quaint, three-legged stools, its sombre blackboards and frowning maps! The fair earth was smiling around them, glad voices were calling from without, and yet those young girls lingered there, silently and tearfully. And well might they twine their arms around each other; well might they cling to that dear old room, for,

"The morrow brings their parting,  
And they may not meet again."

It was their last day at school. Hitherto they had been petted and cherished, and, though their school life had had its showers, it had also its brilliant rainbows and glowing sunshine. Now they were to go forth into the world, to think for themselves, to act for themselves, to be judged by themselves; and what wonder if they shrank from the dim future with timid hearts, and longed to be children again! Some there were, indeed, who had been building gorgeous castles, and picturing to themselves bright visions of womanhood; but even these forgot their gay dreams in the sad reality of the last day at school.

In the midst of the little group sat a lady in the meridian of life. Her sable dress and widow's cap betokened that she had seen sorrow; but there was such a sweet expression in her placid face, such a motherly look about her, that you would never in the world imagine her to be a schoolmistress. And in reality she was not a schoolmistress to the little group around her, not one among them ever thought of her as such. No, she was the dear "Aunt Susan," who soothed their troubles and shared their joys, their confidante in many a girlish freak, and their idolized teacher, not only from books, but in the wiser and better lore they gathered from the gay birds, the smiling flowers, and from their own young hearts.

On this evening, Aunt Susan had been talking to them even more earnestly and seriously than was

her wont. She had been telling them of woman's high and holy duties, of her numerous and glorious rights, and she was urging them never to let the cares or the vanities of the world steal into their hearts, but to keep them forever bright and pure, and dedicate to their "Father in heaven." She told them of the "talents" which that Father had bestowed upon them all, and warned them not to suffer them to rust or tarnish.

"Oh! Aunt Susan," cried Fanny Wilmer, a merry hoyden of sixteen, "do tell each of us what our talents are; I am sure I don't know what has become of mine, if I ever had any. I guess I was forgotten in the general giving out."

"Your own hearts will tell you all, if you ponder a moment; but since some of you, like Fanny here, seem never to have thought of such things, I will remind you of them. I will begin with Fanny, as she is the youngest among you. Your talent, my Fanny, is your wit. Happily for you, as yet it has been exercised only in funny speeches and good-humored rallying with your schoolmates; but when you go out into the world—I tremble for you, my Fanny. Your sparkling sayings and brilliant repartees will doubtless make you admired and flattered in the gay circle among which you will move, and you will be able to give the tone to that conversation in which you are so capable of shining. I implore you, Fanny, to keep that bright talent of yours unsullied. Ridicule the follies of your friends, if you will, but their weaknesses or deformities never. Above all, never employ your wit in ridicule of sacred things; never turn the gift against the Giver. Though it may appear pleasant, as it is so easy to let fall the bitter sarcasm or the sharp retort, remember, that if you will toy with the bright, edged tools, you must not expect to escape unscathed. And now, Fanny, a word as to the improvement of your talent. You have a gift which will enable you to cast sunshine on many a dark and dreary path, and to brighten many a gloomy day. You can chase care from many a loved one's brow, and can strengthen many a fainting heart by your cheering, happy words. Yes, Fanny, it is in your power to become either a universal blessing, or that dreaded and hated being, a female satirist.

There was a pause. The gay, light-hearted girl, subdued into silence by Aunt Susan's solemn manner and still more solemn words, drew a deep breath, as if half frightened at the thought of the good and evil destinies which waited her decision.

"And what is my talent?" said a silvery voice;

and a little head, half hidden by a shower of golden ringlets, was laid caressingly on Aunt Susan's shoulder. Very beautiful indeed was Lizzie Randolph, and very fascinating, too. Though all accused her of vanity, and not a few of downright conceit, yet when she looked into your face with her bewitching blue eyes, or pressed her rosy lips to yours, it was impossible to refuse anything she asked. There was a spice of vanity in the question, for all knew that in mental or moral endowments, poor Lizzie was sadly lacking.

"Your glass has told you, Lizzie," Aunt Susan calmly replied, "if your flatterers have not, that you have the gift of beauty—a dangerous gift, Lizzie. I see in you the future belle of the ballroom, courted, caressed, and almost idolized. You will doubtless have crowds of sighing lovers at your feet, before your first winter in society is over. But, Lizzie, beauty fades. Improve your talent, then, while it is yet in your power. The acknowledged queen of the festival, what an influence will be yours. A smile from you will work many a mighty spell; a word from your lips may accomplish that which hours of patient pleading and volumes of sober reasoning may have failed to do. The sparkling wine-cup, when proffered by your fair hand, could hardly be refused; and few causes but must triumph, if you be their leader. See, then, Lizzie, that the causes be righteous. Never suffer any one to come within the circle of your magic influence, without rendering him a nobler, wiser, and better man. Lizzie, you must answer at a solemn tribunal, whether your talent has been employed in rendering men holier and happier, or sinking them deeper in dissipation and crime; whether it has led them to heaven or plunged them into perdition."

Lizzie's tears were falling fast as Aunt Susan ended, for, that very morning, she had been telling of the conquests she would make and the hearts she would break when she made her *début* in the gay world; and here was a masterly sketch for her of the good or evil she was to work therein.

"I need hardly remind you, Helen," Aunt Susan continued, "of the nature of your talent."

Helen Ashley, a grave plain girl in the deepest mourning, bowed her head in reply. She was an orphan, without one friend in the wide world. Her guardian, who had the absolute control of her immense wealth, was a cold-hearted, selfish man, whose whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the pursuit of money. Helen Ashley had never known a mother's gentle influence, or a father's kindly kiss; and what wonder that she was cold and sad, and deemed all the kindly attentions of her schoolmates were paid to her wealth alone. Her early misfortunes had cast a gloom over her spirit; she shrank from society, and always looked on the darkest side of the picture; as Aunt Susan used to say, "Helen always saw things through a thick black veil." Generous

she was to a fault, but too often when her hand was giving the gold, her heart was far away.

As Aunt Susan spoke, Helen drew her chair still farther from the little circle, and listened in haughty silence. A slight shade crossed Aunt Susan's brow at this determined frigidity, but she went on:—

"I fear, my dear Helen, you look upon your wealth rather as a burden than a talent; but such it is, and it depends upon yourself alone whether it be rendered a curse or a blessing to yourself and all around you. You are proud, Helen, sadly proud, and as the sole representative of the Ashleys, will soon deem it incumbent upon you to support that name with all due honors. You care not how your money goes, so that you are not troubled with it, nor brought into too close contact with your fellow-beings; and your cold heart will doubtless be better pleased with lavishing thousands on a jewel, than by giving one hour's attention to the wants or sufferings of a poor family. But, Helen, this is all wrong: You were not placed in this world, dowered with immense wealth and gifted with a warm heart to aid you in dispensing it, for no other purpose than to shut yourself up in a closet, to crush every glowing impulse of sympathy and affection, and to squander your gold in pomp and luxury. No, Helen, your heart is not your own, your wealth is not your own; the one should beat true to God and man, the other be recognised as God's gift, through you, to man. Think on it, Helen," Aunt Susan proceeded more gayly, "think what it is to be a 'Lady Bountiful,' to have the blessings of the widow and orphan resting upon your head; to bring sunshine and glee into the dwellings that poverty had darkened; to see the careworn countenance light up with smiles at your approach; these are boons a monarch might envy. Perchance this is not your ambition. Certainly your pride would be more gratified were you mistress of a superb mansion, your table groaning 'neath the Ashley plate, and your carriage scutcheoned with the Ashley arms, and you yourself much more at your ease in a magnificent library, revelling in ancient lore, with not a footfall to break the silence, not a voice to remind you that you are a dweller of the world—a world of sin and suffering, it is true, but still a world watched over and cared for by God, and peopled with his creatures—but look beyond, Helen, to a time when the Ashley arms will cease to give you pleasure, and the luxurious carriage cease; when your lordly library will be as a sealed book to your dimmed and aching eye; when you will be dependent upon your hated fellow-beings for the attentions that smooth your dying pillow. Then, Helen, if not till then, will you see the whole folly and misery of the life you lead. Then will the torturing thoughts of a lifetime wasted, a heart neglected, a world despised, and a Maker forgotten, crowd your brain. 'Tis a sad picture, Helen, and, I trust, not a true one. May your dying

hour, when it does come, be sweetened with the memory of the good you have done; may friends, real friends, surround your pillow; and may your happy spirit take its flight to its Redeemer, and lay at his feet the talent intrusted to your care!"

All who heard Aunt Susan's solemn appeal were in tears—all save one, and that one was Helen Ashley. She sat erect, as cold and still as before; but the heaving of her bosom and the restless glances of her eyes betokened that she had not heard those fearful words unmoved. At length she rose and said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, "I wish, how I wish, I was poor!" As she hastily quitted the room, a light figure darted in through the window, just in time to hear the concluding words.

"Poor! Who is talking about poverty? I defy any one to show a purse as empty as mine," was the merry greeting of Carrie Carleton. "Here I've been racing up stairs and down, through wood and lawn, over creek and mud puddle, in search of you all, and I am fairly tired out."

As she threw herself upon the floor at Aunt Susan's feet, her cheek flushed and bosom panting with the exercise, a gentle hand was laid on her disordered ringlets, and a mild voice said—

"We were talking of our talents, Carrie, and I would have you be chary of yours, and not take such long walks or use such violent exercise."

"My talent!" said the almost breathless girl, looking with surprise at the sad faces of her schoolmates.

"Yes, dearie, the exuberant *health* which God has bestowed upon you. You are one of the favored ones, Carrie; you have never known an hour's sickness, and laugh in derision alike at the headache and the horrors. You are always in a good-humor, because you have never known the temptation to be *cross*, which an aching brow or a wearied frame presents. You live always in the sunshine, for you have never had the hand of disease or pain laid heavy upon you, to dull your spirits and embitter your temper. Guard your health, then, Carrie, as a precious jewel, for now it is in your own keeping. As a school-girl, our simple fare and early hours have preserved your talent in its purity; but you are a school-girl no longer. I warn you, Carrie, that, in the gay society you will soon enter, a year, a single year of dissipation, will deprive you of your jewel forever. Blooming cheeks and buoyant spirits are incompatible with midnight revels; bright eyes will grow dim when they open only to candle-light; and pure, fragrant breath will grow labored when drawn in a crowded, heated atmosphere. A single year may convert our joyous Carrie Carleton, with her bright face, light footstep, and merry laugh, into a haggard, worn, and almost old woman; her movements languid, her roses artificial, and her very laughter forced. A single year may find our Carrie a drooping invalid, her cheek wearing the hectic flush, her frame racked with a convulsive cough—and may leave her in her grave.

"But that is not the lot I anticipate for you, my Carrie," Aunt Susan went on, as she noticed the startling effect her words had caused; "no, it is a brighter and far different picture I love to look upon. You often talk, Carrie, of your invalid brother; of his weary nights and days of anguish; of his petulance and odd fancies. Now you are the nurse nature has designed for him; your healthy frame can endure nights of watching and days of patient care. You can move through his sick room like a ministering angel, supporting him with your strong arm, and cheering him by your happy words, until he will forget his suffering and his impatience and bless the Heaven that has given him such a sister. The sick room, Carrie, is woman's appropriate field of action; there she is perfectly at home. Her gentle attentions are necessary to the invalid, and if his sickness be 'unto death,' her whispered words of hope and faith will quickest reach his ear. You, Carrie, are eminently fitted for this most onerous and yet dearest of woman's duties. You have a constitution which smiles at fatigue, and a bright, cheerful spirit. You will be unwearied as a watcher, and a perfect magician when low spirits are concerned; they will flee at the glad sounds of your voice; and oh, Carrie, may that voice also be employed in leading the sufferers to their Saviour, in telling of God's bounteous gifts and wondrous mercies!

"Should poverty come nigh your dwelling and your loved ones, then again your 'talent' will be in requisition. With your strong arm you could drive the demon away, and cheer with your smiles your humble abode. And if it comes not to yourself, remember that thousands of your fellows are bowed down to the earth by its curse, and let yours be the hand to relieve them. You can trudge through snow and rain on an errand of mercy, and your words of cheer will work a mightier charm than your gold. Carrie, Carrie, keep your talent well."

A perfect contrast to the joyous face and blooming figure of Carrie Carleton, was the girl on whose lap she leaned her arm. Mary Lee was a dark, sallow little creature, without beauty, genius, or any of the gifts of her more brilliant companions. A disease of the spine had stunted her growth, though it had not deformed her figure; and her sufferings had made her gentle and mild as Aunt Susan herself. Her large brown eyes had something startling in their expression; you were fascinated while you gazed; and these eyes were now fixed upon Aunt Susan's face, as though to read her thoughts.

"They tell me, Mary," said Aunt Susan, smiling, "that you are the father confessor here, and therein they have pointed out to me your 'talent.' There is something very winning about you, I own, and you steal our secrets ere we are aware. You seem so gentle, so quiet, that we regard you as a second self, and talk to you accordingly. There are few among you, girls, but have confided in Mary Lee, when you would have suffered any penance, any



privation, rather than intrust your secrets to another. Your talent, Mary, is your influence. All who ask your counsel, follow it implicitly, and a few words of your sweet, low voice will work a mightier spell than volumes of reproof, or weeks of punishment. Even when you speak not, your actions tell, and loudly too. Your sway in our hearts is so gentle, we dream not you are ruling us, and submit as though you were born our queen. And it will be ever thus, Mary, unless you learn to speak loud. Even then, you love so to get people into corners, that you always make them confidential.

"Yours is a glorious talent, for there will be secrets told you which had been whispered only to the stars; plans will be unfolded for your approbation, which had long lain hidden in the depths of the dreamer's soul; and the hopes and aspirations of dawning womanhood will be told to your ear alone, while the maiden blushes at revealing thoughts she heretofore deemed so delicate and sacred. Yours is a mighty influence; see that you use it well. To you they come for approbation and advice: let it be given wisely. The triumphant coquette may perchance seek your 'corner' to tell you how wretched she is, though crowds are sighing at her feet; how dissatisfied she is, though her glass reflects a perfect form and face, and her diary tells of countless lovers, ready to die at her behest. One word of yours may pierce the ice which long years of flattery and folly have bound round her heart, and send her on her way, an humbler and sadder being; one of your long talks might make her a devoted Christian.

"The skeptic, too, may be beguiled by your sweet tones, and take a seat at your side. He may unfold to you his doubts and fears, and you, mighty in the cause of truth, will have strength vouchsafed you to combat and overthrow them. You may soften his flinty heart, and lead him, a devout follower, to the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus. Even though you may not give him argument for argument, and meet his sophistry with words from the book of truth, your actions, even your silence, may go far to convince him.

"Twere small need, methinks, to caution you against tarnishing your talent, against evil influence; but I warn you, and indeed all of you, my children, to be upon your guard. A smile, a look, is all-sufficient. Our influence is a fearful talent, which all of our sex possess. May it ever be exerted to purify and exalt our fellows, and may we all act and speak so as to remind men of the great eternity whither we are tending, to be spent in bliss or misery; and may naught but good influence be laid to our charge at the great day!"

"And my talent, Aunt Susan," said a quiet voice in the corner; "I am not dowered with Helen's wealth, or Lizzie's beauty; I have neither Fanny's wit, nor Mary's influence; what can my talent be?"

The speaker was an orphan, a recipient of Aunt Susan's bounty. She was a plain quiet girl, very

plodding, but not overly bright. Still, everybody loved Anne Allen, for she was one of the most obliging creatures that ever breathed. Nothing was too much trouble for her, if it could give pleasure to the smallest or feeblest of God's creatures; and all the little ones called her their "dear dood Anne."

"You have drawn rather a forlorn picture of yourself, Anne," Aunt Susan replied; "but your talent, though not quite as showy, is as useful and precious as the others. You are alone in the world, Anne, and your talent is your time. There have been no claims upon it as yet, save the trifling offices your schoolmates have required at your hands. Now it is at your own disposal, and it rests with you to spend the long life which I trust is before you, in the service of its Giver, or in violation of his express commands. There is many a noble deed to be wrought, many a glorious triumph to be won, before this world shall pass away, and with the thousand voices calling within and around you, can you sit down with folded hands? Is your time, your precious talent, to be frittered away in idleness or pleasure, when there is so much work to be done, and you so fit to do it? I would fain see you a missionary, Anne, for you have no tender ties to sever when you part from your native land. You long for sisters and friends: among the destitute heathen you may find them. Would that you would devote yourself, body, soul, and spirit, to those that sit in darkness! A lifetime could not be more gloriously dedicated, nor a talent better employed. Your patience and energy are grand qualifications for a missionary, and, Anne Allen, a missionary you should be. Imagine for one moment your earthly pilgrimage over, and your beatified spirit, surrounded by the souls it had rescued from destruction, at the awful bar of God. At that moment, if you could, which would you choose, a life of pleasure, gayety, or indolence, or one spent in toiling, suffering, though always in rejoicing, over the good you have wrought in the land and the hearts of the heathen."

There remained but one in that little band with her talent untold, but it needed not the telling. You could read upon her high, broad brow, and in the flash of her dark blue eye, that she had the gift of genius. Catharine Sunderland was a poetess, and that of no mean order. Her brilliant talents had long made her the idol of her teachers and the "headman" among her schoolmates; but these were distinctions she cared not for. She loved to roam the woods, portfolio in hand, and pen down the bright thoughts as they crowded into her brain; and she had acquired the *sobriquet* of "Corinne" from her talents as an improvisatrice. She smiled faintly and proudly as Aunt Susan's eye rested upon her.

"Well, 'Corinne,'" the good lady began, "you are the last, I see, and had I chosen your talent for a climax, I could not have found a happier one. You are public property, Kate—at least you will be in a

year or two—and it were well to reflect a moment ere your character is established in the literary world. You are writing not for a month or a year, but for eternity. You are writing not for yourself or for a chosen few, but for the world. Pause, then, over each brilliant effusion, with the question, 'Will this piece of mine make any one happy or wretched? will it be arrayed on the side of virtue, or on that of vice? and more, does it give God the glory?'

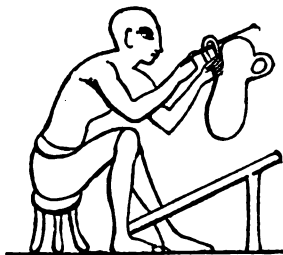
"Yes, pause, Kate Sunderland; a magic rod is in your hand; will you wield it for weal or woe? Shall

your talent be kept pure and holy in the service of its Giver, or shall it, like the notes of a siren, lure men to death with its singing?

"And now, my dearest children, my sermon is over. To-morrow we must part; and though we may never meet again on earth, when we come before the judgment-seat, may I hear the words addressed to each and all of you, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

## HISTORY OF BOOTS AND SHOES. ✓

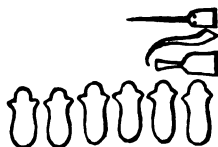
### No. I.—ON THE MOST ANCIENT COVERING FOR THE FEET



If we investigate the monuments of the remotest nations of antiquity, we shall find that the earliest form of protection for the feet partook of the nature of sandals. The most ancient representations we possess of scenes in ordinary life are the sculptures and paintings of early Egypt, and these the investigations of travelled scholars from most modern civilized countries have, by their descriptions and delineations, made familiar to us, so that the habits and manners, as well as the costume of this ancient people, have been handed down to the present time, by the work of their own hands, with so vivid a truthfulness, that we feel as conversant with their domestic manners and customs as with those of any modern nation to which the book of the traveller would introduce us. Not only do their pictured relics remain to give us an insight into their mode of life, but a vast quantity of articles of all kinds, from the tools of the workmen to the elegant fabrics which once decorated the boudoir of the fair ladies of Memphis and Carnae three thousand years ago, are treasured up in the museums of various countries.

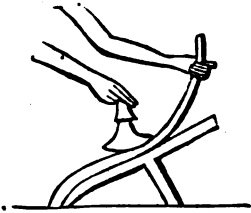
With these materials, it is in no wise difficult to carry our history of shoemaking back to the earliest times, and even to look upon the shoemaker at his work in the early days of Thotmes the Third, who ascended the throne of Egypt, according to Wilkinson, 1495 years before Christ, and during whose

reign the Exodus of the Israelites occurred. The first of our engravings contain copies of this very curious painting as it existed upon the walls of Thebes, when the Italian scholar Rossellini copied it for his great work on Egypt. The shoemakers are both seated upon low stools—(real specimens of such articles may be seen in the British Museum, London)—and are both busily employed in the formation of the sandals then usually worn in Egypt; the first workman is piercing with his awl the leather thong, at the side of the sole, through which the straps were passed which secured the sandal to the foot; before him is a low sloping bench, one end of which rests upon the ground: his fellow-workman is equally busy sewing a shoe, and tightening the thong with his teeth, a primitive mode of working which is occasionally indulged in at the present day. The tools and manufactured sandals lie around, and are here represented: they



bear, in some instances, a resemblance to those used in the present day; the central instrument having

the precise shape of the shoemaker's awl still in use, so very unchanging are articles of utility. In the same manner, the semicircular knife used by the ancient Egyptians between three and four thousand years ago, is precisely similar to that of our modern curriers, and is thus represented in a painting at



Thebes of that remote antiquity. The workman, it will be noticed, cuts the leather upon a sloping bench, exactly like that of the shoemaker already engraved.

The warmth and mildness of the East rendered a close, warm shoe unnecessary ; and, indeed, in the present day they partake there more of the character of slippers, and the foot, thus unconfined by tight shoes, and always free in its motion, retains its full power and pliability ; and the custom still retained in the East, of holding a strap of leather or other substance between the toes, is represented in the Theban paintings ; the foot thus becoming a useful second to the hand.

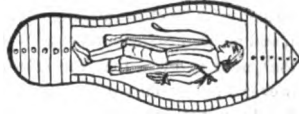
Many specimens of the shoes and sandals of the ancient Egyptians may also be seen in the British Museum. Wilkinson, in his work on the "Manners and Customs" of this people, says, "Ladies and men of rank paid great attention to the beauty of their sandals; but, on some occasions, those of the middle classes who were in the habit of wearing them preferred walking barefooted; and in religious ceremonies, the priests frequently took them off while performing their duties in the Temple."

• The sandals varied slightly in form; those worn by the upper classes, and by women, were usually pointed and turned up at the end, like our skates and the Eastern slippers of the present day. Some had a sharp, flat point; others were nearly round. They were made of a sort of woven or interlaced work, of palm-leaves and papyrus stalks, or other similar materials; sometimes of leather, and were frequently lined within with cloth, on which the figure of a captive was painted: that humiliating position being thought suitable to the enemies of their country, whom they hated and despised, an idea agreeing perfectly with the expression which so often occurs in the hieroglyphic legends accompanying a king's name, where his valor and virtues are recorded on the sculptures—"You have trodden the impure Gentiles under your powerful feet."

The example selected for Fig. 1 is in the British Museum, beneath the sandal of a mummy of Har-

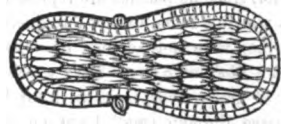
sontiotf; and the captive figure is evidently, from feature and costume, a Jew : it thus becomes a curi-

**Fig. 1.**



ous illustration of Scripture history. Figs. 2 and 3 delineate two fine examples of sandals formed, as

**Fig. 2.**

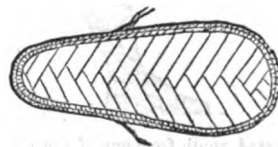


**Fig. 3.**



above described, of the leaf of the palm; they were brought from Egypt by the late Mr. Salt, consul general, and formed part of the collection sold in London, after his death, and are now in the British Museum. They are very different from each other in their construction, and are of that kind worn by the poorer classes: flat slices of the palm-leaf, which lap over each other in the centre, form the sole of Fig. 4, and a double band of twisted leaves secures

**Fig. 4.**



and strengthens the edge; a thong of the strong fibres of the same plant is affixed to each side of the instep, and was secured round the foot. The other, Fig. 2, is more elaborately platted, and has a softer look; it must, in fact, have been as a pad to the foot, exceedingly light and agreeable in the arid climate inhabited by the people for whom such sandals were constructed: the knot at each side to which the thong was affixed still remains.

The sandals with curved toes alluded to above, and which frequently appear upon Egyptian sculpture, and generally upon the feet of the superior



classes, are exhibited in the woodcut here given: and in the Berlin Museum one is preserved of pre-

ciely similar form, which has been engraved by Wilkinson, and is copied in Fig. 1. It is particularly curious, as showing how such sandals were held upon the feet, the thong which crosses the instep being connected with another passing over the top of the foot, and secured to the sole between the great toe and that next to it, so that the sole was held firmly, however the foot moved, and yet it allowed the sandal to be cast off at pleasure.

Wilkinson says that "shoes, or low boots, were also common in Egypt; but these are believed to have been of late date, and to have belonged to Greeks; for, since no persons are represented in the paintings wearing them, except foreigners, we may conclude they were not adopted by the Egyptians, at least in a Pharaonic age. They were of leather, generally of green color, laced in front by thongs, which passed through small loops on either side, and were principally used, as in Greece and Etruria, by women."

One of the close-laced shoes is given in Fig. 3, from a specimen in the British Museum; it embraces the foot closely, and has a thong or two over the instep for drawing it tightly over the foot, something like the half boot of the present day: the sole and upper leather are all in one piece, sewn up the back and down the front of the foot, a mode of construction practised in England as late as the fourteenth century.

The elegantly ornamented boot here given is copied from a Theban painting, and is worn by a



gayly-dressed youth from one of the countries bordering on Egypt: it reaches very high, and is a remarkable specimen of the taste for decoration, which thus early began to be displayed upon this article of apparel.

In Sacred Writ are many early notices of shoes: when Moses exhorts the Jews to obedience (Deut. xxix.), he exclaims, "Your clothes are not waxen old upon you, and thy shoe is not waxen old upon thy foot." In the Book of Ruth (chap. iv.), we have a curious instance of the important part performed by the shoe in the ancient days of Israel, in sealing any important business: "Now this was the manner in former time in Israel, concerning redeeming, and concerning changing, for to confirm all things; a man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel." Ruth, and all the property of three other persons, are given over to Boaz by the act of the next kinsman, who gives to him his shoe in the presence of witnesses.

The ancient law compelled the eldest brother, or nearest kinsman by her late husband's side, to marry a widow, if her husband died childless. The law of Moses provided an alternative, easy in itself, but attended with some degree of ignominy. The woman was, in public court, to take off his shoe, spit before his face, saying, "So shall it be done unto that man that will not build up his brother's house;" and probably the fact of this refusal was stated in the genealogical registers in connection with his name, which is probably what is meant by his "name shall be called in Israel, the house of him that hath his shoe loosed." (Deut. xxv.)

The editor of "Knight's Pictorial Bible," who notices these curious laws, also adds that the use of the shoe in the transactions with Boaz are perfectly intelligible; the taking off the shoe denoting the relinquishment of the right and the dissolution of the obligation in the one instance, and its transfer in the other. The shoe is regarded as constituting possession, nor is this idea unknown to ourselves, it being conveyed in the homely proverbial expression by which one man is said to "stand in the shoes of another;" and the vulgar idea "of throwing an old shoe after you for luck," is typical of a wish that temporal gifts or good fortune may follow you. The author last quoted says that, even at the present time, the use of the shoe, as a token of right or occupancy, may be traced very extensively in the East; and, however various and dissimilar the instances may seem at first view, the leading idea may be still detected in all. Thus among the Bedouins, when a man permits his cousin to marry another, or when a husband divorces his runaway wife, he usually says, "She was my slipper, I have cast her off." (Burckhardt's "Bedouins," p. 65.) Sir F. Henniker, in speaking of the difficulty he had in persuading the natives to descend into the crocodile mummy pits, in consequence of some men having lost their lives there, says, "Our guides, as if preparing for certain death, took leave of their children; the father took the turban from his own head, and put it upon that of his son; or put him in his place, by giving him his shoes, 'a dead man's shoes.'" In Western Asia, slippers left at the door of an apartment denote that the master or mistress is engaged, and no one ventures on intrusion, not even a husband, though the apartment be his wife's. Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, speaking of the termagants of Benares, say, "If domestic or other business calls off one of the combatants before the affair is duly settled, she coolly thrusts her shoe beneath her basket, and leaves both upon the spot, to signify that she is not satisfied;" meaning to denote, by leaving her shoe, that she kept possession of the ground and the argument during her unavoidable absence.

From all these instances it would appear that this employment of the shoe may, in some respects, be considered analogous to that which prevailed in the

Middle Ages, of giving a glove as a token of investiture when bestowing lands and dignities.

It should be observed that the same Hebrew word (*naal*) signifies both a sandal and a shoe, although always rendered shoe in our translation of the Old Testament. Although the shoe is mentioned in Genesis and other books of the Bible, little concerning its form or manufacture can be gleaned. That it was an article of common use among the ancient Israelites, we may infer from the passage in Genesis, chap. xiv. 23, the first mention we have of this article, where Abraham makes oath to the King of Sodom "that he will not take from a thread even to a shoe-latchet," thus assuming its common character.

The Gibeonites (Joshua ix. 5—13) "came with old shoes and clouted (mended) upon their feet," the better to practise their deceit, and therefore they said, "Our shoes are become old by reason of the very long journey."

Isaiah "walked three years naked and barefoot;" he went for this long period without shoes, contrary to the custom of the people, and as "a wonder unto Egypt and Ethiopia."

That it became an article of refinement and luxury is evident from the many other notices given, and the Jewish ladies seem to have been very particular about their sandals: thus, we are told in the Apocryphal book of Judith, although Holofernes was attracted by the general richness of her dress and personal ornaments, yet it was "her sandals ravished his eyes;" and the bride in Solomon's Song is met with the exclamation, "How beautiful are thy feet with sandals, O prince's daughter!"

The ancient bas-reliefs at Persepolis, and the neighborhood of Babylon, second only in their antiquity and interest to those of Egypt, furnish us with examples of the boots and shoes of the Persian kings, their nobles, and attendants; and they were executed, as appears from historical as well as internal evidence, in the days of Xerxes and Darius.

From these sources we here select three speci-

who has charge of a chariot, upon a bas-relief now in the British Museum, brought from Persepolis by Sir R. Ker Porter, by whom it was first engraved and described in his interesting volumes of travels in that district. Fig. 2, also from Persepolis, and engraved in the work just quoted, delineates another kind of boot or high shoe, reaching only to the ankle, round which it is secured by a band, and tied in front in a knot, the two ends of the band hanging beneath it; this shoe is very common upon the feet of these figures, and is generally worn by soldiers or the upper classes; the attendants or councillors round the throne of these early sovereigns frequently wear such shoes. Fig. 3, seen upon the feet of personages in the same rank of life, is here copied from a Persepolitan bas-relief representing a soldier in full costume; it is a remarkably interesting example, as it very clearly shows the transition state of this article of dress, being something between a shoe and a sandal: in fact, a shoe may be considered as a covered sandal, and in the instance before us, the part we now term "upper leather" consists of little more than the lacings of the sandals rendered much broader than usual, and fastened by buttons along the top of the foot; the shoe is thus rendered peculiarly flexible, as the openings over the instep allow of the freest movement. Such were the forms of the earliest shoes.

Close boots reaching nearly to the knee, where they are met by a wide trowser, are not uncommon upon these sculptures, being precisely the same in shape and appearance as those worn by the modern Cossacks. Indeed, there is nothing in the way of boots that may not be found upon the existing monuments of early nations, precisely resembling the modern ones. The little figure here given might

Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.



mens: Fig. 1 is a half-boot, reaching considerably above the ankle, and it is worn by the attendant

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pass for a copy of boots worn by one of the soldiers of King William the Third's army, and would not be unworthy of Uncle Toby himself, yet it is carefully copied from a most ancient specimen of Etruscan sculpture in the possession of Inghirami, who has engraved it in his learned work, the "*Monumenti Etruschi*." the original represents an augur or priest, whose chief duty was to report and explain supernatural signs.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A POET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

### PART I.

THERE is something in the character of Ehlen-  
schlager and of his writings so simply and purely  
healthful, in a temperament so alive to the poetry  
of life, an organization so serene and happy, and a  
result so equable and uniform, that we are curious  
to know under what circumstances the true and ho-  
nest nature of the poet was preserved through a long  
life, free from all bitter and unhealthful mixtures.  
He seems to unite with the warmth, the sunny light,  
the spontaneous vivacity of the south, the steady  
sustained calmness and reserved ideality of the  
north. Like his own Antonio,

"Nature in him is kind;  
The kindling fire not merely warms, but burns;  
Yet passion never with the vulture's claw  
Seizes upon him."

Though born in poverty, the circumstances of his  
life were, for such a nature, most happy. His father,  
organist and steward of the royal castle of Freder-  
icksburg, in a suburb of Copenhagen, seems to have  
possessed the same easy and serene disposition as  
his son; and to have been a most kind and indul-  
gent parent, leaving the gentle boy to unfold his  
character without severe control, or a too childish  
indulgence. But it was from his mother, as he tells  
us, that his genius was inherited. She was a Ger-  
man, of refined nature, and delicately nurtured. He  
says, "I resembled her in character, and in person  
also. For the earnestness and melancholy in my  
character I have to thank her, and my father for my  
healthy organization and cheerful disposition. My  
mother possessed both sensibility and imagination;  
the tragical that I have been able to embody I de-  
rived from her; but, alas! I brought no laurel wreath  
to divide with her; those I gathered were laid upon  
her grave.

"In my second year, I was sleeping, one night,  
by my father's side, when I was awakened by a great  
tumult in the house. My father opened the window,  
and I saw the old familiar stork soaring away over  
the trees. In the morning, I went into my mother's  
chamber, and found the little puppet the stork had  
left in the night lying in the bed by my mother's  
side." This was his only sister, Sophia Wilhelmina  
Bertha; according to the tradition of Danish chil-  
dren, brought as a choice blessing by that sacred  
domestic guardian, the stork.

The circumstances of Ehlen-  
schlager's childhood  
were favorable to his poetical development. He was

born in a small house, just at the entrance of the  
splendid avenue of beech-trees leading to the royal  
castle of which his father was the steward. This  
royal residence was filled with pictures, statues, and  
the choicest works of art. Opposite was Suderfield,  
which had been converted into a beautiful English  
park. "Our mode of life," he says, "differed in  
summer and in winter, as much as the seasons. In  
summer, the apartments were crowded with cele-  
brated men, and beautiful, well-dressed women: the  
whole court was there. We children could look  
through the door and see the whole royal family  
sitting at the table, while the loveliest music was  
playing within. Every Sunday evening there was  
Turkish music in the gardens, and the people could  
walk therein. The English park, on the contrary,  
was sacred to the royal guests, and was always still,  
retired, and solitary. My father kept the key, and  
my sister and myself were allowed to wander within  
the shadow of its noble trees." Late in the autumn,  
the whole royal family removed to the city. There  
was no longer music and feasting, but carpenters,  
painters, and decorators, from whom the future poet  
and artist learned more, perhaps, than from the  
high-born and well-dressed guests. The actual  
northern winter came, and the castle was to the  
steward's family a complete hermitage, with two  
dogs and two sentinels, sheltered, like them, within  
its heavy walls. In storms, in rain and snow, the  
father sat in his blouse, with the smallest dog at his  
side, and read aloud to his family. They followed  
Albert Julius and Robinson Crusoe to their islands;  
roved in fairy-land with Aladdin and his lamp; or  
laughed at Don Quixote and Holberg's comedies.

In this desultory, independent manner of life,  
Ehlen-  
schlager reached his twelfth year, having, as  
he says, learnt nothing; but the reader feels that  
these years, passed in the midst of an extensive  
park, surrounded by works of art, accompanied by  
inspiring music, could never have been lost upon a  
poetical organization like his.

Ehlen-  
schlager's passion for the stage began to  
display itself in his twelfth year. He began to  
write comedies, and with the aid of his sister and a  
young friend of his own age, performed them to  
their own and the satisfaction of their older friends.  
His father intended to educate him for a merchant;  
but the gentleman in whose counting-house he was  
to have been placed, not being able just then to re-  
ceive him, the plan was abandoned, and his father,  
with his usual good nature, consented that he should  
try his fortune upon the stage. After a sufficient

time spent with the dancing, the fencing, and the posture-master, (his mental preparation had been going on almost from his birth, for almost his whole study had been the drama,) and he had submitted to the discipline of the barber, also to that of the delicate shoe and glove-maker, he made his first appearance upon a public stage. His father went secretly into the theatre; but his mother and sister remained at home as long as the tender mother's anxiety would permit: notwithstanding the winter evening was cold and dark, she could not preserve her self-possession, and remain coldly absent. At the moment the piece was to begin, she went to the lobby of the theatre, and wept and prayed for her son. The sentinel's wife, who misunderstood her emotion, said, "Ah! madam, do not weep; perhaps he may yet be converted." His mother lived to witness his conversion from that devotion to the life of an actor, which, no doubt, secretly made one of the petitions of that mother's heart, on this evening of her prayer.

His success as an actor was only moderate; he soon found out, also, that, to see the rainbow and the beautiful halo of the planets, one must not be in the mist or rain-drops of which they are formed, but observe them from a far different point of view.

In the two years that Ehlen-schlager spent on the boards, he gained much knowledge of life, and acquired many valuable acquaintances among amateurs and artists. He formed at this time a friendship with Rahbek, the Danish poet, whose wife was both *spirituelle* and accomplished; also a close intimacy with two brothers by the name of Ersted; students, the one of law, the other of medicine, both lovers of poetry. These brothers were, like twins, always together. They were peculiar also, and remind one, in some degree, of the brothers Cheeryble. They lived for each other's friendship; went about in winter in great overcoats, that also served for dressing-gowns, and leaned, like the Siamese twins, on each other. But these Dioscuri shone in genius like stars, and what was beneath their heavy overcoats could not long remain concealed. In their classes in the college, they took both honors and prizes. Under the auspices of these brothers, Ehlen-schlager was admitted to hear the lectures, then highly valuable, in the college of Copenhagen. He says, "When I entered the halls, it seemed as though the old books in parchment, and the new in modern bindings, looked reproachfully at me, and asked, 'Wherefore have you left us?' I thought to myself, what can this mean?" He was already tired of the drudgery of the stage, although his passion for the drama was not abated, and therefore he understood the silent reproach of the books. He felt, also, that there was danger of his falling into the dissipated levity of the life of an actor; at least, of those whose whole time is not absorbed by taking the first rank as histrionic artists.

Influenced by the advice of the Ersteds, Ehlen-

schlager left the stage, and entered upon a course of study to prepare himself for an examination, in order to enter the law classes of the university. He spoke with his father, who, as usual, left him to follow his inclination. "I was now again," he says, "in heaven." In the intervals of study, he could plan his tragedies, and write them out upon the days when there was no lecture. In the hours of study, also, the dry folios of the law were often neglected for the charms of Horace and Virgil.

His life had now become more earnest; he had a goal before him, that of becoming a lawyer, and of taking his place among his fellow-men as an advocate. By joining the law school, he was introduced to the literary clubs of young students, that seem, in Copenhagen, to be societies that really love letters and each other. The kindest and most honorable and elevated tone of feeling prevails. The young men call each other *thou*, and with a spirit of freedom and equality swear to each other *brotherhood* while belonging to the same club, although in the world they are separated by a wide difference in rank and in worldly circumstances.

These literary brotherhoods of young students admit them to a species of happiness which belongs to the male sex, and to the elect only among them, and in the period of youthful enthusiasm. Women have not yet formed such pure and devout attachment to literature and the arts as to form societies among themselves for their own culture and for devotion to the arts. Many reasons might be given for and some against such combinations, but this is not the place to discuss them.

Here Ehlen-schlager became acquainted (in their own language) with the works of those shining stars in the literature of Germany, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, and corrected the false taste which had led him to prefer Kotzebue's tragedies, Schiller's "Robbers," and Goethe's first works, to the more manly literature of their later writings. "The Sorrows of Werter," he says, retained always the power over him that it first exerted upon his imagination. The preferences and tastes ripened by years must have slumbered in the bud of childhood; but many of the illusions and superstitions of youth remain, even after years have unfolded the power of art, and knowledge has chased away the shadows of ignorance. "Happy are those," he says, "who can eat of the tree of knowledge, without being hunted from the paradise of innocence and nature."

Before Ehlen-schlager had finished his law studies, he had the grief to lose his mother; that fond mother that he so much resembled in mind and person; the only friend to whom he had imparted his early efforts at poetry and literary composition, over which she rejoiced with the proud tenderness of a mother, but anticipated not his future success. He says, "I saw those eyes, so like my own, become dim with the approach of death; I felt those hands, that had ever been busied in the service of others,

become cold and lifeless. Thus she slept. My father closed her eyes, and we followed to place the loved form in the *Gods-field*, where I also wish, hereafter, to rest." Sorrow could not remain long an inmate of a heart so light; it could not long intrude upon his buoyant spirits; he says his happy temperament soon drew him from the shadow to the sunshine of life.

After the death of this tender mother, the fireside of his home was less attractive, but the loss was soon alleviated through the influence of her who was to be his future wife, Christiana, the daughter of Counsellor Heger. The poet Rahbek had married a sister, and thus introduced him to the family. Although there is a very inconvenient absence of dates in this autobiography of the poet, he was at this time apparently about twenty years old. He had, as yet, published nothing; his prospects could not have been very flattering. His studies were not yet finished, and only in his profession of the law could he hope for success sufficient to allow him to marry. He thus describes the lady to whom he ventured to offer all he possessed—a true and honest heart:—

"She was a beautiful girl of seventeen, well formed, and full of energy. Her eyes were large and blue, her complexion snow-white, with a delicate rose in her cheeks. Nature had been so bountiful to her in hair that, when she suffered the beautiful blonde tresses to fall down, they formed a complete veil to her person. She, like all the Heger family, was accomplished and witty. The first time I saw her she was weaving a wreath of corn flowers, as blue as her own eyes. The crown is still mine; and although the leaves have fallen out, they still retain the deep blue of her eyes. It was after a lonely afternoon walk, that I entered the counsellor's house with Rahbek, the poet, son-in-law of the family. The beautiful girl sat industriously at her needle, and when she raised her head at my entrance, I thought I read a certain pleasure in her eyes. An animated conversation ensued, afterwards a good supper with good wine. Christiana was full of wit and humor."

For the want of a better word, I must translate Christiana's peculiar humor by the word *quizzing*. She was instantly alive to everything peculiar in the character or appearance of her friends, and with ready wit placed the peculiarity before them. Like all the Heger family, she possessed the talent of imitating the voice and manner of others, and gave to all her acquaintances pet names, indicating their peculiarities. For this species of wit, Ehlen Schlager gave her the name of the Anabaptist.

After the delightful evening mentioned above, encouraged, we presume, by the glance of her blue eyes, the poet says he followed Christiana wherever she went to walk by star or moonlight. In these heavenly but embarrassing walks, the Anabaptist lost her inclination to quiz her companion. He says,

"We went silently, arm in arm; I was one-syllabled, embarrassed, and very serious—Christiana also. At last love, that had so long robbed me of courage, gave it to me, and I came out stuttering with my timid declaration." Christiana, the joker, seems to have been well prepared for it. He says, "She understood my metaphors and aphorisms right well, and she did not leave me in despair." He was permitted to speak to her father.

This father was an extraordinary man; an easy man for the serious affairs of life. Before the bombardment of Copenhagen, he was possessed of a large property. His beautiful house and splendid gardens were destroyed by that event. Although a lawyer and counsellor, he possessed many other talents. Our poet says he was a very good smith, joiner, and turner; an excellent horticulturist and ornamental gardener. His strawberries excelled those of the royal gardens. He sketched beautifully. Thorwaldsen, when in Copenhagen, spent his evenings at his house, sketching with him for the instruction of his daughters. He was an accomplished musician, and when alone with the piano *phantasied*\* so as to charm all who accidentally heard him. He ground glasses for telescopes, and wrote a treatise, in French, upon optics. He was familiar with the manufacture of the *papier-maché*, and made beautiful articles, particularly snuff-boxes, whereon he painted lovely landscapes. His works in this art, which he also taught his daughters, were celebrated and sought for in other countries. Being expert in making fireworks, he often amused his friends by such exhibitions; but a young servant having been accidentally injured by the fall of one of his rockets, he abandoned this art. He was a courtier, and had taken part in the Italian opera, upon the court theatre.

Ehlen Schlager approached this man of universal talents with great anxiety and timidity. He made a humble speech, setting forth his own small merits, which consisted, like Othello's, only in this, that he had loved and wooed his daughter; that he had nothing but his love, and the prospect and promise of his friend; that in two years' time he should finish his studies, and then he hoped to begin to earn his living. The father listened politely, rang the bell, called for his daughter, said a few words in her ear, placed her hand in that of her lover, and—changed the subject—whereby, says Ehlen Schlager, "he did me a great service." This transaction speaks well for the merit of Ehlen Schlager, or we must presume that, if the father treated every subject as summarily as that of his daughter's happiness, his various accomplishments are not so wonderful.

Ehlen Schlager now studied his profession with more determined industry, but he could not resist the invitations of the muses. He was continually making hasty excursions to Parnassus, and indeed loitering there. At this time he wrote for the *aca-*

\* Improvised.



demic prize medal, upon the question, "Would our literature have been more beautiful if it had been illustrated by the northern rather than the Grecian mythology?" This was his hobby-horse, and he mounted it accordingly. He says, with great simplicity, "I should have won the prize, if my essay had been the only one presented; but there were two others, of which one was in favor of the Grecian mythology, and the old professor gave that the preference."

It was of little consequence now whether it were Apollo and the muses that drew him from his studies; the war broke out with England, and Mars or Thor coming to the aid of Freia,\* the old heroic thirst for glory awoke in him, as in the whole nation. He joined, with others of the young students, the volunteer corps to defend Copenhagen against the fleet of Lord Nelson. After a year of interruption, he turned again to the study of law. At this time his studies in Danish and natural law were finished, but of the Roman law he knew nothing.

Since the death of his mother, he had lived with the Ørstedes, under the care, as he says, of their nurse, a kind and indulgent matron, who held the place of a mother to these young men, who were merely boarders in her family. His manner of life was more satisfactory to himself than conducive to the study of the Roman law. It was his delight to assemble a multitude of students and young citizens around him, and, sitting on a low stool in the midst, to read, or rather to act, Holberg's Comedies, changing his voice and assuming each character in turn, to the universal delight and laughter of the company.

About this time, that is, in 1801 or '2, he was greatly surprised and delighted to hear of the betrothment of his dearest friend, Anders Ørsted, to his only sister, the little puppet formerly left by the stork, now grown to marriageable age. They had preserved their secret, he says, from him, to revenge his own cunning and abrupt betrothment to the counsellor's daughter. The marriage followed immediately, as his friend had been appointed assessor to the court, and city justice. This happy connection added greatly to the joy of their social and domestic life.

Some divisions had arisen in their club in consequence of the new school of German literature, the so-called romantic school. Øhlenschläger soon became a convert to the new school; but he withdrew somewhat from the club to a more domestic life. He gives a pleasant description of the circle in which he spent his evenings, consisting of the Ørstedes, and Rahbek, the poet, who had married the sister of his Christiana. He was the writer of the "Danish Observer," a periodical much esteemed at this time.

He says, "Our relation to Rahbek was peculiar. He had been the instructor of us all in taste and belles-lettres, and stood now at the head of the old

classical school of literature; but he was as tolerant as he was obstinate. He would never dispute, but contrived to withdraw himself from our discussions by an anecdote or a witty conceit; if we persisted, he was silent, or looked at the prospect from his window; if we became warm and excited, he went to his study and his canary birds. When a glass of wine had restored our good humor, he would again join us, and relate some of his characteristic anecdotes of former times, of which he had treasured a wonderful store, recollecting not only names and dates, but baptismal names, and imitating all the humorous peculiarities of the persons. In literary attainments, he stood at the head of all his contemporaries, Baggesen only excepted, and he was the most fair and equitable of all.

"His wife, although many years younger, hung with full soul upon him, and, notwithstanding her own remarkable talents, had accustomed herself to implicit faith in his opinions. We young men found this so beautiful, that we did not seek to shake her faith in his infallibility. Fortunately her character was just adapted to her position. She rarely spoke of poetry. She possessed a noble heart, quick perceptions, extraordinary wit, and the greatest faculty in overcoming all mechanical difficulties. Wit and humor played always in her conversations; imagination alone was wanting. If she was serious, she was almost melancholy. She understood all the modern languages, together with Latin and Greek; but, as she read books principally on account of the languages, her mind was not enriched with their literature, and it was not very agreeable to hear her speak long in the respective tongues. Her appreciation of the beautiful was more apparent in her paintings and in the art of gardening. Her beautiful garden was formed by herself. She sat much in her summer-house, surrounded by her splendid fruits and flowers, while her wit and humor bloomed still more luxuriantly. She listened 'roguishly' to our disputes and controversies; but, if we left a weak point of our argument exposed, or there was a link broken in the chain of our reasoning, Murat never came down quicker with his cavalry, than she with her winged wit fell upon us with such slaughter that we could only come off with loud laughter and broken limbs.

"My sister was different, and yet in many things like the Rahbek. She was as lively, witty, and *epirietuelle*, but she had not the talent for languages, nor the mechanical skill, of her friend. She was very susceptible; the joy of grief was well known to her, and sometimes almost led to melancholy. She made all her own clothes, and dressed herself with great taste. She walked much and well, while her friend Rahbek, on the contrary, sat always at home, or made short journeys to Hamburg. Neither of them loved an extensive society, but they collected daily a small circle of accomplished friends. My sister kept but one servant, and arranged her

\* The goddess of love of the northern mythology.

rooms herself, although, from her soft, white hands, no one would have suspected it. I had my corner in their houses, and read, almost every evening, something aloud to them. The works that they enjoyed the most, and over which we afterwards laughed and disputed, were Voss's Homer, Tieck's Don Quixote, Schlegel's Spanish Theatre, Tieck's and Novali's writings, Goethe, Schiller, and Shakespeare!

"O beloved friends of my youth, with whom I lived so many precious years, you are now both in eternity, and my earthly eyes will behold you no more! Pardon, if with too faint colors I have endeavored to draw, from memory, the resemblance of your characters. I would that the world should know something of your virtues!"

Øhlenschläger continued to write and publish his poems, and "*about this time*," that is, about 1804, he published the "Oriental Drama," and poem of "Aladdin or the Wonderful Lamp." This was written *con amore*, having a close resemblance, he thinks, to his own life. In his poetical talent, he affirms, he had possession of a wonderful lamp, that opened to him all the treasures of the earth, while, in his vivid imagination, he possessed the power of the charmed ring. Like Aladdin also, (which seems to us less miraculous,) he was in love. This publication obtained so much success that he easily persuaded himself nature intended him for a poet, and for nothing else; that it was in vain to strive against an intention of nature, so distinctly pronounced. His bride was of the same opinion, and he resolved to leave the Roman law, and all other law, although both knew that, in turning off from the great highway and beaten path of life to cross flowery meadows and untracked swamps, he left the secure road to future sustenance. But he seems always to have

trusted Providence, and gone on his own way rejoicing.

He resolved, at first, to rely wholly upon his favorite studies, the old Sagas, and applied to the Academy of Art to allow him to give lectures upon the northern mythology. The painter Abildgaard, the director of the Academy, and instructor of Thorwaldsen, made the old objections to all northern idolatry; but Øhlenschläger maintained his own views with so much eloquence, that the scornful smile of the old man was changed into one of serious admiration. "Ach Gott," he said, "I am not the man to oppose anything that is new and spiritual."

He changed his plan, however, having heard that the Countess Schimmelmann had read his last poems with great satisfaction, and wished to see the author. He hastened therefore to her beautiful country-house on the sea-shore. He says, "I waited long in the empty apartments, when at last a simply-dressed, friendly woman entered, and greeted me with diffidence, saying, 'my husband will immediately be here.'" It was the countess herself. She soon made herself known, and from this time to her death, she remained his liberal patroness. Through the influence of the count, her husband, he obtained from the crown prince a travelling pension, derived from the fund for the public service, and Count Schimmelmann became the trustee for the regular payment of the pension.

It seems to have been in Øhlenschläger's usual good fortune (and one would believe that an uncommonly benevolent and intelligent stork must have watched his birth), that if he could only succeed through a patron, he should find a modest, gentle, and unassuming woman to hold that place, who seems to have demanded nothing in return.

## LE MÉLANGE.

### CHAPTER II.

#### SINGING BIRDS.

"**Heark, hearke**, the excellent notes of singing birds! what variety of voices! how are they fitted to every passion! The little chirping birds (the wren and the robin) they sing a mean; the goldfinch, the nightingale, they join in the treble; the Blackbird, the thrush, they bear the tenor; while the four-footed beasts, with their bleating and bellowing, they sing a base. How other birds sing in their order, I refer you to the skillful musicians: some of them keep their due times; others have their continued notes, that all might please with variety; while the woods, the groves, and the rocks, with the hollowness of their sound like a musical instrument, send forth an echo, and seem to unite their song."—*Woodman's Fall of Man*, p. 78.

#### MUSIC IN SPEECH.

"Sitting in some company, and having been but a little before musical, I chanced to take notice that in ordinary discourse words were spoken in perfect notes; and that some of the company used eighths, some fifths, some thirds: and that those were most pleasing, whose words, as to their tone, consisted most of concords; and where of discords, of such as constituted harmony; and the same person was the most affable, pleasant, and the best-natured in the company. And this suggests a reason why many discourses which one hears with much pleasure, when they come to be read scarcely seem the same things.

"From this difference of music in speech, we may also conjecture that of tempers. We know the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety; the Lydian,

freedom; the Æolic, sweet stillness and composure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity; the Ionic soothes the storms and disturbances arising from passion. And why may we not reasonably suppose that those whose speech naturally runs into the notes peculiar to any of these moods, are likewise in disposition?

"So also from the clif: as he that speaks in gamat, to be manly; C Fa Ut may show one to be of an ordinary capacity, though good disposition; G Sol Re Ut, to be peevish and effeminate, and of a weak and timorous spirit; sharps, an effeminate sadness; flats, a manly or melancholic sadness. He who has a voice in some measure agreeing with all cliffs, seems to be of good parts and fit for variety of employments, yet somewhat of an inconstant nature. Likewise from the times: so semibreves may bespeak a temper dull and phlegmatic; minims, grave and serious; crotchets, a prompt wit; quavers, vehemency of passion, and used by scolds. Semibreve-rest may denote one either stupid, or fuller of thoughts than he can utter; minim-rest, one that deliberates; crotchet-rest, one in a passion. So that from the natural use of mood, note, and time, we may collect dispositions."—*Philosophical Transactions*, vol. ii., p. 441.

#### POWER OF MUSIC TO INSPIRE DEVOTION.

"THAT there is a tendency in music," says SIR JOHN HAWKINS, "to excite grave and even devout as well as lively and mirthful affections, no one can doubt who is not an absolute stranger to its efficacy; and though it may perhaps be said that the effects of music are mechanical, and that there can be nothing pleasing to God in that devotion which follows the involuntary operation of sound on the human mind; this is more than can be proved, and the Scripture seems to indicate the contrary."—*History of Music*, vol. iv., p. 42.

#### PHYSIC.

"From the physician, let us come to the apothecaries. When I see their shops so well stored and furnished with their painted boxes and pots, instead of commending the owner, or taking delight and pleasure in the shop, I begin to pity poor miserable and wretched man that should be subject to so many diseases, and should want so many helps to his cure. I could wish that his pots were only for ornament, or naked and empty; or that they did but only serve for his credit, for he is a happy man that can live without them. But here I can do no less than take some notice of their physic. Most commonly the medicines are more fearful than the disease

itself; I call the sick patient to witness, who hath the trial and experience of both! As for example, long fastings and abstinence; a whole pint of bitter potion; pills that cannot be swallowed; noisome, distasteful, and unsavory vomits; the cutting of veins; the lancing of sores; the seering up of members; the pulling out of teeth; here are strange cures to teach a man cruelty! The surgeon shall never be of my jury."—GOODMAN'S *Fall of Man*, p. 98.

#### HAPPINESS OF THE POOR IN ESCAPING THE PHYSICIAN.

"HAPPY are poor men!

If sick with the excess of heat or cold,  
Caused by necessitous labor, not loose surfeits,  
They, when spare diet, or kind nature, fail  
To perfect their recovery, soon arrive at  
Their rest in death; but, on the contrary,  
The great and noble are exposed as preys  
To the rapine of physicians; and they  
In lingering out what is remediless,  
Aim at their profit, not the patient's health."

MASSINGER, *Emperor of the East*, vol. iii., p. 316.

#### PUBLIC EXERCISING GROUNDS NECESSARY TO THE HEALTH OF LARGE CITIES.

"IN all large and well-regulated cities, there ought to be play-grounds or places for public exercise, where laborers, and people who work at particular trades, might assemble at certain hours for recreation, and amuse themselves with walking or other healthful exercises, in order to prevent those diseases which may arise from the usual posture required in their business, if continued without remission, or any relaxation or change.

"The general decay of those manly and spirited exercises which formerly were practised in the metropolis and its vicinity, has not arisen from any want of inclination in the people, but from the want of places for that purpose. Such as in times past had been allotted to them, are now covered with buildings or shut up by enclosures: so that, if it were not for skittles, and the like pastimes, they would have no amusements connected with the exercise of the body; and such amusements are only to be met with in places belonging to common drinking-houses; for which reason their play is seldom productive of much benefit, but more frequently becomes the prelude to drunkenness and debauchery. Honest Stowe, in his Survey of London, laments the retrenchments of the grounds appropriated for martial pastimes, which had begun to take place even in his day."—SIR JOHN SINCLAIR'S *Code of Health and Longevity*, p. 292.

# LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

## GENOA.

Few cities can go back into antiquity so far as Genoa, if, as an inscription in the ancient part of the cathedral states, it was founded by Janus, the grandson of Noah; it is certain, however, that it is one of the oldest cities in Europe, and was enjoying a high degree of prosperity and civilization at a time when England was but little removed from barbarism. When Richard Cœur de Lion was on his way to the Holy Land, he found Genoa far in advance of any part of his own kingdom, and was treated so hospitably, and received so much substantial assistance from the Genoese, that, as a partial return, he adopted their patron St. George, and took him to England, where he has since remained the patron saint. Few saints in the calendar had so strange a career while living, or were more doubtfully promoted. A native of Cappadocia by birth, of low descent, and vicious life, the course of events made him the rival and successor of the virtuous Athanasius, in the Bishopric of Alexandria in Egypt. There, by a long course of plunder, injustice, and oppression, he so disgusted his subjects that he and his assistants were first imprisoned and finally murdered by the mob; and his remains were thrown into the sea. A few centuries later, he is found in the calendar of saints, and now enjoys the honor of presiding over the kingdom of Great Britain, and the noble Order of the Garter.

The view of Genoa, as approached from the sea, is very grand and beautiful. An amphitheatre of hills covered with villas, and high in their rear crowned by forts, which have acquired undying names from Massena's glorious defence, serves as a background for the city, which, thickly built upon a succession of hills, presents a most picturesque appearance.

The port, which is altogether artificial, is very large and formed by two enormous moles which project into the sea. It is one of the best in the Mediterranean, and is generally filled with shipping from all parts of the world. The American flag is rarely seen in consequence of the reciprocity treaties, which have enabled Sardinian vessels to carry what our own vessels used to; and, as they can sail their ships much more cheaply than we can, they have now nearly monopolized the commerce between the two countries, to the serious injury of our shipping interests. Another cause is the rising greatness of Marseilles, which is overshadowing all the neighboring ports, and where our vessels stop with their cargoes.

The streets of Genoa, with few exceptions, are

very narrow, and most of them resemble our narrowest alleys. They run up and down hill in the most extravagant manner. The use of wheeled carriages is of course very limited in Genoa, and the old sedan chair still flourishes here, though principally at night. The wide streets are the *Balbi*, *Nuovissima*, and *Nuova*; they are continuations of each other, and are literally streets of palaces, as scarcely any other description of building is to be found upon them. They are wide by comparison, and carriages can easily pass each other. There are no sidewalks, however, and the pedestrian is often annoyed and oftener muddled by the aristocratic equipages which show themselves in these, their only streets. Many of these palaces contain fine pictures, especially portraits by Vandyke. The *Carlo-Alberto* and *Carlo-Felice* streets are wider than the streets of Palaces, having been more recently opened, and they alone have sidewalks. They also communicate with each other and with the three first named, so that a very respectable drive, in a small way, may be had in the heart of the city; you are confined, however, to one drive, and for all purposes of business or sight seeing, you must go afoot. The Opera House is upon the *Carlo-Felice*, and is a beautiful building, both inside and out. A good company is generally to be found here.

There are several Doric palaces in Genoa; but the most interesting house, associated with the name of the great warrior and statesman, is in the *Piazza San Matteo*, which was presented to him by his fellow-citizens, and still bears this inscription:—

“S. C. ANDRÆ DE AURIA, PATRIÆ LIBERATORI,  
MUNUS PUBLICUM.”

The house has since fallen from its high estate, and is now used for shops and residences, of the poorer sort. In this same *Piazza*,\* is the Church of San Matteo, where the great Andrea Doria is magnificently entombed.

The Ducal Palace, formerly the Palace of the Doges, has externally the appearance of an old fortress with high battlemented walls, and with a high square tower rising from the centre. This tower contains the great bell which was presented to the Republic by the Dutch, and which (they say) can

\* We have no word in English which corresponds with the Italian *Piazza* or the French *Place*. It is applied to any open space in the city, whether square or otherwise. The open space in front (east) of the Exchange (in Philadelphia), or that where the Battle Monument stands, in Baltimore, is precisely the Italian *Piazza*.

be heard for twenty miles at sea. A large part of the interior of the building was destroyed by fire in 1777, and the finest rooms are modern. The Doge's chapel and the council chamber still remain, however, as relics of the olden times. The Doge was required to be fifty years of age, and was elected for two years, during which time he could never leave the palace, and was in fact a gilded prisoner of state. His only walk was upon a terrace, upon which opened the grated windows of the state prisoners, whose lamentations or curses he could enjoy as he took his daily walks. This palace is now the government house, and contains the several public offices. In one of them are preserved three letters of Columbus, of whom the Genoese are now very proud, and to whom they are erecting a monument on the Acqua Verde, which will be very grand and colossal when finished. It is generally conceded now that Columbus was not born in Genoa, but at Cogoleto, a small village some miles to the westward. All this *par parenthèse*. The letters are preserved in a marble monument with a brass door, which has but one keyhole, but requires three keys to open it. The letters are in Spanish and in good preservation; the signature is rather curious, and is as follows:—

"El Almirante Mayor del Mar Oceano, y Vi. Rey y Gobernador General de las Islas, y de la Terra Firma de Asia, y de las Indias, del Rey, y de la Reina, mis Señores, y del suo Capitan General del Mar, y del su Consilio.

S.  
S. A. S.  
X. M. V.  
X<sup>fo</sup> FERENS \*

The exchange is a large hall built in 1570. It is supported by sixteen columns, and was formerly open at the sides. They are now, however, glazed, and the building has the appearance of an immense green-house.

The Duomo or Cathedral of St. Lawrence is a very singular-looking edifice, decidedly Saracenic in its style: it is faced with alternate layers of black and white marble, with a tall square tower at one angle. The pillars of the doorways are of various patterns; all of them twisted, some with rough knobs upon them, and all presenting a very barbaric effect. Over the centre door is a rude marble bas-relief, representing St. Lawrence on his gridiron, with two men blowing up the fire with bellows—a proof of the

antiquity of that valuable article of domestic comfort. The nave of the church consists of a double row of (two storied) columns of granite and porphyry, which are said to be the remains of an ancient Teutonic temple. The other parts of the church are (comparatively) modern; having been built in the beginning of the fourteenth century.

The Chapel of St. John the Baptist is one of the richest portions of the cathedral. It is a small church in itself, richly decorated with numerous statues of considerable merit. Here are kept (*on dit*) the ashes of St. John, and a very curious old marble chest, in which they were first brought from the Holy Land by the Crusaders. No woman is allowed to enter this chapel, in consequence of its having been one of that sex which caused his beheading. In the cathedral is also preserved the Emerald (or green glass) dish which the Crusaders brought from Casarea. This dish is said to have been presented to Solomon by the Queen of Shoba; to have been the charger in which the Baptist's head was received; also, to have been the dish from which our Saviour ate the Last Supper; also, the dish in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of Christ; the Sangreal in search of which King Arthur and his knights made their famous quest. Every one is free to choose the character he prefers for the relic, and to honor it accordingly. One thing is, however, certain, that the Emerald is nothing but green glass; and the priests who acknowledge it say that it *used to be* Emerald, but that Napoleon changed it when it was in Paris.

Some of the other churches of Genoa are very rich, and deserving a visit. Among these the "Annunziata" stands pre-eminent. It is one of the oldest churches in the city, having been built early in the thirteenth century. It was enlarged in the sixteenth century to its present size; and was splendidly embellished at various times by the Lomellini family. Large subscriptions and bequests have contributed to keep it up, and at the present time a magnificent facade of white marble, with a row of beautiful marble pillars, which are just completed, shows what its splendor will be when the whole is similarly renovated. The frescoes and gilding in the interior are particularly rich.

The Church of St. Cyr is very ancient, its antiquity having been traced back to the year 250. It was the Cathedral of Genoa until 985, when that title was transferred to the Church of St. Lawrence, where it still remains. Many other churches are celebrated for their paintings, frescoes, and statuary. That of St. Maria di Carignano is one of the most conspicuous buildings in the place, standing upon a high hill at one extremity of the amphitheatre.

The *Goldsmith's Street* has a curiosity hanging against the wall of a house in a glass case. It is a very fine painting of St. Eloi, the patron of all smiths. It was painted by Pellegrino Piola, a young artist who was assassinated when only twenty-two

\* EXPLANATION.—Supplex. Servus Altissimi Salvatoris, Christi, Marie, Josephi, Christo. Ferens.

years old. It is a very old picture, and is looked upon with a degree of reverence and attachment by the inhabitants which it is difficult for us to understand. It is said that Napoleon was induced to leave it in its place, for fear of exasperating the Genoese too highly by removing it to Paris, as he contemplated.

The Bank of St. George, the oldest in Europe, (though that honor is also claimed by Venice,) is still here in a flourishing condition.

The walks and drives in the neighborhood of Genoa are surpassingly beautiful. Close to, and overlooking the city, are the *Peschiere* and *Zerbino* gardens, where the inhabitants are allowed to walk. At a distance of five or six miles, are the Pellavicini and Lomellini Villas, which merit a visit as much as anything in Genoa. In the former, art has almost superseded nature, which has left only the fine views which everywhere break out among the walks. Grottos, caves, castles, summer-houses, Chinese pagodas, obelisks, bridges, and lakes; all unite to make a most lovely spot, to which the memory reverts with very great pleasure.

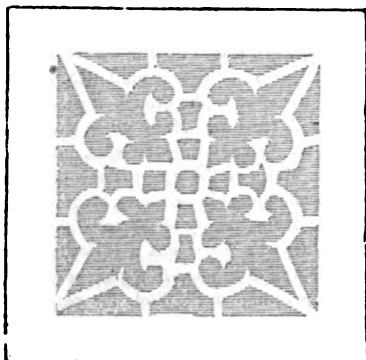
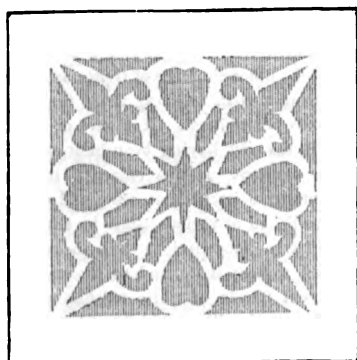
The climate of Genoa is very good, and the only drawback in winter is the high wind which is gene-

rally prevailing. It is, however, a very healthy place, and one can enjoy much solid comfort. The hotels are of the best description, the restaurants are good; provisions are plenty and cheap; the society is better than in any other city of Italy, and foreigners, with proper credentials, find no difficulty in obtaining an entrance into it.

Above all, Sardinia is free! *the press is as free as could be wished.* The soldiery are intended for the enemy, not for the citizen; life, property, conscience, all are safe. Here only, in Italy, the priests have been elevated to the level of their fellow-citizens. The peculiar privileges under which they have so long battered have been removed, and they take their places with, instead of above their flocks.

Sardinia is now the cynosure of all true lovers of freedom for Italy. She is looked upon with little love by Austria, Naples, and the other despotisms of Europe; and the time is not far distant when she may have to defend her freedom with the sword. It is to be hoped that, when that day arrives, and the standard of freedom is erected in its last Italian home, the governments of France and England will be found ranging themselves by the side of Savoy.

## FANCY GARDEN PLANS.



## LAST WORDS.

BY HELEN HAMILTON

We treasure fondly in our hearts  
A parent's cheering praise,  
The orator's warm eloquence,  
The poet's fervent lays;  
The vows of love are woven close  
With many a heart's warm chords;  
Yet, oh! we treasure these far less  
Than some loved lips' last words.

We stand beside the bed of death,  
And closer bend the ear,  
The last faint tones of tenderness  
From those pale lips to hear;  
And, oh! the wooing voice of love,  
The minstrel's high accords,  
Sink less in our hearts' inmost depths  
Than those faint-breathed last words.

Last words! last words! The broken phrase  
Formed by the parting breath,  
Ere Life's dim twilight fades away  
Into the night of Death,  
The last notes drawn from out a harp,  
Before its breaking chords,  
Yield 'neath the sweep of Death's cold hand;  
There treasure we—last words.

Last words! last words! The sobbed adieu  
Of those who part forever,  
The waters' moan ere Death's dark sea  
Ingulfs Life's sparkling river;  
A loved name murmured brokenly,  
A faintly-breathed farewell—  
These are thy jewels, Memory!  
Guard thou the casket well.

## THE SORROWS OF A "WEALTHY CITIZEN."

BY A SUFFERER.

Am me! Am I really a rich man, or am I not? That is the question. I am sure I don't feel rich; and yet, here I am written down among the "wealthy citizens" as being worth seventy thousand dollars! How the estimate was made, or who furnished the data, is all a mystery to me. I am sure I wasn't aware of the fact before. "Seventy thousand dollars!" That sounds comfortable, doesn't it? Seventy thousand dollars! But where is it? Ah! There's the rub! How true it is that people always know more about you than you do yourself.

Before this confounded book came out, ("The Wealthy Citizens of Philadelphia,") I was jogging on very quietly. Nobody seemed to be aware of the fact that I was a rich man, and I had no suspicion of the thing myself. But, strange to tell, I awoke one morning and found myself worth seventy thousand dollars! I shall never forget that day. Men who had passed me in the street with a quiet, familiar nod, now bowed with a low salaam, or lifted their hats deferentially, as I encountered them on the *paré*.

"What's the meaning of all this?" thought I. "I haven't stood up to be shot at, nor sinned against innocence and virtue. I haven't been to Paris. I don't wear moustaches. What has given me this importance?"

And, musing thus, I pursued my way in quest of money to help me out with some pretty heavy payments. After succeeding, though with some difficulty, in obtaining what I wanted, I returned to my store about twelve o'clock. I found a mercantile acquaintance awaiting me, who, without many preliminaries, thus stated his business:—

"I want," said he, with great coolness, "to get a loan of six or seven thousand dollars; and I don't know of any one to whom I can apply with more freedom and hope of success than yourself. I think I can satisfy you, fully, in regard to security."

"My dear sir," replied I, "if you only wanted six or seven hundred dollars instead of six or seven thousand, I could not accommodate you. I have just come in from a borrowing expedition myself."

I was struck with the sudden change in the man's countenance. He was not only disappointed, but offended. He did not believe my statement. In his eyes, I had meanly resorted to a subterfuge, or, rather, told a lie, because I did not wish to let him have my money. Bowing with cold formality, he turned away and left my place of business. His manner to me has been reserved ever since.

On the afternoon of that day, I was sitting in the

back part of my store musing on some matter of business, when I saw a couple of ladies enter. They spoke to one of my clerks, and he directed them back to where I was taking things comfortably in an old arm-chair.

"Mr. G——, I believe?" said the elder of the two ladies, with a bland smile.

I had already arisen, and to this question, or rather affirmation, I bowed assent.

"Mr. G——," resumed the lady, producing a small book as she spoke, "we are a committee, appointed to make collections in this district for the purpose of getting up a fair in aid of the funds of the Esquimaux Missionary Society. It is the design of the ladies who have taken this matter in hand to have a very large collection of articles, as the funds of the society are entirely exhausted. To the gentlemen of our district, and especially to those who have been *liberally blessed with this world's goods*"—this was particularly emphasized—"we look for important aid. Upon you, sir, we have called first, in order that you may head the subscription, and thus set an example of liberality to others."

And the lady handed me the book in the most "of course" manner in the world, and with the evident expectation that I would put down at least fifty dollars.

Of course I was cornered, and must do something. I tried to be bland and polite; but am inclined to think that I failed in the effort. As for fairs, I never did approve of them. But that was nothing. The enemy had boarded me so suddenly and so completely, that nothing was left for me but to surrender at discretion, and I did so with as good a grace as possible. Opening my desk, I took out a five dollar bill and presented it to the elder of the two ladies, thinking that I was doing very well indeed. She took the money, but was evidently disappointed; and did not even ask me to head the list with my name.

"How money does harden the heart!" I overheard one of my fair visitors say to the other, in a low voice, but plainly intended for my edification, as they walked off with their five dollar bill.

"Confound your impudence!" I said to myself, thus taking my revenge out of them. "Do you think I've got nothing else to do with my money but scatter it to the four winds?"

And I stuck my thumbs firmly in the armholes of my waistcoat, and took a dozen turns up and down my store, in order to cool off.

"Confound your impudence!" I then repeated, and quietly sat down again in the old arm-chair.

On the next day, I had any number of calls from money hunters. Business men, who had never thought of asking me for loans, finding that I was worth seventy thousand dollars, crowded in upon me for temporary favors, and, when disappointed in their expectations, couldn't seem to understand it. When I spoke of being "hard up" myself, they looked as if they didn't clearly comprehend what I meant.

A few days after the story of my wealth had gone abroad, I was sitting, one evening, with my family, when I was informed that a lady was in the parlor, and wished to see me.

"A lady!" said I.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant.

"Is she alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does she want?"

"She did not say, sir."

"Very well. Tell her I'll be down in a few moments."

When I entered the parlor, I found a woman, dressed in mourning, with her veil closely drawn.

"Mr. G——?" she said, in a low, sad voice.

I bowed, and took a place upon the sofa where she was sitting, and from which she had not risen upon my entrance.

"Pardon the great liberty I have taken," she began, after a pause of embarrassment, and in an unsteady voice. "But, I believe I have not mistaken your character for sympathy and benevolence, nor erred in believing that your hand is ever ready to respond to the generous impulses of your heart."

I bowed again, and my visitor went on.

"My object in calling upon you I will briefly state. A year ago my husband died. Up to that time I had never known the want of anything that money could buy. He was a merchant of this city, and supposed to be in good circumstances. But he left an insolvent estate; and now, with five little ones to care for, educate, and support, I have parted with nearly my last dollar, and have not a single friend to whom I can look for aid."

There was a deep earnestness and moving pathos in the tones of the woman's voice, that went to my heart. She paused for a few moments, overcome with her feelings, and then resumed:—

"One in an extremity like mine, sir, will do many things from which, under other circumstances, she would shrink. This is my only excuse for troubling you at the present time. But I cannot see my little family in want without an effort to sustain them; and, with a little aid, I see my way clear to do so. I was well educated, and feel not only competent, but willing to undertake a school. There is one, the teacher of which being in bad health, wishes to give it up, and if I can get the means to buy out her establishment, will secure an ample and permanent

income for my family. To aid me, sir, in doing this, I now make an appeal to you. I know you are able, and I believe you are willing to put forth your hand and save my children from want, and, it may be, separation."

The woman still remained closely veiled; I couldn't, therefore, see her face. But I could perceive that she was waiting with trembling suspense for my answer. Heaven knows my heart responded freely to her appeal.

"How much will it take to purchase this establishment?" I inquired.

"Only a thousand dollars," she replied.

I was silent. A thousand dollars!

"I do not wish it, sir, as a gift," she said; "only as a loan. In a year or two, I will be able to repay it."

"My dear madam," was my reply, "had I the ability, most gladly would I meet your wishes. But, I assure you, I have not. A thousand dollars taken from my business would destroy it."

A deep sigh, that was almost a groan, came up from the breast of the stranger, and her head drooped low upon her bosom. She seemed to have fully expected the relief for which she applied; and to be stricken to the earth by my words! We were both unhappy.

"May I presume to ask your name, madam?" said I, after a pause.

"It would do no good to mention it," she replied, mournfully. "It has cost me a painful effort to come to you; and now that my hope has proved, alas! in vain, I must beg the privilege of still remaining a stranger."

She arose, as she said this. Her figure was tall and dignified. Dropping me a slight courtesy, she was turning to go away, when I said—

"But, madam, even if I have not the ability to grant your request, I may still have it in my power to aid you in this matter. I am ready to do all I can; and, without doubt, among the friends of your husband will be found numbers to step forward and join in affording you the assistance so much desired, when they are made aware of your present extremity."

The lady made an impatient gesture, as if my words were felt as a mockery or an insult, and, turning from me, again walked from the room with a firm step. Before I could recover myself, she had passed into the street, and I was left standing alone. To this day I have remained in ignorance of her identity. Cheerfully would I have aided her to the extent of my ability to do so. Her story touched my feelings and awakened my liveliest sympathies, and if, on learning her name and making proper inquiries into her circumstances, I had found all to be as she had stated, I would have felt it a duty to interest myself in her behalf, and have contributed in aid of the desired end to the extent of my ability. But she came to me under the false idea that I had but to



put my hand in my pocket, or write a check upon the bank, and lo! a thousand dollars were forthcoming. And because I did not do this, she believed me unfeeling, selfish, and turned from me mortified, disappointed, and despairing.

I felt sad for weeks after this painful interview. On the very next morning I received a letter from an artist, in which he spoke of the extremity of his circumstances, and begged me to purchase a couple of pictures. I called at his rooms, for I could not resist his appeal. The pictures did not strike me as possessing much artistic value.

"What do you ask for them?" I inquired.

"I refused a hundred dollars for the pair. But I am compelled to part with them now, and you shall have them for eighty."

I had many other uses for eighty dollars, and, therefore, shook my head. But, as he looked disappointed, I offered to take one of the pictures at forty dollars. To this he agreed. I paid the money, and the picture was sent home. Some days afterwards, I was showing it to a friend.

"What did you pay for it?" he asked.

"Forty dollars," I replied.

The friend smiled strangely.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"He offered it to me for twenty-five."

"That picture?"

"Yes."

"He asked me eighty for this and another, and said he had refused a hundred for the pair."

"Though he lied. He thought, *as you were well off*, that he must ask you a good stiff price, or you wouldn't buy."

"The scoundrel!"

"He got ahead of you, certainly."

"But it's the last time," said I, angrily.

And so things went on. Scarcely a day passed in which my fame as a wealthy citizen did not subject me to some kind of experiment from people in want of money. If I employed a porter for any service and asked what was to pay, after the work was done, ten chances to one that he didn't touch his hat and reply—

"Anything that you please, sir," in the hope that I, being a rich man, would be ashamed to offer him less than about four times his regular price. Poor people in abundance called upon me for aid; and all sorts of application to give or lend money met me at every turn. And when I, in self-defence, begged off as politely as possible, hints gentle or broad, according to the characters or feelings of those who came, touching the hardening and perverting influence of wealth were thrown out for my especial edification.

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And still the annoyance continues. Nobody but myself doubts the fact that I am worth from seventy to a hundred thousand dollars, and I am, therefore, considered allowable game for all who are too idle or prodigal to succeed in the world; or as Nature's almoner to all who are suffering from misfortunes.

Soon after the publication to which I have alluded was foisted upon our community as a veritable document, I found myself a secular dignitary in the church militant. Previously I had been only a pew-holder, and an unambitious attendant upon the Sabbath ministrations of the Rev. Mr. ——. But a new field suddenly opened before me. I was a man of weight and influence, and must be used for what I was worth. It is no joke, I can assure the reader, when I tell them that the way my pocket suffered was truly alarming. I don't know, but I have seriously thought, sometimes, that if I hadn't kicked loose from my dignity, I would have been gazetted as a bankrupt long before this time.

Soon after sending in my resignation as vestryman or deacon, I will not say which, I met the Rev. Mr. —, and the way he talked to me about the earth being the "Lord's and the fulness thereof;" about our having "the poor always with us;" about the duties of charity, and the laying up of treasure in heaven, made me ashamed to go to church for a month to come. I really began to fear that I was a doomed man, and that the reputation of being a "wealthy citizen" was going to sink me into everlasting perdition. But I am getting over that feeling now. My cash book, ledger, and bill book set me right again; and I can button up my coat and draw my purse-strings, when guided by the dictates of my own judgment, without a fear of the threatened final consequences before my eyes. Still, I am the subject of perpetual annoyance from all sorts of people, who will persist in believing that I am made of money; and many of these approach me in such a way as to put it almost entirely out of my power to say "no." They come with appeals for small amounts, as loans, donations to particular charities, or as the price of articles that I do not want, but which I cannot well refuse to take. I am sure that, since I have obtained my present unenviable reputation, it hasn't cost me a cent less than two thousand, in money given away, loaned never to be returned, and in the purchase of things that I never would have thought of buying.

And, with all this, I have made more enemies than I ever before had in my life, and estranged half of my friends and acquaintances.

Seriously, I have it in contemplation to "burst up" one of these days, in order to satisfy the world that I am not a rich man. I see no other effectual remedy for my present grievances.

## POETRY.

### I'VE BEEN FORTH INTO THE WORLD, MOTHER.

BY MARIE J. CLARE.

The first thing that youth loses is its faith in human truth. When the young heart discovers that friends *may* be false or interested; that man in general is selfish, not to say villainous, its first impulse is to leave the world;—it yearns to pass immediately by the gate of Death to a better—even if it be all unprepared; for this other—the angelic.

I've been forth into the world, mother—into the world alone,  
And in all hopelessness of good come I back to thee, my own;

To thee, the only one whose voice I can in trust believe—  
Who will not, with a gentle smile and winning tone, deceive.

I hate this world, I hate false friends, I hate all else but thee;

The very sight of things once loved is hateful unto me:  
I laugh in reckless mockery at dreams of fancied bliss—  
Ay! laugh in scorn and bitterness—the *world* hath taught me this.

Proud castles, built with hope, lie hurried in ruins sadly low;

The prism through which I viewed the world was broken long ago:

Now banished the dreams that gave delight, earth's care-lines mark my brow;

Each bright tint 's faded from my sight, and life's one color now.

'Tis strange and very sad, thou'lt say, that one who hath scarce seen

The joyous birth of leaf and flower in the summertime eighteen,

Should speak so solemnly of life, of its mournful gift of tears,

And the tones that Sorrow whispers thus unto unwilling ears.

But oh! I've trusted in such faith, finding that trust in vain,

That with the same free openness I ne'er can hope again;  
My loftiest thoughts are scorned the most, deemed but the false untrue—

Cold eyes and colder hearts here judge of what they never knew.

The life-flame burns so fast, mother, I fancy 'tis death-fed,  
And such a hot, hot hand, mother, is laid upon my head!  
Sweet voices murmur in my ear from out an angel throng;  
A blessed hymn—anon, anon comes a fierce, fiendish song.

I know that thou art weeping, mother! I feel upon my cheek

Each hurried tear that silently tells woe thou canst not speak:—

But ah! my fount of tears is dry—I never more may weep;  
I can but lay me down and die—sing me to my death-sleep.

### THE WAIL OF THE TYROL.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

"When I visited the Tyrol, I asked a peasant why the people were all in mourning. 'Look at our towns,' replied he; 'you see they are all in ashes—and can you ask why we are in mourning!'"

I *weep* not for my father, although his silver hair  
Far off on the silent battle-field streams on the putrid air;  
I mourn not for my bright-eyed boy, my beautiful and brave,

Nor the gentle one whose cold arms clasp her treasure in the grave.

I weep not for the trusty friends which war has swept away,  
Though my gallant brothers all are dead—and my sisters, where are they?

And my home, my own loved cottage, the happiest in the vale,

Its ashes sweep—yet I heed it not—on every passing gale.

I weep—but, stranger, selfish tears no Tyrol cheek can lave:

Our hills were freedom's sunlit thrones—they now are freedom's grave;

My country's heart is gasping, her voice is a voice of wail;  
Despair shrieks on each mountain-top, and death shrouds every vale.

But we'll weep no more! Why should we weep? Is the spirit of freedom dead?

We'll change the hue of sorrow soon from the dark to the bloody red;

And the shout of the free again shall ring from mountain-top to shore,

And the peasant shall joy on his chainless hill, and the Tyrol wail no more.

### TO LIZZIE.

BY M. KERR.

Come, sit thee down beside me now,

My sister and my love,

And let me look into thine eyes,

Blue as the sky above:

A very heaven they are to me,

So gentle and so still;

Bright with pure thoughts, borne from thy soul,

Like blossoms on a rill,

My sister dear!

May never shed a sweeter smile

O'er the glad earth than thine!

June hath no roses in her lap

Thy blushes to outshine:

A darker pall than thy black hair

Night ne'er drew o'er the skies;

Whence thy white brow, like breaking morn,

Gleams with thy starry eyes,

My sister fair!

If any joys be mine through life,  
 Oh, let them strew thy way!  
 Thou art my sun—when thou art bright,  
 I live but in thy ray;  
 But if a shadow o'er thee fall,  
 Life's sunbeams fade and part;  
 Oh! pity my light is gone—  
 'Tis midnight in my heart,  
 My sister love

My very soul is wrapt in thine,  
 In many a bright fold laid;  
 Our hopes together bud and bloom—  
 Part them, and mine will fade.  
 Still near thee let me struggle on,  
 Still near thee smile and weep;  
 And e'er thy lamp of life be quenched,  
 Still near thee let me sleep,  
 Sweet sister mine!

### A WINTER DAY'S MUSINGS.

DEAR, dense, and gray,  
 Those massive clouds which now o'erspread the sky;  
 Bleak are the winds that rush so rudely by—  
 Sad is their lay!

Hushed is the song  
 Of birds; the gentle murr'ings of the rill,  
 And lulling sound of fountains, too, are still,  
 The woods among.

Withered, dead,  
 Are buds of spring, and summer's gayer flowers;  
 They perished with the bright and sunny hours  
 So soon that fled!

Hopes high and glad  
 Have faded, too, with all that's fair and bright;  
 And hearts that summer hours found gay and light  
 Are drear and sad.

Spring will restore  
 Beauty and verdure to the earth again;  
 Each wildwood warbler will pour forth a strain  
 Of joy once more.

But to the heart  
 That's blighted in its youth, oh! what can bring  
 Its freshness back? This desolated thing  
 Can never part

With all its woe;  
 The perfume of a flower—the zephyr's sigh—  
 A plaintive tone of music breathing nigh—  
 The sunset's glow—

The starry skies—  
 The gleam of waters in the silver light  
 That Luna sheds upon the brow of night  
 When daylight dies—

Each glorious thing  
 That once was loved in days forever past,  
 Will cause but vain regrets—fresh anguish cast—  
 New sorrows bring

No radiant beam  
 Of summer sun can e'er recall the glow  
 Which the seared heart hath lost; dark is the flow  
 Of its chilled stream.

No joyous, gay,  
 Wild song of glee; no words of minstrelsy,  
 Nor strains of rare and richest melody,  
 Can chase away

The low, sad tone  
 Which lingers o'er the heart-strings like the sound  
 That with the sea-shell or the wind-harp's sound—  
 A plaintive moan!

But yet the heart,  
 Still proud in its despair, will never show  
 To other eyes its deep, consuming woe;  
 With cunning art,

Will teach the eye,  
 And lip, and brow, a seeming light to wear,  
 To hide beneath a smile each sign of care  
 And sorrow high!

And thus—though light,  
 And love, and beauty from the heart be gone—  
 It still endures, and "brokenly lives on"—  
 A wreck, a blight!

Washington, D. C., Feb. 1852.

F. A. J.

### THE FOREST STREAM.

BY J. R. BARRICK.

In a low and ceaseless murmur,  
 Gently flows the forest stream—  
 Day and night to nature chanting  
 Music sweet as song and dream—  
 In the mirrored sky revealing  
 All the beauty of its gleam.

With a song of joy and gladness,  
 Merrily the minstrel sings,  
 And each passing breeze and sephyr  
 Wafts its carol on its wings,  
 Till the air around, above it,  
 Swells with magic murmurings.

Bubbling upward like a fountain,  
 Born of melody and song;  
 Like a transient gleam of beauty,  
 Flows the silver stream along,  
 Hymning anthems unto nature,  
 She to whom its hymns belong.

Hastening onward, onward ever,  
 Like the life that flows in me—  
 As a wave upon the river  
 Hastening to the distant sea—  
 As a hope the hidden future  
 Searching for the things to be.

Summer storms may o'er it gather;  
 Winds of autumn round it wall;  
 Winter, too, its bosom ruffle  
 With his icy sleet and hail;  
 But with summer, autumn, winter,  
 Doth its steady flow prevail.

Thus life's fountain to the river  
 In a winding current flows—  
 And the river to the ocean  
 In a channel deeper grows,  
 Till the fountain, river, ocean,  
 In eternity repose.

## THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

BY HORACE W. SMITH.

We have seen them by the forest shade,  
And by the sunlit streams;  
In childhood's walks, in manhood's years,  
They are mingled in our dreams:  
And oft they win our memory back  
To some forgotten thing,  
To seek the joy our childhood found  
Among the flowers of spring.

But ah! they win us back in vain;  
No after spring renews  
That gift of vanquished sunshine which  
Our souls so early lose:  
The sunlit stream may murmur on,  
The birds may gayly sing,  
But friends we loved have passed away  
Among the flowers of spring.

Yet fair and fragrant to the day  
Each bright-eyed flow'et opens;  
They are not withered like our hearts,  
Nor blighted like our hopes;  
And then each golden dream of youth  
Its long-lost light will bring—  
And all is bright, and all is hope,  
Among the flowers of spring.

*Huntingdon, March, 1852.*

## THINK OF ME.

BY "JAMIE."

WHEN pleasure's cup is sparkling high,  
When friends around thee throng;  
When hearts are light with playful mirth,  
And lighter wakes the song;  
When, counting o'er thy many joys,  
Recalled by memory,  
If 'twill not dim thy pleasure then,  
Oh! give one thought to me.

At dawn, when first Aurora's light  
Reflects o'er hill and dale,  
And glides the dew-washed lily's head  
That slept within the vale;  
When first the lark shall plume his wing,  
And soar from bondage free,  
To warble forth his merry notes—  
Then give one thought to me.

And when the shades of evening are  
Fast fading into night—  
An hour that well seems made for thought,  
And quiet is delight;  
At midnight's deep and solemn hour,  
When on thy bended knee,  
Thy hands upraised to Heaven in prayer,  
Oh then, ~~then~~ think of me!

If I could claim the richest gem  
That now lies in the sea,  
I'd rather far, than have that pearl,  
Have one kind thought from thee:  
If all the joys of this bright world  
Were now spread out to me,  
And I were told to make a choice—  
I'd ask one thought from thee.

## I THINK ON THEE.

I THINK on thee when early morn is breaking,  
For thou art as the day-star to mine eye;  
Thou art my first sweet thought upon awaking  
From dreams wherein thine image passeth by.

I think on thee whene'er the bright sun bringeth  
Day's busy hours and toll's unceasing strife;  
Then, like a bird, to thee my spirit wingeth—  
For thou art as the sunshine to my life.

I think on thee when twilight dews are stealing,  
When the dim stars scarce light the softened air;  
Then, then my shadowy thoughts thy form revealing—  
Like those dim stars, thou hadst been hidden there.

I think on thee when silent midnight seemeth  
As if it moved not on time's noiseless way;  
Till, worn with thought, my busy fancy dreameth  
That thou art smiling at my uncouth lay.

I think on thee, for ever, ever praying  
That but one glance of thine may beam on me;  
My truant thoughts are ever to thee straying—  
Dost thou not feel that I but *live in thee*?

## THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

BY BEATA.

I've won thee, won thee, gentle bride;  
I've loved thee long, hope of my life—  
And now I place thee at my side,  
My dearer self, my darling wife.  
Most beautiful to me thou art,  
And to all others passing fair;  
Then press thee closely to my heart,  
Dearest of all things treasured there.

Remember, love, where first we met;  
The churchyard with bright flowers o'erspread;  
The church itself in emerald set,  
A watcher o'er its buried dead.  
The firs around, the grass beneath,  
Shed faint perfume, a heavenly balm;  
I almost feared to draw my breath  
Lest I should break the soul-felt calm.

And thou! oh thou, so lovely beamed,  
A very pearl in purity,  
The spirit of the place I deemed  
And could almost have worshipped thee!  
That gray old church of bygone times  
We gazed upon together then—  
In silence gazed; no holy chimes  
Called us to meet our fellow-men.

We entered—and thy sweet young face  
All glorious looked in chaste joy;  
We knelt in thine accustomed place—  
Thou didst alone my thoughts employ.  
Thou wert beside me, and I heard  
Thy soft voice murmuring clear and low,  
Responsive to the Holy Word,  
Or in the chant melodious flow.

And ever from that tranquil hour  
When life's blest fulness first was mine,  
Thine image, love, alone had power  
To charm me in my manhood's prime.

We parted then—a fresh bud thou  
Expanding in thine early spring;  
And I a youth, with purposed vow,  
Time to my home should Eva bring.

I won thee there—and when at last  
We reach our lives' appointed bourn,  
And have Death's silent confines past,  
Our dust shall there to dust return.  
And should I first the dark vale tread,  
Thy faithful love shall me enfold;  
Or I will pillow thy dear head  
Where first we met—that churchyard old.  
Eva, beloved! why weepest thou!  
Yes, precious one, 'twere hard to part;  
Rest on my bosom thy fair brow,  
And press thee closely to my heart.

### THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

THE battle is waging! Why, warrior, away!  
Dost thou listlessly stand from the din of the fray,  
With thy head drooping low, and thy hand on thy brow,  
As though Life and its conflict were naught to thee now?

Why motionless thou, whilst the gathering throng,  
In double-mailed armor, are rushing along,  
And the clangor of battle around thee is heard,  
And the trumpet's loud tone every spirit has stirred?

But lately, thy heart was absorbed in the fight,  
But lately, its trophies were viewed with delight,  
And the might of thy arm, and thy courage, could vie  
With the strongest and bravest who now pass thee by.

Their serried ranks move; but the noise of their tread  
Meets thy ear as it falls on the ear of the dead:  
'Tis strange that a summons, once needless, should now  
Wake no fire in thy eye, and no light on thy brow!

Can it be that, before half life's battle is done,  
Ere the contest is past and the victory won,  
Thy spirit has shrunk from the strife raging there,  
And been blighted, consumed by the touch of Despair?

Can it be that the ardor which once led thee on,  
In the van of great hosts, towards the prize to be won,  
Has chilled and grown weak at the threats of the foe?  
Has thy arm become nerveless ere striking a blow?

Awake from thy stupor! Arouse thee again!  
Take thy part in the strife—be a man amongst men!  
Let thy soul shame the impulse that prompted thy fear,  
In the hour of trial, when danger was near.

Wouldst thou list to the foeman exultingly cry,  
That his threats blanched thy cheek, his words forced thee  
to fly?

Wouldst thou see thy friends mourning, in sorrow and  
shame,

O'er the wreck of thy glory, the brand on thy name?

Thou canst not—thou dar'st not! Then up to the field!  
Keep thy post in the ranks till the foeman shall yield!  
Let no timid doubts shake thee, no terrors dismay—  
Stand firm for the truth, and thy valor display!

Be strong in the right! 'Tis a panoply sure,  
An agis to guard thee and keep thee secure:  
Wear it ever; and then, 'mid the thickest of strife,  
Do thy part, as thou shouldst, in the Battle of Life!

### FANCIES DURING ILLNESS.

BY FIDELIA H. COOK

BEAUTIFUL visions, that before me swim,  
In softest light, whene'er mine eyes I close,  
Ye are too fair to be the phantoms dim  
That haunt the couch of opium-bought repose!  
The angel Morphia hath a shadowy train,  
But no such forms as yours adorn her pale domain.

Are ye some *mirage* from th' Eternal shore?  
A soft reflection on the dreamlike mist  
That o'er the sea of Death floats evermore?  
A she whose willowy marge my foot hath kissed:  
As in the Moslem's faith the houri waits,  
And beckons, with white hands, to the Celestial gates?

Ah no! your beauty is of earth; it takes  
Such forms as float before the artist's eye,  
When, 'neath his touch, the glowing canvas wakes  
To that strange life that ne'er again shall die;  
Or as the chiselled marble bears, when wrought  
To image to mankind the sculptor's lofty thought.

Oh, how much fairer than the shapes we see,  
Are those with which a glowing fancy teems!  
Too perfect to be true! And such were ye;  
For ye were beautiful, and ye are dreams!  
And thus our nature still transcends our fate,  
Like high-born foundlings left at some poor peasant's gate.

And ye have passed away, and left no trace,  
As roses leave the velvet cheeks of youth;  
And yet I fancy that each form of grace  
But shadows forth some unrecorded worth;  
And on the heart's red leaves, in traces dim,  
Shall Poesy for you inscribe one grateful hymn.

### ELLA LEE.

BY JOHN W. BEAZEL.

THERE'S music in the sunbeam,  
There's music in the shower,  
There's music in each rippling stream,  
Each leaf, and tree, and flower.

There's music in the moonlit sea,  
Where the proud bark cleaves the billow;  
And o'er thy grave, sweet Ella Lee,  
'Tis sighing through the willow.

There's music in the mountain height,  
And 'neath the dark pine shade,  
Where silver streams are flashing bright,  
And wild flowers paint the glade.

There's music in the joyous spring,  
Where young flow'rs gem the sod;  
And through each bright and lovely thing  
It whispers, "There's a God!"

There was music once whose gentlest thrill  
Was dearer far to me  
Than leaf, or flower, or flashing rill,  
Or starlight on the sea.

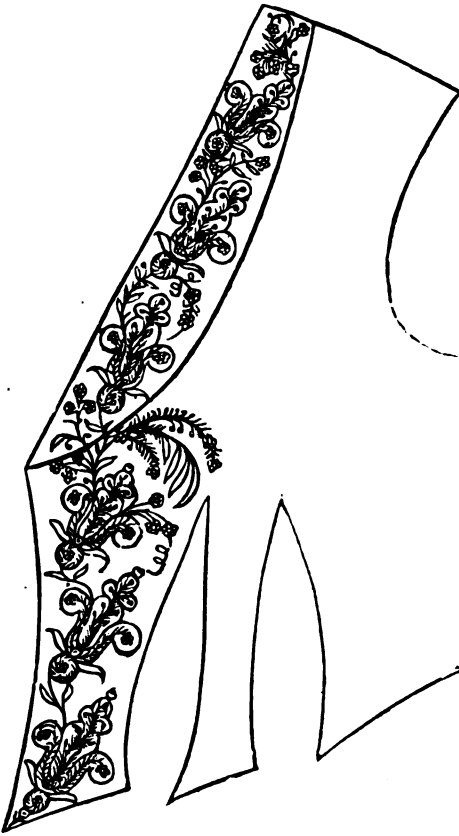
Its lute-like tones how oft they come  
With gentle thoughts of thee!  
But ah! they're hushed within the tomb,  
Where sleeps my Ella Lee.

Uniontown, Pa.

## AN EMBROIDERED VEST AND CAPS.

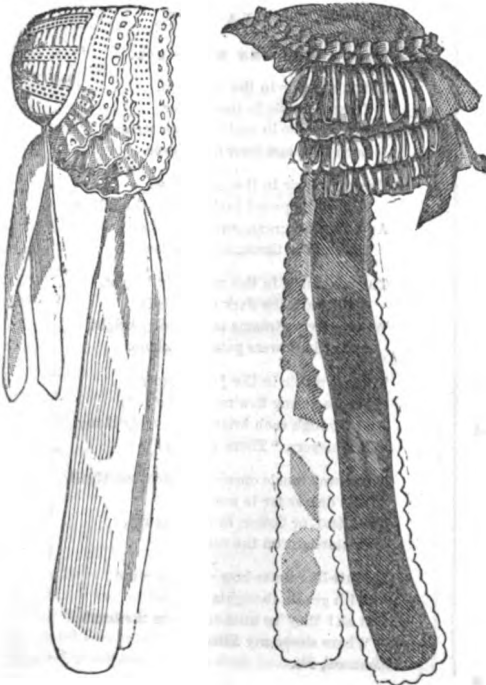
### EMBROIDERED VEST.

THE materials are blue satin and embroidery silk. The pattern should be drawn with a white crayon. Then proceed to do the outline of the design, the stems and the tendrils in chain stitch. The leaves and the flowers in the usual embroidery stitch. It is made up in the ordinary way, the front fastened by a row of gold buttons set with turquoise. The same pattern may be worked either on lace or muslin. If lace, work in tambour and chain stitch; give the collar and front a narrow thread edge, and line it with silk of some delicate hue. Studs may be substituted for buttons. Vests of cambric muslin, to be worn with lawns or light summer silks, will be very much the style the present and ensuing month. For description of embroidered muslin manilla, see "Chitchat."



No. 1.

No. 2.



### CAPS.

WE give two styles of breakfast caps: No. 1 being composed of dotted India muslin, with three corresponding frills. It will be noticed that the muslin of the crown is shirred between corresponding bands of insertion. To be finished with bow and strings of muslin, or ribbon, to the taste of the wearer.

No. 2 is of net, lined with a delicate shade of Florence silk. The trimming is a row of silk and net, with three of fringe, formed by loops of extremely narrow ribbon. Broad ribbon strings of corresponding shade.

## PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



This pattern forms an elegant border for a merino or cloth cloak, by working the curved line with cord and the rose-buds with silk.

## KNITTED BERRIES AND FRUIT.

## APPLE AND ORANGE.

Cast on thirty-four stitches with white knitting cotton, No. 10.

Knit one plain row.

*Second row.*—Purled, till within two from the end, turn back.

*Third row.*—Knit plain till within two from the end, turn back.

*Fourth row.*—Purled, till within four from the end, turn back.

*Fifth row.*—Knit plain till within four from the end, turn back.

*Sixth row.*—Purled, till within six from the end, turn back.

*Seventh row.*—Knit plain till within six from the end, turn back.

*Eighth row.*—Purled, till within eight from the end, turn back.

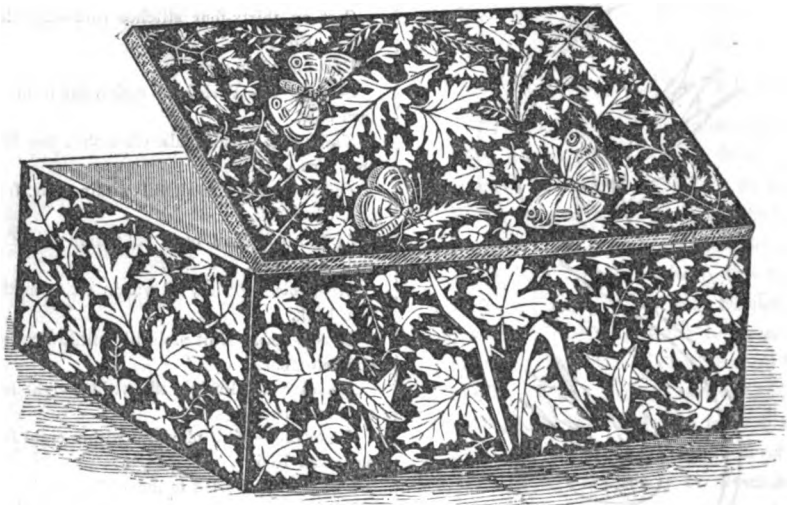
*Ninth row.*—Knit plain till within eight from the end, turn back.

*Tenth row.*—Purled to the end.

*Eleventh row.*—Knit plain to the end, and begin again as at second row; but the tenth row is to be purled till within ten from the end; eleventh row knitted till within ten from the end; twelfth row purled to the end; thirteenth row knitted plain to the end. Then begin again as at second row. After fourteen stripes, ending alternately one at the eleventh, the other at the thirteenth row. Cast off all the stitches; sew the two edges together; gather the stitches of the smaller aperture, fasten them tight round the stalk of a common clove, and fill up with bran, as full as possible, this white shape of an apple; when it is nearly full, fold a bit of wire in ten or twelve; cover it with brownish floss or half twist silk to make the stalk of the apple; gather the stitches of the second aperture, fill up with bran, as much as you can, and fasten off tight to the stalk. Then knit another apple in wool or silk of the color of the apple which you have chosen for model, and exactly in the same manner as the white one, but beginning with thirty-eight or forty stitches, and making one stripe more, or two plain rows between each stripe. Cover neatly with this the white shape, allowing the clove to show its head only. Make a little depression round the stalk of the apple by passing through the fruit three or four times, with a long darning-needle, the silk with which you have fastened the last aperture, and draw it tight. A leaf may be added, but is not necessary.

The orange is worked in the same manner, except that there are no purled rows, no clove put in, and no stalk.

## ANGLO-JAPANESE WORK.



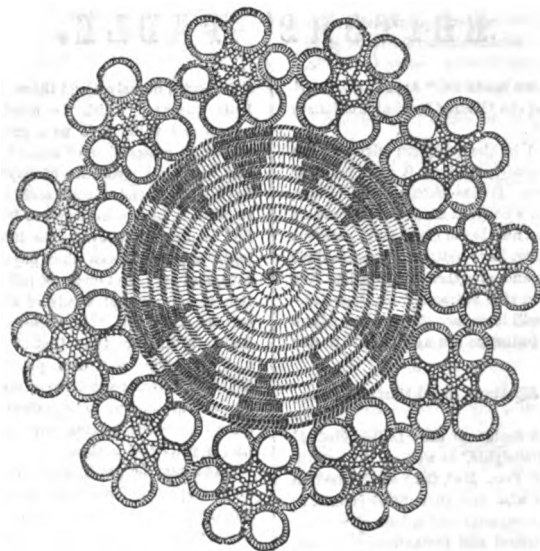
THIS elegant and most useful work is very easy in its execution, while the means and appliances for its performance are within the reach of every one. The materials are simply yellow withered leaves, a little dissolved gum, black paint, and copal varnish; while the objects to be ornamented may be a box, cupboard, table, &c., in fact, any old furniture that has been rendered unsightly by age or long use. A plain deal box, costing about a shilling, may by this process, so far as the outside goes, be converted into a costly-looking dressing-case. An exquisite chess-board may be made, with very little skill, from a square piece of deal. Flower-pots, pole-screens, folding and hand-screens, may all be decorated in this manner, and, from untidy-looking lumber, may be converted into articles of use, elegance, and beauty; and this at a merely nominal expense, *taste* being the chief requisite in the production. The employment forms one of the most agreeable and pleasing amusements for summer days and winter evenings; in the summer giving a purpose and an aim to many a joyous ramble, for in these desultory walks a goodly collection may be made of Nature's ambered jewels.

All leaves that are small, of uneven shape, and serrated at the edges, are well adapted for this work. As they are collected, they should be placed between sheets of paper, but not close together, then pressed by placing a board on the top, with a weight upon it, to express any moisture that may be therein, and to render them quite flat. In the autumn, the sweet-scented geranium-leaves, the maple, thorn,

chrysanthemum, wild parsley, fern, and a multitude of others may be found, including the smaller sycamore and small vine leaves; but they must all have turned of a golden hue, or reddish-tinted yellow. Prepare the article to be ornamented thus: First rub the surface smoothly down with sand-paper; then coat it over with black paint, which can be procured ready mixed at any oil-shop; when dry, rub it down smoothly with pumice-stone, and give two more coats. When these are dry, arrange the leaves on the surface in a careless manner, but not in groups, unless preferred. Butterflies, drawn and colored yellow with gamboge, or cut out of prints, and then colored, may be stuck at different spaces with advantage; but there should be no other color than the brown and different tints of yellow in the leaves. Gum the wrong side of the leaf, and press it on in its appointed place with a hard tuft of wadding, fastened tightly up in a piece of silk. Continue this with the whole of the leaves; and when they are all gummed on, dissolve some gelatine or isinglass in warm water, and while rather warm, brush it well over every portion of the work, using the brush entirely one way, not forward and back. When dry, give the work three coats of the best copal varnish, letting the article remain a day or two between each coat. This process, though elaborate in detail, is easily and even quickly done, and will well repay any trouble that may be taken, as, with a renewed coat of varnish every five or six years, it will remain, as long as the wood will hold together, as bright in appearance as when first finished.



## CANDLE-LAMP MAT.



**Materials.**—Half ounce each of stone-color and shaded violet, 8-thread; half ounce of shaded amber, 4-thread Berlin wool; 4 yards of ordinary-sized blind or skirt-cord; 77 small curtain rings, the size measuring across five-eighths of an inch; Nos. 1 and 2 Penelope Hook; 2 bunches No. 6 steel beads.

With No. 1 hook, and drab wool, work 11 stitches *de over* the end of the cord; double in as small a circle as possible, unite, and work 2 stitches into every loop for three more rounds.

**5th round.**—1 stitch into every loop.

**6th.**—Increase 1 stitch in every 2d loop. There must be 72 stitches in this round.

**7th.**—Place a pin in every 9th loop, and in this same 9th loop work with 8-thread violet, 1 stitch; then 9 stitches drab in the next 8 loops, that is, increasing 1 stitch in about the 4th loop; repeat this all round.

**8th.**—Work 3 stitches violet into the 1 violet stitch; then 9 stitches drab, working only 8 stitches in the last compartment, to commence next row.

**9th.**—In the last drab stitch that was not worked into, work 1 violet stitch; then 4 more violet; then 7 drab, increasing 1 in 4th stitch; in the last compartment make only 2 drab after the increased stitch, in order to make 8 violet in next round.

**10th.**—8 violet, the 1st to come before the 5th violet of last row, and the last to come after the 5th

violet, but increasing 1 violet on the 5th stitch; then 7 drab, increasing one in the 4th drab stitch.

**11th.**—All violet, increasing 1 in every 5th stitch.

**12th.**—All violet, but without increasing, unless required.

The diameter of the mat should now measure six inches across; but, should it be required larger, another row of cord, or even two, will give the increased size.

Now *de under* all the rings, about 30 to 32 stitches for each ring are necessary; unite and tie the knot very neatly, and sew six of these rings round a 7th, sewing them with cotton the color, and sewing them at the parts where each ring is joined, about 6 stitches in length; be careful that no stitches are seen on the right side; then sew steel beads round the centre ring, taking up five to six beads at a time on the needle; then place the needle between the joinings of the rings, take upon it about 35 beads, and draw the cotton across to the opposite point; repeat this twice more, the beads will then form as given in engraving; sew the circles of rings on to the mat by two of the rings, and sew the circles together by one ring. Any other color beside amber will do for the rings. If the table-cover is scarlet, green wool should be used; if blue, amber; or if green, scarlet or pink.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

In the March number, we made an "Appeal to American Christians on behalf of the 'Ladies' Medical Missionary Society of Philadelphia.'"

We are highly gratified by the reception given to our Appeal. The public, generally, received it with favor, as almost daily letters evince. It has been noticed kindly, and republished, in part or wholly, in many public journals and newspapers.\* A large number of clergymen, eminent in station, talents, and piety, have written to express their interest in the movement, and offer their co-operation. We shall, in a future number, give extracts from these interesting letters. Now we will introduce the opinions of two ladies, whose merits and influence are well known to our readers.

*Letter from Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, dated Hartford, Conn., January 7, 1852:—*

"The excellence of the design of the 'Ladies' Medical Missionary Society of Philadelphia,' as well as the institution of that nature (N. E. Fem. Med. Col.) established in Boston, approves itself to wise and thoughtful judges, as not only congenial to the capacity and sphere of woman, but as a measure of patriotism and philanthropy. I am, therefore, happy to comply with your request to become one of its patrons."

*Letter of Mrs. Frances M. Hill.*—The second letter is from that Christian lady so highly distinguished for her long and able services in the Mission School, established by the American Protestant Episcopal Church, at Athens, Greece. Her letter is dated March 26, 1852:—

"Your kind note of January last, together with the 'Appeal on behalf of the Ladies' Medical Missionary Society,' reached me some weeks since, but numerous engagements have prevented me from replying to it sooner. The 'Appeal' itself exhibits so fully the numerous reasons which make the acquisition of Medical Science for Women highly desirable, that it is quite unnecessary for me to add anything more on the subject. There can be little doubt but that such knowledge would greatly increase the sphere of usefulness to every female missionary. Perhaps a simple statement of my own experience may serve as an encouragement to those whose minds have been turned to the consideration of this subject.

"In the early stage of our missionary career,† a knowledge of medicine would have been a great benefit, both as

\* The "Appeal" has also been republished, with many commendations, in "Sharpe's London Magazine" for March, and widely circulated in England. We have received most cheering sympathy, encouragement, and approval, reaching us from the intelligent and influential of the Old World as well as the New. It is, indeed, true, as the Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts say, in their Report on Female Medical Education:—

"The public journals, having had occasion to allude to or discuss the subject, have with great unanimity given their influence in favor of the movement, many of them expressing their views in the strongest terms of approval."

† Rev. John Hill and his wife, Frances M. Hill, were sent to Greece in 1832, where they have ever since remained.

it respected ourselves and those around us. As it was, the little quackery which we must, more or less, become acquainted with, gave us a great reputation. A simple cathartic; a decoction of *aniseed* or *liquorice* for a cough; and, above all, a solution of *sulphate of zinc* for the eyes, have been attended with such beneficial effects, that my reputation in the healing art is fully established; and I find it difficult to evade the importunities to engage in *higher practice*. Even when physicians are, as now, numerous, and very good ones, too (all of whom pay great attention to the medical wants of the poor), I find, among a certain class, that '*the teacher's prescription*' is held in higher estimation than that of the regular practitioner; and sometimes our own physician, who is somewhat facetious, threatens to *arraign* me for practising without a *diploma*, pretending to be jealous of the confidence I have gained over the ignorant and superstitious, which science has, as yet, failed to obtain.

"As it may be gratifying to you to learn how far your views respecting female midwives have been sanctioned by modern practice (the ancient practice was entirely in the hands of women, all writers allow), I must inform you that among the first institutions *provided for by government*, after the establishment of the kingdom of Greece, was one for midwifery. The native practitioners—all females—were compelled to attend. A well-instructed, and, in all respects, well-qualified *woman*, who had studied in Italy, was placed at the head of this institution.

"Young women who could read were sought for, and inducements offered to them to become *midwives*. Some of the older pupils from our school entered, have since completed their studies, and are among the *regular practitioners* in this branch. Male physicians are only called upon in cases of great emergency, and this is rather to give testimony that the case has been properly conducted than from any personal practice they may render.

"Some time since, the advantage of having Female Physicians for Protestant Missions was presented to me by reading the account of the Institution of Kaiserswerth\* (on the Rhine), sent me by a young friend who had previously been spending some weeks with us. The Institution at Kaiserswerth, under the direction of the Rev. Pastor Fieldner, prepares pious young women for various departments of missionary operations. The study of medicine forms a part of this preparation. The graduates of this Institution are set apart for their work, and receive the title of *Deaconesses*. Some of these have been sent to our own country, and have an institution at Pittsburg. In the spring of last year, Mr. Hill met four of these Deaconesses on the steamer between Corfu and Syria; they were accompanied by the good Pastor Fieldner, and were on their way to Jerusalem, to take charge of a hospital which the King of Prussia has founded at an expense of \$50,000.

"We have heard of them recently, and learn that the effort has been attended with great success, and promises to be a most important aid in facilitating the operations of the missionary on that most interesting spot. I hope

\* See Fredrika Bremer's article on this Institution, in the "Lady's Book" for June.

these details may prove encouraging to all engaged in the execution of the plan; there can be no doubt that a well-qualified female physician must be a great advantage to all missionary stations."

Mrs. Hill's letter needs no comment. It must carry the conviction to every unprejudiced mind, that medical science is a proper study for woman—is *the science* for which the sex is peculiarly fitted; and that as missionaries, women, when thus qualified, may render most essential service in the cause of humanity and the advancement of Christian morals in heathen lands. Men can never gain access to the homes and harems where the women and children of Eastern nations dwell. If these poor, ignorant ones are healed and taught, it must be done by pious Christian women. Therefore, we feel sure our readers will rejoice to learn that the two Colleges\* alluded to in our March number are prospering greatly. The late Report (April 14, 1852) of the Massachusetts Legislature, in favor of granting \$10,000 to aid the Institution in Boston, holds this language: "Considered in its various features of usefulness, the institution conducted and sustained by the Female Medical Education Society, it appears to us, must rank among the most important educational establishments in the State; and it certainly appears to be a suitable and desirable object for legislative encouragement."

It is greatly to be desired that Pennsylvania, either by legislative aid or private donations, should contribute to build up the Female Medical College in this city, as the New England people are encouraging their own institution of the like design.

The Boston "Medical and Surgical Journal," the organ of the profession in New England, suggests to physicians the expediency of co-operating in carrying out the clearly expressed wishes of the public.

Surely the physicians of Philadelphia will be as unanimous in lending their approval and encouragement.

We here subjoin two poems written for our "Book," the first by a Greek gentleman, for several years a resident in our republic; the other by a German, author of the work on "German Literature" noticed in our March number.

#### ALABAMA.—A SONNET.

BY ALEXANDER PANTOLEON.

FROM her Olympian and Castalian home,  
My muse to Alabama's clime doth roam;  
Where Helicon!—no—*Chunneenuggee* soars,  
And, for *Ilissus*, *Chizeenozee* pours!

To Locheepoko turkey sportsmen go,  
And where magnolias cheer Escambia's flow;  
Where Coosa under giant pines bears trade,  
And swoll'n Tombigby rolls in live-oak shade.

Towards Tennessee ride hunters of the fawn;  
They leave Wedowee with the opening dawn:  
Red men from Talladega there are gone.

How hushed, betwixt Tuscumbla and Mobile,  
The savage warwhoop! while the Saxon's wheel  
And Lybia's banjo ring their merry peal!

Lafayette, Ala., April 9, 1852.

\* The New England Female Medical College in Boston, and the Pennsylvania Female Medical College in Philadelphia. The third session of this College commences September 13. Those young ladies who wish to attend may address their letters to David J. Johnson, M.D., 229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

#### THE HEART.

BY FRANK A. MOSCHISKEER.

LOVELY! most lovely, is the human heart,  
If from the God most holy it depart!  
Each object then, however dear in life—  
Wealth, friends, and children, even the lovely wife—  
All that is prized by worldlings as their pleasure—  
Is but a shadow of the heavenly treasure.

God is the heart's sure refuge when afflicted,  
Though in the sight of men we stand convicted:  
They may condemn us innocent, untried;  
But, if the heart be true and sanctified,  
Ne'er can our hope from happiness be riven,  
For peace, the heavenly peace, to us is given.

But oh! how desolate and dark the heart,  
If from this holy faith it should depart!  
Nor can the Infidel be made to feel  
Till God his loving mercies doth reveal.  
If sin in thy dark heart hath made its bed,  
Destroy it by the blood which Christ for thee hath shed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "Woman in her Social Relations," "The Lady of Haddon Hall," "Stanzas," "Herbert Leslie," "To my little Edward," "Fun in Earnest," "The Soldier's Dream of Home," "Recollections," &c., "To Sabina," and "You cannot blind his wing."

The following pieces are not wanted: "Pains of Fancy," "Scenes in Paris," "Country Winds," "Night and Morning," "Sabbath Reflections," "Solitude," "Ernest Essenberg," "A Vision," "To-Morrow," "An Indian War Song," "Ah, why so sad?" "The Lone Heart," "Wanderings," and "Melancholy."

We have not had time to examine all the articles sent last month, but shall report them in August.

#### OUR TREASURY.

##### THE PHILOSOPHY OF GRAMMAR.

BY LADY MORGAN.

I ASKED the question, should I say "everybody is gone out only I," or "only me?" and was answered "only I," because "only I" means "I alone"—"remain," being understood.

Had I used the conjunction "but," instead of "only," the proper construction would have been the same, because "but" means "be out," or, in more modern phrase, "I being out of the question." The modern "but," said my informant, represents two distinct words, both imperatives. When it stands for "be out," it is the precise equivalent of "except," derived from the Latin. Sometimes it is used for the imperative of an obsolete verb, signifying to add, which is now retained only in the infinitive, "to boot." Let us look for an instance: here is one in Sir Charles Grandison, which lies open before me. Marriot Byron writes, after some preliminary reflections, "But, why should I torment myself? what must be, will." The interpretation of the passage is this: to what I have already said, *boot* (or, in modern English, *add*) this second thought, that what must be, will; and, therefore, why should I torment myself? These two are the only real meanings of that Proteus-like conjunction; and one or other will explain all Johnson's hundred instances, scarcely one of which he understood properly. Johnson's industry was unwearied, but his research trifling. Authority, and not analysis, was its object. Authority belonged to his

day, inquiry to ours: so adieu to learning—and hey! for knowledge—*à bas les savans! à vive le savoir!*

Alas! it makes one's head ache to look over this grammatical jargon: I wrote my first twenty volumes without much troubling my head on the subject. But now "the schoolmaster is abroad;" that is, he is at home—with me—and my march of intellect goes on without ever budging from the fireside. "*Mon voyage autour de ma cheminée*," would not be the least intellectual book I ever wrote. And yet my dear Mr. Colburn would not give me £20 for all the grammar that I may write for the rest of my life; though I rivalled in etymological philosophy "*The Diversions of Purley*."

Before I drop grammar—what a droll pun is that of the grammarian presenting his book to the Académie, after the Duke de ——— had advanced his pretensions to be elected one of the *quarante*, on the score of his illustrious ancestors. "*Je suis ici pour mon grand-père*," said the duke. "*Je suis ici pour ma GRAMMAIRE*," said his ignoble philological competitor.

By the by, grammar is the last thing that should be placed in the hands of children, as containing the most abstract and metaphysical propositions, utterly beyond their powers of comprehension; putting them to unnecessary torture; giving them the habit of taking words for things, and exercising their memory at the expense of their judgment. But this is the original sin of education, in all its branches.

## BEAUTY.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE essence of all Beauty I call Love.  
The attribute, the evidence, the end,  
The consummation, to the inward sense,  
Of beauty apprehended from without,  
I still call love. As form, when colorless,  
Is nothing to the eye: that pine-tree there,  
Without its black and green, being all a blank;  
So, without Love, is Beauty undiscerned  
In man or angel.

## Literary Notices.

From HENRY CAREY BAIRD (successor to E. L. Carey), 8. E. Corner of Market and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia:—

THE PRACTICAL MODEL CALCULATOR, for the Engineer, Mechanic, Machinist, Manufacturer of Enginework, Naval Architect, Miner, and Millwright. By Oliver Byrne, Civil, Military, and Mechanical Engineer. Mr. Byrne is the author of a number of practical works relating to the duties of machinists, mechanics, and engineers, all of which have been highly appreciated and warmly commended by those best able to judge of their merits.

THE ASSAYER'S GUIDE; or, Practical Directions to Assayers, Miners, and Smelters, for the Tests and Assays, by Heat and by Wet Process, of the Ores of all the Principal Metals, and of Gold and Silver Coins and Alloys. By Oscar M. Lieber, late Geologist to the State of Mississippi. A very useful book in this metallic, mining, and smelting age.

From LEPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg & Elliot), No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

ROMANCE OF NATURAL HISTORY; or, Wild Scenes and Wild Hunters. By C. W. Webber, author of "Shot in the Eye," "Old Hicks, the Guide," etc. etc. This is an elegant volume of six hundred clearly-printed pages. The style of the author is vigorous, and well adapted to the ex-

citing incidents and wild scenery he describes. The work is handsomely illustrated, and, in all respects, is creditable alike to the author and his publishers.

LIFE OF LORD JEFFREY. With a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn, one of the Judges of the Court of Sessions in Scotland. In two volumes. The life and correspondence of Francis Jeffrey will naturally excite the attention and curiosity of literary men in every quarter of the world. He who, when living, was esteemed as the greatest of British critics, when dead cannot be forgotten, having left behind him a record as imperishable as the history and the monuments of his country. The work appears to have been written with great care and equal candor, attributing to Lord Jeffrey nothing that was not true of him, and, at the same time, exposing some of the "clap-traps" through which indiscreet friends aimed to elevate his reputation. The biographer assures us that, out of many hundreds of letters that he had seen, "there was scarcely three lines that might not be read with propriety to any sensitive lady, or to any fastidious clergyman."

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through LEPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia:—

PYNSHURST: his Wanderings and Ways of Things. The poetical language, the incidents, and the characters introduced by the author, Donald MacLeod, are all calculated to rivet the attention of the reader.

From LINDSAY & BLACKSTON, Philadelphia:—

HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN VERSE, from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Present Time. With illustrative notes, chronological chart of the kings of England, tables of cotemporary sovereigns, and a table descriptive of the present condition of Great Britain. The authoress tells us that this work has been written in verse under the impression that the facts referred to will be more readily retained in the memory than had they been written in prose. We hope she will not be disappointed in her anticipations, her object being praiseworthy.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through LINDSAY & BLACKSTON, Philadelphia:—

REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIALS, embracing Poems by the Rev. Wheeler Case, published in 1773, and an Appendix, containing Burgoyne's Proclamation (in burlesque), dated June 23, 1777. A late Authentic Account of the Death of Miss Jane M'Crea. The American Hero, a Supplic Ode, by Nat. Niles, A. M., &c. Edited by the Rev. Stephen Dodd, of East Haven, Conn. As in certain quarters, and among a certain class of authors, there appears to be a disposition prevailing to smooth over the tyranny which preceded the American Revolution, and even to conceal many of the cruelties which followed that event, as instigated and practised by the enemies of freedom, we look upon this little memorial as worthy of more than ordinary consideration. The time for hatred and revenge has happily passed away; but that is no reason why we should cease to remember the causes which produced the separation from the mother country, and which eventually gave rise to our republican system of government.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLACKSTON, Philadelphia:—

THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA. By George Curtis, author of "Nile Notes." A very interesting volume, abounding in graphic and spirited sketches of eastern scenery and eastern manners.

NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND PRACTICAL, ON THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS. By Albert Barnes. This volume, we believe, is the sixteenth and last of the author's

"Notes" on the New Testament, and on the books of Isaiah, Job, and Daniel, which were commenced by the learned and laborious commentator more than twenty years ago. It will be found highly useful to theological students, and to readers of the sacred Scriptures generally.

**ROMANISM AT HOME.** *Letters to the Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States.* By Kirwan. The author of this book is the Rev. Dr. Murray, a native of Ireland. In these letters, addressed to the Chief Justice of the United States, a native Roman Catholic, Dr. Murray, in his own peculiar style, describes what he saw in his own country and in Rome, of the effects, as he thinks, of that religion as well upon the State as upon the people.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), corner of Fourth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

**THE YEAR-BOOK OF FACTS IN SCIENCE AND ART:** exhibiting the most Important Discoveries and Improvements of the Year, in *Mechanics and the Useful Arts; Natural Philosophy; Electricity; Chemistry; Zoology and Botany; Geology and Geography; Meteorology and Astronomy.* By John Timbs, Editor of the "Arcana of Science and Art." The title of this book, with the great respectability of the London and Philadelphia publishers, will be a sufficient guarantee to the reader for the useful character of its contents.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

**HUNGARY IN 1851, WITH AN EXPERIENCE OF THE AUSTRIAN POLICE.** By Charles Loring Brace. The facts embraced in this interesting volume were collected by the author during a journey through Hungary, pursuing which he had unusual advantages for observing thoroughly the conditions and feelings of the masses of the Hungarian people.

**THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE.** There is a great deal in this little volume to attract the attention of Christian fathers, and to suggest noble sentiments to judges, statesmen, and to all in authority.

From JOHN S. TAYLOR, New York, through A. HART (late Carey & Hart), Philadelphia:—

**FANCIES OF A WHIMSICAL MAN.** By the author of "Musing of an Invalid." This is another sparkling volume from the pen of a keen observer of human nature in all its phases. It abounds in terse and rapidly-flowing sentences, embracing a greater amount of wisdom and sound morality, and evincing a deeper philosophical inquiry into the habits and follies of the creature man, than is generally attained by those who set themselves up for reformers and authors in these modern times, when all things are brought to early maturity through the wonderful agency of steam and gas-light.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZIEBEN, Philadelphia:—

**LEGENDS OF LOVE AND CHIVALRY.** *The Cavaliers of England; or, the Times of the Revolutions of 1664 and 1688.* By Henry William Herbert, author of "The Roman Traitor," "Marmaduke Wyvil," "Cromwell," etc. This volume, besides much that is new, embraces several tales of peculiar interest, selected from the early productions of the author. The latter, however, have been carefully revised and retouched; and, having been thus subjected to a judgment now matured, and to a pen guided by experience, will doubtless be received by the public, and by the author's numerous admirers, as most acceptable memorials of his genius, and of the purity of his style.

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From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through W. B. ZIEBEN, Philadelphia:—

**CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.** Vol. 1. Each volume complete in itself. This is an unbound volume of one hundred and eighty pages, and is the first of a series recently commenced by the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, with whom the American publishers have made arrangements for early reprints in this country. The work, as we are told, will consist of amusing articles from "Chambers's Journal," supposed to be out of print, and is intended, in these days of cheap and rapid travelling, cheaply and rapidly to help the traveller along by affording him light and entertaining reading. Price 20 cents.

From DERBY & MILLER, Auburn, New York:—

**MEMOIR OF ADONIRAM JUDSON:** *being a Sketch of his Life and Missionary Labors.* By J. Clement, author of "Noble Deeds of American Women." This work has been before the public for some time, but still retains its great interest, which must continue and increase, with the friends of foreign missions.

**THE LIVES OF MRS. ANNE H. JUDSON AND MRS. SARAH B. JUDSON,** *with a Biographical Sketch of Mrs. Emily C. Judson, Missionaries to Burmah.* In three volumes. By Abella W. Stewart. This is a most valuable companion for the volume to which we have just referred, affording evidences of Christian zeal on the part of three devoted women, which may, indeed, challenge comparison in modern times.

**SUMMERFIELD; OR, LIFE ON A FARM.** By Day Kellogg Lea. A most excellent book, in which fiction is made to subserve the interests of morality and religion. Indeed, we have not seen a book for a long time, in which the quiet and social virtues have been more impressively illustrated than they have been by the author of "Life on a Farm." We know enough of farm life ourselves to induce us to believe that it is not always free from those cares, and from that solicitude engendered by ambition, which are the great annoyances in other states of life. To correct and to regulate these has been the principal object of the author, and we think his success will be complete with all rational and considerate readers.

**GOLDEN STEPS TO RESPECTABILITY, USEFULNESS, AND HAPPINESS.** *Being a Series of Lectures to Youth of both Sexes, on Character, Principles, Associates, Amusements, Religion, and Marriage.* By John Mather Austin, author of "Voice of Youth," "Voice to Married," etc. Ten thousand copies of this valuable book have had a ready sale.

**THE YOUNG LADY'S BOOK; or, Principles of Female Education.** This is a very good book, calculated to establish in the mind of the inexperienced a sound and womanly discretion. It is very much to be regretted that the appearance of works of this description is so few and far between. At the same time, it must be confessed that authors are as much to blame, if not more than the public, with respect to the due encouragement of such practical works as the one before us. Public taste and public morals would, in our opinion, finally prove obedient to the careful moulding of such authors, were more of them to enter the field with the same amount of courage and good-will.

**WHAT I SAW IN LONDON; or, Men and Things in the Great Metropolis.** By D. W. Bartlett. This appears to be an unprejudiced review of men and incidents as they were presented to the author's judgment during two years' residence, at different periods, in the city of London. Without doing injustice or giving offence to any one, the author appears to have manfully sustained the character of his country.

**THE LIFE OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, FIRST**

**WIFE OF NAPOLEON.** By P. C. Headley, author of "Women of the Bible," etc. This work has passed through a number of editions.

**MEMOIRS OF THE MOTHER AND WIFE OF WASHINGTON.** By Margaret C. Conkling, author of Harper's translation of "Florian's History of the Moors of Spain." This popular work has also run through several editions. It should be read by every wife and mother in America who can appreciate female virtue and patriotism.

From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston and Cambridge:—

**THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE:** *the text carefully restored according to the first editions, with Introductions, Notes, original and selected, and a Life of the Poet.* By Rev. H. N. Hudson, A. M. In eleven volumes. We have now before us volumes three and four of this series, comprising eight plays, viz., "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Taming of the Shrew," "A Winter's Tale," "Comedy of Errors," "Macbeth," and "King John." The merits of Shakespeare need no eulogy; two hundred years of glory are sufficient to stamp the value of his writings. But the manner in which this edition is prepared by the editor, and got up by the publishers, is deserving of great commendation. As a work for schools and families, this edition will be found better adapted than any other we have examined. The volumes are convenient in size, and the printing clear.

**THE GREEK GIRL: a Tale in Two Cantos.** By James Wright Simmons. The story is well described in the preface: "A Greek maiden, of gentle birth, but parentless, whom the casualties of Eastern warfare had reduced to the condition of a Mohammedan slave, and who, by a similar casualty, is restored to her original and far more appropriate character, that of a heroine," is the centre and attraction of this poem. There is no lack of stirring incidents, and the descriptions are striking, and often powerful. Some errors in sentiment might be pointed out; but then we have no room for extracts to show the many beauties. Ours is only a notice; the work deserves a review. For sale by A. Hart, Philadelphia.

**FRESH FLOWERS FOR CHILDREN.** By a Mother. With engravings. A very nice little book, which the young will love to read, and profit by the reading.

**THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON;** *with Biographical Sketches of his Mother and Wife. Relations of Lafayette to Washington; with Incidents and Anecdotes in the Lives of the two Patriots.* The world will never tire of Washington, and if that were possible with the old, this charming volume will endear his memory more deeply in the hearts of the young. It is a book replete with interest, every page having its separate charm. It should be in every school library, and on the centre-table of every family-room in the land.

**THE HOUSE ON THE ROCK.** By the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," "Old Jolliffe," etc. etc. The series of little books to which this belongs have had a wide popularity in England as well as in our Republic. The first published, "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," was a charming story. This last book has the like aim of doing good and teaching how to be happy, that stamps all the writings of the author. It will be popular.

**COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE.** By the author of "Essays Written in the Intervals of Business," "Friends in Council," etc. The foregoing productions of this writer have been so excellent, that we took up this volume expecting to be pleased; and it has equalled—indeed, exceeded our hope. Full of deep and probing reflections on the

present aspects of society, the work is yet more valuable for its suggestions which reach the future conditions of humanity. The style is pure as the thoughts it serves to make more beautiful; and, altogether, these "Companions" will cheer the solitary, or add zest to the social meetings of "friends in council." The author has that earnest purpose of doing good which never fails of its mark; and the publishers deserve the thanks of the community for bringing out, in their liberal style, these attractive and valuable books.

#### NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "Arrah Neill." A Novel. By G. P. R. James, author of "Richelieu," etc. Three volumes complete in one. Price 25 cents.—"Falkland." A Novel. By Sir E. L. Bulwer, author of "Lucretia," etc. Only cheap edition ever printed. Price 25 cents.—"The Mob Cap, and other Tales." By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. This large volume contains nine of the most popular tales of the authoress, Mrs. Hentz, whose numerous works of fiction, blended as they have been with practical and useful lessons in manners and morals, have placed her name among the first female writers of our country. Price 50 cents.

From Stacy & Richardson, Boston: "Crayon Sketches and Off-hand Takings of Distinguished American Statesmen, Orators, Divines, Essayists, Editors, Poets, and Philanthropists." By George W. Bungay.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." This ably conducted work has reached its twenty-second number.—"London Labor and London Poor." By Henry Mayhew. Part 18. Price 12½ cents.—"The Dalton; or, Three Roads in Life." By Charles Lever, author of "Maurice Finney," etc. This is a work of more than ordinary interest, though we may not be prepared to enter into all the author's views.

From Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia: "The Milliner and the Millionaire." By Mrs. Dr. Hicks, of Virginia, authoress of the "Lady-Killer," etc.

From Bunie & Brother, New York, through T. B. Peterson: "Remorse, and other Tales." By G. P. R. James, Esq.

From A. Hart (late Carey & Hart): "Woodreave Manor; or, Six Months in Town." A Tale to suit the merits and the follies of the times. By Anna Hanson Dorsey, author of the "Student of Blenheim Forest," &c. Price 50 cents. This is a tale of more than usual interest to the American reader.—"Clifton; or, Modern Fashion," etc. A Novel. By Arthur Townley. Love, law, and politics are here thrown together, and mingled with the usual incidents connected with those interesting matters, and in the free and easy style which always finds admirers.

"The Lantern." Publication Office 149 Fulton Street, New York. This is a very amusing publication; witty and sarcastic, but retaining a position above vulgarity, and marked by no evidences of malice or scurrility. Its word-cuts have been justly compared to those of the London Punch.

From Long & Brothers, New York: "Wau-Nan-Gee; or, the Massacre of Chicago." Those who are fond of investigating the characters of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent will find in the volume here presented an amount of information in respect to the peculiarities of that race which will greatly interest them.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

READER! you may not be aware of the fact, but this first day of July is, indeed, the birthday of "Godey's Lady's Book!" Twenty-two years ago this day, we commenced the publication of a magazine which had but few friends or admirers when first ushered into life, but which has lived and prospered, while many others, apparently of a more sturdy stock, have breathed awhile in sorrow, then early sickened, and finally died in utter neglect. We mention this fact, not because it ministers to our vanity, but because it inspires us with the most lively sentiments of gratitude.

To be able to say that, for twenty-two years, we have been the publisher of a literary magazine, dependent entirely upon the public taste and judgment for its existence from month to month, has not often fallen to the lot of any one man in this or in any other country.

It was said of Apollo, that they always made him with a young face, never growing older. We hope not to be accused of flattering the "Lady's Book" when we say that, although it has reached a respectable age as a magazine, it has fallen behind none of its youthful rivals, but that it is as fair, sprightly, and as clear of wrinkles as any of them. And as for progress, the best evidence our readers can require that we have never been behind the progress of the times in which we have lived, either in literature, in the arts, or in the fashion—will be found by examining our volumes, as they have accumulated from one to forty-four!

But enough of this, dear reader, lest we should be accused of excessive self-complaisance, when we only desire to remind you of the past years of our existence, and to assure you that whatever of the future may be left us, will be devoted with equal zeal, industry, and gratitude, to your amusement and edification.

We have attempted, besides our usual plates, to give a novelty in this number—printing in colors on a power-press. It shows the capabilities of our office, and the ingenuity of our workmen. The subjects are also part of our great design in publishing this work—to give articles of utility and beauty. It will be seen that the subjects are such as can be made by any carpenter, and from the woods of almost any person possessing a small country estate.

SOME OF OUR VARIOUS DUTIES.—We have lately had the following orders from our friends of the press: To get a situation for a young lady as firewoman in a millinery establishment; to get all the information necessary to put up a line of telegraph; to show how to cultivate sweet potatoes, and where to get seed; to hunt up a young man who had left his native village, without the consent of his parents, to see the sights in Philadelphia; to obtain a set of surgical instruments; to put in suit several bills against one of the advertising agencies; to buy a lot of type, nearly four hundred dollars' worth; to get a first-rate Adams's press; to have a calculation made what it will cost to print a law-book; do a periodical; to ascertain about the late invention of fastening on horse-shoes without the use of nails. We have had no request to find a wife for any young gent, because a good wife can as soon, perhaps a little sooner, be found in the country than in the city. However, if any one wishes us to try, we will do so.

No. II. of "Everyday Actualities," by Hinckley, appears in this number. We are pleased to find that this department gives such general satisfaction. There is no end to the store of them we have on hand.

We have recently published the following articles, which may be considered among the useful and instructive: Upon Needles; Gloves; Honiton Lace-Making; Watches; Steam; Fans; Bleaching Cotton; The Stars; Wild Flowers; The Conservatory; article upon School Teaching; on Letter Writing; History of Boots and Shoes; Calisthenics for Ladies; The Phantoscope, &c.

MR. BAILEY, the editor of the "Lancasterville, S. C., Ledger," who is a gentleman of talent and a most able editor, publishes the following, touching that most excellent family paper, "Arthur's Home Gazette":—

"A friend has kindly sent us the numbers of 'Arthur's Gazette,' containing the conclusion of 'Mr. Haven't-time,' and 'Mr. Don't-be-in-a-hurry,' which will enable us to finish the story next week. The subjoined letter was not sent for publication; but, to show in what estimation 'Arthur's Gazette' is held by our friend, and, at the same time, for the purpose of doing Mr. Arthur what service we can, we give it a place in our paper:—

"CAMDEN, S. C., April 9, 1852.

"R. S. BAILEY, Esq.—DEAR SIR: In your last paper, I see you want some numbers of "Arthur's Home Gazette." I take pleasure in supplying you with those you wish, and the two numbers received since. In this package you will receive numbers 28, 29, 30, and 31.

"I am glad you like that paper so much; it is, in my estimation, one of the very best family newspapers in the United States: so valuable do I consider it, that I take two copies, one to file, and one to give any friend who may desire it, or to whom I may recommend it, and wish to furnish them with a specimen. If my influence could have that effect, every housekeeper in America, who is able to pay for it, and can read it or have it read, would be a subscriber. Mr. Arthur's teachings have such a tendency to smooth down, soften, and purify the roughness and unevenness of our natures, that, if any honest man will tell me, after reading it carefully one year, that he is not wiser, better, and more virtuous, I will agree to refund the subscription money, and in sorrow set him down in my mind as a case most hopeless of improvement.

"I have taken the paper from its commencement, and have the file complete, which I prize highly. Its circulation now is over eighteen thousand copies.

"Hoping that your "Ledger" may prove a benefit to the people of my native district,

"I remain, yours respectfully, J. R."

We copy the following from an exchange. If we knew the author, we certainly should give him credit for it:—

"A SOLEMN WARNING.—I once called upon a sick person whom the doctor had given up as a gone case. I asked him if he had made his peace with everybody. He said he thought he had squared up. I asked him if he had forgiven all his enemies. He replied yes. I then asked him if he had made his peace with his printer. He hesitated a

moment, and then said he owed him something like about two dollars and fifty cents, which he desired to have paid before he bid adieu to the world. His desires were immediately gratified; and from that moment he became convalescent. He is now living in the enjoyment of health and prosperity, at peace with his conscience and the whole world. Let him be an example for you, my friends."

The only alteration requisite in the above to suit this meridian is the amount.

**RAPID PROMOTION.**—For the first time in our life, we have been honored with a military title. Colonel Godey! Muskets and bomb-shells! Isn't it terrible! But our dear friend, the editor of the "Oquawka Spectator," must excuse us. His line of promotion has been too rapid; having first commissioned us as a major, and very soon after raised us to the rank of colonel, has quite overcome our sensibilities. But why or wherefore these military honors have been thus suddenly and unexpectedly showered on an individual so unmilitary in his profession and his habits as we are, we are greatly at a loss to conjecture. Were we a political leader, or an aspirant for office, or a regular fighting man in the editorial corps, we would probably know how to appreciate the value of such titles, whether deserved or not, in all sham-battles and bloodless combats for place, power, or fame. But, as we

"Never forsook our peaceful dwelling,  
Or went about a colonelling;"

we really feel abashed at this coupling of our modest name with such dignified, gunpowder, and broadsword appellatives as major and colonel. Spare us your military commissions, dear sir, and we shall at all times be prepared to fulfil any commission you may confer upon us in relation to the "Lady's Book," or in the accomplishment of any other peaceful matter of business you may desire us to attend to in this city of brotherly love. Meantime, we tender you our thanks for your kind notices of our "Book." Your business reference that "Godey always keeps his promises," was more valuable and consoling to us than would have been the military title of field-marshal, or that of commander-in-chief of all the forces!

**DRESSES OF THE QUEEN AND MRS. ABBOTT LAWRENCE AT THE LATE DRAWING-ROOM.**—The queen wore a train of white poplin, embroidered with small wreaths of the rose, thistle, and shamrock in colors; the petticoat was of white satin. The head-dress was composed of feathers and a wreath of red roses. Mrs. Lawrence wore a train of green velvet, lined with pink glace, and trimmed with point de Venise; dress of pink *châné moiré antique*. The head-dress was composed of feathers, point de Venise lappets, and the ornaments were a profusion of diamonds and emeralds.

**WOMAN IN HER VARIOUS RELATIONS.** BY MRS. L. G. ADKILL, author of "Gems by the Wayside," etc. We have before noticed this delightful work; but we refer to it again, as there were several errors in our former notice. It is published by Wm. Holdridge, 140 Fulton Street, New York.

**MR. SMITH AND HIS PEW-HOLDERS.**—The rightful and legal owners of pews in our popular churches, especially on popular occasions, such as when a popular preacher is advertised to occupy the pulpit, are frequently perplexed and annoyed at finding themselves excluded from their seats by those who have had the good fortune to arrive a little in advance. In all such cases, either their piety must triumph over their politeness, their curiosity prove stronger than their courtesy, or they must stand up in the aisle, or

countermarch to the door, and thence to their homes. But Mr. Smith, a venerable gentleman, and a veteran in Christianity, had a way of his own in conquering all such apparent difficulties. Walking up the aisle of his church, in his usually solemn and quiet manner, one Sabbath morning, when a brilliant discourse was expected from an eloquent preacher, on arriving at his pew-door, he found it so nearly filled by a party of strangers, that the person who had taken command of the door deemed it advisable to refuse him admittance. Without giving the least intimation of his authority, the courteous and good-natured Mr. Smith simply motioned to the door-keeper and his inside companions to close up, and thus make room for the unknown applicant for admission. But this truly modest request was resisted by looks and shrugs, which plainly said to Mr. Smith, "No room for outsiders here;" and, had he entertained the least doubts as to their determination to keep him out, they were at once removed when he attempted to open the pew-door, by the gentleman telling him, "Sir, there is no room, and you cannot come in here." "Ah," said Mr. Smith, in a gentle whisper, "that is very strange, considering that I pay seventy-five dollars a year for this pew; and myself and family, numbering in all one more than are now seated, occupied it last Sabbath in great comfort." "Ah," in turn, exclaimed the gentleman within, and was about making his exit in great confusion; but this the good old Christian prevented, by quietly insisting on his remaining in the pew, and judging for himself of its capacity to accommodate all within, and the supposed stranger who had been ordered to remain without. We think, if we have told this anecdote intelligibly, that it will be found to convey two lessons in Christian church-going morality. But we leave that to the moral discernment of the reader.

**"A PROPER HINT."**—The "Le Roy Gazette," N. Y., approves the hint we gave some time since to our exchanges, to place the State, as well as the name of the town in which they are published, at the heads of their papers. We are glad to receive the assistance of the "Gazette" in this matter of reform, because, if it is ever accomplished, it will give great relief to a venerable personage who sits near us, and whose special duty it is to examine our exchanges. The old gentleman's temperament is not so irritable now as it was formerly, or we fear we should be obliged to listen to some heavy imprecations against such of our editorial friends as imagine everybody to be acquainted with their location, merely on account of the fact being familiar to themselves. It often happens that our assistant is grievously perplexed, and has to examine through all the advertisements, and even then does not always succeed, but has to guess at the name of the State. When our friends shall take the trouble to examine the list of post-towns in the United States, and assure themselves of the vast number of towns in every State which bear the same name as does that in which they reside, they will see the necessity of making the required designation. We beg them to do it for our old friend's sake.

**"A WORD IN PRIVATE."**—Our friend of the "Sandy Hill Herald," after a very kind notice of the "Lady's Book" for May, puts this question to us very seriously, but "in private," "Did you tell the truth when you said you were happier now than when a boy?" We certainly did tell the truth, as we always do, and, as our friend knows, or ought to know, we always have done, when conversing or making promises to our readers. The fact is, Mr. Herald, we have some very disagreeable reminiscences of our school-boy days, and such do not leave the impression on our mind



that the old school system was much to be preferred to the new. Under the old system, they whipped the boys out of all regard for their books, and out of all veneration for their teachers. That was the oppression of the past. The oppression practised at this time is in forcing the mind, at a too early age, to effect the comprehension of things above its capacity. This is attempted by exciting the emulation, or the ambition of the pupil, until it excites a degree of feverish anxiety that proves injurious to his bodily frame and destructive to the mental faculties. But, as we have touched on this subject in another article, we have only to assure our doubting inquirer that the present period of our life is much happier than any which we can remember to have passed in our boyhood or school days.

Though tending, like all created things, to the sear and yellow leaf, we have a cheerful, a grateful, and, of course, a happy heart. We have, indeed, our troubles of business, our little disappointments and vexations, like the rest of the business world; but we have, too, our quiet home, with none to disturb the equanimity of our temper, or to make us afraid, and where we enjoy all the endearments of childhood, and all that affectionate consideration which our years and our family position entitle us to—blessings which we hope our doubting and inquiring friend may enjoy now and hereafter, in at least as large a proportion as has fallen to our share!

**HIGH DUTCH vs. LATIN.**—Our good friend of the "Mountain Banner," Rutherford, N. C., lately gave us some trouble in translating one or two lines from Virgil, which he had quoted in a delicate compliment he was so kind as to pay to the "Lady's Book." In return, we conveyed to him an equally delicate compliment in original High Dutch. But, unfortunately, before our lines reached him, he had taken his departure from home, leaving his amiable "better half" to take charge of the columns of his paper—a charge which, we are happy to bear witness, has been fulfilled with great dignity and unquestionable talent. The lady editor, however, assures us that, if we were "not a little startled" at the Latin quotation, the absent editor will be worse than "startled" when he beholds our eight lines of High Dutch. To our great discomfort, we are also told that she is "confident the editor's brain will be haunted by day and by night with

'Heil dir! höflichen Schüler,' etc.,

until he is relieved by the author."

We therefore hasten, with all the alacrity and anxiety of friendship, to rescue the editor from his perilous state of doubt and suspicion, and from all suffering on our account; and, to effect this, present him with a poetical translation of the High Dutch, which we hope will make our compliment better understood, if not more acceptable, than it was in its original form:—

"All hail, O courtly scholar!  
Hail thou of bards the friend!  
Thy tolls for wreaths of honor  
May all success attend!  
Thy name live on forever,  
From every tarnish free;  
And, as to-day 'tis honored,  
Hereafter may it be!"

By the way, we perceive our friend absented himself for the patriotic purpose of attending a political convention, from the duties of which he expected to return home invigorated for the struggle before him. We hope that he has not only returned home invigorated, but with a nomination in his pocket for governor, or, at the least, for a seat in Congress!

**"PREMATURE CRAMMING."**—Punch, not long since, had a very good article in rebuke of the present method adopted for the education of young children, and of forcing on their minds the investigation of subjects belonging to the highest branches. He begins by saying that somebody has started what may be called, with reference to the alphabet, a *capital idea*, by proposing to teach children their letters through the medium of lozenges. Instead of appealing to the eye, the inventor appeals to the mouth, and thus the sweets of education are made, not simply a name, but a luscious reality. In these days, when premature cramming is so common, it is something to invent a plan for causing instruction to go down agreeably. A thirst for knowledge is an excellent thing; but the Alphabet Lozenges will encourage not only an absolute hunger, but a right-down greediness for learning. Some may doubt the propriety of blending instruction with the lollipop, and allowing the influence of the cane to be superseded by that of the sugar-stick. We think that a wholesome effect might be produced by conveying information in a medical form, and we throw out the hint for combining salubrity with science, by the invention of the multiplication pill, a geographical black dose, and an ointment to be rubbed in for the purpose of rubbing up a knowledge of history.

We have copied this sarcasm of Punch, because we think it quite as applicable to the "cramming" system of education enforced in this country as to that pursued in England. When we meet, as we often do, in our public squares, on a fine, fresh morning, a number of pale-faced, emaciated boys, with packs of books strung to their necks, heavy enough for a robust colporteur, or a vender of periodical literature, we involuntarily sigh over the memory of the past, and, at the same time, deeply commiserate the sufferings of those children who are following after us under the heavy afflictions of what Punch calls a premature cramming. The poor, woe-begone little fellows pass through those walks, where all is sunshine, greensward, and noble trees, in the branches of which the birds are warbling their sweetest notes, intent only upon lessons which, perhaps, are far beyond their capacities, with no thought, and apparently no care for the cheerfulness and the beauties of nature which surround them. They remind us more of the past race of anxious patriots and perplexed statesmen who resorted to the shades of the "State House yard" to consult and to meditate on the destinies of their country, and the fearful question of independence, than of the human buds and blossoms, and tender plants, which still require the cheerful voice and the careful hand of affection to sustain and conduct them to that state of life which it is necessary for them to reach before being oppressed with the weightier branches of education. But few of those children who are early pressed down under the trammels of the schools—who, for a time, are an admired and astonishing race of infant philosophers, linguists, and logicians—but few of them, we fear, ever arrive at a sound and vigorous maturity, either of mind or body.

**CHEAP OCEAN POSTAGE.**—We are indebted to the Hon. Mr. Sumner, of the Senate of the United States, for a copy of his resolution directing the Committee on the Post-Office and Post-Roads to inquire into the expediency of reducing the postage on foreign correspondence. The remarks of Mr. Sumner were brief and cogent, and the probability is that "the great boon of cheap ocean postage" will not be long deferred. Meantime, however, we should like to know what has become of the proposition to reduce the postage on American periodicals, reviews, magazines, newspapers, etc. etc. As the matter stands at present, there is a great deal of correspondence carried on between Europe and this

country, which greatly interferes with the prospects of publishers and literary men, and which, perhaps, it would be as well not to touch until we enlarge our own literary boundaries, and extend to those engaged within them some additional facilities and securities. From what we see, the balance of trade is already against us, and we are not so certain that, in a literary point of view, we can even hold our own, much less gain anything upon our rivals, until something is done for the protection of authors. Hitherto, we may have had our doubts in regard to the propriety and the general effects of an international law on the subject of literary property; and although we do not intend to argue the question now, we are, nevertheless, prepared to say we believe it should be first settled before we "throw our ports open" entirely to a competition which appears to be as unjust to parties in our own country as it is to similar professions in Europe.

THE "Evening Argus" says, "Among the proceedings of the United States Senate, we observe the presentation of a petition from the artists and other citizens of the city of Philadelphia, asking that P. F. Rothermel, of this city, may be selected to paint one of the National Pictures that are to adorn the walls of the Capitol. We take great pleasure in seconding the appeal, as we are confident that to no artist could the task be confided with more certainty of its being executed with credit to the national character than to Mr. Rothermel."

CONCERT ANECDOTE.—A lady attending a concert was greatly annoyed, during the performance of a favorite symphony of Beethoven, by some young persons who sat immediately behind her, and who, by their incessant chatter, gave equal displeasure to all around them. The party thus offending consisted of a young lady and two young gentlemen, who affected all that indifference for the delightful music, and for the presence of those who had come to enjoy it, which is too often assumed as an evidence of superior intellect, and of an elevated class. For, doubt of the fact as we may, there are many otherwise good-hearted people who think it vulgar to evince the least feeling or sentiment at a public concert or musical *soirée*. But to return. When all was over, the lady alluded to above leaned across one seat, and catching the eye of the girl, who was pretty and well dressed, said, in her blindest, gentlest voice, "May I speak with you one moment?" "Certainly," said the young lady, with a flattered, pleased look, bending forward. "I only wish to say," said the interrogator, "that I trust, in the whole course of your life, you will not suffer so great a degree of annoyance as you have inflicted on a large party of lovers of music this evening!"

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—Passing along Fourth Street a short time since, while rather in a patriotic mood, we turned for a moment to contemplate the once famous Indian Queen Hotel, where, in the olden time, the defenders and founders of our country resorted for consultation and for earthly comforts, and in a retired room of which it is said Mr. Jefferson drew up the original draft of the immortal Declaration of Independence. We were preparing our mind to contrast its plain walls and windows, its breadth and its height, with the splendid and magnificent mansions in which our great men and our rich men of the present day do mostly congregate, and where taste and modern refinement, where art, luxury, ease, and elegance have combined all their powers to minister to the wants and comforts of the present generation. But, alas! the ancient front, which had long been shrinking and tottering with age, was coming down with a crash; and, at

this day, not one brick clings to another of that modest structure—the once renowned Indian Queen Hotel!

A few days after this incident, if such it may be called, our business required our presence in New York—we say our business, because we wish it to be understood that we never travel except on actual business, unless it be over the fields, and "over the hills and far away," in company with our little namesakes and a few other young competitors in the walk and the race. But, arrived at New York, what was our astonishment, when conducted by a friend to the Metropolitan Hotel, at beholding its magnificent exterior, and its still more magnificent interior, with all its "modern fixtures" and gorgeous appliances, such as Thomas Jefferson, though a wonderfully progressive writer in his time, and especially progressive while laying out his plans of progress in the old Indian Queen, never could have dreamed of, although he might have been reading the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" just before he went to sleep! Entertainment! Ah, here is entertainment, indeed! but not "for man and horse," as there was in Mr. Jefferson's time, but for man and woman, or, to speak in more modern English, for "ladies and gentlemen of the highest degree." Here, too, is evidence of progressive independence; for, as we were told—we had not time to count—this establishment, which is six stories high, contains over five hundred rooms, one hundred of which are suites of rooms, each suite embracing parlor, bedroom, dressing-room, bath-room, etc., and all supplied with hot and cold water, so that individuals and families may live perfectly independent of each other and of the outside world. Leading to these rooms, and through the immense building, there is one mile of halls and passages elegantly painted, "and more than five miles of pipes to convey the gas, hot and cold water, and steam to warm the building, to every part." The furniture of this building, unique and rich, cost \$150,000; silver-ware, \$14,000; mirrors, \$15,000, two of which, intended for the dining-hall, cover one hundred square feet each. The captions of the dining-hall windows are ornamented with the coat of arms of every principal nation on earth. In addition to these costly decorations, the purest designs, formed in the purest and most costly marble, have been brought into requisition under the best artists.

This new and splendid hotel, which it is presumed has not its equal in the world, is now under the management of the brothers Leland, who have learned the business of hotel-keeping pretty much in the way we have learned the business of magazine-publishing—by minding their own business, and attending strictly to fulfilling all their promises made to the public.

The Metropolitan Hotel is situate at the northeast corner of Broadway and Prince Street, on the site of Niblo's Garden, three hundred and sixty feet on Broadway, and two hundred and ten feet on Prince Street. The cost of the building has been estimated at near half a million of dollars. It will be a pleasure to the public to know that the management of such an immense and magnificent establishment could not have been placed in worthier hands.

The engraving in the front part of our "Book" for the present month, is an exact representation of the building we have attempted to describe.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.—The following announcement was made in the "Knickerböcker Magazine" for May. The editor of that able magazine has our best wishes for the success of his gossip, which, unlike that of most of the tribe of gossipers, has always been a source of pleasure, as well as of information, to those who have listened to its expressive and feeling tones and gentle admonitions. To doubt

the success of such "knick-knacks" as will be distributed from the editorial table of the "Knickerbocker," would be about equal to doubting the success of the "Knickerbocker" itself, which, happily, is one of the fixed literary facts of American history. But read for yourself the pleasant announcement of the forthcoming pleasantries:—

"GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—Friends, old friends, let us impart a fond secret to you. We won't say that you 'mustn't let it go any further,' because you can 'pass it on' as fast and as far as you like. There is in the press of the Messrs. Appletons a volume, to be followed by another, entitled '*Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table*, by L. Gaylord Clark.' It has been prepared at the suggestion of many friends, the favorable judgment of several of whom would do honor to a far worthier literary project. During sixteen years, sitting alone or with company in the sanatorium, or circulating in society, we have seen and heard much to awaken mirth, and felt much that has awakened tears. Looking back now upon these records, almost forgotten, we find that they seem new even to us, and the old emotions with which they were originally jotted down come back again freshly upon us. Now, any one man who feels and enjoys, who can neither resist laughter nor forbid tears that will out and must have vent, such an one, it seems to us, is simply an epitome of the public.

"So thinking, and so hoping, we have gone back over the long, long period during which we have gossiped with our readers, and have segregated from our pages such passages as interested us most when we wrote them; and, as there will be at least no lack of variety, and abundant contrast, we trust to be able to make our humble 'venture' acceptable to readers generally. One thing we can at least promise, and that is that, however far short it may fall of excellence, it shall contain nothing that may offend; while in the character of its execution, its distinct divisions, largeness of type, quality of paper, etc., the publishers will leave nothing to be desired. Our brother editors who may approve of our little project will lay us under an obligation, which we shall be only too happy to reciprocate, if they will copy into their columns this brief programme of our design. Tell your readers, gentlemen, please, that we shall try to present for their acceptance a work that shall be a various and pleasant companion for the rail-car, the steamboat, and the fireside."

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—It gives us great pleasure to state that the exhibition of this institution for the present year opened with a display of paintings and statuary more brilliant and interesting than on any preceding year since its foundation. This fact affords us most gratifying evidence that our citizens are becoming every year more and more sensible of the refining and elevating influences of the fine arts upon the general characteristics of our country. The present display embraces a collection from the works of the best European and American artists, among which are several masterly productions, the private property of the stockholders. This institution is, indeed, one of the crowning glories of Philadelphia, not merely affording at all times a quiet retreat for those who love to contemplate the wonderful efforts of genius in its imitations and in its emulations of the truthfulness of Nature, but also as a place to which Genius itself may retreat, in order to reanimate its drooping energies, and rekindle its flickering hopes of fame. For, aside from its magnificent collection of paintings, etc., the liberality extended by the Academy to artists and to scholars is of the greatest importance in securing to our country those trophies of native genius which, in time to come, will form a portion of her imperishable renown.

## Receipts, &c.

TO PRESERVE FLOWERS IN WATER.—Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water, and it will preserve the flowers for a fortnight.

TO RESTORE COLOR TAKEN OUT BY ACIDS.—Sal volatile or hartshorn will suffice for this purpose. It may be dropped on silk without doing any injury.

HOARSENESS.—A piece of flannel, dipped in brandy, and applied to the chest, and covered with a dry flannel, is to be worn all night. Four or six small onions, boiled, and put on buttered toast, and eaten for supper, are likewise good for colds on the chest.

TO MAKE EAU-DE-COLOGNE.—Rectified spirits of wine, four pints; oil of bergamot, one ounce; oil of lemon, half an ounce; oil of rosemary, half a drachm; oil of Neroli, three-quarters of a drachm; oil of English lavender, one drachm; oil of oranges, one drachm. Mix well, and then filter. If these proportions are too large, smaller ones may be used.

A VERY PLEASANT PERFUME, AND ALSO PREVENTIVE AGAINST MOTHS.—Take of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, cinnamon, and Tonquin beans, of each one ounce; then add as much Florentine orris-root as will equal the other ingredients put together. Grind the whole well to powder, and then put it in little bags, among your clothes, &c.

LADIES, BEWARE.—The use of white paint as a cosmetic affects the eyes, which it renders painful and watery. It changes the texture of the skin, on which it produces pimples; attacks the teeth, destroys the enamel, and loosens them. It heats the mouth and throat, infecting and corrupting the saliva. Lastly, it penetrates the pores of the skin, acting by degrees on the spongy substance of the lungs, and inducing disease. Powdered magnesia, or violet powder, is no further injurious than by stopping the pores of the skin; but this is quite injury enough to preclude its use. The best cosmetics are early hours, exercise, and temperance.

AN EXCELLENT DISH.—*Potatoes à la Maitre d'Hotel*: Boil the potatoes, and let them become cold; then cut them into rather thick slices. Put a lump of fresh butter into a stewpan, and add a little flour—about a teaspoonful for a middling-sized dish. When the flour has boiled a little while in butter, add by degrees a cupful of broth or water; when this has boiled up, put in the potatoes, with chopped parsley, pepper, and salt. Let the potatoes stew a few minutes, then take them from the fire, and when quite off the boil add the yolk of an egg beat up with a little lemon juice and a tablespoonful of cold water. As soon as the sauce has set, the potatoes may be dished up and sent to table.

CREASES may be removed from velvet by passing the under side of the velvet over a warm smoothing iron. Let one person hold the velvet tight, and another pass the iron; then spread out the garment, and brush gently, yet briskly, with a velvet brush.

TO CLEAN LAQUER.—Make a paste of starch, one part; powdered rottenstone, twelve parts; sweet oil, two parts; oxalic acid, one part; water to mix.

# Centre-Table Gossip.

## LONGCHAMPS.

We have been frequently asked, What is the proper season for spring bonnets, and when should crape shawls be laid aside? The exact time for the blooming of a spring wardrobe is a debatable question among our city and country belles: the present season, for instance, when lace bonnets and tissue robes reposed so long in the wardrobes of the purchasers, who still went clad in furs and velvets.

Some, to be sure, did not look beyond the almanac, and shivered in their finery; and this is often done without a thought of the appropriateness of the dress for the day. So, through the season, crape bonnets are sported wet or dry, umbrellas drip over thulle, and light silks trail upon a mud-stained pavement. In the last instance, a glaring ignorance of propriety is noticeable—a *vulgarity* of display, we had almost said. This is admirably corrected in a line from a French *journal des modes*—"Another bonnet suitable for fine weather," etc. etc.: it especially prefates the description with a supposition that it will not be worn at any other time. A French woman does not confine herself to one expensive bonnet, to be worn on all occasions—the inconsistency is purely American. An English woman rarely ventures on a dress-bonnet in walking-costume. It is intended for the carriage alone; a close cottage shape of straw, with dark ribbons, answers her turn.

As to the time when this change is to be made, all Paris waits for its spring costumes until the *Fête de Longchamps*, which occurs in May. On that important day, the *boulevards* are thronged with four miles of beauty and fashion, up through the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne. Hear what the clever "American in Paris" says of it:—

"Formerly, the cause of going to Longchamps was to say mass; now it is the variation of a sleeve. The chief concern of the day is the exhibition of pretty women in open berouches, clad in the splendors and novelties of the season. The dresses of Longchamps, like Caesar's, go forth upon the whole earth, and it is the only tribunal that can claim upon earth this extensive jurisdiction."

So much for Longchamps in 1836, when the principal changes of fashion were *mutton sleeves* for the wide bishop, and the lengthening of dress skirts to conceal the ankle. But this Longchamps has also its homage to the season, for what says the "*Moniteur*" of the spring of 1852?—

"Longchamps is now close at hand. It is much talked of in the world of fashion. But is it really Longchamps that proclaims such and such a dress or mantle? I can hardly believe so, though I am by no means inclined to derogate from its past glory. Sometimes at Longchamps the weather is gloomy and wet; elegant ladies, frightened by the chilling blast, wrap their persons in Indian cashmeres, and do not venture to exhibit the wonders of fashion. The consequence is, therefore, that Longchamps is often less gay, less animated, less elegant, and less magnificent than the ordinary daily parade in the Bois de Boulogne and the Champs Elysées, when the sun shines bright and the blue sky speaks of spring. What! some one will exclaim, do you dare to attack Longchamps! do you rail against it? What will Fashion say? Fashion knows well enough that I am right, and will approve of what I say.

Not that I mean to say Longchamps should be dethroned, but that Longchamps depends altogether on the caprice of the ladies and the planets. If the sun refuses to smile on it, and assumes a dark frown instead, adieu to Longchamps! In that case, it will only be escorted by a few republican guards, fine brave fellows in their way, no doubt, but, in my opinion, not to be compared to all the fairy creations of fancy and caprice."

So much for the eloquence of a French *modiste*, on an all-important theme in the world of fashion; and so much for our argument against wet weather displays. The safest rule is to follow Nature, and bring out your spring ribbons and your gauzy tissues with her fluttering foliage, remembering always—

"One violet doesn't make a summer."

## POETICAL ENIGMAS.

Miss Annie S. Ashton has our thanks for the following response to the Poetical Enigma in our last:—

When tolled the fearful tower bell  
The dirge for Lady Gray—  
When sorrow on her true friends fell,  
And on her foes dismay,  
Draped in its sombre cerecloth deep,  
Ere fell the fearful shock,  
How many pitying eyes did weep  
To view the headman's block!

And now, with brave, unfaltering mien,  
The gentle lady stands;  
In murmured prayer her lips are seen,  
Upraised her clasped hands;  
Then softly, as an elder couch  
For that sweet form were spread,  
The lady kneels, and on the block  
Is laid her fair young head.

And so the riddle was to me—  
If thus its numbers move,  
The whole is guessed; for, though I write,  
No blockhead I shall prove.

## WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THE CHILDREN?

That ever we, as a Lady's Book, should be compelled to hold up deprecating hands in a plea for the nursery! That we should find, upon our cheerful centre-table, so lamentable a cry as the one now claiming our response! "What's to be done with the children? indeed! poor, little weary dears, finding no rest for their feet!" What's to be done with the distracted parents? also becomes a serious consideration; but we give our correspondent's letter as it lies in our contribution-basket, sealed ominously with a Shakespearean motto-wafer—"Sorrow ends not when it seemeth done"—soliciting advice or suggestion for the unhappy writer from any quarter whatever:—

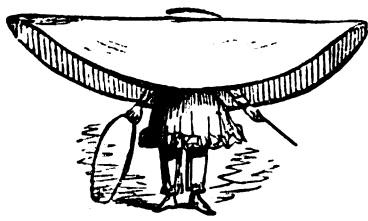
"PHILADELPHIA, June 10.

"Your kind heart will perhaps excuse the liberty taken by a stranger, in addressing the presiding genius of 'Go-

dey's Centre-Table.' I apply to you, as a last resource, to suggest, if possible, some way of disposing my five precious innocents for the summer months. The baby is teething, poor dear! and the doctor especially recommends change of air: indeed, he says he cannot answer for the consequences, if we remain in the city another month. John and Jane—the twins—have never fairly recovered from the measles; Augusta looks delicate; and, now that Philip is out of school, he leaves me no peace of my life, tearing about the house, and making donkey-carts of the clothes-baskets and his brother and sisters. In the country, this playful exuberance would pass unnoticed. But in vain have we advertised—searched—scoured the country over. Of the fifty-seven applications we have made, fifty-four return answer that they have made up their minds not to take children this season; and the other three allow them no privileges of grounds or garden, poor loves!

"What does all this mean, my dear madam? Whence this coalition of boarding-house keepers against these unoffending innocents? Their country wardrobes are prepared; their father stands ready, purse in hand, to discharge any reasonable demand; and I await in tortured anxiety the daily blasting of hopes which the morning's 'Ledger' has excited. I read of 'desirable accommodations,' 'charming neighborhood,' 'unsurpassed conveniences,' but to be told that the ban of proscription is passed upon my interesting family. What is to be done with the children? Cannot you aid in dissipating this unfounded prejudice against such injured loveliness?

"P. S. I inclose a pen and ink drawing of my Philip, in the straw hat purchased in Second Street, to save his lovely complexion in the country he seems destined never to visit, that you may see, from his prepossessing countenance, how little my eldest born deserves such excommunication."



#### HOUSEKEEPER'S KEYS.—No. II.

According to our promise in the June number, we commence a series of household hints, under the above title; many of them are original, and all *valuable*, we believe.

**DISINFECTANTS.**—Do our lady readers understand the simple theory of disinfectants? Every housekeeper has had occasion to use chloride of lime: half a pound to five gallons of water, is the quantity recommended by a very able chemist! Aromatic vinegar poured upon a heated iron plate is perhaps the pleasantest of all, though not always to be had, or remarkably economical. The cheapest, and, at the same time, one of the most convenient and agreeable of all, is common coffee. Pound the well-dried *raw* bean in a mortar, and strew the powder on a moderately heated iron plate. Just traversing the house with a roaster containing freshly burned coffee will clear it from all offensive smells.

**MOTHS.**—When there has been a lack of precaution in putting away woollens, or moths have colonized in furniture, we know of no better remedy than to subject the infect-

ed articles to a smoke of powdered brimstone. Put glowing coals in a small tin or iron pan, and strew the powder upon them. The old-fashioned foot-stoves answer the purpose admirably, the smoke escaping through the punctures of the tin. This is said to be effectual in the cleansing of closets, safes, etc., infected with ants, and is, at least, worth a trial.

**SWEETMEATS.**—As the season for putting up sweetmeats approaches, all young housekeepers should be admonished to see to the jars themselves, and, if possible, not to trust any part of the process to a servant. It is much better to put them up in large, plain glass tumblers, one or two of which will be sufficient to fill a cut-glass dish, so that there will be none wasted. Besides, you can more easily watch them to prevent fermentation, china or earthen jars being, of course, opaque. There is no absolute necessity of laying a brandied paper over them, although many think so: if well done, with a full allowance of sugar, there will be little danger from fermentation.

#### THE BUSINESS OF BEING BEAUTIFUL.

We commend the following notes on the "business of being beautiful" to the attention of our younger ladies, who are just commencing a self-forming process of character. We know it is rather a new doctrine; that the world, as a general thing, will cry it down under the name of vanity; but we separate the consciousness of giving pleasure by grace or delicacy from the vulgar pride in physical advantages, to which, and their display, the name more properly belongs. It is not a selfish motive, that of giving pleasure to others, and every one knows that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." The "Quarterly" is a good authority, moreover, and we quote from the "Quarterly;" so, ladies, it is your duty to be beautiful, whether you like it or no.

"Man's face is bound to be clean, and may be allowed to be picturesque; but it is a woman's *business* to be beautiful. Beauty of some kind is so much the attribute of the sex, that a woman can hardly be said to feel herself a woman who has not, at one time of her life, at all events, felt herself to be fair. Beauty confers an education of its own, and that always a feminine one. Most celebrated beauties have owed their highest charms to the refining education which their native ones have given them. It was the wisdom as well as the poetry of the age of chivalry that it supposed all women to be beautiful, and treated them as such.

"What can be more false or cruel than the common plan of forcing upon a young girl the withering conviction of her own plainness? If this be only a foolish sham to counteract the supposed demoralizing consciousness of beauty, the world will soon counteract that; but, if the victim have really but a scanty supply of charms, it will, in addition to incalculable anguish of mind, only diminish those further still. To such a system alone can we ascribe an unhappy anomalous style of young woman, occasionally met with, who seems to have taken on herself the vows of voluntary ugliness—who neither eats enough to keep her complexion clear, nor smiles enough to set her pleasing muscles in action—who prides herself on a skinny parody of attire which she calls neatness—thinks that alone respectable which is most unbecoming—is always thin, and seldom well, and passes through the society of the lovely, the graceful, and the happy, with the vanity that aces humility on her poor disappointed countenance, as if to say, 'Stand back, I am uncomelier than thou!'"

## Fashions.

### NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake boxes, envelopes, etc. etc., will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq., who will be responsible for the amount, and the early execution of commissions.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Stewart's, bonnets from Miss Wharton's, jewelry from Bailey's, Warden's, Philadelphia, or Tiffany's, New York, if requested.

### DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE

*Fig. 1st.*—Dinner-dress, composed of a vest to be worn with a skirt of plaid Organdy muslin, pink and white, the plaid rather large—made very full, but plain. The vest is of white embroidered cambric, lined with white Florence silk; it has a short *basque*, and the skirt is disposed *en chemisette*. The *basque* and sleeves, which are demi-long, are trimmed with a rich fall of lace. The chemisette itself is of full muslin folds, with a *ruche* about the throat. Hair dressed in a high twist on the back of the head, with full *boucles* at the side, rosettes and flowing ends of velvet. This costume is at once simple and elegant, and is especially suited to a young girl.

*Fig. 2d.*—Walking-dress of lavender silk, the skirt full, with three deep flounces; each flounce is edged, *not headed*, by a double puffing of silk. The corsage is terminated by a not very long or sharp point, and opens *en Marquise*, with an embroidered chemisette. Sleeves open, demi-long, and edged with a double ruffle of the silk; undersleeves in puffs. A white drawn bonnet, is composed of silk and blonde, and ornamented by a close bouquet of blush roses and foliage. In the street, the costume is finished by a black silk mantilla, trimmed with lace.

The child's dress is of embroidered cambric, the sleeves tied with bows of wide blue ribbon. It will be noticed that the sash is once more in favor, and broader than ever.

### CHITCHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR JULY.

So many of our fair ladies have deserted the town for the country, that our shops are "halls deserted." This and the succeeding months have few decided changes. Almost every one has finished her summer wardrobe, and is not yet thinking of fall costumes; so there is little to be chronicled, save a few novelties in mantillas, *lingerie*, etc. etc.

Lace application is now applied to mantillas with great success. It is done by drawing a border on the silk, which is first cut after a scarf pattern, and lining the silk with common cotton net lace of the same shade. This pattern is followed by tacking a narrow silk braid on the outline, and cutting out the silk, leaving the centre of the pattern in lace. It has a very light and graceful effect, but is scarcely suited for anything but a scarf pattern. We have already described a still neater style of lace insertion. (See June number.)

The favorite colors for mantillas continue to be white, black, and lavender; some in muslin have been seen, and one in exquisite taste, which we must describe to our lady readers. The mantle itself is of the finest Swiss muslin, with a vine of fine embroidery encircling it. There is a small circular hood that can be brought into use, also richly embroidered, and fastened by a bow of pure white ribbon with flowing ends. The mantle and hood are lined with the softest white Florence silk, and altogether has an air of indescribable grace and lightness. For a watering-place, nothing could be in better taste, or more really useful, to be thrown on for short promenades, with a dinner or evening-dress, or after dancing. It may be lined with pink, violet, green, or any shade that suits the fancy.

Speaking of watering-places reminds us of a very neat style of travelling bonnets brought out by Miss Wharton, or rather a favorite style revived. It is a casing, or drawn hat of fine brown grass cloth, a close but not unbecoming shape, trimmed by a double *ruché* of blue ribbon on the outside, and *noeuds* and strings of the same inside the brim. Straw travelling bonnets have been worn so long, that this will be welcomed as a change. For *barèges*, Organdy muslins, or, indeed, thin tissues of any kind, Miss Wharton has adopted the "infant waist;" a belt slightly rounded behind and before, scarcely more than a slope, indeed; the slight fulness of the waist has perhaps three shirrs, drawn with fine cord; the lining is cut out at the throat. This gives a simple and graceful air, especially suited to young ladies. A collar, pointed in style, and of slight depth, is attached to the open corsages of older ladies. Small bishop sleeves, with cuffs, are used for morning-dresses, which saves the trouble of a cambric undersleeve, and are really very neat. The ordinary pagoda, or loose sleeve, is still in use for thin dresses. We have seen an Organdy muslin finished by ruffles of the same, they being headed by a fine edge of Valenciennes lace. Others are made cut up, or rounding up on the inside of the arm, instead of towards the elbow, as described in May.

Thick white silks, either of *moiré d'antique* or with a heavy cord, remain still in favor for bridal dresses, relieved by having the corsage and sleeves covered with light puffings of tulle or blonde. The dress of Lady Constance, youngest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, recently married to the eldest son of the Marquis of Westminster, was of white satin, with gulpure flounces. The head-dress was of white roses, entwined with orange and myrtle, and a splendid gulpore veil falling almost to her feet. The corsage and sleeves were of lace, and the ornaments were a magnificent carbuncle set in brilliants, the gift of the queen, and a necklace of pearls, diamonds, and emeralds.

Rather an extravagant costume for a young lady, and quoted not for imitation, but as a matter of simple feminine interest.

FASHION.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS**

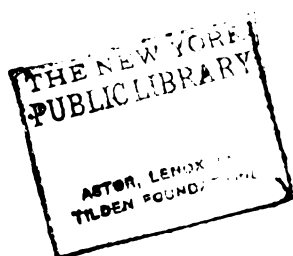






THE OPERA BOX.

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THE LOVE LETTER.

*Engraved expressly for Godley's Lady's Book.*



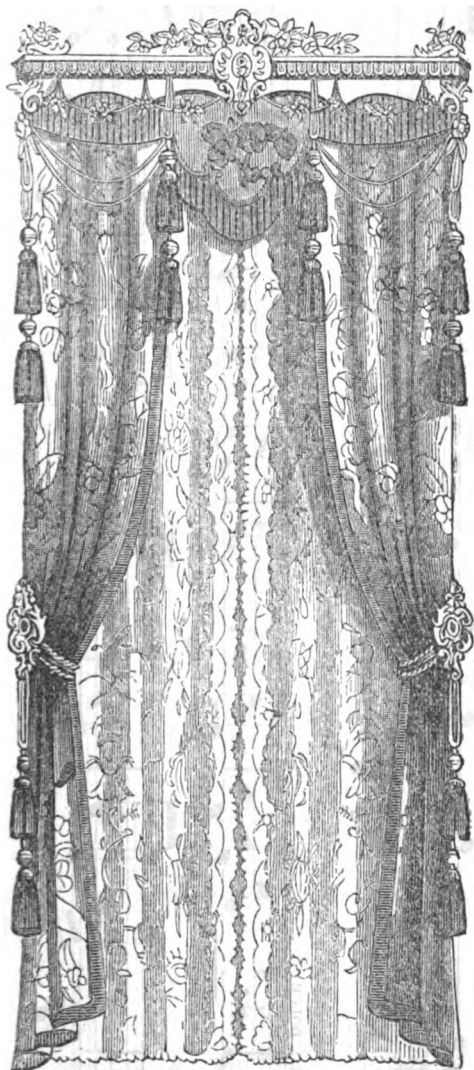
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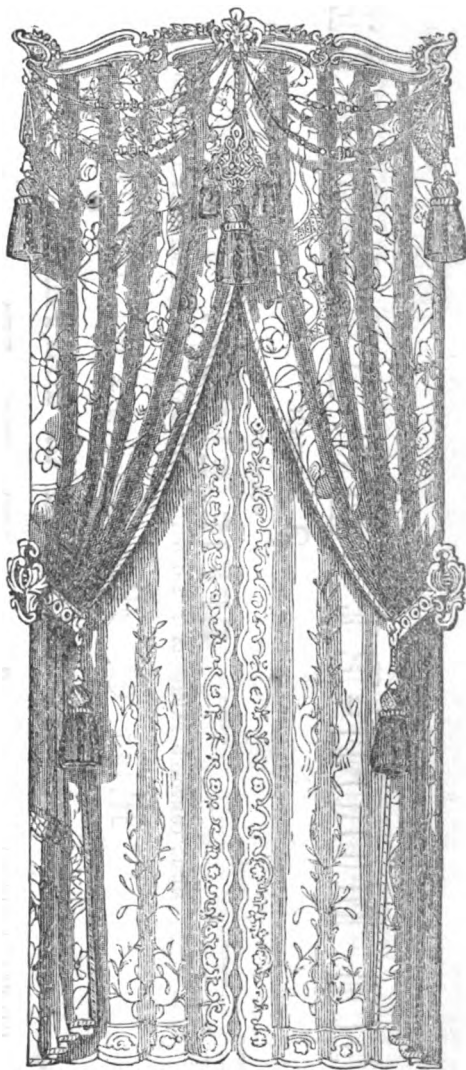
# FASHION PLATES

## FOR DECORATING PARLOR WINDOWS

No. 1.



No. 2.



These Fashions for Window Curtains are furnished us by Mr. W. H. CARRYL. Mr. Carryl's exquisitely tasteful assortment of ready-made Curtains, and materials for Curtains, which never fail to satisfy even those who are most fastidious, amply warrants us in directing the attention of our lady readers to his store, No 169 Chestnut Street, corner of Fifth. (For description, see back part of the Book.)

# THE MOON-BEAMS ARE SLEEPING,

a Serenade.

WORDS BY

**EFFIE ELDON.**

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

Miss C. M. E \* \* \* \* of Oswego,

**BY CHARLES C. CONVERSE.**

GUITAR.

CON GRAZIA E GUSTO.

# CANTABILE E DOLCE.



keeping Their watch, love, o'er thee; Wake, sweet la - dy!

light can see In plan - et or star, by gazed on thee.

CRIS. Ha. 12 Farr.

2

The flowers are breathing  
 Their sweets o'er the scene,  
 Like incense up-breathing  
 From censers unseen:  
 Wake, love! Their fragrance and beauty are thine;  
 For these the flowers bloom, for these the stars shine.

3

My light bark is gliding  
 Uncheck'd towards the sea,  
 No hand its course guiding,—  
 Fit emblem of thee!  
 Oh, lady! wilt thou deign to guide  
 Thy bark of my being o'er life's rushing tide?

# COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.

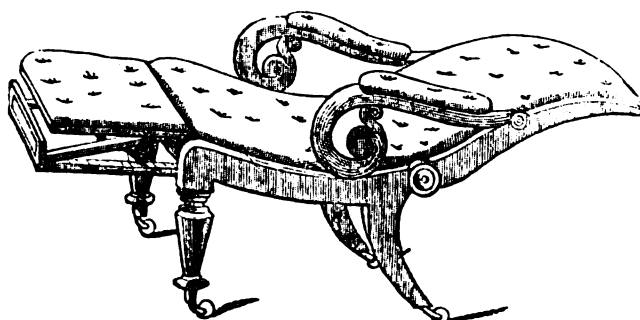


Fig. 2.

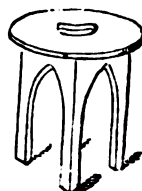


Fig. 3.

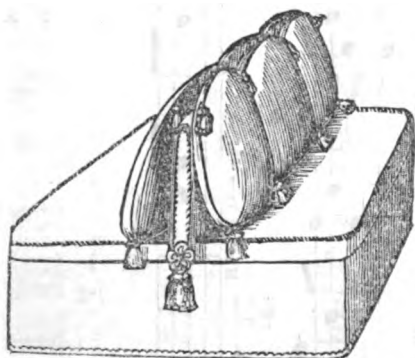


Fig. 4.

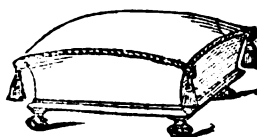


Fig. 5.

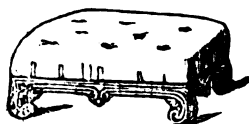


Fig. 6.



Fig. 7.



Fig. 1 is a reclining chair for an invalid. The position of the back can be varied, and the projecting part in front elongated or adjusted to any slope. Raising the back and lowering the front alters it into a common easy-chair.

Fig. 2 is a round stool in the Gothic style.

Fig. 3 is an ottoman for the centre of the room, to accommodate several persons.

Figs. 4 and 5 are ottoman footstools covered with cloth, to correspond with the ottoman. These all

may be made at a very trifling cost, as the wooden part is nearly all covered with cloth.

Figs. 6 and 7 are drawing-room writing-tables used by ladies. The top part, forming the desk, pulls forward for convenience in writing. A sliding flap draws out on each side, to hold papers or a candle. There are drawers at the side, a lid at the top, and a drawer which pulls out at the side and turns round, as in Fig. 7, to hold pens, ink, wafers, &c.

# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1852.

### EVERYDAY ACTUALITIES.—NO. III.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND GRAVER.

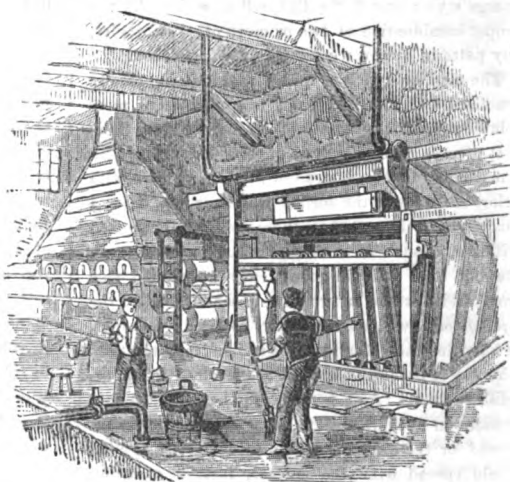
BY C. T. HINCKLEY.

#### CALICO-PRINTING (*continued*).

HAVING thus briefly described the chief mechanical processes of calico-printing, we come now to notice the chemical. The colors used in calico-printing are derived from all the three kingdoms of nature; but it seldom happens that solutions, infusions, or decoctions of these colors admit of being applied at once to the cloth without some previous preparation, either of the cloth itself or of the coloring material. It is often necessary to apply some substance to the cloth which will act as a bond of union between it and the coloring matter. This substance is usually a metallic salt, which has an affinity for the tissue of the cloth as well as for the coloring matter when in a state of solution, and forms with the latter an insoluble compound. Such a substance is called a *mordant* (from the Latin *mordere*, to bite), a term given by the French dyers under the idea that it exerted a corrosive action on the fibre, expanding the pores, and allowing the color to be absorbed. The usual mordants are common alum and several salts of alumina, peroxide of iron, peroxide of tin, protoxide of tin, and oxide of chrome. These have an affinity for coloring matters; but many of their salts have also a considerable attraction for the tissue of the cloth, which withdraws them to a certain extent from their solutions. Mordants are useful for all those vegetable and animal coloring matters which are soluble in water, but have not a strong affinity for tissues. The action of the mordant is to withdraw them from solution, and to form with them, upon the cloth itself, certain compounds which are insoluble in water.

In calico-printing, it is generally necessary to

bring the mordant or the coloring matter into such a state of consistency as to prevent it from spreading beyond the proper limits of the design. This is done by the use of *thickener*, the most useful of which is wheat starch, and flour; but many others are used, such as gum Arabic, British gum, high-dried potato starch, gum Senegal, gum tragacanth,



WASHING AND DRYING.

jalap, pipe-clay, or China clay mixed with gum, dextrine, potato and rice starch, sulphate of lead mixed with gum, and many others. The choice of proper thickeners requires attention; for two similar solutions of the same mordant equally thickened, but with different thickeners, may give different shades of color when used with the same coloring material.

The colors, with the proper thickeners, &c., are prepared in vessels furnished with steam-jackets (as

shown in the following engraving), for raising the contents to the required temperature.



PREPARATION OF COLORS, &c

Although the different methods of printing are numerous, and the combinations of colors and shades of color almost infinite, yet each color in a pattern must, in the present state of the art, be applied by one of six different *styles* of work. These are termed, 1, the Madder style; 2, Printing by steam; 3, the Padding style; 4, the Resist style; 5, the Discharge style; and 6, the China-Blue style. By the proper combination of two or more of these styles, any pattern, however complicated, is produced.

The madder style is so called from its being chiefly practised with madder; but it is applicable to most soluble vegetable and animal coloring matters. The first process in this style is to print the calico with a mordant; that is, instead of printing at once with color, the parts of the surface which are to have a madder color imparted to them are first impressed with a mordant. After the calico has passed through the hot flue, it is in many cases suspended free from folds for one or two days in what is called the *ageing-room*, where by exposure to air the mordant, or a portion thereof, undergoes a chemical alteration, whereby it becomes attached to the cloth in an insoluble state. Any portion of the mordant that remains in a soluble state must be completely removed, or the color in being subsequently applied would spread over the surface, instead of being confined within the limits of the pattern. The superfluous mordant is removed by passing the dried calico through a warm mixture of cow-dung and water. This is called *dunging*. The mixture is usually contained in two stone cisterns, placed end to end, each about 6 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 4 feet deep. The mixture in one cistern is formed with about 2 gallons of dung to the cistern full of water, heated to about 160° or 180°. The second cistern contains about half this quantity of dung. The calico, guided by rollers to keep it free from folds, is drawn quickly through the first trough, and

then immediately through the second. It is then washed in clean water in what is called a wince-pit, and again in a dash-wheel. [See BLEACHING.] Dunging is further useful in removing the thickening paste by which the mordant is applied, and it also determines a more intimate union between the mordant and the fibre of the cloth. The process is necessary for alum, iron, and tin mordants, when applied to the cloth before the coloring matter.

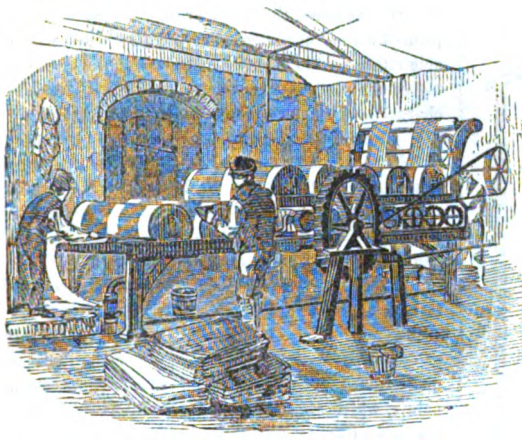
The difficulty of procuring cow-dung in sufficient quantities has led to attempts to find substitutes in those chemical substances which an analysis of dung indicates as the essential ingredients. Thus a solution of phosphate of soda and phosphate of lime, with a little glue or some other form of gelatine, has been used under the name of *dung-substitute*, or simply *substitute*.

After washing in cold water, the mordanted cloth is winced in a weak solution of substitute and size. It is then ready for the color. This is not applying by the process of printing, but simply by drawing the cloth for two or three hours through a solution of the coloring material. The color attaches itself permanently to those portions of the cloth to which the mordant has been applied, and forms a true chemical compound therewith; but on the unmordanted portions the color is feebly attached, and is subsequently removed by washing in soap and water, or in bran and water, or in a dilute solution of chloride of lime. This last washing is called *clearing*.

Such is a very meagre outline of the most important processes concerned in printing and dyeing a piece of calico according to the madder style. The processes actually required for finishing a piece of cloth are numerous, as for example in producing a red stripe upon a white ground, the bleached cloth is submitted to nineteen operations, as follows: 1. Printing on mordant of red liquor (a preparation of alumina) thickened with flour, and dyeing; 2. Ageing for three days; 3. Dunging; 4. Wincing in cold water; 5. Washing at the dash-wheel; 6. Wincing in dung-substitute and size; 7. Wincing in cold water; 8. Dyeing in madder; 9. Wincing in cold water; 10. Washing at the dash-wheel; 11. Wincing in soap-water containing a salt of tin; 12. Washing at the dash-wheel; 13. Wincing in soap-water; 14. Wincing in a solution of bleaching-powder; 15. Washing at the dash-wheel; 16. Drying by the water extractor; 17. Folding; 18. Starching; 19. Drying by steam.

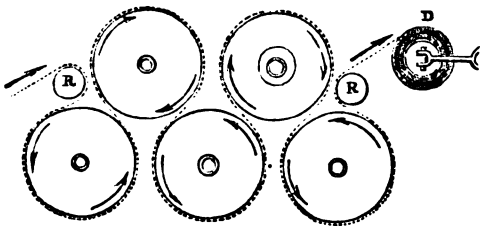
The operations of washing and drying are very important, and provision is made for them on a very complete scale. The pieces of cloth are brought down into water-tanks, passing under and over rollers, furnished with balance-weights to keep the calico stretched: these weights can be adjusted on their levers, so as to vary the tension to any degree required. In some cases, the bottom of the tank is supplied with water in jets, so that the calico is subjected to the dashing action of the water. In *pers-*

ing out of the washing-machine, the calico is received on a skeleton roller, where it is smoothed by an attendant, and passes from this to the drying



DRYING CYLINDERS.

cylinders, a section of which is shown in the following figure, where the arrow on the left shows the calico proceeding from the washing-machine, passing over a guide-roller *R*, and then over the drying cylinders, which are of metal, and heated by steam. It is then guided by a second roller *R* to the drum *D*, on which it is finally wound.



In another form of washing-machine, the cloth is arranged in folds upon a shelf to the left of the machine, whence it is guided by rollers into the first vat or division of the machine: it then passes out between rollers which press out the water, and thus make it again absorbent, before passing into the second division: it proceeds in this way until it arrives at the seventh division, where the rollers are pressed together with weighted levers, and the calico leaves the machine with most of its moisture pressed out. The object of having the divisions of unequal height is to establish a current of water; for the tallest vat being first supplied, overflows into the next, and this into the third from the right, until the collected overflowings escape by the lowest vat. In this way a current is kept up, and the calico, moving in a contrary direction to that of the current, is completely washed.

The second style of calico-printing is by steam.

The colors which attach themselves firmly to the cloth by being printed on it with a mordant are not numerous, but by exposing the goods so printed to the action of steam, an intimate combination,

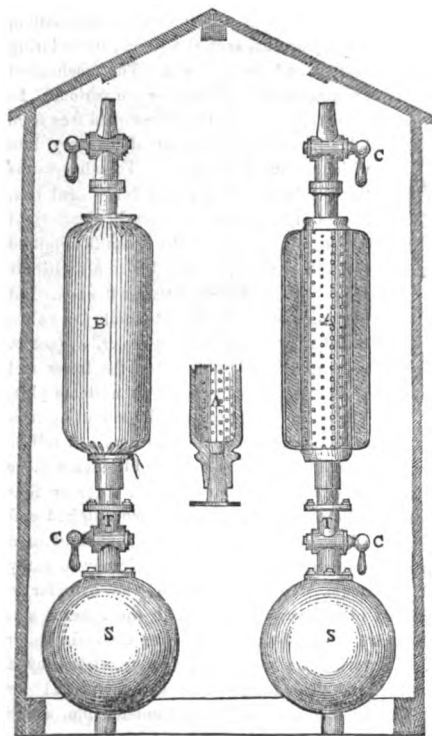
takes place between the tissue, the coloring matter, and the mordant. The mechanical arrangements for steaming are various. In some works the cloth is suspended free from folds in a small chamber of masonry, into which steam is admitted. In other works the goods are placed in a large deal box, the lid of which is made nearly steam-tight by edges of felt, and the steam is admitted through a pipe perforated with a multitude of small holes, which traverses the box. But the common method is to coil the calico round a hollow copper cylinder, *A*, (see p. 120,) perforated with holes, the lower end of which is connected with a steam-pipe. The cylinder is prepared by mounting it in a horizontal position in a frame. A roll of blanket is first lapped round it, then a piece of white calico, and, lastly, three or four

pieces of the printed and dried calico stitched end to end. The cylinder is then fixed upright in a small apartment furnished with a chimney to carry off the steam. The open end of the cylinder is screwed to a pipe connected with the spheres *s s*, which are supplied with steam from the main boiler of the works, the quantity being regulated by a stopcock *c*. The temperature is kept at  $211^{\circ}$  or  $212^{\circ}$  to prevent much condensation, which makes the colors run. A higher temperature is injurious, but a slight condensation is required to keep the goods moist. The steaming is carried on for from twenty to forty minutes, according to the nature of the color. When the steam is cut off, the cloth is unrolled immediately, to prevent condensation. On exposure to the air, the thickening material soon solidifies, and the goods become dry and stiff. The cloth is then aged for a day or two, and the thickener gently washed out with cold water.

The operation of steaming not only attaches the color firmly, but gives it brilliancy and delicacy of finish. It is not always adopted, for some colors become firmly attached to the cloth by mere exposure to air. A variety of cheap goods are printed in fugitive colors; these, not being fixed by steaming or by a mordant, are called *spirit*, *fancy*, or *wash-off* colors.

The third style, called the *padding style*, applies to mineral colors only. By this style a pattern may be produced on white or colored ground, and a ground may also be formed for the design in other colors. For the latter purpose the *padding machine* is used. A roller covered with blanket dips partly into the trough, and above and in contact with this is another roller, and the cloth to be padded passes between the two. When the cloth is uniformly im-

bued with the color, it is dried at a temperature of 212°. If the color is to be applied to the face of



STEAMING APPARATUS.

the cloth only, the common printing machine with a roughened roller is used instead of the padding machine. The ground is sometimes produced by the union of two colors in solution forming within the fibre of the cloth itself an insoluble colored precipitate. For this purpose the cloth is first passed through one colored solution, and then dried. It is next passed through the other colored solution; the two then react upon each other, and produce the desired effect. Or the cloth may be padded in one solution, and afterwards winced in the other. In order to produce a design on a white or colored ground, the cloth is printed with one of the solutions, and then padded or winced in the other.

In the next style of printing, the *resist style*, the white cloth is printed with a *resist paste*, the object of which is to prevent those portions of the cloth to which it is applied in the form of a pattern, from taking up color when the cloth is passed through the dye-bath. A white design on a colored ground is a simple example of this style. There are two classes of resists—one to prevent a mordant from attaching itself to the portions of the cloth so protected, and the other to shield the cloth from coloring-matter. Some resists act mechanically; such

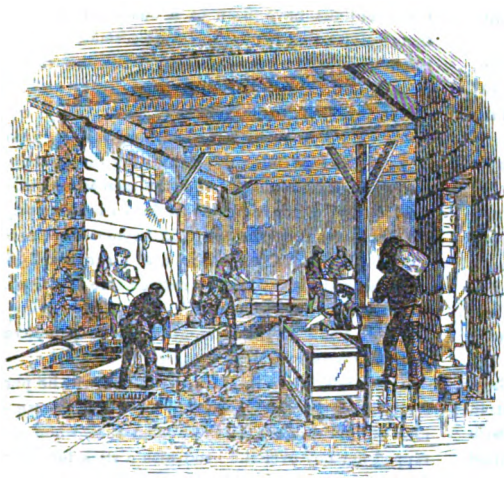
are *fat resists*. Others act chemically as well as mechanically.

The object of the *fifth or discharge style* is to produce a white or colored figure upon a colored ground. For this purpose, the dyed or mordanted cloth is printed with a substance called the *discharger*, which acts either on the coloring matter or on the mordant before the cloth is exposed to the dye. The discharger acts by converting the coloring matter on the mordant into colorless or soluble products, which may thus be removed so as to allow the parts thus discharged to be dyed in another color. A vegetable or animal coloring matter is usually discharged by chlorine and chromic acid; and a mordant is dissolved by an acid solution.

By this style are produced the well-known imitations of Bandana handkerchiefs, in which white figures are formed on a ground of Turkey-red by means of an aqueous solution of chlorine. This is made to flow down through the red cloth in certain points, which are defined and circumscribed by the pressure of hollow lead types inserted into plates of lead contained in a hydraulic press. The press is furnished with a pair of pattern plates, one attached to the upper block of the press, and the other to the movable part or sill. From twelve to fourteen pieces of cloth previously dyed in Turkey-red are stretched over each other as evenly as possible, and then rolled round a drum. A portion of the fourteen layers equal to the area of the plates being drawn through between them, the press is worked, and the plates are brought together with a force of upwards of 300 tons. The solution of chlorine is then allowed to flow into the hollows of the upper lead plate, whence it descends on the cloth, and percolates through it, extracting the Turkey-red dye, the intense pressure preventing the bleaching liquor from spreading beyond the limits of the figures perforated in the plates. When a certain quantity of bleaching liquor has passed through, water is admitted in a similar manner to wash away the chlorine. The pressure is then removed, and another square of the fourteen layers is moved forward under the plates, and the process is repeated. When all the pieces have been discharged, they are winced in water, and further treated so as to improve the lustre both of the white and of the red.

The sixth and last style of printing is for *China-blue*, a peculiar style, practised with indigo only, two or three shades of color being commonly associated with white. The bleached calico is printed of the required pattern with a mixture of indigo, orpiment, sulphate of iron, gum and water. It is then aged for a day or two, and afterwards stretched in perpendicular folds on a rectangular frame of wood. This is immersed in a certain order in three liquids, contained in stone cisterns, the tops of which are on a level with the ground: 1, in milk of lime; 2, in a solution of sulphate of iron; 3, in a solution of caustic soda. The frames are dipped

several times alternately into the first and second cisterns, with exposure to the air for a short time



INDIGO VAT.

between each dip; they are not dipped so frequently into the third cistern, but the dipping into this follows immediately after that in No. 2. By these operations, the insoluble indigo, which had been applied to the surface becomes converted into soluble indigo, or *indigotin*, which is dissolved and transferred to the interior of the fibres, where it is precipitated in the original insoluble form.

Such is a general outline of the mechanical and

chemical arrangements of a large print-work. In addition to these, every calico-printer must have the means of producing a constant succession of new patterns; for, were he to neglect to satisfy the craving after novelty in dress which seems to form a part of the mental constitution of all classes, his goods would be neglected, however fine in material, excellent in weaving, elegant in design, and tasteful in the choice, variety, and combination of color. The spring or the winter fashions of each year must be new; and although millions of patterns have preceded those of any particular year, yet the patterns each year must be stamped with the characteristic of novelty, or they will not sell. The production of this novelty requires months of previous preparation; and it is the business of a peculiar set of artists or pattern designers to furnish the printer with a large variety of designs, from which he selects those which he thinks likely to suit the taste of his customers.

A set of designers is usually attached to large print-works, consisting of two or three artists, and four or five apprentices. The designs furnished by them often amount to several thousands every year, from which the printer selects those which appear likely to succeed, either from novelty of design or the tasteful distribution of form and color. Some designers work on their own account, and sell their designs at prices varying from a few shillings to many dollars. In our next, we will give a description of the mode of calendering various cloths.

## THE LOVE-LETTER.

BY KATE WILDFIRE.

(See Plate.)

ANDY CAVENDER was a sad trifler in his way. There was scarcely a maiden in the village to whom he had not made love at one time or another, and all as a pleasant piece of pastime; not seeming to understand that maidens' hearts were tender things, and liable to be hurt in the handling.

Many tears had he caused to flow from beautiful eyes, yet, if he knew of the fact, it did not appear to give him serious concern. There was always a smile on his lip and a light word on his tongue.

At last, however, Andy's heart received an impression. The image of a fair young girl rested upon it; not as of old, like the image in a speculum, to pass with the object, but like the sun-fixed image of the Daguerreotype. Strange fact! the fickle, light-hearted Andy Cavender was in love; really and truly in love.

There had come to Woodland, to pass a few months during the warm summer-time, a city maiden, whose charms were too potent for the village flirt. She came, he saw, and was conquered. It was soon plain to every one that it was all over with Andy Cavender. Kate—the lively, witty, darling Kate Archer had subdued him with her charms, though all unconscious herself of the conquest she had made.

But others saw what she perceived not, and looked on curious for the issue.

"What do you think of this, Jenny?" said Kate Archer, one day, to the young friend with whom she was spending her summer in the country, and she laughed as she spoke, at the same time holding up a letter.

"News from home?" remarked Jenny, smiling.



"Oh dear, no! It's a love-letter."

"What!"

"A real righty love-letter, and, as they say, nothing else. Oh dear! To think that I should have made a conquest already!"

"A love-letter, Kate? Well, here is an adventure, sure enough! Whose heart have you broken?"

"You shall see and hear for yourself," replied the laughing girl. Then, as she unfolded the letter, she put on a grave countenance, and, opening the pages to the eyes of her friend, read aloud—

"MY DEAR MISS ARCHER: Will you permit one who, from the moment he saw you, became an ardent admirer, to lay his heart at your feet? Until you appeared in our quiet village, no maiden had passed before me who had power to win my love. But, from the moment I saw you, I no longer had control over my affections. They flew to you like a bird to its mate. You cannot but have observed, in all our recent meetings, that I regarded you with more than a common interest, and I have permitted myself to believe that you read the language of my eyes, and understood its meaning. You did not turn from me; you did not look coldly on me. Have I erred in believing that your heart responded to the warm emotions of my own? I trust not. If it be so, then am I of all men most miserable. I will wait, with trembling and impatient hope, your answer to this.

"Tenderly and faithfully yours,  
"ANDREW CAVENDER."

"Now, Jenny dear, what do you think of that?" said Kate, gayly, as she folded up her letter. "Havn't I made a real conquest?"

"Andy Cavender! Well, that beats everything!"

"None of your country maidens for him," laughed Kate. "He must have a city belle."

"Country maidens! He's made love to every good-looking girl within ten miles round."

"He?"

"Yes. There's no counting the hearts he has broken."

"Did he ever make love to you?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Jenny, gayly.

"In real earnest?"

"Ah! now you come to the point. Perhaps you've not heard that Andy is our village flirt?"

"A flirt, indeed! And so I am to be one of his victims. Oh dear!"

"I don't know as to that. I more than half suspect him to be in earnest now. In fact, I've heard, from more than one source, that he is desperately in love with you."

"Will he hang himself if I'm inexorable?"

"There's no telling. But what kind of an answer are you going to make to his avowal of love?"

"What shall I say?"

"Oh, that depends on your feelings."

"He's a regular flirt you say?"

"I could name you a dozen girls at least, to whom his attentions have been of a character to make them believe that his designs were serious. Two or three were made very unhappy when he turned from them, like a gay insect, to seek another flower."

"Then he must be punished," said Kate, resolutely; "and be mine the task to lay the smarting lash upon his shoulders. For the man who deliberately trifles with a woman's feelings I have no pity. He has been the cause of pain beyond what it is possible for himself to feel; and, if I can reach his sensibilities in any way, you may be sure that I will do it with a hearty good-will."

"I do not like the thought of giving pain," remarked Jenny, "even to a reptile."

"Pain is salutary in most cases; and will be particularly so in this, I hope. He will have some idea of how it feels, as the woman said, when she rapped her boy over the head with a stick for striking his sister."

It was as Jenny supposed, and as we intimated in the beginning; Andy Cavender was really and truly over head and ears in love with Kate Archer, and every line of his amatory epistle was from his heart. Two or three letters were written and destroyed before he produced one exactly to his mind, and this he finally dispatched in full confidence that, as it came from his heart, it must reach the heart of the lovely maiden.

Two days went by, and no answer was received by the enamored swain. He began to feel anxious. On the third day, a neat little perfumed envelop came into his hands, which, on opening, he found to contain a pink, perfumed, satin-edged sheet of note-paper, on which were a few lines most delicately written. They were as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, containing a most flattering avowal of regard for one who is comparatively a stranger, has been received. Its effect I will not attempt to describe; nor will I, at this time, venture to put in written language what I feel. To-morrow evening I will spend at Mrs. T——'s. May I hope to see you there?

"Yours, &c., KATE."

Andy was in ecstasies at this answer to his epistle. Its meaning to him was as plain as if Kate had said, "Dear Andrew, my heart is yours."

On the next evening, he repaired to Mrs. T——'s, trembling with fond anticipation. On entering the parlor, he found but a single person therein, and that a young lady named Herbert, to whom he had formerly paid very marked attentions. Aware that she had been made unhappy by his fickleness, not to call it by a harsher name, the meeting rather threw a damper over his feelings. But Andy had



his share of coolness and self-possession, and, although it cost him a considerable effort, he managed to introduce topics of conversation and to talk pretty freely, although the talking was nearly all on his own side, Miss Herbert maintaining a cold reserve, and answering entirely in monosyllables.

For about a quarter of an hour, Andy endured the ordeal, wondering why this particular young lady should happen to be alone in the parlor of Mrs. T—, and wondering still more why Miss Archer did not make her appearance. Just as he began to feel a little excited and uneasy, the door opened, and in walked another young maiden whom he had reason to remember—a Miss Mary Harper. She was also one of his old flames. She appeared surprised at seeing him, and greeted him with coldness. Andy tried to say some sprightly things to Miss Harper; but he was far from being in as good condition as at first. The effort to entertain Miss Herbert had somewhat exhausted his reservoir of spirits, and his attempts to draw farther thereon were not very successful. The two young ladies drew together on the sofa, and maintained a mutual reserve towards Andy that soon began to be painfully embarrassing.

"What does all this mean?" Andy had just asked himself, for he was beginning to feel puzzled, when the sound of light feet along the passage was again heard, and, the door opening, his eyes rested upon the form of Caroline Gray, to whom he had once paid his addresses. Very particular reasons had Andy Cavender for not wishing to meet Caroline on that particular occasion; for he had committed himself to her more directly than to any other young lady in Woodland, having, on one occasion, actually written and sent to her a love-letter. The precise contents of that epistle he did not remember; but often, when he thought of it, he had doubts as to the extent to which he had committed himself therein, that were not very comfortable.

Soon another and another entered, and, strange to say, each was an old flame, until there were present not less than six fair, rebuking spirits. Silent, Andy sat in the midst of these—silent, because the pressure on his feelings had become insufferably great—for nearly a quarter of an hour. It was a social party of a most novel character, and one that he has never forgotten.

About the time that Andy's feelings were in as uncomfortable a state as could well be imagined, and he was beginning to wish himself at the North Pole, Kate Archer and her friend Jenny entered the room slowly, the former with an open letter in her hand, upon which the eyes of both were resting.

In an instant, it flashed upon Andy Cavender that he was to be victimized by the city belle. No sooner had this thought crossed his mind than, rising abruptly, he bowed to his fair tormentors, saying—

"Excuse me, ladies." And beat a hasty retreat.

But, ere he had passed beyond the street door, there reached him a gush of merry laughter from the musical throat of Kate, in which other voices mingled.

On the next day, he received a letter directed in a delicate hand. It inclosed the one he had written to Kate, and accompanying it was a note in these words—

"There is, it is presumed, a mistake in the direction of this. It was probably meant for Caroline Gray, Mary Harper, Nancy Herbert, or Jenny Green. In order that it may receive its proper destination, it is returned to the writer."

The village flirt was a changed man after that. He had played with edged tools until he cut himself, and the wound, in healing, left an ugly scar. Poor Andy Cavender! All this happened years ago, and he is a bachelor still, notwithstanding several subsequent attempts to make a favorable impression on the hearts of certain pretty maidens. The story of his punishment at Mrs. T—'s flew over the village in a few hours, and, after that, no fair denizen of Woodland for a moment thought of regarding any attention from Andy Cavender as more than a piece of idle pastime; and, on the few occasions that he ventured to talk of love, the merry witches laughed him in the face.

## THE GOOD ANGEL.

BY MRS. HALE.

(See Illustration.)

ANGELS, sent as witnesses,  
Watch us everywhere;  
Sheltered by their shining wings,  
Seeming folds of air,  
Gentle maiden, one is near,  
Listening for thy prayer!

Offerings of the pure in heart  
Upward, flame-like, tend;  
With a sunbeam swiftnees then  
Angel guards descend!  
Human sigh and heavenly smile  
Thus together blend.

Lovely as the lonely flower  
In the desert blown,  
Is the holy human thought  
But to angel known:  
On his book the thought is graved,  
Where its light is thrown.

As the fragrance from the flower  
Riseth morn and even,  
Warm with light or wet with dew,  
Joy and grief are given  
From the human soul to draw  
Incense forth for heaven—  
Angels for this off'ring wait  
Every morn and even.

## SINGLE SOLITUDE AND SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

"Heaven protect me from single *solitude*, but not from single *blessedness*."

### SINGLE SOLITUDE.

ALONE she sits in the old homestead,  
And dim her faded eye;  
Her once brown hair is white with years—  
Two score and a half have gone by.  
In those hollow rooms no sound but the tick  
Of the old house clock, that rings  
A solemn knell to departed hours,  
Borne off on the night's dark wings.

From the lightest step an echo falls  
Like the earth-cloth in a grave—  
On all things lies a sullen gloom,  
Deep as a funeral wave.  
Still there she sits, and muses long,  
And thronging memories come  
From the long waste of desert years,  
To people that old home.

The father in his old arm-chair  
The mother's voice again,  
In the lone heart, is breathing low  
As music's lingering strain:  
The happiness of childish hours,  
The light and joy it brings,  
Come crowding back upon the heart,  
Like the rush of waving wings.

And kindred spirits hover near,  
As in the fairest youth,  
But vanish soon; each lovely form  
Is changed to cold, cold truth.  
The buds and blossoms of the heart,  
Affection's dewy flowers,  
Will fade and sadly perish too,  
For want of care of ours!

When gone forever, no fond eye  
E'er glances to our own:  
While desolate, we live unblest,  
Unloved, and *e'er alone*!  
Oh! to be thus when all has fled,  
And love and joy are gone—  
How poor were earth, if on it doomed  
To live and die alone!

### SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Ah! there she sits—but in her eye  
Of dark expressive hue,  
Is a soft light of kindness  
Forever melting through:  
Sweet thoughts have ripened in her heart  
The golden clusters there;  
The heavenly virtues, like rich fruit,  
Exclude corroding care!

Her voice—with cheerful, happy tone,  
Mellowed by softening ill—

Is like glad echoes in the heart,  
The grateful heart it thrills:  
Her early life was beautiful,  
But not so fair as now;  
Contentment smiles upon her way,  
And lights her sunny brow.

Once fancy painted visions bright  
Of sweet domestic bliss;  
But *doubtful oft* as meteor-light  
She trusted not to this.  
A happy group are round her now,  
And sweet young voices ring—  
Caresses sparkle brightly out,  
Like gushings of a spring.

In her kind home, how blest are all  
Who feel its genial sway—  
To a dear sister's widowed heart,  
What sweet repose and stay—  
And many a sad friend there is cheered,  
As light-winged time goes by,  
Scarce streaking yet the raven braids,  
Or dimming yet the eye!

Oh! who may not be always blest,  
Endured with life's flowers,  
That plants *affection's* fruitful seeds  
And *kind acts* on the hours.  
Thus e'er in single blessedness  
The heart may find its home:  
Where loved ones fondly gather,  
There happiness will come!

### TO SIGNORA B\*\*\*\*.

BY FANNY ST. AUBYN.

AN! say not thou'rt exiled long  
From "sunny *Italie*!"  
Bright wanderer from the Land of Song  
Warm hearts have welcomed thee;  
Not "exiled," for thy home shall be  
The true hearts of the brave and free!

Thrice welcome to our own bright land,  
Thou of the song and lute,  
Whose chords are swept with thrilling hand—  
Oh! let them not be mute,  
But wake the soul's deep mystery  
With burning song of *Italie*!

Oh! wake thy lute's soft notes again,  
Whose silent chords are sleeping,  
We listen for the thrilling strain  
Its golden strings are keeping.  
Oh! wake its gushing minstrelsy  
To song of thine own *Italie*!

## EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN IN CITIES.

### NO. I.—THE MINT COIN ADJUSTERS.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

PUBLIC opinion would seem to have decided that but two classes of employment are legitimate to our sex—teaching and the needle.

"In the first place," says that excellent authority, "women are not intended to be occupied out of the domestic circle. The cares of the household are her proper sphere, while man bears abroad 'the burden and heat of the day.' Our mothers, our sisters, our wives, how much we owe to them! We love them all the more for their beautiful dependence. We pity those who have been deprived of their natural protectors, and are obliged to labor for themselves. How fortunate that to them two such avenues are open! Teaching is at once so respectable and proper; the needle, to those who are not qualified for the school-room, is a certain and never-failing support." And so public opinion turns to the discussion of some new theme, with folded hands and a satisfied conscience.

Visit our public schools, and you will see hundreds of bright childish faces, who will soon take the place of older sisters, now toiling in part, perhaps, for their support. Go through our crowded courts and swarming alleys, and you find as many more, who have never been gathered into the fold of this instruction. All these human souls are to have some aim in life, some provision for the natural wants of their existence. They must be clothed and fed; they crave their small share of comforts, and luxury even. It is rare that you find among them a strong, well-trained spirit, that is self-reliant and self-denying thus early in life. They must have occupation as the means to an end, as well as to prevent the rust of natural abilities. Life-long labor for a scanty fee is not in itself attractive, and therefore marriage is set before them as the end and object of their existence. Even when the higher nature has been developed by partial mental training, this one false motive is suffered to take root.

The woman of the world, surrounded by all of wealth and elegance, educates her beautiful daughters to the one end of marrying for an establishment. It is for this that every natural grace is heightened, every warm heart-impulse subdued, every accomplishment is sought. The simple strength of love, the union of reciprocal tastes and excellent qualities, the "divine self-abnegation" to the will and comfort of those around them, the training for the new position, and the thousand responsibilities of wife and mother, the mistress of a household, the

leader of society, have no part nor lot in the matter. And, if this is undeniably so in the light of high intellectual cultivation, what wonder that the daughters of the poor man look upon marriage, from earliest girlhood, as the goal of all hopes and aims, the emancipation from the restraints of the pinched and meagre household arrangements, a cessation from the wearying routine of the needle, their sole dependence? Thus marriages of convenience are not confined alone to those homes where human hearts are sacrificed that their elegance need not be diminished. The apple of discord is sometimes other than golden fruit; and the home that should have been so bright, a haven of rest and contentment, is darkened with contention and angry reproach: whence come the sins of neglect, intemperance, and perhaps abandonment.

How different would all home influence be, if young girls were taught to reverence, rather than make a jest of this holiest emotion of the heart, and to wait, in quiet and serene contentment, until such a time as they should meet and recognise such qualities of mind and soul as would insure sympathy, strength, and forbearance in the nearest and dearest association of life?

The restless mind, so busy with idle and fanciful dreams, would be trained by active employment; the self-respect of independence would forbid any sacrifice of truth or honest feeling.

But others remain to be provided for. The daughters of those who have been affluent, but are suddenly reduced to the necessity of labor; the young widow, reared in comfort, who finds herself alone in the world, with her children to be reared and educated. This is no small class of community to be provided for, and one whose wants are most difficult to meet. "Work they cannot, to beg they are ashamed," and may live on, eating the bitter bread of dependence; for they had wasted the instructions of the school-room, save in those accomplishments that fitted them to shine in society, but are useless now, and their physical strength, as well as manual skill, will avail very little in the contest with daily want. All these must be cared for, or their sufferings, it may be said, rest upon the very public opinion which washes its righteous hands so innocently of the matter. And why? Because it has guarded so many avenues of employment; because it has shut out all choice and variety: "so far shalt thou come, and no farther," in the broad world of

human effort and ingenuity, is the voice that has condemned every effort to a wider range of thought and action.

Not that we would enter into the contest of the present, and soil our lips with the war-cry for "female emancipation;" we claim for our sisters only liberty to use the proportion of strength, both of body and mind, with which Heaven has seen fit to endow them. Every woman who comes before the world as a public teacher or leader seems to us to lose a part of her birthright of purity and delicacy. The pen can send forth its gentle influence from the retirement of the home circle; but we ask no place in the lecture-room or the arena of political strife—nothing that could disturb

"That stillness which best becomes a woman—  
Calm and holy."

We are, in a measure, dealing with past traditions; very recently, the aspect of society in this respect is somewhat changed, perhaps in no city more successfully than our own; and we have thought a glance at some of these sources of industry and content might not be uninteresting to the readers of a publication devoted to the interests of our sex, while resulting perhaps in still further progress. And, first of all, we select, for its novelty, unparalleled success, and general interest, the weighing or adjusting of the United States Mint.

You are fond of crocheting, fair ladies; you like the grace of the silken purse, the shining glitter of its well-filled compartments. The golden dollars slip softly through your pretty hands; you admire the purity of the silver coin; nay, are not ashamed to confess to the early childish gratification of a bright new "copper," with the smiling head of Liberty, and the distinct "ONE CENT" on the reverse, one of the first spelling lessons to which you gave earnest heed. But have you any more idea of the manufacture of this ringing coin than you have of the weaving of the delicate lace or the rich silks for which it is given in exchange? Not unless you have visited our city and gone through with its lions, for prominent among them stands the pure marble edifice known as the Mint. But, if you have never accomplished the established routine of sight-seeing, allow us to be your chaperone for the morning, and we shall find what part our sex plays in the production of our country's coinage.

We need not be daunted by the card that confronts us at the portal, "*No admittance after twelve o'clock;*" we have a friend at court, whose name is a talisman to the porter, and we are ushered through the paved hall into his neat office, little differing from an ordinary counting-room; here we await the arrival of our guide, no other than the director of the department in which is situated the "*Mint cage of Canaries,*" as some one has pleasantly entitled the apartment which is the principal object of our visit.

They are opening small packages of the raw material in the room opposite the sub-treasurer's office, as we leave it. These brown-paper parcels, so carefully tied, and sealed, and directed, arrived in yesterday's steamer from the Garden Gate. We saw it announced in huge capitals, included in that indefinite quantity, "*\$300,000 IN THE HANDS OF THE PASSENGERS!*" They are so suggestive, these small leathern bags, scarcely larger than the longest finger of a gentleman's glove, filled with the fine shining dust and flakes, that are now lying upon the scale that will soon mark their actual value. It tells of "perils by flood and field," separation from home and friends, days of weary toil, and nights of restless anxiety. It may be a "widow's mite," all that has returned to her for the love and protection that were given up for the fatal search; it may be an orphan's only portion; or perhaps the welcome remittance, come in the hour of need, to avert threatened want or beggary.

However this may stand, it will soon be fused in the glowing mass that prepares the labor of the coiner.

We are too late for the melting; but that we have little to do with. We know that the assayed and refined gold is at length cast into bars, of perhaps half a yard in length—we will take the largest gold coin, the double eagle, at which they work to-day—and from this the bright circle, with its clear impressions, is to be formed.

Now we are in a room filled with swarthy men and clanking machinery. It is lighted by the red glow of the annealing furnace, and the hiss of steam mingles with the confused chorus of sounds. The iron chain, closed against all intruders, is thrown down at our appearance, and, as we enter the central door, we find near us one of those iron frames that minister to the discord. Beside it is a wooden table or tray, holding a bundle of long thin strips of gold; the bar has already been subjected to various processes, and has gained several inches in length for the lost thickness. See, in the press before us, as it passes through the process, which must still be repeated, the pressure bearing greater until the requisite thickness is attained. When thus drawn, the strip is passed beneath yonder die, striking with the utmost precision and regularity, as the grave-faced workman draws it outward with a slightly oscillating motion, the round counters of gold falling into a receptacle beneath; and the thin bar of metal, remaining penetrated at equal distances, is laid aside to be remelted and recast, for nothing is wasted here.

"As the trimmings of puff paste are kneaded again," says our guide, by way of illustration to our feminine ears, which suggests to us a comparison for the strips themselves: a thin layer of cake or biscuit dough, when the circular cutter has passed over it, etching out the cakes at regular intervals.

And this is all it is necessary for us to see just

now; so we leave the jar and confusion, following our cicerone up an outer staircase, of the hollow-square or parallelogram, which the buildings form; and, entering a small passage, are ushered at once into the room appropriated to those who adjust the coin to its exact standard weight before it can be finished. What a change! The only sound is the chattering of merry voices, or bursts of girlish laughter, subdued a little, but by no means hushed, at the approach of visitors. The apartment is large and airy, long ranges of windows on each side, and a skylight in the centre, securing ample ventilation. Through its width extend three long tables, and on each side are placed the young girls, busy with this monotonous, but agreeable employment. Not all young girls; for here and there we meet a more careworn face, acting as a balance, perhaps, to the light spirits of those around. It reminded us at first of the large drawing-hall of the — Seminary: there were the same gayety and cheerfulness, and the scales before each workwoman filled the place of our easels. Walking about from group to group, with a sweet and serious mien, was a lady in deep mourning, not unlike our favorite teacher, as she would come, with some word of encouragement or advice, to watch the progress of the drawing; but her presence was no arbitrary restraint, and the work went on as rapidly, for all the jest and laughter. Some were standing, the height of the tables making it convenient for them to do so; others had made themselves comfortable with foot-stools, or were leaning over their work. Hands and arms were in constant motion; indeed, the whole upper part of the figure is exercised much more than in sewing, or even drawing, by the reaching and filing.

The neat scales are placed directly before them, at just a convenient distance apart; a file and a round brush, like that of a house painter, are their only implements. A pile of the unfinished coin is placed before each, which is to be balanced by the exact standard weight. The coin is placed in the opposite scale, and is required to be precisely the same; if it varies ever so little, the index in the centre is true to the fault. It moves like the hand of a clock, but with a pendulum motion, upon a tiny white dial-plate, and the practised eye can discover the instant, and to us almost imperceptible movement. If too heavy, the file separates a few tiny particles from the rough edge; or, if too light, the piece is rejected altogether. A round and square can of tin stands before each, for the different pieces. Those that are of just weight are now ready to be milled, the others are reweighed, and, if found to vary more than the eighth of a grain, are considered altogether too light, and are melted and cast again. All this is done with astonishing rapidity and precision. The eye is fixed upon the register, and the busy hands move almost mechanically from pile to file, and to the open-mouthed receptacle. The particles are suffered to fall upon the sheets of

stiff brown paper that cover the tables; but think not their escape is permitted. It is for this reason that no current of air is admitted, the room being ventilated by lowering the upper sash.

But how are they gathered?

We shall see, as soon as this present weight of coin is finished; they are already near its completion. One by one they cease from the quick routine, and watch their less industrious neighbors, or chat among themselves; as school-girls anticipate an approaching recess. "But why are they not supplied with work at once?" we ask, to be told that each parcel is weighed in the office of the chief coiner before it is brought to the room, and must be weighed again by itself. Now the tin cans are beginning to gather on one of the smaller tables, where a workman from below is preparing their contents for removal.

This is an animated scene; every workwoman has risen, and is busily plying her brush. Her own dress, apron, and sleeves are dusted, then the table before her, the scales, and all the particles brushed down together. We essay to lift the can of filings thus gathered from the morning's employment; it is about half full of the dull yellow and brown particles; but, as if they concealed a magic weight, our wrists are so strained that we are fain to replace it upon the table of the lady directress. We are told, to our amazement, that the value of the very sweepings alone will average from twelve to fourteen hundred dollars!

But still more, the water in which their hands are now washed has also its precious deposit. More than two hundred dollars was saved in this way in ten months.

"Is it possible?" we say. "Then the very dust of the floor must be valuable?" And we are told, with a quiet smile, that no sweeping from the whole building is thrown away. It is first "purified by fire," and its yearly yield is almost equal to a California claim!

"That is the dressing-room," says our guide, pointing to a large screen, cutting off about one-sixth of the room. "The screen opposite shields the kitchen and dining-room."

"A kitchen in the Mint!" This was certainly an unexpected novelty; and we are told that the employees do not leave the building through the ten hours, which is their daily limit. Very different from the twelve and fourteen of the seamstress; for every one knows that the last two or four hours drag heavily enough, when the mind and body are exhausted. The girls themselves prefer the regulation, work commencing at six during the summer season, and seven in the winter, which gives them a long evening; time enough, after four, for sewing, walking, or study. They are certainly the gainers by the noon hour thus being saved; whence the necessity for the kitchen and dining-room. With kind permission, we venture to intrude behind the

screen. We have startled a dinner-party of six or seven, who are taking advantage of the recess. Two more are employed with basin and towel in washing the delf from which they have just finished their meal.

They smile very good-naturedly at the interruption—we blushing a little, it may be, at our own curious inspection of the domestic arrangements of ladies every whit as well bred as ourselves—and point out the recess with its fitting of stove and culinary utensils, where one of their number is just now brewing a most inviting cup of tea. The dining-room has a goodly row of shelves, with canisters, china, etc. etc., like any other store-room; and, as each person or party play cook and waiter for themselves, all is neatness and order.

Ten minutes have passed, and the recess is not yet over. The pretty faces are gathered in groups around the room and dressing-room. Some in the window-seats are watching us curiously, as we linger by the raised table of the directress, which commands a view of the room; others are in knots of threes and fives, discussing the fashion of a sleeve or the bright spring dresses displayed in the shop-windows. A few, more studiously inclined, have drawn forth a fascinating volume, and are dispatching page after page; even an industrious needle or two have made their appearance, and a few busy stitches are set. How little there is here to mark discontent or suffering, overwork or overtaxed strength! The employment, though monotonous, requires constant thought and attention, so that the mind is not wearied by habitual reverie, and the cheerful hum of voices, or music of laughter, would satisfy the most exacting philanthropist. They are paid on an average, and not for the exact amount each person executes: active or indolent, they receive four dollars and a half per week; but, in justice, we must say that each seemed striving to do her best.

We are struck with the ease and propriety of the employment, the neat and cheerful aspect of the room; so much pleasanter than if the same number of men and boys had been at work; and are reminded to inquire whether this employment of women is unprecedented. Entirely so: the philanthropy and good taste of the suggestion are entirely due to the chief coiner, our attentive guide, Franklin Peale, Esq. It is nearly two years since the experiment was commenced, and is found to answer admirably. "Women are at once more easily taught, and quicker in movement; and," adds Mr. Peale, "*we find them more conscientious*," which truly noble compliment to our sex we could but acknowledge by a most respectful bow.

In making selections from the crowd of applicants, the most intelligent and well-educated have been chosen, and we doubt if fifty pleasanter-looking faces could be gathered together. The manners of many mark them as educated and refined, which

must, of course, give a tone to the whole circle. We could but fancy the intimacies and agreeable acquaintances which are no doubt frequently formed among them.

A situation in the adjusting-room being, for these various reasons, so eligible, it is no wonder that constant applications are made; but we were not prepared to hear that the number of disappointed applicants could not fall far short of *six hundred*, a fact of the greatest weight in proving our proposition with regard to the necessity for female employment.

As we bid adieu to the cheerful room and its amiable directress, we will linger for a moment in a division of the apartment below, in which we saw the pieces prepared, where they are now undergoing the last process before the certain touch of the die stamps them the current coin of our country. It is not strictly german to the plan of our sketches; but our own curiosity was gratified in following the tempting pieces to their final embellishment, and we fancy, dear ladies, that this you share with us.

Here we are, then, in range with the glowing furnaces, in one of which we catch a glimpse of apparent short, thick bars of iron, red with the fervent heat. They are, in reality, iron boxes, containing a portion of the unfinished coin, which, after the adjusting, has been *milled*, or passed through a simple machine, where, by systematic pressure between two grooves of steel, the narrow rim or edge has been made to encircle it. Formerly, it also included the fine ridges, or border, which counterfeits have found so hard to imitate; but this is now accomplished by the one stroke of the die. In these iron boxes, then, the golden circles are placed, still with the red and green stains upon them, which you may have noticed, caused by the action of the external air in some former annealing process. This is now to be cleansed; therefore the lid of the box is luted fast with wet clay, and the whole subjected to heat, until it has attained what the workmen call "cherry red." Here it comes sliding down the iron bars, supported by the pincers of the workman on either side, to its bath, a weak infusion of sulphuric acid. A huge sieve is suspended by a crane above it, the cover is removed, and the glowing metal thus retained is plunged into the vat beneath. Now it appears once more changed in color, but the same in form. Another bath, more cooling, of clear Schuylkill; and still a third, warmer in temperature, for it must be dried in haste, lest it should tarnish. Once more the huge sieve swings round, and now its contents, bright and burnished as we see the beautiful coin before it is dimmed by the touch of traffic, is emptied into the long sawdust-filled trough that occupies the centre of the room; and here the drying process is completed by the quick manipulation of the workmen.

There is so much to see! There is a fascination in the noiseless, regular working of the steam-engine

in the next apartment. It is an apt illustration of those quiet, forcible characters who accomplish so much without jar or tumult. But we must not linger; the opening door displays the rapid machinery for which it supplies the motive power; and here again we find piles of the burnished golden circles. They are receiving the final mark of their perfection: the quick, sure stroke of the die conveys the rapid impression, and fast as the workmen can feed the insatiate engine, the pieces, one by one, are passed beneath the powerful force, and fall, in all their glowing and finished beauty, into the receptacle beneath.

Did you ever wonder how all this coin is to be counted?—the dull, tiresome process of telling the half million adjusted in a day? For the larger gold pieces the original process is still retained, separating the pile by fives, and gathering them into rouleaux of ten each. Or there is the cutting, a wooden bar, at right angles, like a wide and thick carpenter's rule, notched at regular intervals; the piles are placed within the angle, as you sometimes

gather the counters of a backgammon board, and, when thus evenly adjusted, they are much sooner told. But for those bright coppers, silver, and smaller gold pieces, there is a triumph of mechanical ingenuity, and yet so simple in its application you wonder it was not thought of long ago. The workman sits, with a wooden frame before him, lined with copper, however, to save the constant attrition that would soon wear away the wood. This frame is divided into compartments the width of the pieces, and is carelessly heaped with bright new coppers. A few slow movements backwards and forwards, and the coins have arranged themselves between the grooves. The practised eye scans the board to see that the layers are not double; a hinged section falling, precipitates all over the sum required into a trough below, and the board has *measured* its five hundred pieces in much less time than the description has been written.

Thus ends our morning's investigations, with grateful acknowledgments to our courteous guide.

## A LEGEND OF THE SECOND CRUSADE IN THE HOLY LAND.

### FROM HISTORY.

BY MRS. S. E. WADDELL.

"How to command, and how to obey, was the education of a Spartan."—PLUTARCH.

THE mingled waters of the Syrian and Phœnician seas beat high and angrily against the shores of the Holy Land, cooling with spray the low white buildings of Tripolis, which at a league's distance resembled those birds of the air and of the water, as they hover and dip, disappear and rise again in the ever-sounding waters of the main.

A boat of Oriental structure floated before the port; but so distant was it that it might have been easily mistaken for a dark cloud merging above the disk of the horizon, with an occasional mezzotint touch from the sun: its deck was ornamented by a small pavilion, beneath which sat a Saracen Assassin, and a Frank, or Western Christian.

"I will relate," said the former, "according to your request, some circumstances which may be of interest to you. Yes, friend of my soul, what would not Hâsan do either to benefit or amuse you!

"The founder of the sect of *Assassins*\* was Hâsan Sâbâh. My father gave me his name in consequence of his admiration of him. It is said he obtained our hill fort of 'Allahmout,' or the 'Eagles' Nest,' by the same stratagem which Dido practised in gaining Carthage.

"As soon as I could understand, he took me by

the hand and pointed all around, as far as I could see, saying: 'Your namesake gained this fort by bargaining for as much of the ground as an ox's hide would cover. Malek Shah, a prince to whom the country belonged, readily consented, thinking Hâsan Sâbâh very modest, or very poor. He even said: "I will give you as much again, and you can raise vines sufficiently to supply a part of the market at Kazveen;" but he shook his head, thanked him, and insisted that he wanted no more than what an ox's hide would surround. "Well," said the prince, "you are an odd fellow, or half witted."

"Hâsan bought the hide, and, sitting down, took such a dagger as this—pointing to the one at his side—and commenced shredding the hide into thongs and joining them until they multiplied sufficiently to cover as much of the ground as he desired.

"We guard the tenets of our religion with jealousy, and its mysticisms are carried by us to an extreme.

"Mohammed's religion was called Islâm—resignation, or religion of salvation—and those who adhered to it were by the Arabs denominated *Moslems*, and by the Persians *Musulmans*. The head of the empire, both temporally and theologically, is the *khalif*, or successor of the Prophet. The Fatimites or Ismaelites, from Ismael, a descendant of Fatima, daughter of Mohammed's successors, established a

\* So called from their peculiar dagger, and derived, it is said, from the Sanscrit or Persian language.

dynasty in the north of Africa, on the coast, making a conquest of Egypt and of Syria, while they reigned at Cairo. They were the enemies of the Khalif of Bagdad, each regarding the other as heretics. *Moswiah*, a descendant of the uncle of Mohammed, claimed the khalifate after the death of Ali, and reigned for ninety years at Damascus. From his family one called *Abbas* sprang from another of the uncles of the Prophet, wrested the khalifate, and reigned at Bagdad; while one of *Moswiah's* descendants, also claiming the khalifate, escaped to Spain and reigned at Cordova.

"The *Ismacilites* or *Assassins* were in the *Abbaside* dominions the disguised advocates of the *Fatimite* succession, but their religion will ever remain hidden and mysterious. Our chief's face is ever veiled; his power is unlimited; he has but to signify his wish, and it is obeyed. "Strike thyself to the heart; throw thyself from yonder tower;" and it is no sooner expressed than executed."

Héan was silent for a short time, when he again called the attention of his Christian friend to the pavilion above them. It was lined with azure silk, upon which was wrought in silver a crescent, with some of the planets and satellites. They were delineated as accurately as if traced upon a celestial globe, and so artfully contrived as to represent a semi-sphere.

"See," said he, "the type of the crescent; of an increasing glory and power which ends, you know, in a perfect circle, and that, we all know, is typical of eternity. This recalls to my remembrance an event connected with my history.

"Sultan Sanjar, of Persia, was the son of Malek Shah. He is most justly regarded as the best and greatest of the Seljookian monarchy. Seven years ago, he was importuned, by some whose names I need not now recur to, to undertake the overthrow of our race. We were soon apprised of the circumstance, and our chief called upon me to set forth with a warning for the Sultan and for Fakir Rasee, a doctor of laws, who was styled 'The Imaum of Rhe.' This grave fakir was suspected of leaning towards the *Ismacilite* sect, and, fearing that it would be noised abroad, he undertook to express his horror of our tenets in a severe homily while attending the services of the mosque.

"The Sultan reigned at Khorassan. His dominions extended from beyond the Indus in one direction to the *Jaxartes* in another. Disguising myself as a merchant, I repaired to a caravansary in Meshed, the capital of Khorassan, and offered in the bazaar a few silks from Ghilen. While bartering for a couple of Cashmere shawls of the finest goat hair, I heard a crier proclaiming that the 'worshipful Imaum of Rhe would at sunset pronounce again his homily in the mosque.' This was precisely what I desired most, and, setting forth quite early, I examined the mosque, and seated myself near a place called the 'Imaum's pulpit,' to await the homily, and

in due time heard the muezzin; after which the people assembled, and with them Fakir Rasee. He was remarkably corpulent and very short, with a laughing eye, which was forever twinkling; so much so as to produce an incongruity when he undertook a grave subject.

"While he abused us, I was one of his most attentive auditors, and after he dismissed the crowd and returned to put on his slippers and lay aside his robe, I quietly followed him, and will never forget the ludicrous expression of his frightened countenance when I seized him by the beard, and, pointing to my dagger, asked him 'if he knew who I was?'

"Indeed I do not," said he, almost fainting with horror.

"You abused the *Ismacilite* sect," said I.

"I was wrong: I will never do so again: I repent from the bottom of my heart!" was his reply.

"Swear by the Holy Prophet to what you have just said."

"I swear," replied the Imaum, gasping for breath.

"Very well," said I, quitting my hold; 'I have orders not to slay you, or my poniard should before this have been crimsoned with the blood of your heart. The lord of the Assassins, Allah-u-deen, desires his respects to you, and inquires if you are well informed of the tenets of that sect which you have dared to abuse? He advises you to be careful of your future conduct; and as he has a respect for your character, he sends you this bag, which contains three hundred and sixty gold mohurs,\* and here is an order for a similar sum, to be paid annually by one of his agents.'

"Fakir Rasee took the money, and continued for many years to receive his pension. He never mentioned to his pupils, or even in lectures, the *Ismacilite* sect. Whenever asked why he abstained from the expression of such opinions, he was wont to observe 'that he had some sharp and weighty arguments which induced him to waive all discussion on the subject.'

"I had now a more difficult task to achieve, in my warning to the Sultan. After remaining four days at Meshed without seeing him, except when surrounded by a strong guard, I bethought me of an expedient.

"In Persia, students need but a slight acquaintance with astronomy to be regarded as adepts in the mysteries of judicial astrology. To take an altitude with an astrolabe; to know the position of the planets, stars, and satellites, with a perfect knowledge of astrological almanacs—which are published annually—is sufficient, particularly when a few technical phrases are added.

"The chief physician of the Sultan was in the daily habit of taking an evening walk. I managed, as he entered the shade of some date-trees, to attract

\* Equal to two dollars.



his attention by exclaiming—'Alas for Sultan Sanjar, should he take the antelope hunt on to-morrow, as I have heard he designed doing. Oh that a poor astrologer like myself could influence him: I read his horoscope, and now that his'—

"Hold there!" said the physician, stepping to the spot where I was seated—"what is that, friend, that I heard thee lamenting?"

"I tore my beard and beat my breast, in silence, until he promised to send for me on the following morning while the Sultan was breakfasting, so as to enable me to explain in person my apprehensions for his safety. I now rose from my seat, standing erectly, and crossing my hands until he repeated—

"You shall be welcome; where shall I send for you?"

"I prostrated myself as I said, 'Most worshipful follower of Jalenous\* and Boorat,† at the caravan-sary of Mohammed Ali Khan, if it pleases your worship.'

"As the religion of the Sultan exacted his rising early, and his popularity in his dominions depended upon his strict observance of the Koran, I had not long after sunrise to await the summons. The chief steward, or *nawze* of the Sultan, a man of remarkably ugly, and indeed almost deformed appearance, presented himself as my guide to the palace. As he stood before me but four feet high, and nearly as broad, his carroty hair hanging in strings beneath his lamb's-wool cap, a foot and a half high, his eyes large, and with the color and expression of a tiger's, I feared lest I should wound his feelings by the gaze of curiosity my face expressed: but whether he had become accustomed to such expressions of surprise or not, remains to be ascertained: certain it is, he did not notice me. We walked in silence for some time, until Illiz called to me, saying, 'Hark ye.' I turned as he pointed to a slave-merchant, who in an audible voice was saying to a richly-dressed Persian—

"Thirty-nine, only thirty-nine."

"What do you say?" replied the merchant.

"Only thirty-nine."

"That number," continued Illiz, 'is deeply wrought in the tapestry of my life.'

"How, brother?" said I.

"Why, but four years since, standing in that very place with thirty-nine Turks, carried with myself to market, all of which the vizier bought for his royal master excepting myself, and when about to depart with them, I called to the minister—"Oh! vizier, if you have purchased thirty-nine slaves for the Sultan's sake, buy me, for God's sake!" The minister was pleased, and I was included with the others. From my wretched inferior appearance, I was thought worthy only of a scullion's place in the king's kitchen. I am not too humble to say that there I made so many improvements and friends,

that I was gradually promoted until I arrived at the place of steward, which I now hold.'

"We arrived at the palace, and found that the Sultan was awaiting his breakfast hour in one of his private halls. The *nawze* now left me at the vestibule, and summoned the physician, after which the door was opened; and as we entered two officers raised their gold-enamelled wands, and we twice made obeisance. The Sultan was seated upon a divan of blue satin ornamented heavily with fringe of gold thread strung with pearls, and festooned with cords and tassels of the same: four square pillars of porphyry supported the divan, and upon each rested a golden peacock set with precious stones, and bearing costly pearls in their beaks. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, with eyes more lustrous than the diamonds and other precious stones which looped his turban, notwithstanding, when there was the least inflexion of his body, they flashed and sparkled most refulgently: his beard was black, and in the form of a fan: his dress the *catebee* or robe, composed of cloth of gold and brocade, clasped with diamonds. There were on each side of him pages splendidly dressed, who refreshed him by burning perfumes in vases, and fanning him with the feathers of the ostrich and bird of paradise. But these are the mere externals of eastern habits. The Sultan possessed the three great traits which Xenophon enumerates as the national character of the ancient Persians: riding, shooting with the bow, and speaking the truth.

"I listened with pleasure at the history given by his lieutenant of the country of Egypt. The Sultan had never visited the Nile, and was curious to hear a description from an eye-witness of his own court, and had just seated the lieutenant a few feet below him and commanded him to proceed. When I entered, I had consequently to fold my arms across my breast and stand respectfully aside, while he detailed the following narrative:—

"Oh, commander of the faithful, Egypt is a country of black earth and green plants, between a pulverized mountain and red sand. The distance from Syene to the sea is a month's journey for a horseman. Along the valley descends a river, on which the blessing of the Most High reposes, both in the evening and the morning, and which rises and falls with the revolutions of the sun and moon. When the annual dispensations of Providence unlock the springs and fountains that nourish the earth, the Nile rolls his swelling and sounding waters through the realms of Egypt; the fields are overspread by the salutary flood, and the villages communicate with each other in their painted barks. The retreat of the inundation deposits a fertilizing mud, for the reception of the various seeds. The

\* Galen.

† Hippocrates.

\* Translated from an Arabian manuscript in the possession of Cardinal Masarin, in a volume published in the year 1666.

crowds of husbandmen who blacken the land may be compared to a swarm of ants, and their native indolence is quickened by taskmasters, who punish, or promise the flowers and fruits of a plentiful increase. Their hope is seldom deceived, but the riches which they extract from the wheat, the barley, and the rice, the legumens, the fruit-trees, and the cattle, are equally shared between those who labor and those who possess. According to the vicissitudes of the season, the face of the country is adorned with a silver wave, a verdant emerald, and the deep yellow of a golden harvest.'

"It was my time next to speak, and I had commenced approaching the Sultan in the usual formula, by stepping towards him, then stopping, and hesitating as if dazzled by his appearance, then advancing again, when the *nausse* Illis announced the king's breakfast. It was borne upon a tray covered by a rich shawl, which was removed, and laid upon an elegantly embroidered cloth spread before the Sultan, who left the divan for a seat on a carpet, which I need only describe as from the looms of the *Riats*. The *nausse* then proceeded to break the seal and unlock the tray. It contained dishes of very fine China, with silver covers. They being also removed and the dishes of viands placed before the Sultan, the physician stepped forward and remained standing by him until he had breakfasted and for an hour afterwards. During the latter period, I was called upon for proofs of my skill in judicial astrology. I went through the usual forms and calculations, pointing out to him that the invisible but baneful constellation *Sukes yeldos* was exactly opposite the chief and only gateway leading towards the forest, and must consequently shed its dangerous influence in that direction. The Sultan was convinced that I had interposed between himself and some impending danger, and, drawing a ring from his finger, he placed it here—pointing to the third finger of his right hand—saying:—

"Should the black clouds of sorrow ever lower over you, and Sultan Sanjar be possessed of the power to dispel them, even in a slight degree, send this to him."

The Assassin paused for some time while he gazed on his monarch's gift, and, as he raised his jewelled hand to his turban in respectful remembrance of him who was now a captive, a tear dropped upon his silken vestments, and spangled into a thousand brilliant particles. Thus in a few moments the incidents of many years glided before him in a multitude of sorrowful yet brilliant reminiscences, and, to use the language of his own country, were "full of the waters of the eye."

"We managed that the Sultan should not be disappointed in his hunting expedition; and on the following morning, after returning from the mosque, he agreed to pass through the city in the opposite direction of the constellation, and continue a route for ten or eleven leagues towards Killaat. I was to

accompany the party for the purpose of reminding the Sultan to keep his head in a proper direction, so as to avoid the constellation. When the cavalcade drew up in front of the palace, it resembled much more a caravan fitted out with merchandise for Bagdad, than a party of pleasure. There were ten camels laden with tents, furniture, and provisions; forty horses, and sixteen mules: two of the former bore rich saddles, plated with gold, and set with rubies and turquoise or *ferousak*, one of which was led for, and the other ridden by the Sultan. The remainder of the horses were variously caparisoned, some with silver-mounted saddles, others with embroidered velvet and gilding. Spears were fastened to the saddles, and each man carried in his hand a bow, and in his *sarh* a quiver full of arrows. The Sultan and visier bore each a hawk upon his glove, and there were ten or fifteen dogs led in leashes.

"We vaulted into our saddles and filed off through the city, uniting again in the suburbs. I rode by the Sultan, and the visier on the opposite side. There were twenty-four archers as a body-guard, twelve in the van and twelve in the rear: then followed many of the nobles, the gentry, and menials. We had travelled five or six leagues, when an outrider, who occupied the place of scout, returned for the purpose of informing the Sultan that he had discovered the tracks of a stag. The monarch was an excellent horseman as well as marksman, and, spurring his horse, he dashed forward, forgetting *Sukes yeldos*. When within a hundred yards of the animal, he dismounted and advanced fifty steps, fitting at the same time an arrow to his bow; but the picturesque appearance of the scene before him arrested its flight. In a deep valley through which a stream bubbled and glided over pebbles as white as snow, lay sleeping one of the noblest stags I ever saw. So perfect was his rest, and so harmonious to repose the surrounding scenery, that it appeared a violation of nature to disturb him. An arrow flew from the monarch's bow, and a shower of dewy flowers fell from the shrubbery above, and carpeted the spot so lately occupied by the now bounding and almost invisible stag. I had followed the Sultan closely, and now for the first time addressed him.

"Sword of Persia, commander of the faithful, and noble Sultan, have you forgotten the baneful constellation?"

"He quietly surrendered his head into my keeping, and we journeyed on, until the hawks were flown. Away they went, rising higher and higher, now wheeling, now poising upon outstretched wings, and now darting until lost in the vapory clouds which sailed in fragments below the summits of the mountains. A sudden descent of the hawks, with a cry from the scout, informed us that the stag had been discovered, and that his rapid flight was now impeded by their attacking his head. Presently four dogs were unleashed, now four more, and so on, until the animal was almost fainting with fatigue,

when he was suddenly surrounded by horsemen and easily captured. How little better is man than a cat! Each amuses himself by tormenting his prey ere he destroys it. Nevertheless, some philosophers have thought it a very pleasing entertainment to the poor animal to flee with danger as a pursuer. Suppose we refer to the animal man for an analogy in this natural trait? Let us take him, not as a progressive and improving being, but as a savage, and he is equalled by all inferior animals; for, if we except the connecting link with the vegetable world, they possess the same number of senses; and even with reason in the one, we find analogically instinct with the other: they have the same passions, and all of the moral virtues of uncivilized man. May it not, then, be their unaccessible language which creates the great difference? If so, language may be the basis of civilization. In Eden there was no carnivorous animal. 'Every herb bearing seed, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, to you it shall be meat.' 'Dominion' alone was given over animals, and there also the serpent spake to Eve. But we will leave this subject to superior minds, to return to our story.

"After this our tents were pitched, and a carpet spread for the Sultan's couch. I was by him when he fell upon his face to perform his evening's devotion, and did not leave him until he was deeply sleeping. I now requested the loan for a few minutes of the vizier's *kullumdan* or ink-horn. They are worn by viziers as a mark of their office, and are constructed so as to hold ink, a reed, and pen-knife: they are ten or twelve inches in length, and three or four in circumference, beautifully enamelled, and suspended from the girdle. The vizier promptly handed it, supposing—the heavens being as bright as day—that I designed making astronomical calculations. Stepping out of the tent, I traced for the Sultan, as his astrologer, a few lines of advice, with this admonition:—

"Sultan Sanjar, beware! had not thy character been admired, the hand that struck this dagger into the hard ground could with more ease have plunged it into thy soft bosom."

"This I wrapped around the handle of one of the daggers which was concealed about my person. I returned the ink-horn to the vizier, who replaced it in his girdle, and, stationing a guard about the monarch's tent, spread his carpet and folded himself in his robe for the night. As the vizier was not an astrologer in his habits, he was very soon dreaming of the Mussulman's paradise. I heard him mutter in his sleep:—

"Hand me, gazelle-eyed, that crystal cup of nectar."

"Being somewhat acquainted with the philosophy of dreams, I fully expected that the grave vizier would confuse the empire and the horns of the stag together, and in his tangle of ideas awake. So, as softly as possible, I sank the dirk to the handle at

the head of the Sultan, and so very near that his turban shaded it; then passing the guard, who knew me, as if going to my tent, I was soon as free as the mountain breeze, or the waking ringdove in the wilds of Diarbek."

\* \* \* \* \*

The ship was anchored, and the Templar saw the little boat rock upon the billows as it awaited his departure. The Assassin sat upon the deck, and as his Frankish friend turned towards him for the purpose of bidding him farewell, his manly bearing and muscular proportions might have induced any one to suppose, had they lived in the age of Pericles, that he was the original of the Olympian Jupiter of Phidias.

Rising, Hâsan approached him, and, kissing repeatedly his left cheek, the noble pagan wept. The Templar's hand was wet with tears as he pointed to the red-cross upon his left shoulder, and, drawing the Assassin by his side, he fell upon his knees and prayed fervently that God would guide him, whose mind was as the desert of his native land, to that "well of living water which quenches thirst forever." The Assassin, like Felix, trembled as he said:—

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian, for thy example for many long years has proved to me that the spirit of Allah is with thee."

The Assassin returned to his tribe immediately after separating from his Christian friend, and having two or three months of furlough at home, he amused himself not in travelling in disguise over new scenes in foreign countries, as was customary with them when released from duty, but in compiling a manuscript of the adventures of his life, designing to forward it to the Templar as an evidence not only of his regard, but of his recollection of him. During this period he would each day wander alone upon the crags surrounding the *Eagles' Nest*, and there, in the solitude of nature, he would recall his past existence; and often the Syrian sun would sink, and the curtains of night gather around him ere he would awake to the realities of his present life. So deeply was he wrapped in thought, that we might say a tide of Lethe swept over him, rendering him not oblivious to the past, but of present time. He was two months engaged in tracing with his reed on vellum the history of his life; and when his task was finished, he dropped his pen and ink-horn in the chasm beneath him as he said:—

"My life is now finished, and oh! that the scissors of the Greek Fury would sever its thread as that pen its chronicle."

He rolled up the manuscript, rose from the rock, and looked around him. All was silent and motionless, save the clouds, which sailed in broken fragments above him. He again exclaimed:—

"Such is Hâsan Sâbâh: the light and shadow which yon cloud reflects as it passes over him, are but the type of his tempest-tost life; and his house hold, where are they? Vanished and gone forever!

And he now stands, the only animated remnant of his race."

He turned to his home, placed the manuscript in a satin purse, and the purse in a casket of gold: then, calling an Egyptian Saracen of the order, he deposited it in his hand, saying:—

"Haradden, thou art now bound for Greece. Go to the island of *Egina*: inquire for the Templar Guy de Balben, and, after saluting him by the recollection he bears to *Hásan Sábáh*, bless him in the name of Allah, and say, 'May the dust of thy feet be fortunate!' then hand him this, and disappear."

(To be continued.)

## ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

"We look to the biography and writings of a woman, to show us the interior of a nation as well as of a family: to furnish those secondary evidences and causes of a people's character, which men cannot so much be said to overlook as actually not to see."—*Quarterly Review*.

### MRS. S. C. HALL.

THE fair subject of our present article may deservedly be considered to rank high among those talented women on whom, according to our quotation, rests the responsibility of influencing the opinions of their readers, and turning them into the right channel, on subjects of no little importance. A better proof of this cannot be given than in her joint work with Mr. Hall, "*Ireland; its Scenery, Character, &c.*" Here is displayed a peculiar fitness for so arduous a task; and any one who has perused these popular volumes must be led to agree in the remark that they contain "instruction for the tourist, amusement for the novel-reader, information for the student, and novelties for the curious."

Her intimate acquaintance with that class of Irish life which affords the animated portion of her descriptions enables her to paint the nationalities of the peasantry and working-classes with a fidelity, to which are added touches of a more general nature, which greatly heighten the interest and effect of particular scenes and characters. The scene of an embarkation of Irish emigrants for the New World is a peculiar instance of this happy combination of truth and pathos, and abounds with traits of Irish feeling and thought which are eminently characteristic, fully proving that it is never difficult to open an Irish heart; a few kind words, almost a kind look, will insure success. Her remarks on the temperance movement in Ireland are written with a judgment and good sense which have met with the warm approval of all the friends of this matter of popular interest; while the whole work, with its collection of characteristic anecdotes and picturesque facts, abounds with proofs that no common industry and research have accompanied the talent employed in its preparation.

Mrs. Hall has equally high claims on our approbation in her amusing and instructive "*Stories of the Irish Peasantry*," which are written with a faithfulness, purity, and right thinking, which will, we doubt not, cause them to go down to posterity as

standard works on the subject. These Irish tales are directed at the prominent failings of her poor country, with the amiable view and hope of correcting them, and she has chosen for her appropriate motto the Christian precept of the apostle, "*Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.*" Though dwelling on the foibles of poor Pat, she makes him rather an object of sympathy than of ridicule, and her characters are calculated to interest our feelings, and not merely to excite our laughter, while in all her writings we may observe a total absence of all appearance of that party prejudice which may too often be traced in writers on the subject of Ireland.

Her "*Tales of Woman's Trials*" have been collected and published in one volume; and here is well displayed that fertility in inventing incidents for which Mrs. Hall is so remarkable; that excellent quality which, as the *Athenæum* remarks, "*is to a teller of stories something like the voice to a singer.*" It is, in fact, one of the attractions which have rendered the writings of the fair authoress, especially those of a legendary class, so deservedly and universally popular.

The following pathetic love tale—an extract from a contribution to "*The Amulet*" of 1833, and must have been one of Mrs. Hall's earliest productions—is a very fair specimen of the happy powers of invention to which we have alluded:—

"Milly Boyle, ma'am, a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, with rosy cheeks, and a smile ever ready to convert them into dimples. Ah! she was the pride of the whole village. And her poor mother (and she a widdy) doated on her as never mother doated on child before or since, to my thinking. Then her voice was as clear as a bell, and as sweet as a linnets'; and though she had forty pounds to her fortune, besides furniture, a feather bed, and a cow, to say nothing of the pigs, and powers of fowls, and lashings of meal and cutlings, (sure, her uncle, big Larry Boyle, is a miller), though she had all them things, she was as humble as a wild violet, and, to the poor, was ever ready with a soft word and a

'God save you kindly,' and her hand in her pocket, and out with a fivepenny bit or a tester; or would think nothing of lapping her cloak round her, and away to any sick woman, or poor errand of a man, that 'ud be ailing, and give them the grain of tea, or the bit of tobacco, or taste of snuff, to comfort them; and the prayer of the country side was 'Good luck to Milly Boyle.' To be sure, if she hadn't the bachelors, no girl ever had. Shoals of 'em watching for her coming out of chapel, or from the station, or from the wake, as it might be, waylaying her, as a body may say: and though she was main civil to them all, and smiles were as plenty and as sweet with her as harvest berries, yet it was long before she laid her mind to any, until her fancy fixed on Michael Langton, one of the best boys in the barony; handsome and well to do in the world was Michael, and every one was rejoiced at her luck. Well, the day was fixed for the wedding, and even the poor mother rejoiced upon her knees; and, the evening before, Michael and Milly were walking down by the river at the bottom of the common, and Milly spied a bunch of wild roses hanging over the stream, and she took a fancy to the flowers; and to be sure, Mike made a spring at them, but his luck took the footing from under him, and the poor boy was drowned in the sight of her eyes. But the worst of the woe is to come; she got a brain fever out of the trouble, and the fever scorched up her brain, so that there was no sense left in it, though her heart was as warm as ever. And then she used to go rambling about the country, with her hands crossed on her breast, and her eyes evermore wandering; and, if she'd hear a cry or a moan, she'd run to see could she do anything to lighten the trouble, and yet she had no sense left to know how to set about it. And, oh! ma'am, dear, the mother of her! To see that poor woman fading away from off the face of the earth, and following her as if she was her shadow! And so, ma'am, dear, at last, Milly died. And it was square, too, she was found dead under a wild rose-tree. I often heard they were unlucky things. There she was, and I heard them that found her tell that it was a beautiful melancholy sight to see her—her cheek resting on her arm, as if she was asleep, and ever so many of the rose leaves scattered, by nature like, over her white face! And, oh! ma'am, her mother! They say old hearts are tough, but, if it's true, sorrow can tear them in pieces—the two were buried in the same grave!"

To the pen of Mrs. Hall the rising generation owes a deep debt of gratitude, for her books for young people are almost uniformly such a pleasing combination of fancy and instruction as to be peculiarly acceptable to the age which, while delighting in invention, is so susceptible of imbibing good impressions. Among her juvenile works, we must allude to "Stories and Studies from the Chronicles of England," a charming work, and one well calcu-

lated to seduce young people into historical reading, as every division or epoch is diversified with the story of some remarkable person or incident, in a manner to make a durable impression on the youthful mind, and is eminently successful in attaining the happy medium of being neither above nor below the capacities of those for whose understandings it is written. One of the latest works of Mrs. Hall, and the only one of her numerous store which we have now space to notice, "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," is spoken of as being "so attractively written and so charmingly illustrated, as to form a most delightful guide-book and companion to the scenes it portrays." And truly valuable will this book prove to the lover of all that is beautiful in external nature, in architecture, or in the manifestations of the human heart and intellect, for with it he may wander along the banks of the "lary Ouse," to the birthplace of that "pilgrim of eternity," John Bunyan, to the burial-place of Hampden, the tomb of Gray, and to other hallowed spots, rendered equally interesting or famous from their connection with

"Hands that penned,  
And tongues that uttered wisdom."

But the rapidity of Mrs. Hall's genius has produced so many claims on our admiration, that we must not pretend even to enumerate them, or we shall have no space for some well-authenticated personal details of this talented lady, for which we are indebted to the "Portrait Gallery" of a clever contemporary, "The Dublin University Magazine."

Mrs. Hall is a native of Wexford, though, by her mother's side, she is of Swiss descent. Her maiden name was Fielding, by which, however, she was unknown in the literary world, as her first work was not published until after her marriage. She first quitted Ireland at the early age of fifteen, to reside with her mother in England, and it was some time before she revisited this country; but the scenes which were familiar to her as a child had made such a vivid impression on her mind, and all her sketches evince so much freshness and vigor, that her readers might easily imagine she had spent her life among the scenes she describes. During her residence in England, she became acquainted with, and subsequently married, Mr. S. C. Hall, a gentleman well known in the literary world as the able editor of several leading periodicals and other works. The pursuits of her husband were an additional inducement for her to make her *début* in the republic of letters, which she did in 1820, by the publication of some Irish sketches. She soon made such rapid advances in the favor of the public, as to venture on new ground, and, in 1832, published her first novel, "The Buccaneer," the scene of which is laid in England. In 1837, her versatile genius took another direction, and she produced a little piece for the stage, called "The French Refugee," which

was brought out in London with the greatest success, and, with other of her minor dramas, evinces a considerable degree of dramatic talent. "The Groves of Blarney," the first tale in her "Lights and Shadows of Irish Life," was subsequently dramatized and acted, also with complete success, in the season of 1839.

These, with all Mrs. Hall's works, have great credit besides their literary merit, for throughout reigns a spirit of gentleness and delicacy that constitute, after all, the principal charm of a feminine style, and is a peculiarity that, as we have before remarked, distinguishes her from most others who have written on similar subjects. And, what is higher merit still, our sympathies are never enlisted on the side of vice or immorality, nor does she strive at producing an effect by dwelling upon exciting

and irritating topics, the only tendency of which is to produce a most culpable discontent. Even those who do not entirely agree with her very English notions upon some subjects, must freely admit that her aims and object have always been most philanthropic and most admirable; to correct faults, to soften prejudices, to promote universal harmony and good-will, to please and instruct together, and ever to enlist the feelings of her readers in favor of what is honorable and good. In all that she has written, there is not one page, not one line, which is not devoted to the cause of that morality and virtue, of which she herself is, in domestic life, a brilliant example.

"What we admire we praise; and, when we praise,  
Advance it into notice, that, its worth  
Acknowledged, others may admire it too."—COWPER.

## VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

It has been proved that the organization of plants is formed out of a vast collection of minute cells, united together, and developing the plants into certain forms, according to fixed natural laws. But if the substance of plants consists of cells, then differences in the size, form, and duration of plants are simply the result of different degrees of cell evolution. To show that this is really the case, it is only necessary to advert to the appearance presented by vegetable organization on the earth's surface.

As in the animal, so in the vegetable world, nature passes from complexity to simplicity in organic structure, not by an abrupt transition, but by a beautiful and regular series of gradations.

In forest-trees, the process of growth, or cell evolution, continues for centuries; in shrubs, for a much shorter space of time: hence the vast size to which the former attain, and the dwarfed growth of the latter. Forest-trees and shrubs are the highest forms of vegetable development on the face of the earth. Not only do they surpass the herbaceous plants, that grow beneath their shade, in size and in the duration of their life, but they are to a considerable extent more *composite* in their mode of growth. The forest-tree is not a simple individual, as is usually supposed, but a community of individuals. Properly speaking, the simple plant consists only of a stem, root, and the first pair of leaves. The succeeding evolution of leaves is only a continuation of the first process of growth, whilst each bud is an actual repetition of the plant, the only difference being that the bud or new plant has no free radical extremity, like the parent plant, developed on the soil, its root being intimately blended with and con-

tributing to the formation of the wood of the stem on which it grows.

In herbaceous annuals and perennials, there is a similar development of buds or new plants on the stem, but not to the same extent; hence they do not attain the same elevation above the ground. In the lower forms of herbaceous vegetation, the buds or stem-plants become successively less and less evolved, until at length they disappear altogether from the stem, which itself is so contracted in its growth as to be hidden in the earth. This is the case with the hyacinth, lily, and other bulbous-rooted plants. The bulbs of these plants are considered by botanists to be subterranean buds or undeveloped stems, to which they are in every respect similar. The outer leaves of these buds retain their rudimentary scale-like appearance, and form a protective covering to the inner leaves, which grow in a tuft on the ground, the flower-stem rising from their centre.

In the beautiful and interesting tribe of plants called *ferns*, we have a still greater simplification of vegetable structure. Stem and leaf are now blended into what is designated as a frond, which appears to partake of the nature and office of both, whilst in place of the beautiful flower there is only a collection of mere dust-like spots or lines of reproductive matter, situated on the margin or under-surface of the frond.

But the structure of ferns is complexity itself when contrasted with the beautiful simplicity of the tribes of plants beneath them. When we come to examine the mosses—those miniature representations of the arborescent forms of nobler plants—we are struck with the extreme delicacy, simplicity, and exquisite

beauty of their structure. There is a certain degree of solidity about the organization of forest-trees, flowering plants, and ferns, the result of different amounts of ligneous matter or woody fibre entering into their composition. These substances impart strength and stability to the vegetable fabrics, and plants so organized will grow to a considerable height. But mosses are wholly cellular in their organization, and, for this reason, never rise more than a few inches above the ground. They usually possess a sort of stem, around which their minute leaves are arranged with the greatest regularity. These minute leaves, when examined carefully with a microscope, are seen to have an entire and sometimes serrated margin, and to contain condensed cells in the form of ribs or nerves. Their fructification is contained in little capsules or urn-shaped bodies which are borne on the summit of their filiform fruit stalks or *setæ*. These capsules contain the minute spores or reproductive matter. The beautiful mechanism by which its dispersion is effected, will be described another time. Few common objects appear more interesting than the little mosses growing on the bark of trees or barren rocks, amidst the gloom and desolation of winter, which require neither skill nor the assistance of instruments for the detection of their beauties.

In the lichens, vegetation is reduced to its last degree of simplicity. Root, stem, and leaves, have now disappeared, and the whole plant is blended into a flat expansion or bed of vegetable matter, called a thallus. The thalli of the higher forms of lichens are foliaceous, consisting of several layers of cells radiating out on all sides; some of these cells are reproductive, and exhibit the spores in the shape of powdery heaps called *soredia*, or else they become organized into saucer-like bodies called shields, in which the spores are imbedded. In the lower forms, the thalli of these plants are crustaceous or even pulverulent, the whole plant assuming the appearance of mere powder. In this case the cells no longer remain together, but are free and unformed, any cell being capable of originating a new individual. The plant and cell are now identical.

Nature passes through the same transitions in the sea-weed tribe. Certain algae or sea-weed are of a frondose, others of a filamentous structure, whilst some appear as mere scum on the surface of the waves. In these instances, the plants consist of cells developing in length and breadth, of cells developing in length only, or of a single cell. The same remark applies to the fungi, where nature only finishes with plants of a single cell. Here then we have vegetation reduced to its simplest terms. The basis of the superstructure of the whole vegetable world is a single cell.

A review of the life of the cell and of very simple plants consisting of a few cells, must necessarily precede any successful attempt at the comprehension of higher and more complex vegetation. We have

seen that the fabric of plants is wholly made up of cells, and that growth is simply the result of the evolution of new cells. Now the process of cell-growth, which is really the key to much that remains mysterious in the fabrication of plants, may be most successfully studied in these simple plants. This has been felt to be the truth, and hence this subject has recently taxed the powers of the ablest minds. Much remains involved in obscurity, but scientific and microscopical investigation of these humble plants has already revealed many deeply interesting discoveries in reference to cell-growth tending to throw light on the wonders and beauties of the vegetable creation.

In our subsequent communications to this volume, we shall endeavor to disclose some of these discoveries, and by the aid of *suitable illustrations*, convey some very interesting truths to the minds of our readers.

## A YOUNG MOTHER'S REVERIE.

BY W. J. ANNABLE.

BADE of my bosom, rest thee—  
Angel-dreamer thou!  
No care hath yet oppressed thee—  
No cloud is on thy brow.

What fancies bright, sweet sleeper,  
Thy spirits thus beguile?  
Oh, that thy lips would whisper  
The thoughts that make thee smile!

P perchance some seraph warbles  
To thee its song of joy—  
Entrancing thee with music,  
My beautiful, bright boy!

For I know, in dreams of heaven  
We hear, or seem to hear,  
Soft voices and the beat of wings,  
And feel that they are near.

Do cherubs lure thee, blossom,  
Back to thy native sky?  
For thy arms move on thy bosom  
As if thou fain wouldst fly.

Thus may they ever woo thee  
With messages divine—  
And the beauty of their holiness  
Be thine, forever thine.

Yet thy mother's heart doth tremble,  
To think what future years  
May in thine own assemble,  
To form the fount of tears.

O Thou of gifts the Giver,  
Smile on this precious one—  
And like a peaceful river  
May his life's current run!

Spread Thou Thy mantle o'er him—  
Nor leave alone with me  
The task to guide; restore him  
To angels, heaven, and Thee!

# LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

## THE PRACTICE OF FLORICULTURE

*Floriculture* comprehends whatever relates to the culture and arrangement of plants, whether ligneous or herbaceous, grown chiefly on account of their flowers, or as objects of taste or curiosity. The culture of flowers was long carried on with that of culinary vegetables, in the borders of the kitchen-garden, or in parterres or groups of beds, which commonly connected the culinary compartments with the house. In places of moderate extent, this mixed style is still continued; but in residences which aim at any degree of distinction, the space within the kitchen-garden is confined to the production of objects of domestic utility, while the culture of plants of ornament is displayed in the flower-garden, the lawn, and the shrubbery. These, under the general term of pleasure-ground, encircle the house in small residences, and, in those on a larger scale, embrace it on one or more sides, the remaining part being under the character of park scenery. Many of the most interesting plants belonging to this branch of culture are natives of warm climates, and require the protection of glass, and artificial heat. On a limited scale, such plants are grown in the culinary forcing-houses, or in greenhouses, or botanic stoves, connected with the others in the kitchen-garden; and many of them are preserved in these houses, or in frames or pits, during winter, and planted out on the lawn, or in borders, during summer. In complete residences, the culture of exotics forms a distinct department of ornamental horticulture, and the hothouses requisite for this purpose are placed in the flower-garden, or variously arranged within the precincts of the pleasure-ground. In both departments, separation is attended with the usual advantages resulting from a division of skill, labor, and effect. Floriculture is obviously of limited interest and utility compared to horticulture; much less has accordingly been written on it, and our view of modern practice will, therefore, be proportionably brief. The order adopted is, the formation, planting, and general culture of the flower-garden; the formation, planting, and general culture of the lawn and shrubbery; the design and general culture of the floricultural hothouses; the catalogue of plants and trees used in ornamental horticulture; and, lastly, the monthly table of floricultural productions.

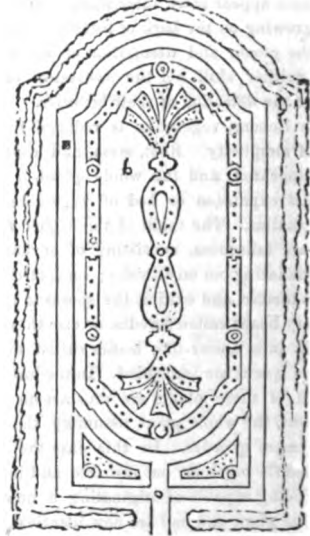
### CHAPTER I.

#### OF THE FORMATION OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

The *situation* of the flower-garden, as of every scene devoted to flowers, should be near the house,

for ready access at all times, and especially during winter and spring, when the beauties of these scenes are felt with peculiar force. "The flower-garden," Neill observes, "should form an ornamental appendage to the mansion, and be easily accessible in all kinds of weather. There is no objection to its being seen from the windows of the house: on the contrary, this is sometimes considered as desirable." Nicol, a celebrated landscape gardener, approves of having the various gardens of a place combined, and of placing them at no great distance from the house, and Repton, equally celebrated, strongly recommends this practice.

Fig. 1.



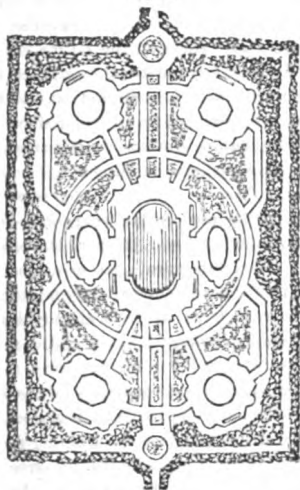
Abercrombie says, "While the kitchen garden is concealed by buildings or plantations, the flower-garden and pleasure-ground should stand conspicuously attached to the family residence. When the horticultural establishment includes a conservatory, it is proper to have it in sight, and connected with the ornamented grounds; because the style of such a building, the plants within, and the scene without, under a tasteful arrangement, harmonize in character and effect." The botanic garden, the range of stoves, and all the departments, a visit to which renders a walk about the grounds pleasing and interesting, should be at hand.

The author of "The Florist's Manual" confines her observations to the "construction of that humble



flower-garden," which she calls "the common or mingled flower-garden." "This," she says, "should be situated so as to form an ornamental appendage to the house, and, where the plan of the ground will admit, placed before windows exposed to a southern or southeast aspect; and although to this position there may appear the objection of the flowers turning their petals to the sun, and consequently from the windows, this predilection in the tribe of Flora for the rays of that bright luminary will produce the same effect in whatever place our flowers may be situated, when in the vicinity of a building, as they invariably expose the front of their corols to the lights, from which both the petals of flowers and the leaves of plants are believed to derive materials essential to their existence." She adds, "When apart from the house, the mingled flower-garden may be introduced with great advantage, if situated so as to form a portion of the pleasure-ground: in this case it should not be distant from the house, but so contrived as to terminate one of the walks of the home shrubberies."

Fig. 2.



*In exposure and aspect*, the flower-garden should be laid out not only on account of the advantages to be derived from the full influence of the sun during winter on the hothouse department, but also for the better enjoyment of the open-air scenes, in weather favorable for walking out of doors. It should not be naturally low in surface, nor of a wet-retentive soil, nor rendered damp and gloomy by surrounding high trees, or lofty walls or buildings. If it happen that a house be nearly surrounded by a flower-garden, the variety of aspect thence afforded will be favorable to the continuance of the bloom of our flowers, far beyond what can be obtained if confined to a southern exposure. South, southeast, and east are the aspects most advantageous to the growth of flowers; and, possessing these varieties of exposure,

the bloom of a garden may be protracted some weeks beyond the time it could be preserved under a single aspect.

The extent of the flower-garden depends jointly on the general scale of the residence, and the particular taste of the owner. There is no impropriety in having a large flower-garden to a small kitchen-garden or mansion, where the taste of the owner leads to such a deviation from common rules. As moderation, however, is generally found best in the end, the author of the "Florist's Manual" states that "the compass of ground appropriated to flowers must vary according to the size of the place of which that ground forms a part, and should in no case be of great extent. If the form of ground where a parterre is to be situated is sloping, the size should be larger than when a flat surface, and the borders of various shapes, and on a bolder scale, and intermingled with grass; but such a flower-garden partakes more of the nature of pleasure-ground than of the common parterre, and will admit of a judicious introduction of flowering shrubs."

*Shelter* is equally requisite for the flower as for the kitchen-garden, and, where naturally wanting, is to be produced by the same means, viz., planting. The plantation on the side next the garden should begin with the lowest shrubs, and rise in gradation to the trees, which, unless on the north, or very exposed points, should not be of the tallest kinds. A few elegant shrubs, and one or two trees, may be scattered through the scene, either in the dug compartments or in the turf glades, for the purposes of shelter and shade as well as ornament; but in general, much of either of the two former qualities is highly injurious both to the culture of flowers and the thick closeness of turf, besides rendering the garden unfit to be resorted to in the winter and spring seasons. Sometimes an evergreen hedge will produce all the shelter requisite, as in small gardens composed of earth and gravel only; but where the scene is large, and composed of dug compartments placed on a lawn, the whole may be surrounded by an irregular border of flowers, shrubbery, and trees.

*Soil.* Most of the hardy herbaceous flowers, and the deciduous and evergreen ornamental shrubs, will succeed in a soil of common good qualities, moderately light and mellow. Negatively, the ground should not be excessively strong and clayey; and mere gravel is very intractable.

Nicol observes that flowers in general "will thrive very well in common garden-earth of a middling texture, if broken fine to the depth of one foot. Some no doubt do better in light than in heavy soils; and the contrary: and others do best in rich humid earth. Bulbous flowers, in general, do best in light sandy earth; though some require a stronger and a richer soil. In general, the soil for these should be formed at least eighteen inches deep, and should be made very fine by the spade, or be put through a coarse screen." In parterres where the finer flowers

are cultivated, a variety of soils will be required according to the nature of the plants, as rich sandy loam for bulbs, loamy earth for the primula tribe, heath soil for ericas, bog-earth for American plants; and hence it follows that, provided the subsoil be dry, the nature of the surface stratum is of the less consequence.

*Surface.* Where the extent is small, and the plants to be grown are chiefly florists' flowers, or other select kinds, in beds separated by gravelled paths, a level or gentle and uniform slope will be found most suitable; but where the limits are more extensive, and turf and shrubs are introduced, a wavy surface, either naturally or rendered so by art, will have much the best effect. In reclusive scenes immediately under the eye, art may create a sort of miniature of beautiful ground. Man is but a puny object compared to those of inanimate nature. He may overlook a distant hill, separated by low ground; but a mound of less than three yards in height, placed near the eye, confines the view, and all other objects being shut out, acquires, if apparently a work of nature, a degree of importance in his imagination: winding walks, four feet below the original surface, will supply earth for accompanying them by wavy hills or swells eight feet high. If these hills and swells are formed and contrived so as to produce a varied and natural-like whole, with every change of position, a very suitable basis will be raised for a picturesque shrubbery or flower-garden.

*Grassy surfaces* may be formed by cutting in small pieces about two inches square, and distributing them at regular distances, say at about six inches apart every way, over a well-prepared surface.

*To repair and improve lawns in towns or cities, or under the shade of trees, without the aid of sod,* dig the soil to the depth of three or four inches, the last week in March or the first week in April, and afterwards sow it thickly and regularly with the following seeds: *Agróstis vulgaris* var. *tenuifolia*, *Festuca duriúscula*, *F. ovina*, *Cynosurus cristatus*, *Poa pratensis*, *Avena flavescens*, and *Trifolium minus*. These seeds must be mixed together in equal portions, and sown at the rate of from four to six bushels per acre. If the seeds are regularly and thickly sown, the ground will soon become green, and will remain as close and thick as any sod whatever during the whole summer; dying, however, in the succeeding winter, and requiring therefore to be revived every spring.

*Water.* This material, in some form or other, is as essential to the flower as to the kitchen-garden. Besides the use of the element in common culture, a pond or basin affords an opportunity of growing some of the more showy aquatics, while jets, drooping fountains, and other forms of displaying water, serve to decorate and give interest to the scene. Besides choice aquatics, the ponds or basins of flower-gardens may be stocked with the gold-fish.

The form of a small garden (Figs. 1 and 2) will

be found most pleasing when some regular figure is adopted, as a circle, an oval, an octagon, a crescent, &c.; but where the extent is so great as not readily to be caught by a single glance of the eye, an irregular shape is generally more convenient, and it may be thrown into agreeable figures, or component scenes, by the introduction of shrubs so as to subdivide the space. "Either a square or an oblong ground-plan," Abercrombie observes, "is eligible; and although the shape must be often adapted to local circumstances, yet, when a garden is so circumscribed that the eye at once embraces the whole, it is desirable that it should be of some regular figure."

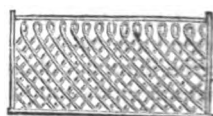
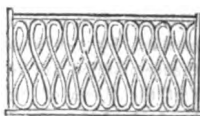
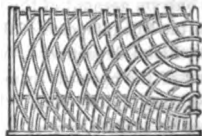
Neill says, "A variety of forms may be indulged in, without incurring censure; provided the figures be graceful, and not in any one place too complicated. An oval is a figure that generally pleases, on account of the continuity of its outlines; next, if extensive, a circle. Next, perhaps, a segment in form of a half-moon, or the larger segment of an oval. But hearts, diamonds, triangles, or squares, if small, seldom please. A simple parallelogram, divided into beds running lengthwise, or the larger segment of an oval, with beds running parallel to its outer margin, will always please." Neill concurs in this opinion.

The author of "Hints on the Formation of Gardens," &c., says, "A symmetrical form is best adapted to such parterres as are small and may be comprehended in one view; and an irregular shape to such as are of considerable size, and contain trees, shrubs, statues, vases, seats, and buildings."

*Boundary, fence, or screen.* Parterres on a small scale may be enclosed by an evergreen hedge of holly, box, laurel, privet, juniper, laurestinus, or Irish whin (*Ulex hibernica*); but irregular figures, especially if of some extent, can only be surrounded by shrubbery, such as we have already hinted as forming a proper shelter for flower-gardens.

Abercrombie says, "For the inclosure, a wall or close paling is, on two accounts, to be preferred on the north side; both to serve as a screen, and to afford a warm internal face for training rare trees. When one of those is not adopted, recourse may be had to a fence of whitethorn and holly," &c.

*Rustic fences* formed of shoots of the oak, hazel,



or larch, may often be introduced with good effect both as interior and surrounding barriers, as represented above.

## THE PLAGUE OF ZURICH.

BY HELEN MAITLAND.

"Where sleep they, Earth! By no proud stone  
Their narrow couch of rest is known."

"On the pleasant site of the old Helvetian Thuriicum stood the town of Zurich, long renowned for industry, intelligence, wealth not too unequally distributed, and the genuine civic spirit of its burghers. A general and unwearied love of the laws had for ages been the chief support of the government, and the cordial and familiar usages handed down by their forefathers remained in all their simplicity."

Nor were science and art strangers in Zurich. The renowned songsters of those days, the Mennsingers, found hospitable welcome with the principal burghers. And nowhere was greater effect produced than at Zurich, by the doctrines of Arnold, of Brescia, a scholar of Abelard's, and one of the most acute and inquiring spirits of his age.

But alas for that fair town! alas for that brave and, for the age, enlightened people! The scourge of Asia, the fearful plague, soon saddened the triumphs of Swiss valor, and affixed a stain upon Swiss humanity, which it is difficult to believe could have been so widely spread, even by the superstition of those days.

Our story opens in the midst of the bitter persecution of the Jews, which commenced at the breaking out of the plague; and, unlike most violent popular commotions, continued from year to year, and spread from canton to canton, until that cruelly treated people were almost exterminated throughout Switzerland.

The frightful mortality occasioned by an unknown and mysterious disease was, by their ignorance and fear, ascribed to Divine vengeance, for permitting the outcasts of Israel an abiding-place and many privileges within the walls of their city. This belief prevailed among many of the pious and influential burghers, and was openly encouraged by their fanatical priests. The rabble were not slow in ascribing the awful visitation to a more direct agency, and accused the Jews of poisoning the wells. When we add to the strong impelling motives, religious enthusiasm and fear, the avarice of a few, who coveted the contents of the coffers of the wealthy Jew, however much they might despise the race, we may see how little mercy one of that nation might hope to receive at the hands of his judges and accusers.

But let us return to the city. An unusual crowd might be seen, and a tumult heard, drowning the monotonous rattle of the death-carts rolling through the principal streets. All tended to one point, the

Franciscan Convent, within whose open court, or rather the open square in front of the building, a pitiless tragedy was soon to be enacted.

Four stakes were firmly driven into the ground, and to each a hapless Jew was chained. Two of them were men bowed down with age and infirmity; and, as their long, white hair floated in the breeze, and their dim and sunken eyes looked in vain upon that sea of scowling faces for some sign of human sympathy, some faint ray of pity, the bitterness of death might be read in the groan which escaped from their trembling lips. The third was a youth; and, in the erect form, eagle eye, glancing ever and anon with an expression of bitter, burning hate upon his ruthless foes, one might see the high-souled victim of oppression. The chains which bound him to a cruel death had eaten into his soul like a canker. Had he lived in his nation's palmy days, before the curse of the God of his fathers had passed upon the people, he would doubtless have been one of their chosen warriors. The fourth—shame upon the sight!—was one of Israel's loveliest daughters, charged with the double crime of witchcraft and poisoning.

Fagot upon fagot was piled around the victims, and more than one willing hand was ready to apply the torch. The piles around the old men were kindling, and the eager crowd pressed more closely, until at length the barrier was broken down, and the outer stake, to which the Jewess was fastened, completely surrounded. A curious observer might see that the men who pressed so earnestly forward were all in the prime of life, and, by their strength and size, fitted to make their way through the dense mass without finding many hardy enough to oppose them. Each wore a heron feather in his cap, the badge of the Earlach family.

More closely they crowded around the stake; one sprang forward, and, with a blow of his battle-axe, severed the chain which bound the unfortunate girl; another threw a large cloak over her, and she found herself rapidly carried along between two powerful men, while a third walked in front, very unceremoniously making way for those following, by the free use of an arm that might have felled an ox without any great apparent exertion on the part of the gigantic frame to which it belonged.

"How now, Hans?" exclaimed a man in the crowd, who, by a dexterous dive, escaped no gentle blow in the ribs from the elbow of the person he

addressed. "Whither so fast, man? You have set your face the wrong way."

"Or mayhap," exclaimed another, "the yells of the accursed Jews have been too much for his nerves."

"Nerves, in sooth!" repeated Hans, with a snort at the implied sneer, which boded no good to the questioners. "If you do not take yourself out of my way, Sir Apothecary, and let the Lady Anne pass, who has been well nigh squeezed to death in the crowd, I'll soon see what *your* nerves are made of!"

And, suiting the action to the word, the little man found himself seized and tossed up into the air with as much ease as if he had been an infant, where we shall leave him to alight in the best manner his specific gravity may determine.

They succeeded in getting clear of the crowd before the astonished officials were aware of the escape, or the rumor of so daring a deed had spread among the multitude.

The rescue was no sooner effected than those more immediately connected with the enterprise took care to be elbowed out in their turn, and were soon so mingled with the crowd, it was impossible to say who had been the actors. The badge of the Earlach family, so conspicuously worn, was enough to preserve them from suspicion: the old hero of Laupen being the principal accuser of the young Jewess. His complaint was that his only son had been bewitched, and nearly carried to perdition, by her unholy arts. This son, young Rudolph, of Earlach, was confined to his bed by illness, the effect of this alleged witchcraft.

Our story bids us take a retrospect, and inform the reader how Zillah became placed in such deadly peril.

Prior to the breaking out of the plague, the Jews were suffered to carry on their traffic in Zurich, not only in great security, but were encouraged to do so by the grant of many privileges, which they did not enjoy in the neighboring cantons. The father of Zillah was one of the richest and most influential rabbins of his tribe, and had lately returned with rich merchandise from the East, accompanied by his only child, young and surpassingly beautiful.

She had been tenderly, nay, even luxuriously brought up, in the secret chambers of her father's house; and, like most of the educated women of her race, in mental and personal accomplishments was far superior to the young females among the more favored Christians. Knowing from childhood there could be no community of feeling between her despised people and the outer world, she was thrown back upon her own heart and mind for whatever might interest or occupy her genius or affection. She had been carefully instructed by her mother in the contents of their Holy Books, as well as in the traditions of their elders; and to this learning was added the mental wealth of precious manuscripts,

coveted by the wise of many nations, but too rare to be obtained save at immense expense. The old Jew, seeing his daughter's thirst for knowledge, sought, in all his wanderings, to return with something that might please and interest her.

And well did Zillah repay his care; she grew up like the stately palm-tree, not more beautiful and graceful to behold than rich in all the deep and kindly feelings of woman's heart.

The degradation of her nation, her own isolated situation—her mother had died before they left their Eastern home—all pressed painfully upon her heart, and gave to her countenance a touchingly subdued expression. None ever looked into those deep, dark, thoughtful eyes without a longing desire to gaze again; and, when to their spell was added the witchery of her low, flute-like voice, and the ever-varying expression of her lovely face, which, like a mirror, reflected the feelings of her heart—the difference of faith, even in those days, might well be forgotten.

And thus it was with brave old Earlach's son. Soon after Zillah arrived in Zurich, she accompanied her father in an excursion from the city to some neighboring towns; and, whilst ascending a rugged pass among the mountains, her mule fell and she was thrown. The young Earlach was ascending the same path, and, acting upon the impulses of a warm and generous nature, rendered her such assistance as the case required. Struck with her exceeding beauty, the grateful expression of those soft eyes haunted him; and excuses were not wanting, from time to time, to enable him to look again and again upon that face, which was soon to work such woe to one or both.

The absence of old Ben Haasen, her father, favored the meeting of the young people; and though on one side, at first, the feeling was entirely that of humble gratitude, mingled with surprise that a Nazarene could feel aught of interest in a Jewess, this feeling gradually gave way to one of a tenderer nature. Though lips spake not, the young Rudolph, of Earlach, or, as we shall call him, young Earlach, was not slow to read in the downcast eyes and changing cheek, whenever he appeared before her, that his devotion had not been unheeded or unfelt.

Occasionally, a pang of reproach would wring his heart, and he determined to see Zillah no more; but, sleeping or waking, her image was ever before him, and after one or two ineffectual struggles, the future was lost sight of in the enjoyment of the present. Not unfrequently, he indulged the hope of making her his bride, and fleeing to some distant land with her until the wrath of his father had passed over, or, as he whispered to himself, with all the sophistry of a lover, until she had been won by him to his purer faith. It was whilst pondering these things he found himself at the door of the Franciscan Chapel, which was thronged with sup-

pliants eagerly listening to one of their most popular and fanatical priests. A thrill of horror pervaded his frame, as these words of Father Ambrose rang through the building :—

"Up, up, men of Zurich, and smite the unbelieving race, whose dwelling within the walls of our fair city has caused the wrath of God to fall so heavily upon us! Will you still linger and cry for mercy, while the plague spot is upon your wives and children, and even the ministers of Heaven's appointment are falling by hundreds around you? Away, men of Zurich, cast out the accursed Jews, even as Jonah was cast out, to still the raging of the sea! While they remain in our land, woe, woe to our people!"

This address was received by the kneeling crowd as a command direct from Heaven; they arose in one mass, and rushed from the church, with whatever weapon they chanced to have, or could pick up, towards the Jews' quarter of the city; and, with fierce cries of "Death to the unbelievers!" moved sullenly on, the multitude augmented at every step by the eager, the curious, and fanatical.

Earlach was carried on by the living tide. He struggled, as only man may struggle who has the life and death of one beloved object resting upon his efforts, to get without the crowd, that, by a nearer route, he might first reach the Jews' quarter and snatch Zillah, the daystar of his heart, from impending destruction.

At length, finding himself free, he darted up an obscure and narrow alley, and unexpectedly encountered his father. The old hero of Laupen, seizing him by the arm, asked the meaning of his haste, as well as the approaching roar of the crowd. The cause was soon told, and, with every limb writhing with impatience, the young man sought to be released. He was at last permitted to proceed, and his father walked on, sternly revolving in his own mind the possible reason why his son should be so anxious for the escape of the old Jew. Of the daughter he had never heard. He followed the multitude towards the devoted dwellings, not so much to take a part in the bloody scene to be enacted, as to watch the proceedings of his son, and perhaps rescue him from danger.

The door of Ben Hassen's house was gained; with breathless haste, young Earlach tried to burst it open, but in vain. He then shouted to the inmates to open quickly; but no answer came. At last, a window slowly opened from above, and an old domestic, peeping out cautiously, asked what he wanted.

"Open the door quickly, good Levi," cried Earlach; "life and death depend upon your haste!"

The old man, with trembling hands, unbarred the door; Earlach rushed in, bidding Levi bar the door securely after him, and, springing on before the astonished domestic, made his way to the apartments usually occupied by Zillah.

What a contrast did that peaceful chamber present to the fearful scene of tumult without!

Zillah's apartments had been fitted up by her doating father with every luxury and adornment that affection could devise and wealth procure, and was totally unlike the simple Swiss habitations of that day. The ceiling was painted in arabesque, with flowers falling out of gilded baskets, seemingly threatening a rosy shower upon the lovely occupant of the room. The walls were covered with rich hangings of velvet, and the apartment contained two of those highly polished plates of steel, which then supplied the place of the mirrors of the present day. The largest sized were a luxury too expensive for the use of any but the nobles of the land. Delicate stands of carved ivory were placed about the room, on which were crystal bottles filled with the most delicious perfumes, and costly vases, with flowers from distant climes, shed their fragrance from various parts of the room, their culture being the greatest delight of the fair Zillah. They were like the faces of familiar friends: she had breathed their perfume when a child in Eastern climes, and with their beauty and fragrance was associated in her mind the image of her mother, upon whose grave many were now blooming in that bright distant land. Persian carpets covered the floor, and, on a pile of magnificently embroidered cushions, half reclined the beautiful girl, seemingly lost in thought, her head resting upon her small dimpled hand.

Zillah retained her Eastern costume, as well as tastes, and the caftan of gold brocade, flowered with silver, well-fitted to her shape, showed to admiration the beautiful proportions of her waist and bust. Her drawers were of pale pink; her waistcoat green and silver; her slippers white satin, finely embroidered. Her lovely arms were adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with the same precious gems. On her head she wore a rich Turkish handkerchief, of pink and silver, her own fine, black hair hanging in long tresses; and on one side of her head were some bodkins of jewels, presenting to the eye as radiant a picture of loveliness as could be imagined.

Into this chamber her lover wildly rushed, beseeching her to fly. The startled girl sprang from her couch terrified, she knew not at what.

"I come to snatch you from destruction, Zillah! Your people, all, all!" cried he, shudderingly, as he thought of her possible fate, "are devoted to a bloody death; and we must fly! Even now I hear their cries, and the work of destruction is going on!"

"My father! where is he?" exclaimed the horror-stricken girl.

"I would save him, too, but know not where he is, and time is precious. We must not linger. Do you not hear their savage cries approaching nearer and nearer?" And, seizing her in his arms, would

have borne her from the room, when he found his arm gently grasped by the old rabbin, who had entered unperceived.

"Whither would you fly, young man, with a daughter of my hated race? We are hemmed around by your cruel people; and as well might you ask mercy for the lamb from the hungry wolf, as hope to escape through their ranks with the despised Jewess. Either leave us or follow me at once; there is still one chance of escape."

As he spoke, he led the way into a small, dark chamber in the rear of the house, which overlooked the Limmat, upon whose bank the edifice was built. A few hundred yards lower down, the river entered the lake from which the town took its name. It was always covered with a number of small craft employed as lighters to the ships anchored in the lake, many of which, being owned by the Jews, offered a better chance of escape than Earlach anticipated.

Ben Hassen looked anxiously through a narrow slit in the wall out upon the boats lying lazily upon the water, and then striking a portion of the wall with his hand, pressed a spring, and a small door opened, showing a narrow flight of steps. He motioned to Earlach and Zillah to descend, and quickly closing the aperture, they groped their way in silence and darkness to the bottom of the flight. He then bade them remain quietly in the same spot until his return; and, as he turned an abrupt angle of the wall, they could hear his footsteps again descending a much longer flight, habit having made him perfectly familiar with the secret passage.

In a few moments he returned with a lantern, and they were conducted by him through a short gallery to another flight of steps, which they descended, and found themselves in a large cave, evidently much improved in size by the hand of man. Piles of merchandise were placed around its sides, of the most varied description: fine shawls from India, bales of spices and furs worth a prince's ransom. Never before had so much of luxury met the eyes of the young Swiss. The sullen plashing of the waters of the lake was distinctly heard; and a small iron door at the extreme end of the cave opened upon it, the rock jutting out into the lake, the roof of the cave forming a foundation to the house, and extending beyond it.

The enraged multitude, meanwhile, becoming every moment more furious, had carried desolation before it, destroying the houses of the Jews, and putting to death, without regard to age or sex, as many as fell into their hands.

Old Earlach followed moodily, but took no part in the massacre or spoliation, until the house of the rabbin was reached. Bars and axes, wielded by willing hands, soon battered down the doors and windows, and the rabble rushed in. Then it was the old hero, with a shout, dashed aside those before him, and led the search; from room to room he

went, calling upon his son, but none answered. The father's anguish suggested the fear that Rudolph had been murdered or carried off by the old Jew and his comrades, in revenge for the popular assault.

Filled with these dreadful thoughts, the old chief hastily called together some of his friends in the crowd, and making known to them his fears and determination not to leave a stone of the building standing until he sought in every possible hiding-place for his lost son, he ordered his followers to drive off the plunderers of the crowd. These, sooth to say, had well nigh helped themselves to all that was worth carrying off in the house.

Hans, the foster-brother of Rudolph, was chasing like a wild boar, the apprehensions of old Earlach having reached his ears. He doubted not that Rudolph had been slain by the Jews; and, collecting a band of his own associates, wild, daring young men, warmly devoted to himself and Rudolph, they formed a cordon around the house, that none might escape from it unseen.

The work of destruction went on, and the crash of the beams and falling masonry was distinctly heard by the fugitives in the cave. Ben Hassen opened the iron door, and made signals to some of the small boats near, but they were not answered; the boatmen not being willing to quit their place of safety for the dangerous vicinity of the shore. The old man looked around for some small boat, in which, unassisted, he might make his escape, and found one attached to the iron ring used for that purpose, and driven into the rock at the entrance of the cave. Hastening back, he threw a large cloak over his daughter, and hurried her on to this their only hope of safety, followed by Rudolph. Putting his daughter in, he pushed off; the young man stepped in also, and, taking up an oar, began to ply it dexterously before a word was spoken.

As they shot out into the open stream, from what seemed to be the foundation of the house, some of the sentinels stationed by Hans on the stone platform just above their heads, gave the alarm, and they were assailed by various missiles, but with no effect. After a brisk row of half an hour, they found themselves at the side of a dark, battered-looking vessel, which had been for several days anchored far out in the lake, waiting for a fair wind to proceed to its destination at the mouth of the Aar, where it was stationed as a sort of receiving-ship for the merchandise brought down that lordly river by smaller boats. The captain was a Jew, well known to Ben Hassen, and often employed by him in the transportation of his merchandise. They clambered up the sides of the vessel, and the old man, in a few words, told the captain of their strait, and the necessity for immediate flight; but not a ripple disturbed the calm waters of the lake, the sails flapped idly against the mast, and, with a countenance of despair, the Jew turned to Rudolph.

"Young man," said he, "I thank you for the kindness you have manifested towards me and mine; but your presence here can do us no farther service, and may work us, if possible, more deadly peril. Take the boat, and return to those who doubtless await you at their banquet of blood!"

"Not so," replied the young man; "I leave you not until Zillah is in a place of safety. Nor then, if she permits me to remain."

"Can the dove mate with the wolf?" asked the old man, bitterly. "As well imagine that as expect to wed my daughter. Evil was the day on which her feet touched these shores; and, if we escape, never more shall she behold them!"

They were too much absorbed in their own feelings to observe two or three boats put off from the town, and steering most suspiciously for the vessel in which they had taken refuge. The captain pointed this out; and, as the dead calm prevented the ship's getting under way, they awaited whatever might befall them with the calmness of utter defencelessness.

The boats came nearer and nearer, filled with strong and active foes. Twenty sprang upon deck, Hans at their head, who no sooner saw Rudolph than he shouted, "Heaven be praised, we have found you alive!" and seized his friend by the hand.

The Jew and his daughter were captured, but not murdered, as they expected. Rudolph loudly commanded his partisans and friends to return and leave the Jews to make their escape. Hans, to the surprise of those he had just led to the assault, vehemently supported him, and insisted on their departure. The sturdy foster-brother was too much accustomed to yield to Rudolph's judgment, and follow his lead unquestioning, to think of disputing his will. Though, had he paused to consider, he might have wondered what magic influence had awakened so deep an interest for this Jewish family in the young man's breast.

Ben Hassen and his daughter were released, and the men were about returning to the boats, when another and most unwelcome actor appeared upon the scene.

"Seize the Jew and his daughter, and place them in the boats!" cried the stern voice of old Earlach, who had been an unobserved spectator of the scene, some minutes before he spoke, from one of the last boats, whose approach was unnoticed until then. "And you, young sir—to his son—" follow me!"

"Strike at once, Nazarene!" said the old Jew, with dignity, confronting Earlach. "Spare you innocent girl, if not myself, the fury of the crowd on yonder blood-stained shore. Strike, and we will deem it mercy!"

"I am not your executioner, old man. You and your daughter shall be brought before a higher tribunal—that of Mother Church—to answer for the crimes laid to your charge."

"Then, indeed, may we expect the most cruel

fate. For myself I care not; these old sinews may be racked and tortured; I can endure the worst; but my innocent, darling child, doom her not to anything so fearful!—or," cried the old man, changing his tone and attitude of supplication to one of fierce menace, "the bitterest curses of a father shall cleave to your house to the latest generation!"

"Place them in the boat, Hans, and see they escape not," said old Earlach, sternly. And taking his son by the arm, drew him into the boat, and seated himself by his side while they proceeded to the city.

Rudolph in vain entreated his father to forego his determination of placing Ben Hassen and his daughter in the custody of the Abbot of the Franciscans. He confessed the deep interest he took in the safety of Zillah, thereby unconsciously increasing her peril. Not that his father was cruel by nature, but the mental darkness of the age had obscured his otherwise clear understanding; and the idea of his son being in love with a Jewess, even were she a second Queen of Sheba, was something so utterly startling and abhorrent to him, that he could ascribe it to no agency save that of magic. The Jews were said to be addicted to the black art, and Earlach believed the accusation just.

Immured in one of the cells of the Franciscan Convent sat Zillah, despoiled of her rich robes and glittering jewels, and habited in a coarse serge garment, leaving only the exquisite hands and throat exposed to view. Her face was deadly pale, and she looked, in her attitude of dejection, more like some finished piece of sculpture than a breathing being. After being separated from her father, she had fallen into such a deathlike swoon, that her captors at one time thought she had escaped from their hands, and at once ended her sorrows and her life. But sorrow and life were still strong in that young heart; the magnitude of the affliction enabled her to endure it; for, after the first keen pang, in the agony of which the very semblance of life passed away, returning consciousness brought with it a dull, leaden weight of sorrow, by which the acuteness of the first feeling was blunted. The past, the present, and the future were alike misty and indistinct to her; a troubled expression would at times agitate her deathlike countenance, and once or twice she pressed her hands upon her brow, as if attempting to collect her scattered thoughts, and to remove the sense of oppression which weighed so heavily there.

The grating of the door upon its rusty hinges, as it was unlocked and opened, caused a slight shiver to run through the frame of the unhappy girl; but she did not raise her eyes or change her posture.

"Daughter of an accursed race," said the monk who entered, "confess the dark arts you have used to inhale the spirit of young Rudolph, of Earlach, who now lies bereft of reason, calling upon you in

his madness, unable to shake off the fierce fever and spell by which you have enchanted him. Confess, and avow your penitence, and peradventure the Holy Church may be merciful."

"Alas, dread sir, I have naught to confess. I know no art save that of loving too well, too rashly; and woe is me that my father has thereby fallen into the hands of his enemies!"

Here, for the first time, bitter tears covered her face, and trickled through the slender fingers that were pressed in agony before her eyes.

The monk was touched, and, for one moment, the eloquence of nature was stronger than prejudice and fanaticism; but, walking hastily to and fro the little cell, he dispelled the uneasy feeling, and, with all his previous sternness, bade her prepare to appear before the heads of the church, who had assembled to try her, or rather to condemn her to such punishment as they chose to award.

"My father! May I not see once more my poor father?" said Zillah, beseechingly.

"Yes, yes," said the monk, hurriedly. "And let me warn you once again, your only chance of escape from the fiery death awaiting you is by confessing freely, and throwing yourself upon the mercy of the church—by becoming a convert to her doctrines. In two hours, a lay brother will conduct you into the presence of the holy tribunal." So saying, without casting another look upon Zillah, the monk strode from the cell, locking the door after him.

When his footsteps could be no longer heard, Zillah prostrated herself upon the floor, in earnest supplication for strength in this her hour of need, and sought it not in vain.

Where was Rudolph? Stretched on a bed of pain and raging fever, the effect of anxiety and agitation of mind. At the moment his efforts were most needed, he was disabled from doing anything towards the liberation of Zillah.

Anne, his youngest and only unmarried sister, and the faithful Hans, watched over him night and day; and, as he raved incessantly of the young Jewess, they grieved bitterly over him, and sympathized with his sufferings. But youth and a strong constitution triumphed over disease; and, on the tenth day after the captivity of poor Zillah, he woke from a long, deep sleep perfectly collected, and the throbbing of his pulse quieted to almost infantile weakness.

"Sister Anne," said he, tenderly, taking the hand of the fair girl who was bending anxiously over him, "what is all this? I have been ill. What has happened?"

"Hush," whispered his sister. "You have, indeed, been fearfully ill; but, the Holy Virgin be praised, our prayers in your behalf have been heard, and you are spared to us. But you must be quiet, and sleep again, dear brother, before I can hear or answer any questions." And, going to a table near

the couch, she brought him some light nourishment.

He partook, and sank down exhausted into another profound sleep, which lasted for several hours.

Hans walked softly into the room, and, to his anxious look of inquiry, Anne smiled and whispered, "Better, much better; but we must be quiet, and keep him so as long as possible."

"I have just heard that," thought Hans, "which will send the blood boiling through his veins in another fever flood. Well, she may be a Jewess, and have dealings with the devil; but to my mind she has an innocent look, and is too pretty to be burnt like an old witch. I am heartily sorry I ever had anything to do with her capture."

Anne bade Hans watch by Rudolph until she took some needful rest, being well nigh worn out with fatigue. He prepared to obey by taking his seat in an old oaken chair, from its weight a fixture at the side of the bed; and the more he thought of the fate of Zillah the more he pitied her, and dreaded its effects upon Rudolph.

"I have ever lacked thought," muttered he, "or I might devise some plan for her rescue. Were he only better, and knew all, something might be done. There are still three days. I must tell him, and whatever he commands, I will perform."

Brightening up under the influence of these kind and hopeful thoughts, Hans continued to muse until Rudolph's heavy breathing became so infectious that he, perforce, yielded to the influence of sleep. How long he remained in this state he knew not, but a touch and the laughing remonstrance of Rudolph roused him.

"Hans, my good fellow, you must be blowing a trumpet accompaniment to the advance of an imaginary army, from the loudness of your breathing."

The good youth excused himself by saying he had walked far over the mountains for some herbs, said to be sovereign in the cure of distempers caused by witchcraft, if gathered before sunrise, and was somewhat wearied.

"Witchcraft! What folly, Hans! Do you believe, like the rest, that I am bewitched? I tell you, I love Zillah better than life; her danger alone, and the mad excitement of the few days preceding her capture, have produced my illness. Both Zillah and her father escaped from the boats, did they not?" asked he, looking eagerly at Hans.

"Alas, no!" replied Hans. "They have been divided among the birds of prey. The Dominicans have the old man, and will drain his coffers well, be they ever so full, before they let him off; and the girl was locked up by the Franciscans."

"Gold can do much," said Rudolph; "but where can I procure the gold? Yet Zillah must be liberated!"

"It must be soon, then," said Hans, abruptly; "for she has been tried and condemned."

"Condemned to what, and for what?" exclaimed



Rudolph, fiercely, springing up in the bed and seizing the arm of Hans, as if to prevent his escape before answering the question.

"I pray you," cried Hans, "do not go mad again! Be quiet, and I will tell you all I know; and, moreover, will peril life and limb to do whatever you may command."

This last sentence, uttered with an expression of deep devotion to Rudolph, soothed him, and he sank back upon his pillows, while Hans proceeded with his narrative.

Zillah, according to his account, had been brought before the ecclesiastical council, accused by old Earlach of having bewitched his son, whose life was then in peril from her spells. In the state of popular feeling against the Jews, to be accused was but to be condemned; and, as Zillah either could not or would not confess herself guilty of the charge, she was sentenced to be burnt at the stake, with some others, as a terror to evil-doers. In three days, the sentence was to be carried into execution before the Franciscan Convent.

"I will die or save her!" said Rudolph, sternly. "I will rescue her from the very flames. Hans, how many of our tried companions can we rely upon to aid us in an enterprise, I know not how wild and desperate, but one I swear to attempt, though followed by certain death?"

"Do you but point out the way," replied Hans, "and leave the rest to me. I know a score of burly fellows who would follow you to the pit itself without asking a question."

"Search them out, then, at once, Hans; as you love me, lose no time; and beware that no one suspects any movement of the kind upon our part. My illness must answer one good turn, by putting my father off his guard; and we must make the most, too, of his absence from the city."

Anne's entrance stopp'd further parley on the one absorbing topic, and she did not fail to notice the excited state of her brother, who was impatiently tossing upon his bed. She glanced reproachfully at Hans.

"You have been talking imprudently, I fear," said she. "Reach me that cup with the potion the leech left."

Hans, much embarrassed, obeyed; and, taking it from him, she presented it to her brother, and insisted upon his drinking it. The drug was narcotic, and under its influence the patient sank gradually into profound sleep; while Hans left the house with a quick step, but thoughtful brow. The enterprise to which he had pledged himself was not without great risk to all engaged, even supposing he could find a sufficient number as devoted and willing to undertake it as himself, in the face of the anathemas of the church, more feared than deadly weapons.

"Ho, there, Hans!" cried a youth of stout frame and smiling face; "how fares young Earlach? Is

it true the young Jewess has bewitched him—that he is nigh unto death?"

"Fools say so, Ernst; but there is only one sort of witchcraft about it, Rudolph swears; and that, I trow, the pretty Gretchen, Dame Margaret's granddaughter, in the hamlet below, has dealt out freely to you! Nay, you well know my meaning! And I begin to think the helping hand we lent the old man in capturing the Jewess was the worst day's work we ever undertook, let Mother Church say what she will."

"How!" demanded Ernst. "Rudolph wed with a Jewess?"

"Were Gretchen come of Jew or Turk, think you you could stand tamely by and see her burn, even though it might be for the good of your soul? Rudolph means not, I trust, to wed her; his only wish before, as you know, was to send her and her father in safety out of the country. We helped to prevent their escape; and I have promised to lend a helping hand to undo my own work. I must see how many of our comrades will join me in doing his bidding, whatever it may be. You, Ernst, must along with us."

"Provided Rudolph only desires to get the Jews out of the country, I will join you. The maiden, too, is a pretty one, like my own Gretchen. Go, Hans, and see as many of our comrades as you can, nor will I be idle; to-morrow we can meet without the walls, and determine what is to be done."

They separated, taking different routes; the one deeper into the thoroughfares of the city, and the other without the walls, to the farm-houses and hamlets below.

Ernst walked rapidly on, with the light, elastic tread which the bracing air and hardy life of a brave mountaineer could alone give. His way lay through vineyards and cornfields, sometimes on the sloping banks of the lake, sometimes on a small footpath formed upon terraces on a level with the water, during great part of the way shaded by large beech and oak-trees. The walnut and other fruit-trees that overhung the pathway like weeping willows, many of them being planted horizontally, stretched from the sides of the hill, or from the edge of the water, their boughs dipping into the lake beneath. The scattered cottages, the numerous villages, the picturesque villas on the banks of the lake, with here and there a neat church, pointing with its taper spire to the calm, blue heavens above, added to the beauty of the scene; and, by their silent appeal, touched with softness the rugged, though not unfeeling breast of the mountaineer, who had been revolving in his mind the communication of Hans; nor was the termination of his walk, just in sight, likely to weaken these pleadings of compassion.

A peasant's cottage, with a cluster of fine beech-trees in front, its small terraced garden on one side, and a few cherry-trees laden with fruit on the other, bespoke peace and contented industry, from the

perfect air of neatness in and around it. Immediately in front of the door sat an old woman, with snowy cap and kerchief, spinning; and, at a little distance, the pretty Gretchen was preparing to set off with her pail to milk the cows, which were pastured upon some green spot higher up the mountain. A few light bounds, and Ernst was by the side of the maiden; and, taking the pail from her, they slowly ascended the mountain, thinking of their own love, and talking of that of Rudolph's for the beautiful Jewess.

Hans found about twenty of his associates, and engaged them to follow Rudolph and himself, in whatever they might undertake to further the escape of Zillah. Then, though wearied and hungry, he determined, before returning to Rudolph, to discover the prison of the Jewess, and see if there was any chance of procuring her escape before she should be brought out to execution.

He soon reached the neighborhood of the convent where she was confined; and it was not long before he saw the porter of the convent and several officials coming out to give orders from the superior to the workmen employed in the court below, evidently making arrangements for the approaching *auto da fé*. Hans joined the group, and, that he might linger without suspicion to listen to their conversation, offered his services in planting the stakes firmly in the ground. While occupied in this way, he did not cease to ply the porter with questions about the place of Zillah's confinement, and the probability, as old Ben Hassen was rich, of her being at last ransomed.

"Impossible, my son!" said the monk. "The dog of a Jew has not one penny more than will save his own life; and the sorceress, his daughter, must burn, as she deserves."

"What if the dispersed members of her tribe should offer to ransom her? For I hear old Ben Hassen and his daughter are of high rank among their own people."

"They ought to have looked to that before now," replied the monk. "The Jewess burns the day after to-morrow, that the people may see how Holy Mother Church punishes the crime of devil's witchcraft. She is to be chained to this stake, in front of the others, that the crowd may have a better view; and it will be the last pile kindled."

Hans expressed great satisfaction at the wise arrangement of the holy father; and, his self-imposed task being finished, bade the monk good evening, and turned his footsteps towards Earlach's dwelling. To the anxious lover he related his success.

"The walls of her prison," said he, "cannot be even approached, and the monks are too sure of the gold of the father to listen to aught of ransom for the daughter. Nor do they intend carrying the condemned in procession through the city, on account of the plague. She will be carried not a hundred yards from the convent to the stake."

"She shall be snatched, then, from the stake itself!" cried Rudolph. "But, alas, my arm has not strength to effect it! You, Hans, are my only hope. Let our followers be the first around the stake to which she is chained; watch for the most favorable opportunity of carrying her off, when the officials are engaged with the others, or by creating some confusion in the rabble around; then speed for your life with her beyond the walls of the city."

"I have it all now," said Hans, after a pause; "and will arrange with Ernst to-morrow where she is to be carried until we can send her to some other land."

"I must see her first," murmured Rudolph.

"What! bring her here, in the very teeth of danger?"

"Cannot I be borne first to her place of refuge, and await her there, wherever it may be?" asked Rudolph, calmly.

"Nay," answered Hans; "your absence will cause suspicion to alight upon you and your friends. I care not for myself. And your father, if he should return, will move heaven and earth until both are found."

The sick man waved his hand impatiently.

"Have you seen old Michael with his boat from Wedenschweil lately? I once saved the life of his son, and he swore eternal gratitude. Go tell him the time has come; and, if he is willing to remember his vow of service, to have his boat in readiness at the anchorage below the hamlet, where the old woman's cottage stands. I mean the one Ernst visits so much. On pretences of change of air, I will be carried there to-morrow, and there await your coming with Zillah."

"Does the Lady Anne know aught of your plans? And think you she will counsel so mad a project as your removal, feeble as you are?"

"Anne is tender-hearted, and loves me much; then no fear of opposition in that quarter. My father, too, has not returned from Winterthur, where he has gone on business before the great council, which is not likely to be settled soon. He sent word to that effect to Anne to-day."

Anne was then called to hear her brother's determination to be removed from the city the next day, and, though disposed to oppose his doing so until better able to bear the move, upon Rudolph's opening his heart to her, she gave way at once, and promised to aid him as far as it might be in her power.

They then separated for the night, Hans throwing himself down upon a pallet at the foot of Rudolph's bed, where he soon found that oblivion the other sought in vain.

The first gray light of morning had scarcely dawned before Hans was up, and making his toilet somewhat in the fashion of a faithful mastiff, with a hearty shake and diverse stretchings of the limbs, proceeded at once without the walls to meet Ernst, that all might be prepared for the eventful morrow.

The inmates of Gretchen's cottage were to be apprised of Rudolph's wish, and their consent obtained, and who so fitting an ambassador as Ernst, the declared *bachelor* of the pretty Gretchen?

The place of rendezvous gained, Hans found not only Ernst, but most of their comrades, who listened attentively to Rudolph's plan for carrying Zillah off from the stake, promising their best efforts for its success. They then agreed to meet at the little inn just without the gate, that night, to be in readiness to take their appointed places early in the morning.

Hans and Ernst proceeded onwards to the little cottage, Ernst promising the hearty co-operation of Gretchen and her grandmother. It was a walk of three miles, and, as Rudolph would follow soon, they walked briskly on, and soon found themselves at the cottage door. Their errand told, the good dame and maiden set to work at once to prepare the best chamber for the sick man; while Gretchen placed fresh flowers and a snowy coverlid of her own spinning upon the bed in her own little chamber for the Lady Anne.

Meanwhile, Hans proceeded to cross the lake lower down to Wedenschweil, on the west side of the lake, to bring the old boatman over before nightfall, if possible.

Gretchen, aided by Ernst, had just succeeded to her satisfaction in arranging the cottage for the reception of their expected guests, when the litter upon which Rudolph was borne appeared in sight, slowly descending the hill. Anne followed upon a beautiful Spanish jennet, attended by several serving-men on foot, who, from time to time, relieved the bearers of the litter.

After a few hours' rest in the cottage, Rudolph rose, and seating himself by Dame Margaret, who was industriously plying her spinning-wheel, soon ingratiated himself so completely in her favor, that she began to tell him an interminable story of which she was the heroine some forty years back. She always afterwards declared Rudolph not only the handsomest and bravest youth in Zurich, but the most sensible and best mannered.

Owing to the plague, the communication between Zurich and the neighboring hamlets was slight, though not entirely suspended; and the old woman knew nothing of the approaching *auto da fé*, or the deep interest Rudolph took in one of the victims. Anne undertook to prepare her for the arrival of another guest in the person of Zillah, who would remain but a few hours under her roof, if Hans returned successful in his search after the fisherman and his son.

As evening advanced, Rudolph seated himself at the window looking out upon the lake in the direction of Wedenschweil, agitated by a thousand fears of failure. At length a boat, with its one sail set, steered directly for the anchorage below the cottage, and soon afterwards Hans, with Michael and his son, entered the cottage, the latter exchanging

greetings with Rudolph, and putting themselves and boat at his command. Hans remained a few moments longer in earnest conversation with Rudolph, who gave him every direction he could conceive necessary in case aught untoward should happen to derange, in any measure, their first plan of action. He then departed for the place of rendezvous, there to await his comrades and the coming morning.

So far everything had favored their design; but Rudolph felt the hardest task now awaited him—the many hours of inaction before the crowning-point of their enterprise was effected; the doubts, the fears, the thick-coming fancies which crowded upon his brain, lest all might be lost from some oversight or want of conduct in those to whom he was perforce obliged to leave the rescue of Zillah, placed, as it was, upon a single cast of the die. As he thought of his own helplessness to aid her, he groaned and covered his face with his hands, to press back the drops wrung from his heart, and ready to overflow his eyes. Then, turning to his sister, who was sitting by him, he sought relief by unfolding to her his plans in the event of success.

They remained in earnest conversation until the lateness of the hour warned Anne that it was time to retire, and obtain needful rest before the agitating events of the morrow. She smoothed her brother's pillow, and besought him, for the sake of all who loved him, to dismiss harassing thought and yield himself to the blessed oblivion of sleep, the true Lethe for many sad remembrances.

The eventful morning came; the sun rose bright and cloudless, as though it were not to gild with its beams a scene of cruelty; the birds sang joyously, as if death was not revelling around them in the hearts and homes of thousands—all nature was bright and beautiful; and yet the deadliest evil sent upon man, the unsparing plague, was at that moment filling the chambers of death with the multitude of its victims.

The convent cells were opened, and, as we have shown in the first part of this veritable history, Zillah and her unfortunate companions were carried out and bound to the stake; they to suffer, and she to be rescued by Hans and Ernst, who lost no time in conveying her to the cottage in the same litter which had conveyed Rudolph the day before.

So admirably had they succeeded in their undertaking, that suspicion did not once alight upon them until long after all trouble to be apprehended from the discovery was over; the monks preferring to have it believed that Zillah had been carried off bodily by the Evil One she served, rather than by mortal agency.

The litter on which Zillah was placed, as soon as they were without the city, was carried to the cottage at a rapid pace. They soon reached it; and, upon opening the curtains of the litter, the poor girl was found composed, but helpless as an infant. The

conflict of mind she had gone through, her unexpected deliverance when all hope seemed past, had reduced her, by the reaction, to a state of infantile weakness. Hans took her in his arms and bore her into the cottage. At the door of Anne's apartment he was met by Rudolph, who, taking the fair girl from him, tottered with her to the couch, upon which he seated himself, still holding her to his heart, as if afraid his recovered treasure might yet escape him.

"Earlach!" was all the faint voice of Zillah uttered as she clung to him, hiding her face upon his bosom; and then she wept as though life itself were pouring out with her tears.

Rudolph placed her gently upon the couch, and, by his caresses and soothing words, restored her to some degree of calmness; and Anne, touched by their love and grief, stood by in silent sympathy.

A summons from Hans drew Anne from the chamber; and, when she returned, it was to find Zillah sleeping, her hand clasped in Rudolph's, who, sitting by her side, watched as only those can whose "love, nor age can chill, nor rival steal, nor falsehood disavow."

"I grieve to disturb you, brother," said Anne, softly; "but Hans thinks it dangerous to remain in this neighborhood, and the old fisherman urges you to send Zillah over the lake at once. The wind is fair, and they await her in the boat. Michael says, too, he will receive her into his own family at Wedenschweil, which, being an independent lordship, is not likely to be molested by the authorities of Zurich, should they search for Zillah. While there, you can devise other plans for her future welfare. Hans tells me, too," said she, lowering her voice still more, "that her father, though liberated by the prior upon the payment of his ransom, grew desperate at being unable to procure the release of Zillah, and, refusing to conceal himself, was killed by a band of rioters in the market-place."

"Has Zillah heard it?" asked Rudolph.

"No," replied Anne. "Either you or I must impart it to her; but not yet. She looks so like a crushed flower, I dread to add weight to her already heavy burden of grief. But, dear brother, the boat waits."

"I must not go with her," said Rudolph to himself, as if combatting a strong desire to do what he knew he ought not to do; "but I must speak with Hans." And, softly disengaging his hand from that of the sleeper, he quitted the room.

As he did so, Zillah opened her eyes, and, seeing Anne looking thoughtfully and compassionately at her, a slight blush suffused her pale cheeks.

"I fear, lady," she said, "you think me over free; but, alas! misery has well nigh changed my being." She clasped her hands despairingly. "Of my poor father I can learn nothing!"

"Nay," said Anne, kindly, "if you love my brother, for his sake be calm, and listen to the plan we

have formed for your safety. A boat is waiting to take you to Wedenschweil, where you will be cared for by humble, but kind friends, until such time as other arrangements can be made. Were you, indeed, other than—than"—she hesitated, fearing to give pain.

"The daughter of a Jew," meekly added Zillah.

"Yes, a Jewess," faltered Anne—"there would be but little difficulty in finding you a suitable asylum. As it is, with every wish to aid you, we may find it hard to do so; but Heaven will protect the innocent."

"Lady," said Zillah, "I, too, believe in Jesus of Nazareth; but not—oh, not as your cruel church interprets his holy words!"

"How became you a believer?" asked Anne, eagerly.

"From some precious Greek manuscripts brought from Rome by my father: idle stories, he called them, but curious. In the solitude of my chamber, I studied them closely; and, comparing what was there set down with our own holy books, I became convinced that our nation were blinded, and the appointed Messiah had come in the person of the crucified Jesus."

"Believe, then, Zillah," cried Anne, tenderly embracing her, "in the wise guidance of Mother Church, and all will be well. Her discipline may at times be stern; but, when the canker would deface and destroy her fair proportions, the knife must be used to preserve what remains in health and beauty. We will send you far hence, to the Abbess of Seckingen, in Suabia. There you will see our holy faith exercised in all its love and purity. The abbess is a sister of my sainted mother, and to her I am indebted for all a mother's love that I have ever known. But," checking herself, "I must away with the joyful tidings to Rudolph!" And again kissing Zillah, she glided out of the room.

We shall not record the expressions of delight which escaped from the lips of Rudolph, upon being told of Zillah's faith in the Christian religion, as well as their parting with the assurance on his side, that many weeks should not elapse before he joined her, bringing tidings of her father. To all his entreaties for an immediate union, the mournful reply was—

"I cannot forsake my father, in this his day of adversity and bitter trial. Wherever he wanders, there shall I be at his side, as long as life is spared us both. You must forget me, Earlach—forget that one so unhappy as myself has ever crossed your path; and I," said she, faintly smiling, "will pray for you, and find happiness in believing that you are happy."

"Do not believe that possible, Zillah," said Rudolph; "and, above all things, decide upon no future step until I see you."

That she promised him; and they separated.

Zillah, under the escort of Hans, was conveyed

by the fisherman in safety over the lake to his cottage at Wedenschweil.

Rudolph and Anne remained at the cottage in preference to returning to the town, and it was not very long before they received a summons from their father to join him at Winterthur, whither they determined to proceed at once, giving Hans a commission to find out the Abbess of Seckingen, and to procure an asylum with her for Zillah.

The voyage to Winterthur was soon accomplished, and old Earlach greeted his children kindly, looking anxiously at the emaciated figure of his son, when he could do so unobserved. Nor was it long before, taking Anne aside, he questioned her closely as to his malady, and the best cure for it. Anne suggested that, as the plague was devastating their unfortunate country, if her father would send Rudolph to foreign lands, he would, in a year or two, be himself again.

Old Earlach bent his brows, and at last signified his approval of the measure. Rudolph was duly apprised, and commanded to make his preparations for a speedy departure. Anne wrote a few lines to her aunt, the abbess, and charged Rudolph to deliver them, well knowing he would soon seek her.

Hans had not yet returned, and Rudolph, all impatience to know the success of his mission, charged Anne to send him to Wedenschweil, whither he determined to go at once, and to remain until his foster-brother arrived. This first step in his travels, however, was not made known to his father, who was too much occupied with state affairs to make minute inquiries as to his route at setting forth. He contented himself with giving Rudolph letters of credit to some old friends and comrades in France and Germany. He also supplied him with what, in our days, would be deemed a very moderate allowance for travelling expenses, though quite enough for Switzerland and the simple habits of its people.

Upon reaching Wedenschweil, Rudolph found Zillah much improved in health and strength; and, in as tender a manner as love could devise, informed her of the death of her father. Her grief at first was excessive; but the feeling that there was one ready to peril life, and all that makes life dear, to shield her from harm and win her love, gradually brought calmness and resignation to her heart. When, in a few days, Hans returned with the pleasing intelligence that the Abbess of Seckingen was then at Glarus, where she had founded a convent, the whole canton being subject to her, though enjoying many privileges and a democratical form of government, the preparation necessary before leaving with Rudolph for that city, farther diverted her thoughts, and in some measure restored her cheerfulness.

Rudolph determined to lose no time in placing Zillah under the care of his aunt, trusting that a few months in the quiet seclusion of the convent would restore her to tranquillity. It was a safe asylum during his absence. He expected to return

in a year, and then Zillah had promised to link her fate with his for life.

And now, gentle reader, I might tell you of strange things that befell our young Swiss in Germany, but I will not detain you; so, dropping some twelve months, I will just say Rudolph returned to his native city, and obtained his father's consent to marry a foreign lady, who had been for some months under the charge of his aunt, the abbess, who praised her devotion and loveliness.

In the chapel of the convent at Glarus, the hands of Zillah and Rudolph were joined, without a suspicion on the part of old Earlach that his fair daughter-in-law was the despised Jewess he had persecuted nigh unto death.

Rudolph removed to Winterthur, where he lived happily with Zillah to a good old age.

Ernst and Gretchen married some months before Rudolph returned from his travels, and their descendants occupied the little cottage for many generations.

Hans continued the faithful friend and follower of Rudolph through life.

Anne, after the tragical death of her father, took the veil, and, in time, became abbess of the convent founded by her aunt at Glarus. She was long remembered throughout the canton for the holiness of her life and numerous acts of charity.

## AN APPEAL TO TIME.

BY G. N. BARBOUR.

O TIME! give back my childhood days,  
So fraught with joyous glee;  
With all my boyish pranks and ways—  
Oh! give them back to me.

Place me again by father's knee,  
Or mother's side, to pray;  
Then make my sisters young with me,  
My brothers, too—to play.

Let mother smile upon me now,  
To see my childish joy;  
Let father kiss my little brow,  
And call me "darling boy."

Within the school-room let me sit,  
With classmates, as of yore;  
My teacher kind, I want him yet  
To mete to us his lore.

Then place me with my playmates all,  
Upon the green, so gay—  
With joyous laugh, with bat and ball,  
To pass the hours at play.

O Time! give back my childhood days,  
Those halcyon days of truth,  
And I'll give up my manhood ways,  
And be once more a youth.

New Madrid, Mo.

## SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A POET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

### PART II.

WITH a hundred dollars in his pocket, given him by his father, our poet shipped, in the beginning of August, 1805, upon the packet-boat to Halle, intending to wait there for the first instalment of his pension, and then to proceed onwards as far as said pension would permit, even to the holy city of artists, the foster-mother of the soul—Rome herself. Ehlen Schlager was now twenty-six years old. We give an anecdote from the very commencement of his journey, to show how the poet of twenty-six travelled: "Towards Quedlinburg, I travelled with a whole family—father, mother, and a number of lovely children. The father had been appointed postmaster in Quedlinburg, and they were approaching it for the first time, having left the home where the children were born. But as soon as a happy family are within four walls, they are again at home. It was a beautiful evening. 'See,' said the little boy to his father, 'there are the towers of Quedlinburg!' To me, who have such a tender feeling of domestic joys, and who, like the solitary bird, had left my own nest to roost upon strange branches, it was indeed agreeable to meet these calm, idyllic joys, upon the poet-wagon, and the reader will not think it strange that I was so occupied with this little family, that I forgot my portmanteau, containing all I possessed, and the loss of which I did not discover till the next day, in Halle."

He spent the winter in Halle, under the hospitable roof of a friend and countryman, and heard the lectures at the University, by Steffens in natural philosophy, by Wolff upon archeology, and by Schleiermacher in ethics; with the latter, he formed a close intimacy. Schleiermacher understood no Danish, and our poet translated for him his poems into German; this first excited his ambition to write in the sister language, and to become a German poet. Schleiermacher, in return, translated for him the *Ædipus in Colonna*, word for word; he read it also in Greek, that Ehlen Schlager might become familiar with the sound of the beautiful language.

The spring approached—the first quarter of his pension arrived, and he went as far as Berlin; where, the first evening, he met the noble and beautiful queen, Louisa, at the Redout, arrayed like Psyche, with wings attached to her shoulders. "Ah! it signified," he says, "that she would soon leave this earth for her own celestial abode." In Berlin, he became acquainted with Fichte, who thought him worthy to read and understand his philosophy.

After three weeks spent in Berlin, he hastened to Weimar, at that time the goal of all literary aspirants, and to Goethe the great autocrat. "He received me," says Ehlen Schlager, "paternally, and I often dined with him. He made me read to him my *Aladdin* and *Hakon Jarl*, extemporising them into German verse. Then he would say, when I used a Danish word, 'that is pretty.' 'But is that German?' I asked. 'No, not German, but the languages may well make each other sisterly presents of good words.'" Goethe must have been amused by the enthusiastic poet, as an anecdote will prove.

"One day at the table, he spoke so warmly and with so much power for the honor and rights of the citizens in opposition to an affected courtier, who pretended to make a joke of the bravery or honor of a citizen, that when the courtier was gone I could not help falling upon his neck and kissing him." At this embrace, the stately Geheimerath cried out, "Ja, Ja, dear Dane, you no doubt think well and justly too!"

To enjoy Goethe's society a few days longer, he followed him to Jena, where the former rested on his journey to Carlsbad. "It was a sultry day, and, heated with walking, I quenched my thirst at an ice-cold fountain: I was instantly seized with intense pain in the breast, so that I could not enjoy the society of Goethe. I asked myself, Have I, then, drunk my death in that cold fountain? But as I looked out of the window, I saw a splendid rainbow, in which the green stripe, the color of hope, was peculiarly brilliant. At this sight my fears vanished, and in a couple of days I was quite well again. The incident of this day occurred to me when afterwards I wrote the fifth act of *Correggio*."

The 12th of June, our poet journeyed on to Dresden, eating larks at Leipzig on the way. In Dresden, he lived much in the accomplished Körner family, Theodore, afterwards the hero-poet, being then a pretty boy of fourteen years old. Körner's sister, Emma, was a lovely artist, and a young inmate of the family, an accomplished musician. In their company he visited the Dresden Gallery. I would gladly translate his views of art, but this notice would be thus too far extended.

He had joined a couple of his countrymen on their tour to Italy, and the day was fixed for their departure, but he would first indulge himself by running back to Weimar to take one more look at Goethe. "At this time," he says, "I read no newspapers. I knew, indeed, that Prussia and France were at war, and that Napoleon had advanced his

army between the Ulster and the Saale, but, as my friends, who were industrious newspaper readers, were not afraid, we ventured on to Weimar. I met Goethe the first evening at the theatre. 'Since you are here,' he said, 'where you certainly ought not to be, but since you are here—welcome!' It was not prudent to attempt to return, we resolved therefore to remain and wait the issue in Weimar.

"The Prussian head-quarters were at Weimar with the king and queen. The camp was just without the city. I went with Goethe through this wonderful movable city, full of little huts, where the bravest soldier must at least be peaceful through the darkness of night. The market-women appeared to me wonderfully acute; the wildest soldiers were indebted to them for care and solace: the market-men were nothing to them.

"Now came the 14th of October.\* We had long heard the cannonading; at length there flew through the city officers and men by dozens, with reins hanging loose and horses flaked with foam and blood. 'Which is the way to the mountains?' they cried; 'where can we fly from the French?' and without waiting answer they flew onward. A young Silesian officer, sorely wounded by a cannon ball, took refuge in our inn; the French had robbed him of all his money. My fellow-traveller lent him a sum, and helped to take care of him. He died in two days, and my friend thought no more of it; but the next year he received, unexpectedly, the whole sum lent, with many thanks from the family of the young officer in Silesia.

"During the battle, I endeavored to read some chapters in *Peregrine Pickle*; they ennuied and disgusted me; I thought, how can one be so trivial in fiction and imagination, when reality is so serious and elevated?" Ehlenchlagel seemed to have forgotten that life is not a continual battle of Jena.

"The French now began to cannonade the city, and to draw nearer with their artillery. We placed ourselves for safety in the cellar, and looked out only from the steps, that we might not be wounded. The Prussian army had taken refuge in the city; we foresaw that it would meet with the fate of Lubeck. The money that was to serve us a half-year in Paris we had received in good Louis-d'ors. We divided and concealed it in our neckcloths, where, indeed, the French could easily have found it, had not chance peculiarly favored us.

"Suddenly it was as silent in Weimar as the grave. The shops and windows were closed, and the streets empty. The October sun shone through the lurid smoke of the cannon, like a pale wintry moon. The French entered in companies, at first in perfect order, and quartered themselves in the houses. Our host lost his head entirely, took his little son in his arms, and cried like a child. We advised him to throw all open, and then go out,

with courage, to meet the advancing troops. Eight genteel people, burnt by the sun, and covered with dust and sweat, halted in the doorway: 'Bourgeois,' they cried, 'du vin! de l'eau de vie! du kirswasser!' The host came with bottles; they put the necks to their lips and emptied them; they then alighted, and entered the apartment. They were all sub-officers. We showed them our passports, and relied upon our Danish neutrality: they assured us we had nothing to fear. 'The Prussians,' they said, 'fight well, but they do not understand war.' For the first hour, although the city was crowded with foreign troops, perfect stillness prevailed; the weary soldiers were refreshing themselves and resting from the battle; but in the evening, when the plunder began, the true horror of war commenced. These brave French officers defended our quarters from plunder.

"In the upper story, my companions and myself had secured a little chamber; I threw myself, wearied, upon the sofa, while they took possession of a small bed. In the night I was awakened; the apartment was as light as day. I stepped to the window; the city was on fire, and the shrieks were the despairing cries of women and children. Now began the horrors of war. The city was completely plundered. The next day, Generals Berthier and Angereau took possession of our whole house, from garret to cellar; we had to content ourselves with a rind of bread and a glass of wine, while the French officers wasted and consumed at their pleasure; but we had the consolation of enjoying their protection, so that we escaped the common plunder.

When Napoleon entered the city, the ravages ceased. A severe prohibition was issued against all plunder or robbery. Eight or ten times a day the sudden echo of a volley of musketry in the Park announced the execution of one of his army taken in the act of plundering the inhabitants." The Danish travellers saved their Louis-d'ors.

"Goethe was married during the battle, in order, if any misfortune happened to himself, to secure his inheritance to his only son." "We dined with him," Ehlenchlagel adds, "and then hastened to quit a city which, from a seat of the muses, had become a lazaretto of wounded soldiers."

Our poet hastened with his friends to Paris. He seems not to have entered very fully into the amusements of the capital. He found in the great libraries there, books, rare books, relating to his favorite study, the northern mythology, and wrote his tragedy of *Palnakote*. Otherwise he spent his time in almost domestic privacy, having found a Norwegian family, with which he lived in the northern simplicity of his own country, making the acquaintance, however, of many literary men, and diligently studying the language of the capital. After spending eighteen months in this manner, his funds, that is, his pension, was at an end. His hostess, Madame Gautier from Geneva, possessed a liberality of spirit seldom found in the landladies of hired

\* The day of the battle of Jena.

lodgings. "Monsieur Œsling," she said, for she could not pronounce my name, "if you remained with me two years, and I received no penny from you, I would not allow you to go, for I perceive that I may trust you. You will not deceive me. Take, then, my upper chamber, and your expenses will be less by a quarter; you will fare as well, and you shall pay me when you can."

"I removed accordingly to the seventh story, where I could overlook the Tuileries and the iron horses that had galloped from Greece, Venice, Berlin, and paused now in Paris."

His resources at length being wholly exhausted, he packed his manuscripts together, and with a small borrowed sum journeyed back to Germany, to offer them to Cotta, the generous publisher. He obtained a passport, but forgot to have the name of Fouché, the French police inspector, upon it; he was, therefore, detained eight days at Strasburg; but here he also met with good fortune, besides having an opportunity to study the glorious cathedral. When he reached Stuttgart and paid his fare, he had not a single sou left. He called on Cotta, and found he would be absent for three weeks, at one of the Brunnens of Germany. "My courage, however," he says, "did not fail. I told the host of the hotel where I stopped, that I had business with Dr. Cotta, and would remain at his house till he returned from Baden; he thanked me many times, and I felt perfectly at ease." Here, also, while he waited for Cotta, Œhlenschläger met with some agreeable circumstances, and with his usual good fortune.

Cotta returned, took his poems and paid him for the copyright, and with this sum he departed for Switzerland and Italy.

Œhlenschläger had been introduced to Madame de Staël, at her villa, near Paris, but as he then spoke scarcely a word of French, and she no German, their acquaintance proceeded not far. At Geneva, as he had received a friendly invitation from her, he determined to visit her at Coppet. "I entered," he says, "a dark inn, and ordered some bundles of fagots to be kindled in the chimney, to change the air of the damp autumn evening, and sat before the blaze thinking of my vanished joys. I had written a note to M. Schlegel, and waited for an answer. I did not wait long; a servant entered with a friendly written invitation from Madame de Staël, took my portmanteau, and led the way to the chateau. Here all was elegant and cheerful. The lady came in the most friendly manner, smiling to meet me, and invited me to spend some weeks at the chateau. She joked me that I spake no better French. But we had now little embarrassment, for the lady had learned to speak German, and her son, Auguste, and her accomplished daughter, Madame de Broglie, then a young girl, understood and spoke the German and French." Here he met Benjamin Constant, Schlegel, Sismondi, the Baron Boight,

Count Sabran, Chamisso, all, apparently, living at the table, if not in the house, of the celebrated hostess. If any proof were wanting of the good nature, the goodness of heart, of Madame de Staël, it would be the kindness with which she entertained, and the friendliness with which she advanced the interests of these smoking, travelling young men of all nations. Œhlenschläger had been a few weeks there; the winter came on with some severity; Madame de Staël represented to him the folly and danger of crossing the Alps at that season; advised him to take an Italian master, and prepare himself with a knowledge of the language, pass the winter at her chateau, and cross the Alps in the spring. Œhlenschläger says, "I found this very reasonable and friendly, thanked her, and remained."

"After a few days, Werner entered, bowing into the saloon, with an immense snuff-box in his waistcoat pocket, and his nostrils bearing marks of its frequent use. His bad French amused Madame de S., but in his own peculiar patois he held lectures every day after dinner, upon his mystical æsthetics. Their hostess listened with great attention, and hardly escaped becoming a proselyte to Werner's mysticism. She scolded the others that they did not listen with more devout humility to the outpourings of the inspired philosopher!

"How animated, *spirituelle*, witty, and amiable was our hostess, is well known to the world. Pretty she was not; her large, brilliant, brown eyes possessed much attraction, and she displayed eminently the feminine talent of winning the other sex, and through penetrating finesse, uniting differing characters peaceably under her empire. Her genius, her face, and her voice were masculine, but her soul was eminently feminine.

"At this time, she was writing her book upon German literature, and read it to us every evening. It has been said that she had never read the books upon which she passed judgment, but was indebted for her opinions to Schlegel. This was not true. She read German with great ease, and her judgments were her own. Schlegel, indeed, had great influence with her, but she thought for herself, and often differed from him. She has written much that is good and beautiful upon German literature, but she wanted the deep, quiet, and earnest mind, to penetrate the peculiar genius of German poetry and philosophy.

"The peculiar talent of Madame de Staël consisted in saying always something piquant and striking. This made her a very agreeable companion. Whenever she appeared, spite of the young and the beautiful, she drew all men of head or heart into her circle. When it is recollected that she was very hospitable, and gave excellent dinners, it is no wonder that, like a queen or fairy in her enchanted castle, she drew all men to submit to her rule, while for her sceptre, sitting at her table, she held in her fingers a small twig of green leaves. This was as necessary to her



conversation as her knife and fork to her food. The servant laid a fresh twig daily near her cover.

"When the spring approached, and the birds again fluttered, I spread my wings, also, to cross the Alps. Madame de Staël wrote in my album:—

"J'introduis pour la première fois le français dans ce livre; mais bien que Goethe l'eut appelé une langue perfide, j'espère, mon cher Ehlenschläger, que vous croirez à mon amitié pour vous, et à ma vive estime pour l'auteur d'Axel et Valburg."

At length, the 9th of March, 1809, Ehlenschläger journeyed in the diligence, in order to cross the Alps to Italy. In Parma, he visited the church of St. Joseph and St. John, and saw the frescoes of Correggio. The church was filled with kneeling figures. He says, "it would have been affected in me to have knelt," but he placed himself in a corner, and prayed this prayer: "Dear God, make my heart open and pure, so that I may see the greatness, goodness, and beauty in nature, and in the works of man. Preserve my country, my king, my beloved, and my friends! Let me not die in a strange land, but return happily to my home. Give me cheerfulness and courage to wander upon thy beautiful earth, without bitterness or hatred to my neighbors, without servile and cowardly subjection to the judgments of others. Dear God! permit me to be a good poet. Thou hast formed my soul for art. It is the dearest and truest medium through which I can come to thee. Grant that my works, like those of this good Correggio, may live after I am no more! that, when I am dust, many youthful hearts may be excited and warmed by my thoughts." "Here," he says, "standing under this cupola, I first formed the resolution—I had thought of it in Paris—to write a drama upon the life of Correggio. It was confirmed by the little picture over the fireplace of the ducal palace, in Modena, painted when the artist was only seventeen years old. In this exquisite picture, the holy child sits upon its mother's lap, while an angel offers him cherries upon a plate. The beauty, loveliness, and innocence in Maria's and the angel's faces, cannot be exceeded. Joseph and another figure are near. Joseph holds in his hand a child's plaything. Two little rabbits play at the feet of the angel. Young myrtles bloom in the background. Had Correggio left nothing else in art, it would be sufficient to establish the tender relation to his wife and child, that I have preserved in the tragedy, as an historical truth."

In Rome, he lived much with his own countrymen, especially with Thorwaldsen. Thorwaldsen belongs to all nations; but he afterwards deprecated the practice of natives of the same country hanging, like one family, together. His northern constitution suffered much from the heat of Rome, where, in the surrounding fields, the grasshoppers lay like snow upon the ground; he withdrew, therefore, with one of his countrymen, to Grotto Ferrata, where, in a dilapidated house, that had once been a Roman

villa, they were in want of everything, except cool and fresh air. They could get neither milk nor butter, and what seemed to the young men more important, although the hostess was much amazed at the luxury, these young Danes desired, but could not get, their shirt-frills plaited. Here, in this retirement, he wrote the most admired and celebrated of his works, the Drama of Correggio.

"In the execution of his plan, Ehlenschläger adopted Vasaria's account of Correggio's death, as the groundwork of the piece. The delineation of the artist's character is singularly beautiful. The mild and sensitive painter is brought into striking contrast with the daring and sublime genius of Michael Angelo. The picture of domestic life and love, graced by congenial tastes for art, and enthusiasm in its pursuit, was never drawn with more simplicity, truth, beauty, and felicity, than in this exquisite drama."

Although Ehlenschläger adopted Vasaria's account of the death of Correggio as authentic, he does not intend his representation for an exact portrait of Correggio, but has taken such poetical license as poets permit themselves, such as Goethe has taken with Tasso and Iphigenia. It cannot be supposed that, after Correggio had painted such celebrated pictures as his Night, his Magdalene, and his Madonna, he could have remained as ignorant of the great and splendid pictures of the great masters, as he is represented in the beautiful soliloquy, in the picture gallery of Octavio. But this does not interfere with the design of the drama, which was, as he says, "to represent the amiable, natural genius of the artist, in contrast with the severe strength and gigantic power of one accomplished by study, as in Michael Angelo; and also to represent the sensitive and retired artist in contention with the actual world, its rough realities and selfish pursuits. The refined artist meets in Baptista with the envious and jealous enmity of a vulgar soul, and in Octavio with the ignorant and conceited patron, whose selfish and ignoble views the pure and generous Antonio can with difficulty comprehend. On the other hand, the soul-elevating genius of the artist, in his lovely picture of the Magdalene, produces a softening and humanizing result upon the most hardened and vicious class of men, changing the ferocious passions of robbers and murderers into reverence and gratitude, and causing blessing to be returned for cursing, by rescuing the life of the son of his mortal enemy. Although the bold and confident spirit of an assured and world-famed artist suddenly overpowers the sensitive painter, and plunges him into a momentary despair, the beautiful episode of Celestina and the laurel wreath are an assurance that he is consecrated to immortality even here; and the spirit that could not contend with the heavy burthen of mortality, departs, supported by the arms of perfect love, attended by reverence and gratitude, while religion, in the per-

son of the hermit, assures him of an immortal heaven for the soul."

Ehlenschlager had now been more than two years absent from his country and his betrothed. The natives of northern climates, the Norwegians and Danes, especially the cultivated among the latter, seem always to languish and thirst for the bright skies and sunny fruits of the "land where the orange and citron-trees bloom." Yet they soon feel that yearning *heimweh*, that drives them, like their own familiar stork and domestic swallow, back to the north, faithful to the snow-covered nest under the eaves, and the old chimney of the smoky roof, consecrated to their simple, domestic joys.

Ehlenschlager's usual good fortune attended him upon his home journey. He met an agreeable Danish traveller, who was glad of his society as *compagnon du voyage*, and paid the expenses of the journey. As they reached the boundary of Italy, he sprang joyfully over. He says his northern heart longed for the north, for in the sultry air of the south he had felt like a mouse under the exhausted air-pump. He paused in Germany but long enough to see Goethe, and read to him his *Correggio*. "Unfortunately, I could stay but two days in Weimar, and with Goethe, one must wait for good humor, as the sailor on the strand waits for a good wind. Goethe received me politely, but coldly, and almost like a stranger. Had, then, so many intervening experiences erased the memory of those precious hours I had spent with him, eternally remembered by me, or did it only slumber, and would it again awake? I sought to suppress the pain, and hoped, after he had heard my *Correggio*, the old relation between us would ensue." The poet asked leave, through Reimer, to read his tragedy, but Goethe desired the manuscript to be sent to him; unfortunately the writing was illegible to any but the author. Goethe, however, invited him to dinner, and, he says, "as Goethe would not permit me to be childlike and heartlike, I was bold and satirical. I recited a couple of epigrams, that I have never suffered to be printed. Goethe said, very good-humoredly, 'He who can make good wine should make no vinegar.' 'Have you, then, Herr Geheimerath, made no vinegar?' 'The devil,' said Goethe; 'because I have made it, is it then right?' 'No, but when wine is made, many grapes fall to the ground that are good for nothing but for the vinegar of wine.'

"If I had only had time, and could have read my piece, the old relation would have returned. But I must forth, and so we took a cold leave. I opposed it in my deepest soul, for there was no man I loved

and valued more than Goethe, and now, perhaps, I should never see him again. The post horses were ordered at five in the morning, and it was now half past eleven. I sat troubled in my room, tears in my eyes; an irresistible longing seized me to press him once more to my heart; at the same time the proud feeling struggled in my breast, that I would not humble myself before him. I ran to Goethe's house, there were yet lights burning, and I went to Reimer's chamber. 'Dear friend! can I not speak with Goethe? I would willingly say to him, farewell.' As he saw my emotion, he understood all. 'I will see whether he is yet in bed.' He came back, and told me to enter. 'The author of Goetz, and of Herman and Dorothea, stood in his night-gown, and wound up his watch before stepping into bed. When he saw me, he said in a friendly tone, 'My dear, you come like Nicodemus, in the night.' 'Permit me,' said I, 'to say to the poet Goethe an eternal farewell.' 'Fare you well, my child,' he answered, kindly, and I left the chamber. I never saw him again, nor wrote to him, but I named my eldest son for him, and know that he has always spoken in the most friendly manner of me."

Ehlenschlager was warmly welcomed on his return to Copenhagen. His bride had been faithful to him. He soon had the honor of reading his *Correggio* to the king and royal family, in the royal cabinet, and shortly after he was appointed professor extraordinary of æsthetics, in the University of Copenhagen.

The Baron Schimmelman lent him a pretty house in Christiansholm, half a mile from the city, upon the margin of the little sea. In a beautiful spring morning, he went alone with his betrothed into the church of a little village, on the seaside, called Gjentoft, where, by appointment, the preacher was waiting for them. He joined their hands, and asked God's blessing on their union. They returned, as man and wife, to their home in Christiansholm.

Ehlenschlager was now thirty years old, and here his minute autobiography ceases. His serious life began where that of romances end, with his marriage. His life was uniform and happy. Every year, from 1810 to 1829, with the exception of 1817, he gave a course of lectures to the students of the University, and sometimes repeated them to the *bona monde* of Copenhagen. They included his favorite studies, the northern mythology, old Danish lyrics, Roman literature, and dramatic authors, from Sophocles to Tieck. In 1829, in an excursion to Sweden, he had the honor of having the laurel-crown placed upon his brows, by the celebrated poet, Bishop Tegner, in the ancient cathedral of Lunds, in the presence of the assembled people

## COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE TOILET IN PERSIA AND CIRCASSIA.

THE Persian women are strictly confined to the seraglio, and pass the whole day at their toilet, which, with these beautiful prisoners, is almost their only amusement. The Persian ladies take great pains to heighten their beauty, and call to their aid washes and paints, not only of a red, white, and black color, but also of a yellow hue. Ornamental patching, once so much the fashion in Europe, is still employed by them, and few female faces are to be seen without one or more *khale*, as they call these artificial moles, which are so often mentioned with admiration by the poets of their country. In the earliest accounts that we possess of Persia, we find this fashion mentioned, as well as that of padding the petticoats to improve the shape of the figure, of concealing the ruthless attacks of time by the use of false hair, and of adorning the head with feathered ornaments.

In an Eastern manuscript, adorned with drawings of the heroes and heroines of the tales, are represented several Persian female figures, whose dresses bear in many respects a strong resemblance to the fashions of Europe. Some of them are drawn without any ornament on the head, the hair falling in ringlets over the neck and shoulders; others have round their heads a kind of diadem set with precious stones, from which rise one or more tufts of feathers, the quills being set in sockets of gold or gems. Some of the figures are adorned with the nose-jewel, that singular ornament to which the Asiatic ladies were formerly so partial, and the antiquity of which is indisputably proved, by its being mentioned among the Jewish trinkets in the Old Testament. They have also ear-rings attached to the upper as well as the lower part of the ear, and necklaces consisting of many rows of jewels of different kinds.

The dress of most of these heroines consists of a robe, the upper part of which fits tight to the shape, while the petticoat, being long and wide, falls in graceful folds; a girdle of great width covered with embroidery and precious stones; trowsers; and a head-dress like that now generally worn, consisting of a low-crowned cap, terminating in a point, round which are wreathed several folds of silk or fine linen: to this is fastened, with a gold bodkin, a large veil, which shrouds the whole figure.

In Mr. Morier's "Travels in Persia," the costume of the Persian queen is thus described: "Her dress

was rendered so cumbersome by the quantity of jewels embroidered upon it, that she could scarcely move under its weight. Her trowsers, in particular, were so ongrrafted with pearls, that they looked more like a piece of mosaic than wearing apparel. Padded with cotton inside, stiffened by cloth of gold without, they were so fashioned as to exclude the possibility of discovering the shape of the leg, and kept it cased up, as it were, in the shape of a column."

He also mentions that the queen's daughter, who was celebrated throughout the country for her



beauty, was greatly disfigured in the eyes of a European by the immense quantity of red and white paint with which her face was daubed, and that her eyebrows, which were arched, were connected over the nose by a great stripe of black paint, and her eyelids and lashes strongly tinged with antimony.

The ordinary dress of a Persian female consists, when in-doors, of a large black silk handkerchief round the head, a gown which descends to the knees, a pair of loose trowsers, and green light-heeled slippers.

The interview of the English ambassadress with the Queen of Persia is mentioned in these words by an Eastern traveller: "The ambassadress was introduced into a large open room, at one corner of which was seated the queen, dressed out in truly Persian splendor. Large gilded knots appeared on her head-dress, which was of great size, and the other parts of her attire, like that of Zobeide, the Caliph's favorite in the 'Arabian Nights,' were so

loaded with jewels, that she could scarcely walk. In a corner of the room stood some of the king's children, so stiffened out with brocade, velvet, furs, and jewelry, that they almost looked like fixtures. Great numbers of women were ranged in rows without the room, all ornamented with jewelry."

The bestowing of dresses is a mark of honor constantly practised in Persia, and is one of the most ancient customs of Eastern nations; it is mentioned both in sacred and profane history. We learn how great was the distinction of giving a coat that had been worn, by what is recorded of Jonathan's love for David. "And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David; and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle." (1 Samuel, xviii. 4.) And in Esther also (ch. vi. 7, 8), we read, "And Haman answered the king, For the man whom the king delighteth to honor, let the royal apparel be brought which the king useth to wear."

The maidens of Yezd, a town situated near the Ghebers' "holy mountain," wear a head-dress composed of a light gold chain-work set with small pearls, with a thin gold plate hanging from the side, about the size of a crown-piece, on which is inscribed an Arabian prayer, thus described by Moore :—

"A light golden chain-work round her hair,  
Such as the maids of Yezd and Shiraz wear,  
From which, on either side, gracefully hung  
A golden amulet, in the Arab tongue  
Engraven o'er, with some immortal line  
From Holy Writ, or bard scarce less divine."

The females of Khorassan wear ear-rings of very large dimensions, with great quantities of turquoises suspended from them, for these stones are of but little value

"In that delightful province of the Sun,  
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,  
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,  
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over every stream;  
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves  
Among Miron's bright palaces and groves."

We must not take leave of the fair sex of Persia without mentioning the Squadanus, or Bebees, the female descendants of Mohammed, who go about veiled, or rather with a long white robe thrown over the whole body, having netted orifices before the eyes and mouth.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When Lalla Rookh rose in the morning, and her ladies came round her to assist in the adjustment of the bridal ornaments, they thought they had never seen her look half so beautiful. What she had lost of the bloom and radiance of her charms was more than made up by that intellectual expression, that soul in the eye, which is worth all the rest of loveliness. When they had tinged her fingers with the henna leaf, and placed upon her

brow a small coronet of jewels of the shape worn by the ancient queens of Bucharra, they flung over her head the rose-colored bridal veil, and she proceeded to the barge that was to convey her across the lake."

The ladies of Circassia sometimes appear abroad on horseback, riding like men, or on foot, but always veiled, not only with a muslin screen, through which at times a transient glimpse of a pretty face may be caught, but often with an impenetrable veil of black hair-cloth. They wear the same pelisses as the men, only that the sleeves, instead of being used as such, are tucked together and tied behind. They also wear, even in the house, huge Hessian boots made of velvet, and highly ornamented. They braid their hair, and let it hang in tresses down their shoulders; on the head they wear a large white turban, but a veil covers the face. The exhibition of beauty, in which so much of a woman's time is spent in more favored countries, is here unknown. A bride wears a rose-colored veil on her marriage-day.

Deep blue is the distinctive mark of mourning in this country.

"In that deep blue, melancholy dress  
Bokhara's maidens wear in mindfulness  
Of friends or kindred, dead or far away."

The Turkomans are a warlike and handsome race. They wear the talpak, a square or conical black skull-cap of sheep-skin, which is about a foot in height, and much more becoming for a warrior than a turban. They are very partial to bright colors, and generally choose light red, green, or yellow for their flowing *champhans*, or pelisses. Long brown boots are universally worn.

To the ladies of this tribe belonged the beautiful and delicate Roxana, the bewitching queen of Alexander, that Peri of the East whose beauty, like the perfume of the rose, is remembered with pleasure long after the casket which enshrined it is mouldered in the dust. They wear a head-dress consisting of a lofty white turban, shaped like a military shako, but still higher, over which they throw a red or white scarf that falls in folds down to the waist. As these ladies are generally rather on a large scale, this head-dress becomes them.

They attach a variety of ornaments to their hair, which hangs in tresses over their shoulders. Unlike most other Eastern women, they do not consider a veil a necessary appendage to their dress. The rest of their costume consists of a long gown of a bright color, that reaches to the ankle, and conceals both it and the waist, those standard points of beauty with most nations.

And now we must say a few words of

"The maids, whom kings are proud to cull  
From fair Circassia's vales;"

they whose charms the historian from the earliest times has immortalized, and the poet sung. The

costume of these hours is simple, and not remarkable for beauty. It consists in a long loose gown of divers colors, tied about the waist with a sash. The hair is worn in tresses, which hang on each side of the face, surmounted by a black coif, over which is placed a white cloth, which passes under the chin, where it is tied in a bow.

The unrivalled excellence of the manufactures of Cashmere is attributed to certain properties in the water of that country, for, though great pains have been taken to manufacture similar shawls at Patna, Agra, and Lahore, they never have the delicate texture and softness of those of Cashmere. Sir A. Burnes, in the description of his journey through the vale of Cashmere, says, "Our approach to the Mohammedan countries became evident daily, and showed itself in nothing more than the costume of the women, many of whom we now met veiled. One girl whom we saw on the road had a canopy of red cloth erected over her on horseback, which had a ludicrous appearance. It seemed to be a framework of wood; but, as the cloth concealed everything as well as the countenance of the fair lady, I did not discover the contrivance. The costume of the unveiled portion of the sex had likewise undergone a change. They wore wide blue trowsers, tied tightly at the ankle, and which taper down and have a graceful appearance. A narrow web of cloth, sixty yards long, is sometimes used in a single pair, for one fold falls upon the other."



Over the hair, which is worn in a single braid, they place a cap generally of a crimson color, to the

back of which is attached a triangular curtain of the same stuff, which falls upon the shoulders and conceals much of the hair; round the lower edge of the cap is folded a shawl or piece of cotton or woollen cloth, which gives it much the appearance of a turban.

## PATRIOTIC STANZAS.

BY J. J. BAKER.

WHEN, grieved, we see the nation's mind  
Heaving, tumultuous, unconfined,  
By angry passions driven—  
'Tis sweet to think of God's great might,  
When he dispelled chaotic night,  
And spread the vault of heaven.

Or as the seaman, terrified,  
Beholds the raging, foaming tide,  
His sails by tempests riven—  
Yet trusts, submitting to His will,  
Whose power the elements can still,  
And lay the ocean even.

Thus, when the sea of civil life  
Rages with storms and windy strife,  
And dark the heavens frown—  
Then God walks forth upon the sea,  
As once of old on Galilee,  
And treads the billows down.

He who gave the seas their bound,  
And measured all their depths profound,  
Hath said: "Thus far, proud wave;  
No farther shall thy rage proceed;  
Back to thy parent depths recede,  
And other countries lave."

He speaks—submissive to his word  
The waves respond in sweet accord,  
And murmur a retreat;  
Glancing in light, their amber tides  
Obedient flow where'er he guides,  
Or glass beneath his feet.

The prayers of patriots shall prevail,  
And for their country's good avail  
Beyond the common fate:  
Their country's woes their themes of prayer,  
What burdens to the throne they bear!  
And how importunate!

"God of our fathers," oft they cry,  
"If other good thou dost deny,  
Yet this one blessing give:  
Disunion from our land dispel:  
Her brood of foul disturbers quell,  
And let our country live!"

The Sage whose patriotic fire  
Can only with his life expire,  
Doth thus devoutly pray;  
And shall not the pure incense rise,  
And pierce the portals of the skies,  
From the pure heart of CLAY?

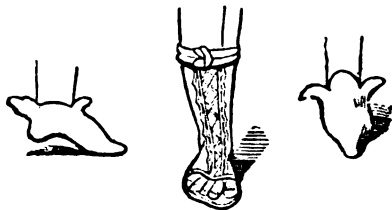
## HISTORY OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

### NO. II.—ON THE MOST ANCIENT COVERING FOR THE FEET.

WITH the ancient Greeks and Romans the coverings for the feet assumed their most elegant forms, yet in no instance does the comfort of the wearer appear to have been sacrificed, or the natural play of the foot interfered with—that appears to have been especially reserved for “march of intellect” days. Vegetable sandals, termed *Baxa*, or *Baxeæ*, were worn by the lower classes, and, as a symbol of their humility, by the philosophers and priests. Apuleius describes a young priest as wearing sandals of palm; they were, no doubt, similar in construction to the Egyptian ones of which we have already given specimens, and which were part of the required and characteristic dress of the Egyptian priesthood. Such vegetable sandals were, however, occasionally decorated with ornaments to a considerable extent, and they then became expensive. The making of them in all their variety was the business of a class of men called *Baxearii*; and these, with the *Solearii*—or makers of the simplest kind of sandal worn, consisting of a sole with little more to fasten it to the foot than a strap across the instep—constituted a corporation or college of Rome.

The solea were generally worn by the higher classes only, for lightness and convenience, in the house; the shoes (*calceus*) being worn out of doors. The *Soccus* was the intermediate covering for the foot, being something between the solea and the *calceus*; it was, in fact, precisely like the modern slipper, and could be cast off at pleasure, as it did not fit closely, and was secured by no tie. This, like the solea and *crepida*, was worn by the lower classes and country people; and hence, the comedians wore such cheap and common coverings for the feet, to contrast with the *Cothurnus* or buskin of the tragedians, which they assumed, as it was adapted to be part of a grand and stately attire. Hence the term applied to theatrical performers, “Brethren of the sock and buskin;” and, as this distinction is both ancient and curious, specimens of both are here given from antique authorities. The side and front view of the sock below is copied from a painting of a buffoon, who is dancing in loose yellow slippers, one of the commonest colors in which the leather used for their construction was dyed. Such slippers were made to fit both feet indifferently, but the more finished boots and shoes were made for one foot only from the earliest period. The *Cothurnus*, the centre figure, was a boot of the highest kind, reaching above the calf of the leg, and sometimes as far as the knee. It was laced as the

boots of the ancients always were, down the front, the object of such an arrangement being to make



them fit the leg as closely as possible, and the skin of which they were made was dyed purple, and other gay colors; the head and paws of the wild animal were sometimes allowed to hang around the leg from the upper part of the *Cothurnus*, to which it formed a graceful addition.

The sole of the *Cothurnus* was of the ordinary thickness in general; but it was occasionally made much thicker by the insertion of slices of cork, when the wearer wished to add to his height, and thus the Athenian tragedians, who assumed this boot as the most dignified of coverings for the feet, had the soles made unusually thick, in order that it might add to the magnitude and dignity of their whole appearance.

The shoe or sandal worn by the rustics of ancient Rome was formed of a skin turned over the foot, and secured by thongs passing through the sides, and over the toe, crossing each other over the instep, and secured firmly round the ankle. Any person familiar with the prints of Pinelli, pictures of the modern brigands of the Abruzzi, or the models of the latter worthies in *terra-cotta* to be met with in most curiosity shops, will at once recognize those they wear as being of the same form. The traveller who has visited modern Rome will also remember to have seen them on the feet of the peasantry who traverse the Pontine marshes; and the older Irish, and the comparatively modern Highlander, both wore similar ones; they were formed of the skin of the cow or deer, with the hair on them, and were held on the feet by leather thongs. They were the simplest and warmest kind of foot-covering to be obtained when every man was his own shoemaker.

There was a form of shoe worn at this early time in which the toes were entirely uncovered. This shoe appears to be made of a pliable leather, which fits closely to the foot; for it was considered as a mark of rusticity to wear shoes larger than the foot,

or which fitted in a loose and slovenly manner. The toes in this instance are left perfectly free; the upper leather is secured round the ankle by a tie, while a thong, ornamented by a stud in its centre, passing over the instep, and between the great and second toe, is secured to the sole in the manner of a sandal. In order that the ankle-bone should not be pressed on or incommoded in walking, the leather is sloped away, and rises around it to a point at the back of the leg.

None but such as had served the office of Edile were allowed to wear shoes of a red color, which we may therefore infer to have been as favorite a color for shoes as it appears to have been among the Hebrews, and as it is still in Western Asia. The Roman Senators wore shoes or buskins of a black color, with a crescent of gold or silver on the top of the foot. The Emperor Aurelian forbade men to wear red, yellow, white, or green shoes, permitting them to be worn by women only, and Heliogabalus forbade women to wear gold or precious stones in their shoes, a fact which will aid us in understanding the sort of decoration indulged in by the earliest Hebrew women, of whose example Judith may be quoted as an instance, to which we have already referred.

The Roman soldiers generally wore a simple form of sandal, which was a solen fastened by thongs, yet they, in the progress of riches and luxury, went with the times and merged into foppery, so that Philopœmon, in recommending soldiers to give more attention to their warlike accoutrements than to their common dress, advises them to be less nice about their shoes and sandals, and more careful in observing that their greaves were kept bright and fitted well to their legs. When about to attack a hill-fort or go on rugged marches, they wore a sandal shod with spikes, and at other times they had soles covered with large clumsy nails. The Greeks and Romans used shoes of this kind as frequently as the early Persians, and wore a combination of sandal and shoe, the upper leather being cut into a series of thongs, through which passed a broad band of leather, which turned not inelegantly round the upper part of the foot, and was secured by passing many times round the ankle and above it, where it was buckled or tied.

The Roman shoes then had various names, and were distinct badges of the position in society held by the wearer. The *Solea*, *Crepida*, *Pero*, and *Soccus* belonged to the lower classes, the laborers and rustics; the *Caliga* was principally worn by soldiers; and the *Cothurnus* by tragedians, hunters, and horsemen, as well as by the nobles of the country.

The latter kind of boot in form and color, as we have already hinted, was indicative of rank or office. Those worn by senators we have noticed, and it was a joke in ancient Rome against men who owed respect solely to the accident of birth or fortune that his nobility was in his heels. The boots of the em-

perors were frequently richly decorated, and the patterns still existing upon marble statues show that they were ornamented in the most elaborate manner. A specimen from the noble statue of Hadrian is in the British Museum, and it is impossible to conceive anything of the kind more elegant and tasteful in its decorations. Real gems and gold were employed by some of the Roman emperors to decorate their boots, and Heliogabalus wore exquisite cameos on his boots and shoes.

The Grecian ladies, according to Hope, wore shoes or half boots laced before and lined with the fur of animals of the cat tribe, whose muzzles or claws hung down from the top.

The barbarous nations with whom the Romans held war are, upon the bas-reliefs of their conquerors, represented in close shoes or half-boots. The Gauls wear the shoe given below, of the same form as that worn by native Britons when Julius Cæsar made his descent upon the British Islands.



Before the arrival of the Saxons, who have transmitted many valuable manuscripts abounding in various delineations of their dress and manners, we shall not find much to engage the attention where it is our present object to direct it, the history of the coverings for the feet. There is, however, little doubt that the rude skin shoes worn by the native Irish and the country people of Rome was the simple protection adopted in this country in the earliest times. Shoes of this material are found in all nations half civilized, and the ease with which they are formed by merely covering the sole with the hide of an animal, and securing it by a thong, must have had the effect of insuring its general use. Naked feet would, however, be preferred in fine weather, and when shoes were worn, they were generally of a close, warm kind, adapted to the climate; the most antique representations of the Gaulish native chiefs, as given on Roman sculpture, and which may be taken as general representations of British chiefs, may be received as good authorities, their resemblance to each other being so striking as to draw from Cæsar a remark to that effect.

The Saxon figures as given in the drawings by their own hands, to be seen in manuscripts in most of English public libraries, display the costume of this people from the ninth century downwards; and the minute way in which every portion of the dress is given affords us clear examples of their boots and shoes. According to Strutt, high shoes reaching nearly to the middle of the legs, and fastened by lacing in the front, and which may also be properly

considered as a species of half boots, were in use in this country as early as the tenth century; and the only apparent difference between the high shoes of the ancients and the moderns seems to have been that the former laced close down to the toes, and the latter to the instep only. They appear in general to have been made of leather, and were usually fastened beneath the ankles with a thong, which passed through a fold upon the upper part of the leather, encompassing the heel, and which was tied upon the instep. This method of securing the shoe upon the foot was certainly well contrived both for ease and convenience. Three specimens of shoes are here given from Saxon drawings:—



The first is the most ancient and curious; it is copied from "the Durham book," or book of St. Cuthbert, now preserved among the Cottonian manuscripts in the British Museum, and is believed to have been executed as early as the seventh century by the hands of Eadfrid, afterwards Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died in 721. It partakes of the nature of shoe and sandal, and, with the exception of the buttons down the front, is precisely like the Persepolitan sandal, already engraved and described, as well as like the Roman ones constructed on the same model, and it is curious to see how all are formed after this one fashion.

The second is copied from Strutt's complete view of the dress and habits of the people of England, plate 29, fig. 16, and which he obtained from the Harleian MS., No. 603. It very clearly shows the form of the Saxon shoe, and the long strings by which it was tied. The third figure delineates the most ordinary kind of shoe worn, with the opening to the toes already alluded to, for lacing it. But little variety is observable in the form of this article of dress among the Saxons; it is usually delineated as a solid black mass, just as the last figure has been here engraved, with a white line down the centre to show the opening, but quite as generally without it, and these two forms of shoe, or half boot, are by far the most commonly met with, and are depicted upon the feet of noble and royal personages as well as upon those of the lower class.

Strutt remarks that wooden shoes are mentioned

in the records of this era, but considers it probable that they were so called because the soles were formed of wood, while the upper parts were formed of some more pliant material: shoes with wooden soles were at this time worn by persons of the most exalted rank; thus, the shoes of Bernard, King of Italy, the grandson of Charlemagne, are thus described by an Italian writer, as they were found in his tomb:—

"The shoes," says he, "which covered his feet are remaining to this day, the soles of wood and the upper parts of red leather, laced together with thongs: they were so closely fitted to the feet that the order of the toes, terminating in a point at the great toe, might easily be discovered; so that the shoe belonging to the right foot could not be put upon the left, nor that of the left upon the right." It was not uncommon to gild and otherwise ornament the shoes of the nobility. Eginhart describes the shoes worn by Charlemagne on great occasions as set with jewels.

The Normans wore boots and shoes of equal simplicity, rustics are frequently represented with a half boot plain in form, fitting close to the foot, but wide at the ankle, like the first of the group here given, only that in this instance an ornament, consisting of a studded band, surrounds the upper part.



Such boots were much used by the Normans, and are frequently mentioned by the ancient historians; they do not appear to have been confined to any particular classes of the people, but were worn by persons of all ranks and conditions, as well of the clergy as of the laity, especially when they rode on horseback. The boots delineated in their drawings are very short, rarely reaching higher than the middle of the legs; they were sometimes slightly ornamented; but the boots and shoes of all personages represented in the famous tapestry of Bayeux are of the same simple form of construction; and this celebrated early piece of needlework was believed to have been worked by the wife of the Conqueror, to commemorate his invasion of England and the battle of Hastings. Another form of Norman shoe may be seen in the second figure, which is more enriched than the last; and it is curious that the ornament adopted is in the form of the straps of a sandal, studded with dots throughout. In the original, the shoe is colored with a thin tint of black, these bands being a solid black, with white or gilded lines and dots. Another example of a decorated shoe, as seen in the right-hand figure of the above group, is given from a MS. of the eleventh century, in the British Museum, and shows the kind



which became fashionable when the Normans, firmly settled in England, began to indulge in luxurious clothing. These shoes were most probably embroidered.

"We are assured by the early Norman historians," says Strutt, "that the cognomen *curta correa*, or short boots, was given to Robert, the Conqueror's eldest son; but they are entirely silent respecting the reason for such an appellation being particularly applied to him. It could not have arisen from his having introduced the custom of wearing short boots into England, for they were certainly in use among the Saxons long before his birth. He was the first among the Normans who wore short boots, and

doubtless derived the cognomen by way of contempt, from his own countrymen, for having so far complied with the manners of the Anglo-Saxons. It was not long, however, supposing this to be the case, before his example was generally followed." The short boots of the Normans appear at times to fit quite close to the legs; in other instances, they are represented more loose and open; and, though the materials of which they were composed are not particularised by the ancient writers, we may reasonably suppose them to have been made of leather; at least it is certain that about this time a sort of leathern boots, called *Bazans*, were in fashion; but they appear to have been chiefly confined to the clergy.

## THE OPERA-BOX.

BY JOSEPH A. NUNES.

*See Plate.)*

### CHAPTER I.

"I AM glad he has gone," said Florence Ellmore to her friend, Lucy Somers, as she heard the street door close upon a handsome young man, attired in military undress, who had a moment before left the parlor; "he is insufferably conceited."

"Really, Florence," remarked Miss Somers, smiling at her friend's commentary, "that is rather a cavalier observation for you to make in reference to a gentleman who is one of your avowed admirers."

"He is one of my avowed admirers," replied Florence; "and, like the rest of the category, the admiration, or its avowal, is entirely on his part. I do not reciprocate either."

"But you allow him to suppose that he is not utterly indifferent to you," said Miss Somers; "and, making that fact the basis of a theory, he has sufficient self-esteem to erect thereon a very pretty superstructure of mutual and devoted affection; with connubial felicity in perspective, while Florence Ellmore and Captain Brightly occupy the foreground of the fabric."

"Fabric, foundation, and all are false," replied Florence, carelessly; "and it is a slander for you to say that I allow him to suppose he is not indifferent to me. What proof have you to sustain such an assertion?"

"Do you not frequently accept his invitations?" asked Miss Somers. "Have you not promised to accompany him to the opera to-night? and is he not now on his way to secure a box for our especial accommodation?"

"And is that all?" asked Florence, laughing. "Because one allows one's self to be persecuted into accepting an invitation, therefore the individual

tendering the invitation is encouraged to believe that his addresses also are accepted! Truly, Lucy, your ideas are worthy of the last century."

"You know I am a country girl," Miss Somers observed; "and you must not be surprised to discover that I am somewhat behind the inhabitants of this great metropolis in the march of improvement."

"Why, child," said Florence, "if I had not accepted Captain Brightly's invitation, I should have been compelled to accept the invitation of some one else. I have but a choice of evils, and he is agreeable by comparison."

Lucy Somers looked at her friend for a moment, and laughed.

"Florence," she said, "you are, indeed, a riddle."

"And wherefore?" asked Florence.

"Why," replied Lucy, "the whole town calls you a belle, half the town calls you a coquette, all your male acquaintances are enamored of you, most of your female friends are jealous of you, and yet I have never heard you utter a word indicating a liking for one man more than another."

"I am the whole town's humble servant for its report of me," Florence remarked, with mock humility; "half the town is impertinent, and misapplies terms; all my male acquaintances, admitting the truth of your assertion, have displayed taste in one instance, and most of my female friends are exceedingly silly to be jealous at it. But, Lucy, I'll let you into a secret, and give it to you in Shakspeare's own language—'Man delights not me.'"

"That is the very enigma I spoke of," said Lucy. "You accept of man's admiration, and then wrap yourself up in Hamlet's philosophy, and theatrically

exclaim, 'Man delights not me!' Wherefore not, thou grave feminine Digines?"

"Because I have not the aptitude to discover his worthiness. The majority of men—at least as they display themselves in society—appear to me to be animated by the souls of defunct butterflies. As to accepting their admiration, education persuades us that it is our natural food; besides, it is our chief amusement, and it procures for us most of the pleasures which we weak women are allowed to participate in."

"If" said Miss Somers, "you entertain such a poor opinion of the male portion of fashionable society, and condemn the limited sphere of female action, I wonder you do not devote your time to profound studies, and draw around you a *coterie* of learned men."

"Have myself called a *blue-stocking*," Florence observed, as if continuing her friend's remarks; "be shunned by my own sex, feared by every man under forty years of age, and tolerated or despised, according to the caprice of every musty philosopher! No, no, Lucy; a *learned woman* is too great a bugbear to sensitive man for me to desire the reputation. I'll cherish power instead of knowledge; and, though man delights me not, yet I will make his admiration my sceptre, and persuade myself that I am a queen."

"You were not always so cynical, Florence," said Lucy; "for I remember when you were, in very truth, a coquette. You recollect two years ago, when Davenant Churchill was so attentive to you? By the way, Florence, what has become of him? I have not seen him, nor have you spoken of him, for an age."

Florence certainly did look slightly confused, and she also blushed, at the mention of that name; but, by affecting to arrange the rich curtains of the window, she avoided the scrutiny of her friend.

"I understand that he is in Europe," Florence replied. "He has not been in the United States for nearly two years."

"Do you know, Florence, I thought that he and you would have made a match?" said Lucy. "For I really believed that you liked him, and I felt certain that he was sincerely attached to you."

Florence smiled, though there was more sadness than mirth in her smile. She checked the reply that started to her lips, and forced her spirits into apparent gaiety.

"Davenant Churchill," she said, "is, like myself and the rest of the world, a firm believer in the power of absence over affection."

The carriage, at that moment, drove up to the door, and the ladies both started up to prepare themselves for morning calls.

"Now for the routine of woman's life, Lucy!" said Florence, as she tripped lightly out of the room: "love, dress, scandal, and sight-seeing! *Vive la bagatelle!*"

## CHAPTER II.

FLORENCE ELLSMORE was one of Fortune's spoiled children, and, like most children who have been spoiled, she was ready to chide the kindness which had made her capricious. Endowed with the natural advantages of person and intellect to a more than ordinary degree, and blessed with those adventitious aids, education, elegance of manners, and profuse wealth, she appeared to possess every element of happiness: yet she was not happy.

Petted and caressed from her infancy upwards, by doting parents and partial friends, she looked upon adulation as her right, and it was one which was not called in question. Her entrance into the gayest and most fashionable society of New York formed an era in the path even of her own rose-strewn existence. Lovers and flatterers swarmed around her, and she breathed but the incense of admiration.

It is not surprising, therefore, that she became somewhat intoxicated with the pleasing draughts, and shunned the avowal of particular admiration, lest the empire of general praise might thereby be destroyed. Among those who sought to win her favor, there was one who entertained a sincere and devoted attachment for her, and towards whom she was more attracted than towards any of her other suitors. Indeed, she loved him; but the spirit of coquetry was strong upon her, and she scarcely admitted the fact to herself.

Davenant Churchill—the gentleman concerning whom Lucy Somers inquired—was a person who might have been loved, even by a woman as capricious as Florence Ellsmore; for his manners, person, education, family, and fortune, all combined to render him attractive. We have said that he loved Florence. He did, passionately and devotedly—absorbingly, as man seldom loves; but he was too proud to pamper to every idle whim, and had too much self-respect to allow himself to be classed with a bevy of expectants. He thought he was not distasteful to her, and he offered her his heart and hand. He writhed under an equivocal rejection, which seemed to expect further wooing; but he offered no remonstrance. Burying his feelings in the recesses of his own heart, he left her presence, and shortly afterwards left his home, to endeavor to find forgetfulness by exploring the wonders of foreign lands.

It was not until the certainty of his loss was manifest that Florence Ellsmore became conscious of the real state of her own feelings, and convinced that her happiness depended as much upon him as she was satisfied that his did upon her; yet it was too late to recall what had been done; and she had, besides, the bitter reflection that she was herself the architect of her own misery. Her secret, however, she looked in her own breast, and breathed it not to

a soul. She continued to be as brilliant in society as ever; but it was for the double purpose of obtaining oblivion for herself, and averting the inquisitive glances of a prying world. Even her old schoolmate and intimate friend, Lucy Somers, did not more than guess at the existence of an incipient attachment; and when, during her visits to Florence, she alluded to Davenant Churchill, she uttered mere random observations, without conceiving remotely how far Florence's feelings were committed.

### CHAPTER III.

THE boxes of the opera presented a rich array of beauty; but Florence Ellsmore, with her exquisitely chiselled Grecian features, her graceful form, and her glossy, raven hair, in heavy ringlets, adorned but by a simple flower, outshone all others, and left no room for rivalry.

A happy man was Captain Brightly that night, with two such fair creatures in charge, the one Florence, and the other Lucy, a pretty blonde, with luxuriant golden curls. Nor was he allowed alone to monopolize the smiles of the damsels he had escorted. Other young men, proud of their acquaintance, and glad of the opportunity, crowded into their box, and filled up the intervals between the music with pleasant conversation and witty anecdote. No one, to have looked upon Florence as she sat, with her ermine-lined cloak carelessly thrown back, the "observed of all observers" and the centre of attraction, would have supposed that she had ever experienced the heartache, or that she was not, as she appeared to be, the gayest of the gay.

The curtain had just fallen on the second act of the opera, and Florence was laughing at some extravagant compliment that had been paid her, when Miss Somers, who had been reconnoitering the house through her opera-glass, directed her attention to a tall, fine-looking man in a box immediately opposite theirs.

"Is not that Davenant Churchill, Florence?" she asked. "He is staring at us as if he certainly thinks he has the right of acquaintanceship."

Florence started at the mention of that name, and turned in the direction indicated. A moment's glance was sufficient, for the gentleman's gaze met hers, and the inclination of studied coldness was given by none other than the individual in question. Florence instantly recognized the features of Davenant Churchill, and she thought his countenance gave "more in sorrow than in anger." She blushed deeply as she returned his salutation, and murmured a reply to Lucy Somers.

"It is Mr. Churchill," she said; "though this is the first intimation I have had of his return."

"He only arrived yesterday in the steamer," Cap-

tain Brightly remarked; "and I am somewhat surprised to see him here; for it is said of him that he is particularly staid, and mixes not in the amusements of meaner mortals."

Florence made some indifferent observation, and then became suddenly and obstinately thoughtful. The gentlemen in vain attempted to revive her mirth; and, failing in that, they left her with Captain Brightly only for an attendant.

The third act had scarcely commenced, when Florence mentioned to Lucy that she felt slightly indisposed, and requested Captain Brightly to see if the carriage was in waiting.

"Why, Florence," said Miss Somers, as she rose to attire herself for the street, "what has caused your sudden indisposition? Is it because Mr. Haughton has not made his appearance to-night?"

Florence smiled.

"His absence is a disappointment," she said; "but it is an agreeable one. I cannot endure that walking epitome of pride!"

"Or has it," asked Lucy, holding up her fan, archly, "been caused by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Davenant Churchill?"

"Mr. Churchill is nothing to me," Florence replied, with constrained indifference; "and I am even less than that to him."

"Florence, your words and your countenance are strangely at variance," Lucy kindly remarked; "and there is a mystery in their keeping. You must make me your confidante, or"—

"I will," Florence replied, hastily; "but not now; Captain Brightly has returned."

The captain entered, and announced that the carriage was ready; and, after the delay of a few moments, the ladies were driven home.

### CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE she retired that night, Florence unburthened her heart to Lucy; and, spite of herself, scalding tears accompanied the confession of wrecked happiness, and of her own folly and caprice accomplishing that wreck.

The task of consolation was a difficult one to Lucy; for Florence was too proud to admit the possibility of Mr. Churchill and herself occupying again the same relative positions they once did; and, having now thrown off the mask she had so long worn, she readily admitted that none other could ever supplant him in her affections. Lucy, however, did the best she could, and suggested that time would insure forgetfulness, if it should not restore hope.

"Time may do something, Lucy," replied Florence, smiling sadly; "for, if the stream of oblivion is to be found anywhere, it should be discovered flowing beside the grave of Hope."

A few evenings subsequent to her visit to the

opera, Florence suffered herself to be present at a party, to which she had previously accepted an invitation. She went reluctantly; and, though she endeavored to rise above the spirit of listlessness that oppressed her, her efforts were so unsuccessful as to make her the subject of observation to those who had been in the habit of witnessing her usual vivacity.

"What is it that makes Florence Ellsmore so grave to-night?" asked the hostess of the mansion, as she separated her from a small group which surrounded her, and walked with her to a part of the room less occupied. "The gentlemen are all melancholy, because they say you have not been seen to smile since your arrival."

Florence smiled at the observation, and declared that she was not more grave than usual.

"But you are though," remarked her hostess; "and I cannot consent that the belle of the room shall wear upon her countenance the weeds of woe. I will give you in charge to Mr. Churchill, who has just returned from Europe, with especial instructions that he will enliven you with an amusing account of his travels."

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed Florence, as she turned and saw Davenant Churchill only a few yards distant from her.

But her exclamation was uttered too late, for he had already been appealed to, and, as a matter of course, instantly joined them. After starting a topic of conversation, and participating in it for a moment or two, the lady of the house left them together, while she distributed her attention among her other guests.

Both Florence Ellsmore and Davenant Churchill held themselves, as it were, aloof from each other, and spoke and acted under visible constraint; but the memory of old times insensibly came back to them, and they grew gradually more familiar.

"I suppose," said Florence, timidly, after they had spoken for some time upon general subjects, "that your sojourn in other climes, and on other continents, has been prolific equally of information and amusement?"

The expression of Churchill's countenance underwent a change as he heard the question, and the tone of his voice became altered as he replied to it.

"It has furnished me, I hope," he said, "with much information; though I failed to obtain what I most desired, and the acquisition of which is necessary before I can become susceptible of being amused."

"What was that?" Florence asked.

"Peace!" he replied, as he gazed steadfastly at her, while her glance shrank from meeting his. "And you," he asked, after Florence had continued silent for some time—"you have been happy since we last met?"

Florence sighed.

"That sigh," he remarked, "seems to answer my

question negatively; and yet you should be happy; for I learn that you are still the soul of society, and I observe you the animating spirit of all around you. Gravity flies from your path, and laughter-loving mirth entwines you perpetually with chaplets."

"A smiling lip is not always the sign of a happy heart," Florence replied, in a low voice.

"But to be ever with the gay," Churchill said, "indicates a joyousness of spirit far removed from care."

"I have heard," said Florence, "that all inebriates are not so from the love of wine. Some are said to seek the intoxicating bowl to drown recollection, or to banish unpleasant reflections. Is it so?"

Davenant Churchill gazed upon his companion for some time in deep thought; and when he commenced speaking his voice was tremulous with excitement.

"Florence," he said, "I have sometimes had a thought to flash across my mind, which has been almost too intangible to be retained, but which, at this moment, presents itself palpably before me. Will you answer me one question?"

"What is it?" Florence asked, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"You know," he said, "why I have been unhappy, and why I have failed to obtain peace of mind. Have you ever regretted what transpired at our last meeting, and what made me a wanderer in other countries?"

We might, if we pleased, give Florence's reply, and a lengthy conversation that followed it; and also we might describe how Florence and Davenant Churchill promenaded the rooms that night, and how changed was the expression of their countenances; but we will do nothing of the kind. Having great faith in the imaginations of our fair readers, we will allow them to conceive much more than there is any necessity for saying. We will only remark that, before retiring that night, Lucy Somers slyly asked her friend if she had yet discovered the "*stream of Oblivion*," or "*the grave of Hope*."

## SONNET.—THE SEA.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

God of the Sea! how splendid is the scene  
 Displayed within thy palace bright and fair,  
 Where mermaids, pearl-decked, comb their flowing hair,  
 Or sport in garments of the gayest green!  
 About thy throne magnificent are piled,  
 Vast crystal walls—bold, beautiful, and high—  
 While coral pillars in rich colors vie  
 With sea-flowers blooming in thy gardens wild.  
 Far other scenes and sights now do we view,  
 As in thy depths we further downward wend:  
 Lo! there poor mortals' bones together blend;  
 There wrecks of vessels, with their daring crew;  
 Slumber they shall in death-sleep deep, profound,  
 Till sea yield up his dead, and the last trumpet sound.

## ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTERS.

BY THOMAS WYATT, A. M.

(See Plate.)

THE writer is able to present to the readers of the "Lady's Book" authentic memoirs of several illustrious women, three of whom lived during the exciting struggles of '76. The others, though living in times more peaceful, have exhibited characters not less brilliant in the spheres they were destined to fill. He hereby acknowledges his obligations to the families of the above, who have kindly furnished him with materials never before published.

We commence these interesting memoirs with a sketch of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, recently deceased at Washington City, aged seventy-seven years.

### LOUISA CATHERINE ADAMS.

Mrs. Louisa Catherine Adams, the wife of the late John Quincy Adams, was the daughter of Joshua Johnson, of Calvert County, in the State of Maryland. Mr. Johnson was one of eleven children, five of whom served in the Revolutionary War. One of his brothers, Thomas Johnson, was the first Governor of Maryland, Judge of the Supreme Court, Commissioner of Public Buildings in Washington, and the personal friend of General Washington. Previous to the Revolution, he had been established in London as a merchant, where Mrs. Adams was born on the 12th of February, 1775. When war was declared, he, being a staunch republican and a citizen of the State of Maryland, could no longer remain in England with safety; he therefore removed his family to Nantz, in France, where he was presented by Dr. Franklin to the king and queen, in the capacity of commercial agent, being appointed by the Congress of the old Confederation of 1778 and 1779. He remained at Nantz until the year 1783, performing the duties of consul and agent for the ports of Nantz, Brest, and Morlaix.

In 1783, when the times began to wear a more settled aspect, he was transferred to London as consul-general, but with a salary totally inadequate to support his family. When General Washington became President, he still continued Mr. Johnson in the same office; but substituted fees of office instead of salary, with additional labor and drudgery, which was ruinous to his health and fortune. The fees of office were small, and not well paid. At this time impressment of sailors was at its height, and the steps leading to the door of his house and the

hall would be almost impassable from the number of poor sailors who would hang around there for safety, on account of the consular privilege. But the moment their feet touched the pavement, a press-gang, stationed near the house, would seize the poor fellows, and, if they resisted, the cutlass was used without mercy, and they were carried off to a tender, and shipped, ere the consul could go through the forms and ceremonies attendant upon their release. Sailors are not often remarkable for their thrift, and their heedless liberality often leads them into trouble and want. This was the case daily, and the consul was incessantly called upon to relieve their necessities, their dangers, their sickness, and to furnish clothes, physicians, and often funeral expenses, while the established fees were quite insufficient to meet such heavy and constant demands. The house of the American Consul in London very naturally became the resort for the respectable citizens of this country, who frequented the metropolis either on business or pleasure.

Mr. John Quincy Adams, a young lawyer from Boston, who had been commissioned by President Washington to exchange the ratifications of the treaty of 19th November, 1794, and to agree upon arrangements for carrying the same into effect, arrived in London, bringing letters of introduction to the consul. At the house of her father, Miss Johnson first met him whose exalted and varied stations she was to share.

An engagement followed, and they were married at All Hallows Church, on the 26th day of July, 1797.

A short time previous to the marriage of Mr. Adams, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Lisbon, and was on the eve of his departure with his young and lovely bride, when the news of the accession of his father, John Adams, to the presidency arrived. This was productive of a transfer from Lisbon, in Portugal, to the same capacity at Berlin, in Prussia.

Mr. Adams, being the first acknowledged minister at that court, was accordingly received with great honor and respect; and his young wife, being educated in the manners of both England and France, was competent to occupy a high position in the polished circles of social and political life. It need scarcely be added that she proved everything which was required of a lady in so exalted a station, and that, during a residence of four years, she gained the esteem and good-will of all around her.

She has often remarked, even at this distant period, that the recollection of those times will always be among the most agreeable associations of her varied life.

In 1801, Mrs. Adams accompanied her husband to the United States. It was his intention to resume the practice of law in Boston, but he was very soon elected Senator to Congress. Mrs. Adams, always accompanying her husband, passed her summers in Boston and winters in Washington. In 1809, President Madison appointed Mr. Adams the first accredited minister to the Russian court. Mrs. Adams, having three children at this time, was induced to leave the two oldest with their grandparents, and taking the youngest, then an infant about two years old, with her, accompanied her husband to Russia, the first American lady presented at that court. Here also Mrs. Adams succeeded in making a very favorable impression. She was soon so much admired and esteemed as almost to become a subject of envy among the other ladies who formed a part of that distinguished circle.

But her residence at St. Petersburg was far less agreeable than it had been at Berlin. The great distance from America, the rigor of the climate, and the exclusion for so many months of anything like communication with home, caused this high mission to be felt little less than an honorable exile. Although the residence in Russia of Mr. and Mrs. Adams was so disagreeable from the extraordinary events that were daily occurring, their stay was prolonged to nearly six years: not one of the subsequent incumbents has remained half that period. Upon the eve of the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Adams to their long wished for home, orders were received directing Mr. Adams to repair to Ghent, as one of the commissioners appointed to attempt a reconciliation between the United States and Great Britain, the Emperor Alexander having offered himself as a mediator between the two countries.

This took place in April, 1814. The state of Europe being so unsettled, it was considered most prudent to allow Mrs. Adams to remain in Russia. Separation from her husband, and from all other relatives or friends, with the exception of a few faithful domestics she had brought with her, was a trial of no inconsiderable moment.

In the spring of 1815, Mrs. Adams received the joyful news of the conclusion of the treaty, and of peace between her beloved country and Great Britain. Upon the receipt of such cheerful tidings, she concluded to proceed at once by an overland journey to Paris to join her husband. Few females have undergone more extraordinary fatigue than this excellent woman, and very few would have had courage sufficient to take their departure in a carriage alone, at a season much too early for travelling, with a son eight years of age to take care of, and a few servants whose alarm rendered them

useless as protectors. But Mrs. Adams proved that calmness and presence of mind render many things practicable which at first appear insuperable difficulties. She had the happiness of joining her husband in Paris on the 21st of March, 1815; the memorable arrival of Napoleon and the flight of the Bourbons having taken place only a few days previous.

The opportunity of seeing the French metropolis at such an exciting period was ever considered by Mrs. Adams amongst the most fortunate events of her life. Mrs. Adams, however, did not remain long in France; she had ties in England which caused her to leave France without regret. Mr. Adams being appointed minister to England, their children were sent out from America to meet them on their arrival in London; the joy of such a meeting amply compensated for the absence of any scenes however brilliant.

After a residence of two years at a beautiful village in the vicinity of London, Mr. Adams was appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Monroe, who had just been elected president. This, of course, required his immediate return to America; and, in August, 1817, he, with his family, arrived in New York, after an absence of eight years from his native country.

Mrs. Adams now took her leave of Europe, where she had spent the greater portion of her life, and at a period perhaps the most remarkable and exciting that ever occurred in the memory of man. But her mind was too elevated to be contaminated by the habits of a court, and too refined to be awed by either civil or military monarchy. She returned, as she left, the daughter of our simple republic.

The duties of Mr. Adams as Secretary of State necessarily required his residence at Washington, where his house became an agreeable resort to the numerous strangers visiting the capital. After performing the duties of the above exalted station, Mr. Adams was elected President of the United States, and his estimable lady was again, and for the last time, called to preside over the distinguished society that surrounded her. This was accomplished with a grace and refinement of manners still cherished by those who were the happy recipients of her hospitality.

At the close of the presidential term, Mr. Adams retired with his family to the old mansion at Quincy, Massachusetts; but he was not suffered to remain there long before his useful services were again required. He was chosen a representative in Congress from his native State, which necessarily brought his family to Washington at each session, and where his lady, the subject of this sketch, resided until her death.

A relative of Mrs. Adams thus remarks: "To the world, Mrs. Adams presents a fine example of the possibility of retiring from the circles of fashion and

the external fascinations of life, in time still to retain a taste for the more quiet, though less showy attractions of the domestic fireside. In the society of a few beloved friends and near relatives, and in the cultivation of the religious affections, without display, she now draws all the consolation that can in this world be afforded for her privations." Having a strong taste for literature, she has stored her mind with gems from the richest mines, which have often shone forth in composition both in prose and verse. We submit a few original lines, one of the resources of her leisure moments.

## TO CAROLINE.

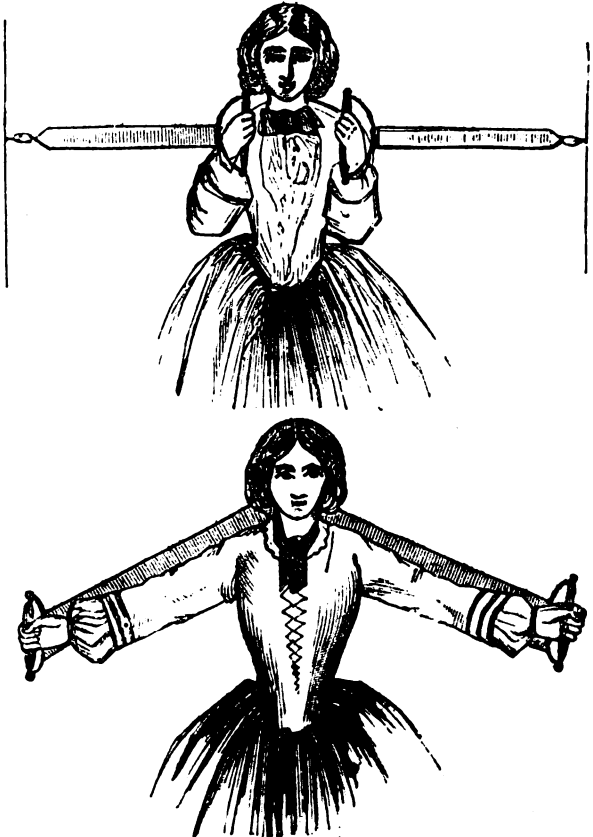
Thou wert lovely in youth,  
Thou art lovely in age,  
As faultless as virtue can be:  
With the annals of truth  
I could fill the pure page,  
And yet do not justice to thee.

When I fondly retrace  
The bright years of the past,  
I mourn that that time is no more;  
But no time can efface,  
While existence shall last,  
The friendship that lives to threescore.

## HOME EXERCISES.

WE refer again to the "home exercises" introduced in our last number, in the hope that sufficient interest has already been excited in the minds of parents and youthful readers to induce them to accompany us a step or two further in the investigation. A professional gentleman of considerable eminence, writing on this subject, gives it as his opinion, founded upon experience and practice, that by exercises alone can deformities connected with the spine, such as curvatures, high and narrow shoulders, hollow, contracted, or pigeon-shaped chests, malformations, etc., be effectually removed. Weak and delicate youths, and others who are allowed to indulge in sedentary and enervating habits; ladies early inured to the fashionable practice of wearing stays tightly laced, all grow up more or less weak and semi-developed in body; and in some who are prone to disease, the muscles shrivel and the bones soften; deformity, as a natural consequence, gradually takes place, first of the spine—the keel of the framework—then of the chest; and, if not arrested in time by judicious EXERCISE and disuse of all impediments to the growth and development of the body, such as stiff or tightly-laced stays, disease will inevitably follow, which will as certainly end in a miserable and premature death.

The most precarious period of life is said to vary from the ages of ten to twenty-one years, when the frame is most prone to deformity; but particularly from ten to fifteen, the pubescent stage, when the



body is in its most active state of growth. The most frequent cause of deformity at this most dangerous period, is the over-exercise of the mind, to the neglect of the body, augmented in the female sex by the baneful use of stays. Many are the children, says the physician referred to, who have been born healthy and robust, the pride and hope

of fond parents, having the rosy hue of health upon the cheek, the sparkling eye and laughing mouth; happiness and enjoyment, the certain attendants upon robust health, plainly marked upon their countenances; the voice—yes, the active romping motion of the body—confirm it; but wait a little while, until the approach of the insidious age, the period when the body is at its highest progress of upward growth, the muscular fibres being still lax, the bones comparatively soft, when the powers of the system are so severely tried, nature requiring to be supported by the most careful watching and utmost aid of science, in supplying and regulating the quality and quantity of air, food, and exercise, so requisite at this period: whereas, instead of such judicious attention, we often find that the too fond parent, ever and wholly absorbed with the mental education of his offspring, to the entire neglect, and even sacrifice of his bodily frame, at this most dangerous stage of his life, often fancies that it is the best age for mental training and activity; consequently, taxes both the mind and body of the youth to the utmost, by forcing him to employ all the hours of the day, by attending class upon class, al-

most without remission, to which is added a corresponding number of tasks to be learnt at night; and, as a matter of course, that no time should be lost, a tutor comes in the evening, whose avocation is to urge on the languid brain that has already been worn out and exhausted; whilst the foolish parent flatters himself that he is doing all in his power in order to cause his child to acquire the greatest amount of mental education within the shortest time, and presumes upon the fact that, as he has always enjoyed good health since his infancy, therefore no danger can accrue from a few years' over-exertion. The result of all this oppression the author proceeds to describe, change after change, as they gradually creep over the laughing child, until he has grown into a peevish, morose youth; until the bright, sporting eye has become dull and sombre; the full, ruddy cheek hollow and colorless; the laughing mouth, the rosy lip pale, heavy, and expressionless; his previously ravenous appetite now requiring to be tempted and excited by numberless condiments; and his former robust health exchanged for headaches, dyspepsia, etc., until, finally, death closes his prolonged suffering.

## LE MÉLANGE.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AFTERNOON ON THE GLACIERS.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was so stifling, that we could scarcely support it; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow, that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stew-pan, by the way, for we had lost our leathern cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good by to the Grands Mulets, most probably for ever. In five minutes, we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge; the ice-cliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knarsborough; every minute the bridges over the crevice were falling in; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at every step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger at-

tached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm. They sounded every bridge we came to with their poles, and a shake of the head was always the signal for a detour. One or two of the tracks by which we had marched up yesterday had now disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and upon the other side alighted on a mere bracket of snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like, rapid activity of the Chamouni guides, he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not very broad, but of unknown depth, transversely. This saved him, but the shock pulled me off my legs. Had he fallen, I must have followed him—since we were tied together—and the guide would have been dragged after me. I was more startled by this little accident than by any other occurrence during the journey.—*Albert Smith's Ascent of "MONT BLANC."*—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

#### FLEURS DE LYS.

NEXT to the origin of heraldry itself, perhaps nothing connected with it has given rise to such



controversy as the origin of this celebrated charge. It has been gravely asserted that it was brought down from heaven by an angel, and presented to Clovis, King of the Franks. Upton calls it "*foe gladioli*;" and his translator, Dame Juliana Barnes, tells us that the arms of the King of France "were certainly sende by an Aungell from Heaven, that is to say, iij. flouris in manner of swordis in a field of asure, the which certain armys were given to the aforesaid Kyng of Fraunce in sygne of euerlasting trowbull, and that he, and his successors always with battle and swords should be punished." It has been also called a toad, and the head of a spear, and Dal-laway and Lower incline to the latter belief. I am not going to record all the arguments which have been from time to time brought forward in support of this or that theory. My province is to state facts, and leave you to draw your own deductions. As an ornament, the Fleur de Lys is seen on Roman monuments, and as the top of a sceptre or sword-hilt from the earliest periods of the French monarchy. As a badge or cognisance, it first appears on the seals of Louis VII. of France, called *Le Jeune*, and also surnamed *Fleury*, from the Abbey of that name, the favorite retreat of the French kings, and where Philip I. was buried. By Philip II., surnamed *Augustus*, the contemporary of our Richard I. and John, it was borne both singly and repeated "*sans nombre*;" and analogy supports the conclusion which one of the most intelligent of French writers on this subject came to long ago—that the Fleur de *Lys*, or Flower de *Luce*, was merely a rebus, signifying Fleur de Louis or Flower of Lewis.—*J. Planche*.

#### NEW MEDICAL TREATMENT.

A LADY who had formerly been a patient of Dr. C., but whom, in consequence of her removal from Paris, he had not seen for some time, came to him lately to say that her daughter was afflicted with violent rheumatic pains. As she still resided in the country, however, Dr. C. could not do more than give her some general counsel, deferring the actual treatment till she should bring her daughter to Paris. In a few days she returned, telling him that her sufferings were completely removed, in the following singular manner: One night, being seized with an attack, the violence of which was intolerable, the mother, in despair, sent to the only medical practitioner of which the village boasted—a man who, by the help of a little self-taught lore, and a certain knowledge of simples and old-woman's remedies, treated the peasants satisfactorily enough. No sooner did our Galen arrive, than he directed that all the empty bottles that could be collected should be placed on the floor, the mattresses laid over them, and the sufferer extended thereon. The effect was magical; in a few minutes the patient experienced the greatest relief, and finally a complete cessation

of suffering; and though the attacks had afterwards returned, they never failed to yield to this singular remedy. The solution of the mystery (of which the village doctor was quite ignorant) Dr. C. found at once. Electricity, it appears, is the great aggravator of all such maladies; and of this force, glass is a non-conductor. If, then, the electric current is cut off from contact with the patient, immediate relief is the consequence. Profiting by the hint, Dr. C. has since, in all such cases, caused thick glass cylinders to be put under the feet of the *malades'* bed, and with success the most complete. Another case was a cure where consumption had actually commenced, and had made some progress, by passing five or six hours a day in a butcher's shop. A third, where what was considered a fatal affection of the spinal marrow in a young girl, completely yielded to a process of sun burning, the patient being stripped to the waist, and placed facing a south wall during the hottest part of the day.—*Letters from Paris*.

#### WORSTED WORK.

HAVE you seen yet a new material which has just been invented here for tapestry work? It is sure to have an immense success, as it saves all the tedious process of grounding. It is a woollen stuff, made in all colors, with the grain sufficiently marked to enable you to work upon it, and count the stitches as easily as in canvass: and the effect of the pattern, when worked, is even better, as the comparative thickness and closeness of the stuff make it look much richer and more raised. The time and trouble it saves are of course prodigious, and there is no doubt that it will quite supersede the common canvass for most purposes; though whether it will wear as well for chair seats, and such articles of furniture as are exposed to hard usage, yet remains to be proved; it will at least outlast the freshness of the work.—*Ibid*.

#### WOMAN'S SPHERE IN MODERN LIFE.

A WOMAN's true sphere is in her family, in her home duties, which furnish the best and most appropriate training for her faculties, pointed out by nature itself.

And for those duties, some of the very highest and noblest that are entrusted to human agency, the fine machinery that is to perform them should be wrought to its last point of perfectness. The wealth of a woman's mind, instead of lying in the rough, should be richly brought out and fashioned for its various ends, while yet those ends are in the future, or it will never meet the demand. And for her own happiness, all the more because her sphere is at home, her home stores should be exhaustless,

the stores she cannot go abroad to seek. I would add to strength beauty, and to beauty grace in the intellectual proportions, so far as possible. It were ungenerous in man to condemn the best half of human intellect to insignificance merely because it is not his own.

The man knows little of his own interest, who would leave that ground waste, or would cultivate it only in the narrow spirit of a utilitarian. He needs an influence in his family not more refreshing than rectifying; and no man will seek that in one greatly his inferior. He is to be pitied who cannot fall back upon his home with the assurance that he has there something better than himself.—*Queechy*, vol. ii.

#### PHYSIOPATHY.

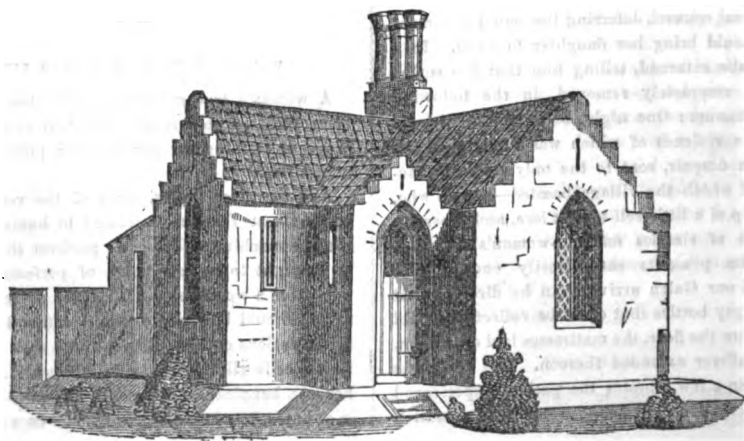
MADE in conversation, but cannot recollect sufficiently to write, a vivid and happy display of what may be called *physiopathy*, a faculty of pervading all Nature with one's own being, so as to have a perception, a life, and an agency in all things. A person of such a mind stands and gazes at a tree, for instance, till the object becomes all wonderful, and is transfigured into something visionary and ideal. He is amazed what a tree *is*, how it could, from a little stem which a worm might crop, rise up into that majestic size, and how it could ramify into such multitudinous extent of boughs, twigs, and leaves. Fancy climbs up from its root like ivy, and twines round and round it, and extends to its remotest shoots and trembling foliage. But this is not all; the tree soon becomes to your imagination a *conscious* being, and looks at you, and communes with you; ideas cluster on each branch, meanings

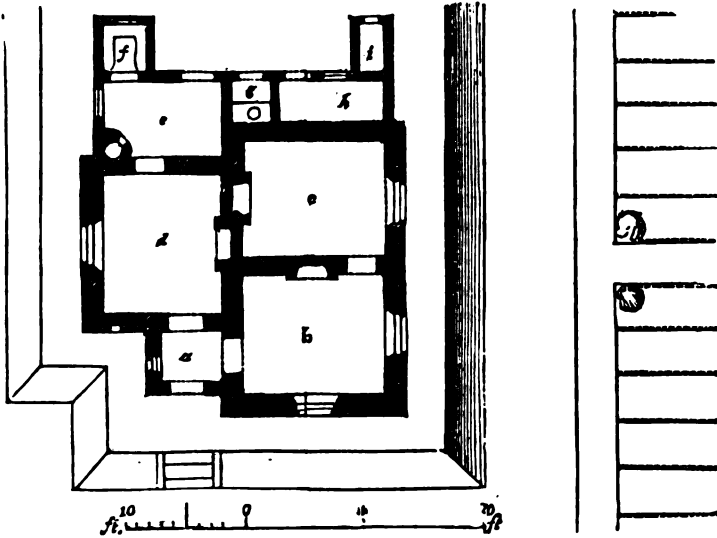
emanate from every twig. Its tallness and size look conscious majesty; roaring in the wind, its movements express tremendous emotion. In sunshine or soft showers it carries a gay, a tender, or a pensive character; it frowns in winter on a gloomy day. If you observe a man of this order, though his body be a small thing, invested completely with a little cloth, he expands his being in a grand circle all around him. He feels as if he grew in the grass, and flowers, and groves; as if he stood on yonder distant mountain top, conversing with clouds, or sublimely sporting among their imaged precipices, caverns, and ruins. He flows in that river, chafes in its cascades, smiles in the aqueous flowers, frisks in the fishes. He is sympathetic with every bird, and seems to feel the sentiment that prompts the song of each. (This, in one sense, is "inheriting all things.")—*Life and Letters of John Foster*, vol. i. p. 141.

#### CHILDREN'S BALL.

CHILDREN'S BALL, a detectable vanity. Mamma solicited busily for several weeks previously, with all the assistance too of milliners and *tasteful* friends, with lengthened dissertations, for the sole purpose of equipping two or three children to appear in one of these miserable exhibitions. The whole business seems a contrivance, expressly intended to concentrate to a focus of preternatural heat and stimulus every vanity and frivolity of the time, in order to blast for ever the simplicity of the little souls, and kindle their vain propensities into a thousand times the force that mere nature could ever have supplied.—*Ibid.*, p. 123.

#### MODEL COTTAGE.



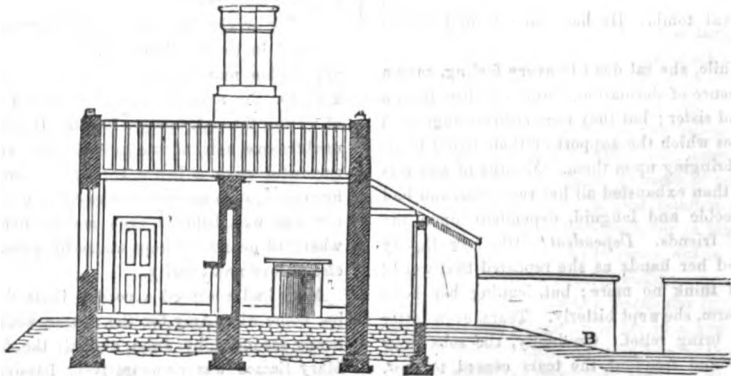


*A Dwelling for a small Family.*

**Accommodation.**—This hermitage-looking dwelling contains a porch, *a*; a work-room or parlor, *b*; a bedroom communicating with it, *c*; a kitchen, *d*; an outer kitchen or wash-house, with an oven, *e*, communicating with a pantry, *f*. The wash-house has a back door, near which, in the lean-to, is a water-closet, *g*; a cow-house, *h*; and a place for

wood, *i*. In the section, the floors are shown as laid over a bed of stone, and a gravelled terrace surrounds the whole building on a level six inches lower than the floors of the rooms. In the bed of stones may be a flue connected with an oven placed in the angle of the back-kitchen, *e*, as before described.

**General Estimate.**—Cubic contents, 11,700 feet: at 10 cents, \$1,170; at 5 cents, \$585.



## THE LYN N BRIDE.

### A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was the hour of twilight; cold, wintry clouds were skulking about the lower part of the horizon, rapidly shutting out the light of day, leaving the air chilly and cold. Though early in the autumn, yet there had been frequent gusts of wind, making free with the foliage which remained upon the trees, while heavy clouds had hung about the sky with an occasional gleam of sunshine, rendering the succeeding gloom only the more drear.

And now one could hardly distinguish the leafless trees, surrounding the low building which is the scene of my sketch; yet the pale mourner, sitting by the window, stirred not. Under ordinary circumstances, she would have drawn the curtain and joined the circle in an adjoining apartment, who were sitting around a cheerful fire; but now the darkness and gloom which reigned without had sunk into her heart. She was alone in the world; she *felt* that she was alone; while silent tears, all unheeded by her, followed each other in quick succession down her cheek. On the following day, she was to consign the mortal remains of her husband to the silent tomb. He had gone from her forever.

For a while, she sat dead to every feeling, save a crushing sense of desolation. She had, it is true, a brother and sister; but they were entirely engrossed in the cares which the support of their rising families were bringing upon them. Months of sickness had more than exhausted all her resources, and had left her feeble and languid, dependent upon the charity of friends. *Dependent!* Oh, how tightly she clasped her hands as she repeated that word! She could think no more; but, leaning her head upon her arm, she wept bitterly. Tears, even bitter tears, will bring relief. Gradually, the sobs grew less heavy and frequent, the tears ceased to flow, and memory was carrying her back far into the past, even to the time when she, with her brother and sister, used to play before the old cottage door, when the orchard resounded with their shouts of delight, and their merry peals of laughter. How distinct in her ear was the voice of her good mother calling them to supper, and the happiness she felt at the praise of her father when she had completed her allotted task!

Now she advances to her girlhood; the sickness and death of her father, and, a few years subse-

quent, that of her mother, pass in solemn review before her. Insensibly, the same outstretched arm which was then her support, seems now underneath her. The Father of the fatherless, whose promise she had so oft pleaded in prayer, will not forsake her. She remembers the comfort which filled her soul, as she cast all her burden upon Him, and resolves to trust him still. He, who had been her refuge through many fierce storms of adversity, will not turn a deaf ear to the cries of her poor widowed heart.

True, the friend whom she mourned was more suited in age for her grandparent than her husband; true, that his querulousness and childishness had often been more than she could well bear; but all this she forgets, or only remembers with joy, that her strength has been equal to her day, and that she has been graciously assisted to bear patiently and uncomplainingly the trials visited upon her. She recalls with pleasure his early acts of charity, when thrown upon him for protection, and the many kindly deeds which had won the gratitude, if not the love of her young heart; and she mourns truly that she shall see his face no more.

A few weeks later, we find Mary comfortably situated in the family of a Friend; and never was appellation more deservedly bestowed upon a Quaker; for the name of Amy Low sent a warm gush of feeling through many a heart. Her frequent and unobtrusive acts of kindness to the afflicted and sorrowful gave a lustre to her eye and a glow to her cheek, such as naught else could give, and made her the well beloved even among her own sect, where all hearts are kept warm by a constant exercise of love and charity.

Mary had received a cordial invitation to make her home with Amy for the winter, which was earnestly seconded by John and all the family; and Mary Eames was comparatively happy. She felt the influence of the frank, sincere happiness around her, and, as she sat busily plying her needle—for she was never idle—she looked back upon the fiery billows over which she had passed, and said to herself, truly “blessed is he who maketh the Lord his trust.”

She had already begun to make her plans for the future. It was her intention to take a small room, and support herself with her needle. This gave her an object, and her kind friends assisted her in obtaining work, that she might lay by something for

that purpose. Amy often came into her room with a cheering word.

"Thee has had a hard time, Mary; but bright days are before thee. Thee art young, and deserve a young husband next time."

At which Mary would shake her head, and say, in a low, sad voice, at the remembrance of the past—"I shall never marry again."

Mrs. Eames's dutiful conduct to her parents, her devoted care of an aged husband, much more than twice her age, and her simple, unostentatious piety, had gained her many friends. She was invited to join a benevolent circle, and soon had the satisfaction of feeling that she still could do something in the way of charity. This sewing circle, unlike many others, met for a specific object; and the only strife among them was, which should do the most to promote the cause in which they were engaged. They had, with one consent, banished from among them all scandal and unkind words, and were, of course, warmly attached to each other.

After her admission to the circle, few were more constant at the meetings, or more diligent when present, than Mary Eames, who thus won the confidence and affection of all those with whom she was associated.

The sun of prosperity began now to shine upon her path, and to open the buds of hope around her. Her days were passing quietly away, cheered by the sympathy and benevolence of her friends, in whose kind care we will leave her for a season.

## CHAPTER II.

ABOUT forty miles distant from the opening scene of our story lay the village of Edgeworth. Nearly a week after the events there narrated, Mr. Harrington, a middle-aged man, returned from the post-office, which was more than a mile from his house, and, after attending to the comfort of his domestic animals, and seen that all was safe for the night, drew the curtains, set out the light stand, and drawing up his arm-chair before the fire, began to put the embers together and make a blaze, preparatory to reading his weekly paper.

He commenced, as was his custom, with the first article, and read each succeeding one in order, omitting nothing. The evening was quite advanced when he came, in due course, to "*Marriages*" and "*Deaths*."

"Married, October 10th, by the Rev. T. H. Symmes, Mr. Rufus Howe to Miss Caroline Tainter, both of Bosworth.

"On the 12th inst., by Rev. J. A. Spence, Mr. John Morrill to Mrs. Susan Averill, relict of the late Colonel Averill, of Freetown, Mass." &c. &c.

These he read through with scrupulous exactness,

though not without a sigh at his own lonely condition.

Patience, good man! thy turn may come sooner than thou listeth.

Then, snuffing the candle, he proceeded to the deaths.

"Oct. 2d, died at his residence, in Crawford, Mr. Lewis Howarth, aged 53.

"In Melville, on the 5th inst., Mr. Samuel Eames, a Revolutionary veteran, at the advanced age of 90 years."

Here a sudden exclamation of "What!" and a quick repetition of the last announcement, proved that his mind was not so intent upon the matter as his serious manner seemed to indicate. This time his reading, however, showed his whole soul to be absorbed in the fact that, on the 5th inst., Mr. Samuel Eames, aged 90, had departed this life.

But why this emotion? Why is the paper, just now so earnestly desired, hastily thrown aside? Was he thy kinsman? Art thou expecting aught of his worldly estate? No, neither. These would hardly cause the emotion which agitated him for the next hour, as he sat leaning on the arm of his chair, looking steadily into the fire. At length, he breathed more freely, and, with the exclamation, "Then she is free, and may be mine, to bless my solitary heart!" arose and began to walk steadily across the room.

While he is walking thus, we will go back a little in his history, and endeavor to assign some reason for the intensity of feeling here excited.

Levi Harrington was born and brought up in the small village of Edgeworth. When about twenty-eight years of age, he married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, with whom he lived happily for many years, when she died, and left him three children, the youngest ten years of age. Upon the marriage of his daughter, he was solicited by his friends to seek another wife; but, among all his acquaintance in the village, he knew of none whom he wished to recognize in that relation. He had never been twenty miles from home in his life; and he determined not to be in haste, but to wait until Providence should direct his course.

A lady, who had been a particular friend of his wife, called one afternoon to see him, and, after expressing her strong interest in him as the husband of her best friend, remarked that she knew of one person who, if not married, would just suit him.

He inquired, with a smile—

"Is there, then, no prospect of my success?"

"Why, yes," said she, returning his smile, "if you choose to wait. She is about the age of Sarah"—naming his deceased wife—"but is married to a man old enough to be her grandfather. I heard, a short time since, that he was very low. He was so old that his friends thought he could not hold out much longer, and he may have died before now."

"What is the name of this lady who would just suit me?"

"Mary Eames."

"Mary Eames! What, she that was a Conan?"

"Yes."

"Well, I've heard a right good name of her," continued Mr. Harrington, now becoming quite interested in the conversation. "And you say they think he won't live long?"

"Why, yes; neighbor Woodly saw him a week or two since, and he said the old man's mind and memory were almost gone; and he thought, most of the time, Mary was his daughter that died. He has outlived his usefulness, and I rather think poor Mary has a trying time of it."

"Well, how does she get along with him?"

"Why, Mr. Woodly says she is the patientest soul that he ever saw, and that it made his heart ache to hear him talk to her, and find so much fault with what she did. Yet he would let no one else do anything for him. If she was out of his sight a moment, he'd call 'Betsy'—his deceased daughter's name—'how dare you stay there, when I want you this minute!'"

After his visitor's departure, the sad tale of Mary Eames's trials constantly recurred to him; and, at the end of the following week, when on the way to see the lady who had first mentioned her, he was astonished at himself for the interest he took in a person whom he had never seen. He went purposely to ask if anything had been heard from the old gentleman; but did not propose the question until he was about to depart. Mrs. Williams had heard nothing more, but would inquire.

"Oh," he stammered, "it is of no—no—consequence; only your account of them quite interested me."

After this, Mrs. Williams, with true womanly tact, kept him informed of the condition of Mr. Eames, without waiting for him to ask, seldom mentioning the name of Mary, except to answer the inquiries occasionally ventured by Mr. Harrington.

About two years subsequent to the marriage of his daughter, his eldest son followed her example, and left home, leaving him with his young son to take care of the farm and small dairy.

I will not attempt to describe his feelings of loneliness and sorrow, mingled with hope deferred, as year after year passed away; nor the several stages through which his mind passed, until he had fully resolved to "bide his time," and "wait for Mary's love." He resisted the oft-urged entreaties of his children, that he would provide a suitable person to keep his house and attend to the concerns of his family. He was determined to guard against everything which might possibly influence the object of his choice, and prevent her from becoming his wife. Indeed, he had so often made and settled his course whenever she should be free, had spent so many hours in thinking of her, and planning what he

would do to make her forget the long, long years of trial through which she had passed, that he felt sure she would consent to be his.

He never realized that all this time poor Mary was ignorant that there was such a person as him self in existence; that she was growing prematurely old by means of her daily and hourly toils. The thought entered not his mind that, worn out by her unceasing watch and care, she might be called away from the trials of earth. No, all his thoughts and feelings centred in this—he would make her happy.

And how did he feel all this time towards the aged veteran, who stood between him and his hopes? Strange as it may seem, he had no desire to deprive the helpless old man of one moment of his allotted life, who had long ago passed his three score years and ten, and who, he thought, in all human probability, could not live much longer. He was willing to wait; he would wait patiently, as Jacob waited for Rachel, provided he was not constrained to take some Leah.

He now seldom left home, except to visit his children, and the kind friend, Mrs. Williams, to whom alone he confided his intentions and his hopes.

She entered warmly into his feelings; encouraged him under the circumstances to live alone, and thus avoid the occasion for idle talk; and did, what it has often been said woman cannot do, keep his secret. Never, by look or tone, intimating that he was more interested than common humanity would dictate, in the trials of Mary Eames, when she and her afflictions were the subject of conversation.

Mr. Harrington often heard, apparently unmoved, high encomiums passed upon her patience and submission under the dispensations of Providence. This he treasured up as a subject of thought during his many hours of loneliness and grief.

At length came the unwelcome intelligence that, exhausted by her ceaseless watching and care, Mary lay upon a bed of sickness, and was so much reduced that her friends feared she never would recover. This was what he had not anticipated, and it almost overwhelmed him. For a while, the poor man was bewildered, and could think of nothing.

For years, he had so connected her in his thoughts with everything he did, and everything he intended to do, that now he seemed thrown into the midst of a wild sea, without anchor or compass. Yes, this was true; and all his sorrow on account of one whom he had never seen. Surely, no one will doubt the romance of real life.

Mrs. Williams often called to see him, and to sympathize with him; and, though for months she could bear no favorable intelligence, she softened the tidings as much as lay in her power.

At last, she informed him that a decided improvement had taken place, and that strong hopes were entertained of Mary's recovery. From this time the accounts were very cheering. The old gentleman, who now recognized no one, had been

removed to a hospital, and his wife, free from the care which had preyed upon her mind, was fast recovering.

We now come to the time when we first introduced Mr. Harrington to the reader, and are prepared to explain the sudden outburst of feeling caused by those few lines in his weekly journal. During the time we have occupied in this sketch of his life, he has made and overturned twenty plans. He finds it harder to act, now that the opportunity is presented, than he had anticipated. He now realizes, and wonders he did not before, that all these would be new to her, and that she could not be expected to enter into them at once at that point to which his mind had arrived. This is a sad trial to his patience. How long must he wait before he can, with propriety, propose to her once more to change her condition? Alas, his confident hope of success has vanished!

After building many castles, and upsetting them—for even men of sixty build airy castles—he resolved to see Mrs. Williams and take her advice.

This he did on the following morning, and, with a sigh, acquiesced in her opinion, that he could not with propriety bring the subject before Mrs. Eames for several months.

“Courage, courage, my friend,” she said to him, at parting; “you have waited patiently seven years; cannot you now wait half that number of months?”

### CHAPTER III.

It was a clear, cold day in December; Mary Eames was to pass the afternoon with a friend.

“Hiram shall go for thee, Mary,” said Amy. “It is not best for thee to come alone.”

With many thanks for her friendly care, Mary started, expecting to be absent through the evening; but the clock had just struck three, when Hiram came with a summons for Mary to return.

“A friend has called upon thee,” said he, in answer to her anxious inquiry; for she feared some accident had happened at home.

Telling him he need not wait, she returned to the parlor, took leave of her friends, and directed her steps homeward. She supposed it must be a relation or friend from a distance, otherwise she should hardly have been interrupted in her visit.

Upon her arrival, she was introduced to Mr. Holt, from Edgeworth, an entire stranger, who soon told her he had come some forty miles to see her, and, as he must go a part of the way home that night, requested an interview with her at once.

Amy, to whom his errand was already known, immediately arose, and, having assisted Mary in taking off her cloak, left the room.

Judge, then, of the surprise of the widow, when told that Mr. Harrington, a person whose name

even she had never heard, had requested him to see her in regard to her feelings connected with a second marriage; or whether she would be willing to enter again into that relation.

After a brief pause, she told him she was so taken by surprise she knew not what to say. Whenever she had thought of the subject at all, she had thought she should never marry again. She was now pleasantly situated, and certainly could give no encouragement to one whom she had never seen. She, however, listened to all that he said in behalf of his friend. His kindness to his wife, his upright conduct, his many excellencies of character, and, above all, his strong attachment to her, formed by what he had for years heard of her through reciprocal friends, were duly commented upon; and I should fail to tell the whole truth, did I not say that, before the commissioner departed, she found to her own astonishment that there might be circumstances which would render it her *duty* to change her resolution. Mr. Holt stated also that his friend was in very easy circumstances as regarded his pecuniary matters, and was both able and desirous of making her comfortable and happy.

She replied that *money* would make no difference to her in the choice of a companion, provided she should ever change her condition, compared with having a man of principle, and one who would be kind to her. This would be all-important in her case.

He then told her Mr. Harrington would probably visit her during the ensuing week.

Though the subject, so unexpectedly brought before her, was seldom absent from her thoughts by day or her dreams by night, yet she mentioned it to no one. She was not aware that Mr. Holt had imparted his errand to Amy, who, delighted with the favorable prospect before her friend, had recommended her in the highest terms. She was so modest in her opinion of herself that she could hardly realize that she had excited such interest in a stranger.

When two or three weeks passed, and she heard nothing more from Edgeworth, she determined to dismiss the matter at once from her thoughts.

But this was not so easy as she imagined. Mr. Harrington, sympathizing in her trials, interested in her on account of them, would have a place, and a prominent place, in her mind. She became restless and unsettled, and at last really sick.

Amy recommended a little change of air, and that she should visit her brother and sister for a few days.

“It is fine sleighing,” she said; “and Hiram will take thee there in an hour, where I can easily send for thee, in case anything happens,” she added, with rather a significant look.

With a reluctance to which she determined not to yield, she prepared to go; and, the next day being pleasant, she accepted Hiram’s offer, and went with

him to her sister's, after receiving a promise to return for her in two or three days.

Towards the close of the next afternoon, as she sat sewing by the window, she saw Hiram drive into the yard accompanied by Amy. Her breath came quick and short, but she tried to look unconcerned as she went out to welcome them.

"Put on thy bonnet, my dear," were Amy's first words as she saw her. "We left company at home, and cannot tarry."

Poor Mary sat down, and, with her hands before her face, for a moment gave way to her feelings. Then, suddenly rising, found that her good friend had already informed her sister that Mary must go home, and nothing remained but for her to collect her work and prepare for the ride.

This was soon done, and they were on their way. She longed to ask some questions, yet dared not. But Amy waited not for questions. Turning to her companion, she said, abruptly—

"Thy friend looks feeble; he has not been out for a fortnight. He will need thy care and nursing to make him well."

Mary could not reply. She felt as if she should weep, not for sorrow, not for joy, but for—she knew not what.

Who shall attempt to describe the workings of a woman's heart?

Soon they were at their own door. She seemed in a dream. Hiram and Amy were upon the steps, and assisting her, before she hardly knew what she was about. She was intending to run for a few moments to her own room, when the parlor door opened, and John came into the entry, accompanied by a tall gentleman, whom he introduced as Levi Harrington, from Edgeworth. She made a low courtesy, and hastily retired.

Amy insisted she should go into her warm room to take off her outer garments, "For," said she, "thy hands are like ice."

At tea, Mary grew more calm, and was able to answer the questions addressed to her; and when afterwards Mr. Harrington requested an interview, she was much more composed than she had expected to be.

What was said upon that occasion can be more easily imagined than described. Though doubtless very interesting to the parties concerned, we are not at all sure it would be equally so to our readers, and will therefore only relate so much of it as was communicated by her, on the following morning, to her particular friend, the clergyman's wife, to whom she very properly went for advice.

After conversing with Mrs. Romaine for an hour, on topics of common interest, she suddenly covered her face and said, "I have something strange to tell you." She then related the circumstances with which we are acquainted.

"He has been waiting for me seven years, and

now he has brought his certificate with him, and wishes to be married on Saturday."

"And this is Wednesday," exclaimed her friend, in surprise. "Can you tell whether you shall love him so quick?"

"Why, you know that I have been thinking of him for three weeks," replied Mary, with *naïveté*.

Then followed many questions as to his moral and religious character, his domestic habits, &c. &c., all of which were very favorably answered by Mary; and her friend saw, with surprise, that her mind was made up, though perhaps she did not acknowledge it to herself.

Still, she could not conscientiously advise her to accept his proposal without further consideration. She urged her to take a little trip to Edgeworth, visit her friends, and make inquiries concerning him; but there were strong objections on her part to adopting this course. He had come prepared to take her back with him; he could not wait; and she hated to disappoint him.

"But," suggested Mrs. Romaine, "if you should find, on your arrival, that he was not altogether such as you imagine, you might regret all your life that you had been so hasty."

"He thinks I shall not regret it," replied her companion.—(Oh, the trust of woman!)—"He thinks," continued she, "that it will be a good home for me; and my friends, where I am staying, like him very much."

After some more conversation, it was at length proposed by Mrs. Romaine that she should write to her friends, and request an immediate answer.

This advice was eagerly accepted, and Mary besought the aid of her friend in accomplishing it.

"You know what is proper; write just as you think best."

Mrs. Romaine complied; and, stating to Mrs. Eames's friend in Edgeworth what had occurred, asked her to send in reply whatever she knew of Mr. Harrington. The answer was to be directed to Mrs. Romaine, and was expected the next morning. She then invited Mary to call in the afternoon, and introduce Mr. Harrington to them. This was done, and the visit proved one of satisfaction to all parties.

True to her appointment, Mary called the next morning to see if there was an answer to the letter. None had been received, and the subject had occasioned Mrs. Romaine no small anxiety; but no advice was now necessary. The widow Eames was fully decided not to disappoint so faithful a suitor, and only wished her friends to approve her choice.

Busying herself about Mrs. Romaine's dress to hide her face, Mary asked—

"Now wouldn't you, if you were in my place, be married Saturday, as he wishes?"

Mrs. Romaine could not resist the pleading look, as she turned to reply, and said—

"I don't know but I should."



This was enough, the matter was settled; Mr. Harrington need not be longer harassed with doubt. Before she left her friend, all the arrangements for the wedding were made, and Mary returned to give her consent, and to pack her trunk.

Preparations now went briskly on. Friendly visits were made; presents received; trunks packed with great speed. The marriage was to be celebrated at a quarter before two, that they might be in season for the cars to take them to Edgeworth.

At the appointed time, Mr. Harrington and Mary, with her personal relatives and friends, made their appearance. She had just begun to realize the importance of the step she was about to take; but

there is no time for regret now. The bridegroom and the bride take their places; the blessing is invoked; their hands are joined; the man of God pronounces the words which unite them for life; a prayer is offered; the benediction pronounced; and—they are gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

In closing this sketch, I will only add that Mary found in Edgeworth, the home of her youth, calm and quiet happiness; and Mr. Harrington fully realized the bliss which he had so many years anticipated. Months rolled away, and their honeymoon continued to shine on them with increasing brightness. May it shine forever!

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## THE ITALIAN SISTERS.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

### PART I.

IN a small room in one of the poorer class of lodging-houses of Rome, sat a young and beautiful girl. The glowing loveliness of Italy was hers—the warm yet brilliant complexion, the dark expressive eyes, the wealth of raven hair—all were combined to render her an exquisite specimen of Roman beauty. She was clad in a rich bridal costume, and her dress of snowy satin and costly lace, ornamented with flowers and pearls, contrasted strangely with the aspect of the room she occupied. It was small, poorly furnished, and its only ornaments were a few colored drawings of Italian scenery hanging here and there upon the walls, and a large crucifix of ebony and alabaster which stood on a small table draped with colored stuff. An old guitar, with a portfolio of music, lay at the feet of the fair girl, as if she had been trying to while away the time by playing upon the instrument.

She was evidently waiting for some one. From time to time, as the roll of a coming carriage caught her ear, she sprang up and hastened to the window, but, always disappointed, turned away with a look of weariness to resume her seat. At last, after an hour's weary watch, a carriage stopped at the door, footsteps were heard ascending the stairs, the door was pushed open, and a young man entered the room followed by a priest. Uttering an exclamation of joy, the fair girl flew to meet the first, who greeted her with a smile and the words, "Well, dear Nina, have I made you wait long?" pronounced in Italian with a slight English accent.

"Oh, very long, Enrico! I was so tired; but now you are come, I am satisfied," she replied, smiling.

"Does your dress please you?" he asked, attentively surveying her. "I feared it was not handsome enough."

"It is beautiful," she answered, "only too beautiful for me."

"Nothing can be too beautiful for the future Lady Lyndon," he whispered, while a rosy blush overspread the fair features of his companion. "But where is Teresa?" he added, glancing around; "is she gone?"

"Yes, and all is secure," was the reply.

"Then come, I am impatient to call you my wife, *carissima*." She placed her hand in his, and he led her to the priest.

And now while the ceremony is proceeding, let us cast a look at the bridegroom.

He was tall and finely formed, with delicately cut features, large deep blue eyes, and a profusion of dark brown hair which wreathed itself in close curls around his head. He was handsomely dressed, and bore in his manners the trace of his rank, (Lord Lyndon was heir presumptive to an earldom,) yet an expression rested upon his handsome mouth which, though difficult to describe, caused an involuntary feeling of dislike in those who beheld him for the first time.

The ceremony was nearly ended, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and a young girl rushed in, her features, though wan and wasted with recent illness, glowing with excitement, and her whole frame trembling with emotion. "The Holy Virgin be praised!" she exclaimed; "I am not too late to save you, Nina!"

"To save me!" exclaimed Nina, a flush crimsoning her cheek; "from what? I am Lord Lyndon's wife."

"His wife? Oh! foolish girl, did you believe him?" asked the other. "This is an infernal snare, Nina. Look at that man," she continued, pointing to the priest, who, pale and trembling, leaned against the wall. "He is one of the lord's servants dressed

up to trick you to your destruction. That is the reason why he insisted on a secret marriage; but his valet, more honest than his master, revealed to me the whole plot scarce an hour ago, and I hastened to save you."

"Nina, 'tis false!" exclaimed Lord Lyndon, angrily.

"I am his wife, Teresa; you have been deceived," said Nina, and throwing back her veil, she gazed with a look of confiding fondness into her lover's eyes.

"Read, deluded girl," replied Teresa, placing an open letter in her hand. She glanced over a few lines, an ashy paleness overspread her features, and with a moan of unutterable anguish, she sank fainting into the arms of her sister. "My lord, your evil purpose is foiled," said Teresa, calmly. "Will it please you, leave me?" and she pointed with a gesture of command to the door. Uttering an exclamation of rage and scorn, he rushed from the room, followed by the pretended priest, and the sisters were left alone.

## PART II.

FIVE years have passed away since the events described in the first part of this tale, and our scene is no longer laid in the little room at Rome, but in the elegant boudoir of a titled lady in London.

The room was richly yet tastefully furnished. The delicate tints of the carpet and the satin-covered furniture harmonized well with the silvery hue of the paper that covered the walls. A few beautiful paintings, one an exquisite Madonna, the rest glowing Italian landscapes, were hung with an artist's care in the best lights, and in a recess stood one perfect statue, a graceful Hebe, from the magical chisel of Canova. Above the mantel-piece of Sienna marble hung one other painting; it was concealed by a curtain of black velvet, on which the words "La Mia Sorella" were embroidered in silver thread.

Seated at a marble table, which was drawn near the centre of the room, was a young and beautiful woman. Her large, black, brilliant eyes, and heavy braids of silken hair of that rich bluish black never seen except on a native of Italy, contrasted the dazzling whiteness of her broad and noble brow, and the soft yet rich tint of her cheek. Her dress of violet satin was cut so as to display the perfect contour of her ivory shoulders, which were farther set off by a *berthe* of black lace fastened with a diamond star. She was employed in looking over the contents of a small portfolio, covered with crimson velvet, with clasps and corners of gold studded with pearls, and filled with small pieces of paper, all in the same handwriting, and bearing the same signature. A smile curved her beautiful lips, a strange smile for a mouth so lovely; it was cold and bitter,

more painful to look upon than a frown. Such was the Marchesa d'Agliano, the most beautiful woman in London. A servant announced "Lord Lyndon," and, closing the portfolio, she rose to receive him, the smile on her lip giving place to one of welcome. Five years had made but little change in the appearance of Lord Lyndon, except that he was still handsomer than when he won poor Nina's heart, and his manners had acquired additional grace. Claspings the offered hand of the Marchesa, he pressed it to his lips before he spoke; then drawing a chair close to hers, he said, "Well, Beatrice, to-day the year of my probation is ended. It is now exactly one year since the day I first told you I loved you; will you not give me a definite answer now?"

The Marchesa listened with the same cold and caustic smile playing upon her lips, and when he paused for a reply, without heeding his words, she said, "Lord Lyndon, I will tell you a little story." The lover looked surprised, but without heeding his astonished looks, she pressed the black heavy braids from his brow, and, after a moment's thought, began. Hitherto the conversation had been carried on in English, but now she spoke in Italian with a rapidity of enunciation that effectually precluded every attempt at interruption.

"Some years ago, my lord, there lived in Rome two orphan sisters. They were of noble birth, but poor, and they depended upon their talents for subsistence; the elder taught drawing, and the younger music. She was very beautiful, and very guileless, and the elder watched over her with all a mother's care, for she was the last being who claimed her love. She always accompanied her when she went to give her lessons, and guarded her with the watchfulness necessary in a land where beauty is almost a curse, but at last she fell sick, and her sister went forth alone to her daily tasks. She met, at the house of one of her pupils, a young foreigner; he was captivated by her beauty, and made her proposals, which she spurned with indignation; he then offered her his hand on condition that the marriage should be kept secret; she loved him, and she consented. But the valet of the young man sought out the elder, told her that her sister was about to become the victim of a pretended marriage performed by a false priest, and, as a proof of his assertions, showed her a letter which his master had given him to burn, a congratulation from some one as base as himself, on securing so easily the lovely prize. He indicated to her the house where the ceremony was to be performed; she hastened thither, and arrived in time to save her sister; but her heart was broken. Wealth and rank became theirs by the death of a distant relative, but all too late. My lord, look here." And rising from her seat, the lady drew aside the black velvet curtain, and Lord Lyndon looked once more upon the face of Nina. But how changed! The same brilliant eyes and glowing cheeks were there, but the lips that had ever greeted his coming

with smiles wore an expression of deep yet patient sadness, and the very beauty of that fair face seemed like flowers strewed upon a corpse to hide by its loveliness the ravages of death. Lord Lyndon seemed violently agitated, and seizing the arm of the Marchesa, he exclaimed, "In pity, tell me, Beatrice, is she dead?"

She burst into a sardonic laugh. "Listen to this man!" she exclaimed; "he breaks the heart of a girl who truly loved him, and then asks, '*Is she dead?*' She died in my arms scarce a year from the time you so cruelly deceived her. I am her sister; but as you never beheld my face but once, I can pardon you for not recognising in the Marchesa Beatrice Teresa d'Agliano the sister of your victim."

He did not seem to hear her, but stood gazing on the portrait, his lip quivering with painful emotion. "Beatrice," he at length said in a deep troubled tone, "I scarcely can hope you will believe my words, yet if ever remorse visited human heart, mine has felt its bitterest pangs. Were Nina living, my hand and heart should be hers; but, alas! I can give you no proofs of the sincerity of what I say. I dare no longer hope you will listen to my suit; I can no longer offer you my hand; I may only plead that you will pardon the bitter wrong I have inflicted on you, and that you will believe in the truth of my repentance."

"You can then feel remorse, contrition!" she exclaimed; "you, the cold-hearted libertine; you, the murderer of my sister! No, I cannot realize such a change."

"Then I must go unpardoned," he said, in a low tone.

Beatrice buried her face in her hand for a few moments; when she again raised her head, the scornful expression of her features had given place to one of sadness. "My lord," she said, "I believe you, and in that belief I renounce a project of vengeance treasured ever since my sister's death. The Italian count who nightly tempted you to the gaming table, and to whom you lost such immense sums, was my tool, for I sought to avenge my sister by taking from you what I believed every Englishman held dearer than life, money. Here," she continued, laying her hand upon the little velvet-covered portfolio, "lies all your wealth, and thus do I restore it to you."

She opened the portfolio, and, taking out the papers it contained, tore them into atoms; then, turning to Lord Lyndon, she said, "My lord, we part now forever. Farewell."

"Forever! Oh, not forever, Beatrice!" he exclaimed. "Your generous forbearance gave me hope; do not crush it at once."

"My lord, farewell," she repeated, extending her hand. He raised it to his lips, and then, with a look of passionate adoration, repeated her last words, "Farewell," and retired. As his last footstep died away, she turned towards the portrait. "Is not this the vengeance that would have gladdened thy heart, my sister?" she murmured.

It may have been the waving of the curtains, the flickering of the dying sunlight, but something like a smile flitted over the sad sweet face of Nina's portrait.

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## W O M A N .

BY W. L. TIFFANY.

ALL men in the society of women are romantic. Nature holds this quality to be the fittest garb for the occasion, and the onlookers stare that its plastic folds enwrap the uncouth as well as the graceful. Each, gentle or clownish, selects his Eve for the nonce, and devotedly clothes himself with an air. He feels that grace is becoming to the presence of beauty, and courtesy an excellence not to be left unperformed.

Among men, we are bored, angered, or pleased, as the case may be, but we never idealize. We find no man who absorbs our whole nature, in our admiration for his own. No male can fill our soul with a vision of beauty completed, or a dream of delight unalloyed; because, like us, he is male which suffices to keep us distant and forlorn. Resembling us, and we him, knowing our own vulgarity, we dread him. Competing with us continually through life, he

wounds us often and sorely. We may not always call him *brother*, and he is not lovely in our eyes. However much we envy his superior energy, or action, we find sympathy or joy with but few of his kind: throughout the pages of history even, here and there one only.

The difference in sex is a ravishing riddle, to solve which our attempts at least never fail. The Sphinx, Nature, hides her secret, yet gives us woman, of whom we are born, by whom nurtured, and under whose tender care when saying "Thy will be done," we call Death somewhat robbed of his sting. It is certain that the admiration with which woman fills all mankind is somewhat a cunning and sleight of Nature, with a design to propagate our race: yet the spiritual-minded man finds it somewhat difficult to reconcile Nature's main object with his own paramount desire, which is to define and enjoy woman

as unity and completion. At the best, the circle of his insight is circumscribed, and none of us may question the Infinite.

To see a beautiful woman appropriately costumed leaves the eye nothing to seek. It has found its ideal and panacea. Mountains, waterfalls, pictures, statues, Rome, and Vienna are all insignificant in comparison to her, and sicken us with their death and inanity. Radiant in her blessed beauty, perhaps inhabiting our dwelling, sitting near us at our meals, passing us in our walks, what satisfying pleasure possesses the soul! We would tempt any fate to find favor in her eyes. If forced to reflect, she is beyond our attainment, or exists for another, the tender and lingering melancholy felt in the heart is sweeter far than many a joy. Language overruns the heavens and earth for images that shall faithfully reflect her eyes and hair, the mould of her throat, the color of her lips, and the correctness of her shape. Finally, recognizing the soul as being the secret spring of beauty thus streaming through her, we are doubly and virtuously inspired and delighted. At this season, an heroic action is the most natural one; a sacrifice, if noble, most easy to undergo. We bid meanness and cowardice at once begone. We neither are shamefaced, nor do we lack anything. The conquering Carolus Magnus is then our equal only. The song and wisdom of a Shakspeare we have attained at once. Her beauty awakes our own. The miraculous light of her eyes transforms us to heroes and emperors.

Wherever a graceful, genial woman dwells, her home and vicinage are at once poetical. Her palace or cottage is an enchanting realm to us. The flowers and trees around partake of her loveliness, and reflect it variously and anew. The bare hills no longer seem dreary and irksome; a glad stateliness of her enwraps them and commands us. We penetrate the leafy valley and lonely glen, peopling the solitudes with the coy nymph, and doubting the poet's fairy brood no longer. Each spring and river is bereft of life denial, and the Undine is our warm and fleshly familiar.

It is because of this transforming spirit that Art so revels in the beauty surrounding woman, and everywhere seeks its immortal embodiment and fixidity in her form. All lovers are artists and poets, with passion and genius variously measured and striving. The dream of ecstasy completely possessing one, he shall travail with lifelong sweat and agony, that the wondrous beauty of his Beatrice may be revealed to us in words, colors, or stone, that all men may adore with him. The Medicean Venus, Raphael's Madonna, and the "Loves of the Poets," in thus enchaining our adoration, are symbols of our true religion. To have lived without loving, is to have lived negatively and slavishly. To have loved once and completely, is to have conquered the universe and bound it in chains. No fortune can be adverse while our condition simply is priceless and

divine. Grief and terrors may threaten, yet we exult that our all-conquering passion will prevail. Though comfortless, landless, and desolate, have we not an imperial realm in the empyrean, where we walk in golden companionship with joys whose fullness suffices the soul to its uttermost desire? To banish a Dante from Florence with scorn and insult, is not the heavy misfortune to him it seems to others, for he shall build cities throughout all space fairer than any Florence, and Beatrice with her rewarding beauty shall beckon to him from each.

The soul as naturally craves love, as the invalid longs for his native air. Its solace and health it finds likewise therein; for the soul was born of love eternal, and the highest triumph of philosophy and religion is to teach its perfect reunion with its eternal type. Yet man so misjudges and demeans himself, that to acknowledge to an earnest love, or enrapturing desire, never so pure, is to own to a comical and witless thing, bringing naught save jeers and ridicule in its train. Hence when the fire of the soul burns purest and brightest within us, we seek a darkness or solitude, hoping there for the force, or fortune, to create or meet our shrine, that we may adore and enjoy unobserved.

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## SONG.

BY WM. M. BRIGGS.

I've been wand'ring—I've been wand'ring  
Where the flowers are blooming fair,  
With their petals turned to the summer light,  
In the breath of the perfumed air;  
Where the wild bird's lay through the sunny day  
Rang out from the myrtle bowers;  
Yet slowly the dim hours passed away  
To my heart in that land of flowers.

I've been wand'ring—I've been wand'ring  
By the side of quiet streams,  
Whose murmurs brought to my soul the spell  
That woke in my earliest dreams;  
And the noisy brawl of the waterfall  
Called me once more a boy:  
Oh! the heart grows faint to idly paint  
The glow of a vanished joy!

I've been wand'ring—I've been wand'ring  
In the land of citron flowers;  
In the southern clime where the moonlight falls  
With a charm unknown to ours;  
Where the dreamy spells of their haunted dells  
Are broke by the bulbul's cry,  
And the holy sign of the southern cross  
Gleams out on the midnight sky.

Yet I come with a wakening heart once more,  
Bold land of the northern blast!  
For my spirit pines in the gorgeous glow,  
And yearns for the dear old Past;  
For the dear old Past and the dear old eyes  
That glanced from the window pane;  
For the wild delight of the winter's night,  
And my native land again!

## POETRY.

### RECOLLECTION

OF AN ODD CHAPTER FROM A GERMAN NOVEL,  
READ MANY YEARS AGO.

A MAIDEN and her father,  
A stranger, and their guide,  
Wandered upon a mountain  
That made the heaven its bride:  
The morning hours were past and gone,  
It was the high noontide.

Rare was the maiden's beauty—  
Her father, noble, proud;  
In silence rode they onward  
Toward clime of snow and cloud—  
While guide and stranger walked beside,  
In meditation bowed.

Far spreads the right-hand valley,  
And mountains meet the skies;  
Their forms will clearly ever  
At Mem'ry's call arise;  
Overhanging cliffs and jutting rocks  
Awaken soul-surprise.

The noontide hour was passing,  
Nor was the summit passed;  
The guide was all impatient—  
For oft the mountain blast,  
With awful power, upon those heights  
White drifts in sudden cast.

It is, it is upon them!  
They strive to brave its power—  
But no; the beasts are wearied,  
And from its fierceness cower;  
The travellers cannot long withstand  
The rigor of the hour!

Wild as the mountain torrent  
Adown its rocky path—  
The wildest, fiercest animal  
No fiercer moments hath—  
The mountain tempest o'er them roared,  
Around them spent its wrath.

The lady, faint and weary,  
Walked languidly and slow;  
She walked beside her father,  
Who scarce could stand or go—  
While guide and stranger passed before  
Amid the knee-deep snow.

And then the father slowly  
Dropped, wearily and faint—  
He cannot travel farther;  
The maiden's sigh a plaint  
Of more than weariness disclosed,  
Yet uttered no complaint.

The guide took up, in kindness,  
And bore the father on;  
The traveller took the maiden,  
Though he was weak and wan—

And on towards the shelter pressed,  
Though hope seemed nearly gone.

Her form lay on his bosom,  
Borne tenderly, I wis—  
When he, with lip all fevered,  
And flushed in weariness,  
Upon her cold and pallid cheek  
Pressed but one burning kiss.

And she, that high-born maiden,  
Returned the stranger's kiss;  
Amid the mountain tempest,  
Like dream of summer bliss,  
It cheered his weary soul to bear  
On through the dreariness.

And when they reach the shelter,  
Safe from the fearful storm,  
The dark eyes of the maiden  
Upon the stranger's form  
With gratitude and friendship rest—  
His heart beats fast and warm.

And then they part forever—  
The bond that binds them breaks;  
Yet on their spirit's vision  
The mem'ry oft awakes  
Of one who shared that peril-hour,  
Near Switzer's mountain lakes.

*Richland, N. Y., 1852.*

M. B. W. H.

### M A D E L I N E.

BY P. A. JORDAN.

In the still night, when the stars  
Twinkle quaintly through the hours;  
When the moon beams, dreaming, lay  
O'er the daylight's threaded way,  
Comes a vision to my heart  
Of a sweet time long ago  
Thou, O love! its empress art!  
Thou dost all its joys bestow

In the shaded lane of yore,  
With the green leaves bending o'er;  
Near a crystal spring, o'ergrown  
By deep velvet moss, a stone  
Still marks the sacred spot,  
Still reveals the chosen place  
Where I found so much of joy,  
'Neath the droopings of thy face.

There the song-bird sings to-day,  
As of yore, his cheerful lay;  
There the cricket sings fore'er  
Through the summer hours: how dear  
Was its plaintive song to thee,  
Madeline! forever gone!  
"Tis a mystic minstrelsy,  
"Tis a sweet and holy song."

Thus, when silence wraps us round,  
Tread I consecrated ground:  
Tarry, as in days of yore,  
On my childhood's flowery shore:  
Happy in my soul to find,  
'Mid the wreck of after years,  
One summer spot to bind  
My heart, and dry its tears.

Madeline! forever blest,  
Nevermore to be distressed  
By the feverish ills of life,  
By its cares and heavy strife,  
As, 'mid deserts far away,  
Maidens worship one lone star—  
So from earth I turn away  
To thy dwelling-place afar.

Oh, sweet Madeline! once more  
Meet my spirit on this shore;  
Tarry by my side again;  
Sing once more love's melting strain;  
Drive this sadness from my heart  
By one angel kiss of thine:  
Lead my spirit where thou art,  
Lest forever here I pine.

## SUNSET MUSINGS.

BY JOHN M. EVANS.

THE purest hour of bliss that nature knows,  
Is at the day's decline, when o'er the earth  
Is shed a holy glow of calm content,  
That mingles with the feelings of the soul  
In sweetest union blent. The vesper hymns  
Of woodland songsters fill the scented grove,  
Where creeping vines o'erarching tree-tops bend  
Beneath their purple load of luscious fruit,  
While sephyræ with their gentle breath touch light  
The dark green foliage of the ancient wood,  
And sport with glee amid its lofty boughs.  
The murmur of some distant waterfall,  
With music low and sweet, steals on the ear,  
And, with its magic tones, weaves round the heart  
Its strongest spell of dreamy bliss.  
The sinking sun, with radiant glory crowned,  
Now flings o'er all his lingering lovely rays,  
Whose silver feet dance on the ripples of  
Yon widening stream; while amber clouds, wreathed in  
Fantastic forms, impelled by evening's breath,  
Lie cradled on the mountain's rugged brow;  
Or, spreading forth their fleecy wings, mount up,  
And with the night dissolve in silver dews.  
The busy hum of labor now has ceased;  
No longer ringing through the forest shades  
Is heard the woodman's axe—but all is still;  
And, as the lengthened shadows of the even  
Are falling o'er the lee—when woodbine sweets  
Float gently round—when twilight's curtain falls,  
Peace, like a spirit of diviner birth,  
Assumes her gentle sway, and, with soft tones  
That oft have soothed the troubled heart, breathes forth  
The holiest influence of her love, and wakes  
Fresh feelings of the soul that long to bathe  
Their plumed wings in that vast fount whose waves  
Of purity for circling ages past  
Have rolled around the throne of God above.

## REMINISCENCES OF KILKEE BAY.

BY M. H. FORTUNE.

WHAT of thy billowy roll,  
Thou dark Atlantic tide?  
What of the bounding, foaming waves  
That lash the vessel's side?  
Mighty thou art, no doubt, and proud—  
Sublimely grand in that spray-formed cloud;  
Wondrous the phosphorescent gleams  
Streaking thy breast with their fiery streams:  
Glorious thou art, O wondrous sea,  
Grand in thy wide immensity!  
Fierce in thy stormy bursts, and fair  
Glitter thy waves in the noonday glare!  
But there is a spot where thy waters glide  
Glist'ningly sweet in the summer tide;  
Where thy shore-pent waves in their fury roar,  
Deep 'mid the caves of a rocky shore;  
Or gently ripple in sunny sleep—  
There, there thou art fairest, O mighty deep!

I see thee there—yet far away  
Ripple thy waves in that circling bay!  
Whitened and soft is the sparkling sand  
Where thou leavest the foam on its sloping strand;  
Rugged the shore where the sea-birds flock  
Back, in the eve, to their homes of rock;  
Green is the verdure high o'er thy foam,  
High o'er the steep of the sea-birds' home.  
I've seen thee oft in thy hours of pride,  
And watched thee gleam in the bright noontide:  
But quivering moon-beams may rest in vain  
On thy brightened wave in the far-out main;  
The land-bird's tremulous wing may glide  
Lightly and swift o'er the near-shore tide;  
 wooing the eye to thy glorious spray,  
Or the foam thou bear'st on thy swell away;  
In vain, for far in that circled spot  
Tremble the waves I have ne'er forgot;  
Glitters thy tide in its brightest glee!  
There, there thou art fairest, O mighty sea!

Of have I sat through the summer day  
At the rocky edge of that land-kissed bay;  
There, where the tide, with a bending sweep,  
Mingles in peace with the far-out deep;  
There, where the ledge-nooked cliff is crowned  
Verdantly green all the summer round!  
And the foaming waves at its rugged base  
Circle the rocks in their damp embrace.  
There, where the wave in its breaking fall  
Bursts through the rocky and creviced wall;  
Rushes in pride up the sloping steep,  
Then fast recedes to its parent deep:  
There have I sat till the evening shade  
Mantled the spot where the late sun played;  
Till the power of the o'erstrained eye was vain  
To pierce through haze on the wide-spread main;  
Till I lost the white sail far away,  
And the cresting foam on the nearer bay—  
And striven in vain through the spell to glide  
That bound me fast to its dark'ning side;  
Till the deepest shades of the eve came on,  
And the faintest gleam from its breast had gone.  
And even now, at this distant day,  
Memory clings to that far-off bay,  
Where still the waters in brightness leap—  
There, there thou art fairest, O mighty deep!

## BLESS THE CHILDREN.

BY H. MERRAN PARKE.

Bless the little children!  
 Happy little children!  
 Seeking for the daisies white,  
 In the morning's early light;  
 Rushing down the mossy dell,  
 Where the blue-eyed violets dwell;  
 Peeping low for berries rare,  
 While the mists of floating hair  
 Vell their eager, shining eyes,  
 Like the wings of butterflies—  
 Or, as I have seen at even  
 On the radiant floor of heaven,  
 Amber clouds all damp with dew  
 Shut the trembling stars from view.

Love the little children!  
 Darling little children!  
 See them, with the good old Rover,  
 Softly push each other over  
 On the beds of scented clover  
 See the little winsome Mary  
 (One would deem her some lost fairy)  
 Struggling 'mong the pink-eyed flowers  
 As the blossoms fall in showers,  
 Thrown by Charlie—wayward brother—  
 While she, kind, and loving other,  
 Lifts her from the nest of posies,  
 Shakes her to let fall the roses!  
 See them now beneath the pines,  
 Wreathed with slender shining vines,  
 Nestling in the feathery moss,  
 With the leaves dropt thick across,  
 And their little rosy feet  
 Palling in their cool retreat!

Bless the little children!  
 Angels' care, the children!  
 All the pleasant summer day  
 With the breezes hard at play,  
 Coming now at twilight's dawn  
 O'er the velvet-covered lawn,  
 With their little sunburnt hands  
 Clasping tight the flowery bands,  
 Wreathed with joy and tender care  
 For a mother's raven hair,  
 Little Mary quickly springs  
 Close into my arms, and clings,  
 In a weary, soft embrace,  
 And a little happy face,  
 Lays a velvet cheek to mine—  
 Lips like Shiraz' perfumed wine  
 Lift their richness for a kiss,  
 Filling all my soul with bliss.

Bless the little children!  
 God's best gift—the children!  
 Bless them—not my darlings only—  
 But the suffering, poor, and lonely;  
 All the little weary brood  
 Tolling daily for their food,  
 Strangers to the pleasant breeze  
 Dancing in the hemlock trees,  
 Knowing naught of joy-winged hours  
 'Mong the dear bee-haunted flowers;  
 In some hovel, dark and small,  
 Where the sunbeams never fall,

Living all their childish years  
 Rife with poverty and tears.

## THE LADY OF HADDON HALL.

BY MRS. WM. A. SULLIVANT.

THE lady sat in the twilight—  
 Her tears flowed fast and free:  
 What cause had those drops of sorrow  
 On such lovely cheek to be?  
 The grief that ruffled her bosom—  
 The frequent and stormy sighs—  
 Shook the gems on its snow that clustered,  
 Till they twinkled like serpents' eyes!

The lady sat in the twilight—  
 The pride of the festival day;  
 She had shone the fairest and brightest  
 In her jewelled and rich array.  
 Soft words in her ear had whispered  
 Their homage to beauty's queen,  
 The mistress of lordly Haddon,  
 And many a broad demesne.

From flowers by the dew-fall freshened,  
 Sweet odors were breathing round:  
 The distant tinkle of fountains  
 Stole up with a lulling sound  
 And heavily-gorgeous hangings  
 Swept, with their purple fold,  
 Ebony, oak, and silver,  
 And mirrors, with frames of gold.

Afar in the misty gleaming,  
 Lay meadow and woodland wide;  
 Broad parks, where the deer were grazing,  
 Or bounding in antlered pride.  
 Yet still from her downcast lashes  
 Do the large drops slide and fall;  
 Still doth she weep at twilight—  
 The Lady of Haddon Hall.

She wreathed but vernal blossoms  
 In her floating and sunny curls,  
 When she tripped round the May-pole lightly,  
 The simplest of village girls.  
 She blushed at the shamefaced glances  
 Of Robert, the farmer's son:  
 Why scorns she the sweet lip-worship,  
 From courtly flatterers won?

She left but a lowly cottage,  
 In a valley far away,  
 Where the hours were told by the sunlight,  
 On the threshold stone that lay.  
 The rustic pane was shaded  
 By vines she had trained to cling,  
 And a tree, 'mid whose waving branches  
 The robins built in spring.

Paths in the green turf trodden,  
 Sloped down to a brooklet bright.  
 Where she hastened to fill her picher  
 At the dawning of summer light.  
 Why, when a dozen menials  
 Spring now to obey her call,  
 Doth she weep as her heart were bursting—  
 The Lady of Haddon Hall?

## THE DEW-DROP.

BY "MARY NEAL."

SWEET dew-drop, tell me why  
Thou left'st thy home in yon blue sky,  
Thy lovely Iris-home,  
And to this weary world art come?

Bright drop, didst thou not know  
'Twas filled with anguish, sin, and woe?  
That naught so pure or fair,  
But must its pain and sorrow share?

If thou shouldst make thy home  
Within the lily's pearly dome,  
(And meet, sweet drop, it were,  
That thou shouldst dwell in home so fair,)

Some one would break the stem,  
And rudely shake thee hence, sweet gem;  
Then tread thee to the earth,  
As though thou wert of little worth.

Or if thou chose to dwell  
Within the violet's azure bell,  
(And lovelier home, I ween,  
Was never on this dark earth seen,)

Some careless passer-by  
Would crush the flower without a sigh,  
And thus of every charm  
Thee and thy lovely bower disarm.

Or if thou shouldst prefer  
To deck the waving gossamer,  
And on its fairy threads  
To string thy tiny diamond beads—

Some rude blast, sweeping by,  
Would rend the thread that floats on high,  
And scatter down thy pearls,  
To be o'ertrud by passing churls.

I had a dew-drop, bright  
As ever shone on earthly light,  
And shed upon my brow  
A lovelier beam than diamond's glow

Hath ever thrown around  
The fairest brow that e'er was crowned;  
For 'twas the light of Love—  
A bright reflection from above.

But, transient as 'twas bright,  
It soon was taken from my sight  
Up to a heavenly home,  
And sparkles now in yon blue dome.

Thus, all things bright and pure  
Must, while in this dark world, endure  
Their meed of earthly woes,  
Until in Heaven they find repose.

Then, dew-drop, tell me why  
Thou left'st thy home in yon blue sky,  
Thy beauteous Iris-home,  
And to this desert earth art come?

Lady, dost thou not know  
There is a balm for every woe,  
To draw thy hopes above,  
And fix them on a Father's love?

My Father sent me here,  
Only as His love-messenger,  
To raise a drooping flower,  
That would have faded in an hour:

And, though I fall to earth,  
His power again will call me forth,  
A brighter, lovelier gem,  
To deck his rainbow diadem.

And when I home return,  
My heart with gratitude will burn  
To Him who gave me power  
To call to life so fair a flower.

Oh! often doth He send  
Me and my sisters bright, to tend  
The flowers that bloom on earth,  
And in their hearts His love call forth.

'Twas thus thy dew-drop came,  
And kindled in thy heart a flame  
Of love, that could not die—  
Then left thee for its native sky.

And thus thy heart, which twined  
Round things of earth, is now enshrined  
In yon bright heaven above,  
Where dwells this blossom of thy love.

Now, lady, know'st thou why  
I left my home in yon blue sky,  
My lovely Iris-home,  
And to this weary world am come?

And seest thou not that He  
But sent thine angel-one to thee,  
To draw thy hopes above,  
And fix them on a Father's love?

## STANZAS.

BY A STRAY WAIF.

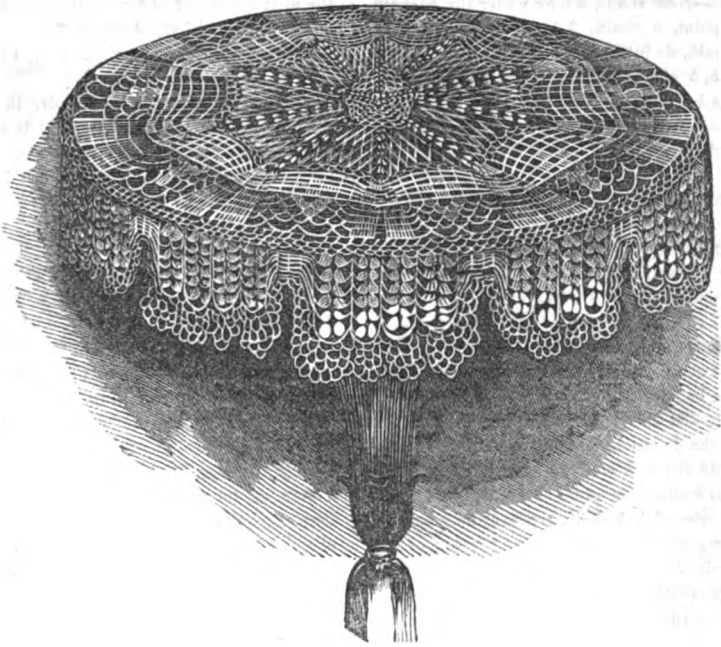
WHEN fortune, with relentless frown,  
O'erthrows the work of years,  
Why sink, sad soul, despairing down  
In unavailing tears?  
Will tears restore one fallen leaf,  
Revive one withered flower,  
Or give the careworn breast relief  
In that embittered hour?

Ah no! A squalid usurer,  
Grief adds to every woe;  
'Mid brooding gloom, sees phantoms stir,  
And formless perils grow.  
Who would a deadly adder press,  
Enraptured, to his breast?  
Then why, sad soul, the grief careers  
That stings thee from thy rest?

Away with grief! In evil hour,  
Give not thy sorrow sway;  
Let hope, with its angelic power,  
Point to a brighter day.  
O'er buried joys fresh flow'rets spring,  
To cheer the heart bereft;  
Then wheresoever to dead treasures cling,  
While life and hope are left!



# WORK-TABLE COVER.



**Materials.**—Six shades of scarlet 4-thread Berlin wool, six skeins of each shade; three shades of blue green, five skeins of each; five shades of amber, three skeins of each; the lightest to be a bright lemon, the darkest deep claret; two skeins of middle tint violet or lilac wool. Two reels of Evans's boar's head drab cotton, No. 6. Steel crotchet hook, No. 16.

**1st row.**—Darkest shade of scarlet, this cover must not be worked tightly, but worked so that the cotton and wool shall work easily together; the size when worked will be twenty-seven inches in diameter. Make a chain of 9 stitches, unite the ends, make 3 long under the chain,\* 3 chain, 3 more long under the same, repeat from,\* 3 times more, 3 chain, unite and draw the wool to the back, cut it off and tie it securely, this must be done at every row.

**2d row.**—Next shade,\* 3 long under the 3 chain, 3 chain, 3 more long under the same chain, 3 chain, repeat from,\* 4 times more.

**3d row.**—Next shade,\* 3 long under the 3 chain between the 6 long stitches, 3 chain, 3 more long under the same chain, 3 chain, dc under the next 3 chain, 3 chain, repeat from,\* 4 times more.

**4th row.**—Next shade,\* 3 long under the 3 chain between the 6 long stitches, 3 chain, 3 more long under the same, 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, repeat from,\* 4 times more.

**5th row.**—Next shade, 3 long under the 3 chain between the 6 long stitches, 5 chain, 3 more long under the same chain, 5 chain, dc into the third loop from the last long stitch in last row, 5 chain, dc into third loop from dc stitch in last row, 5 chain, repeat from beginning, 4 times more.

**6th row.**—Lightest shade, 3 long under the 3 chain, 5 chain, 3 more long under the same chain, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, repeat from beginning, 4 times more.

**7th row.**—Commence again with the darkest shade, 3 long under the 5 chain between the 6 long stitches, 5 chain, 3 more long under the same chain, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, repeat from \* 4 times more.

**8th row.**—Next shade, 3 long under the 5 chain between the 6 long stitches at the point, 5 chain, 3 more long under the same chain, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5 chain, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5 chain, 3 chain, 3 long under the next 5 chain, 3 chain, 3 more long under the same chain, 3 chain, dc into centre of 5 chain, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5 chain, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

**9th row.**—Next shade, 3 long under the 5 chain at the point, 5 chain, 3 more long under the same

chain, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, 3 long under the 3 chain between the 6 long stitches, 5 chain, 3 more long under the same chain, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*10th row.*—Next shade, 3 long under the 5 chain at either point, 5 chain, 3 long under the same chain, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*11th row.*—Next shade same as last row, only making 5 chain, dc into centre of 5 additional.

*12th row.*—Lightest shade, same as last row, only making 5 chain, dc into centre of 5 additional.

*13th row.*—Darkest shade of green. Begin on a short point, 3 long under the 5 chain, 5 chain, 3 long under the same chain,\* 5 chain, dc under centre of 5, repeat from,\* 5 times more, 7 chain, dc under the 5 chain at the top of the point, 7 chain, dc under centre of next 5, 5 chain, † dc under centre of next 5, 5 chain, repeat from † 4 times more, then repeat from beginning.

*14th row.*—2d shade of green, commence at a point with the dc stitch, make 3 long into the space under the dc stitch, 5 chain, 3 more long into the same space, 5 chain, dc under centre of 7, 5 chain,\* dc under centre of 5, 5 chain, repeat from,\* 5 times more, 3 long under the 5 chain at the top of the point, 5 chain, 3 long under the same chain, 5 chain, † dc under centre of 5, 5 chain, repeat from, † 5 times more, 5 chain, dc under 7 chain, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*15th row.*—Lightest green, 3 long under the 5 chain at the top of the point, 5 chain, 3 more long under the same chain, 5 chain,\* dc under the 5 chain, 5 chain, repeat from,\* 7 times more, then repeat from beginning.

*16th row.*—Drab cotton, dc on the 1st of the 6 long stitches at the point, 3 chain, dc under the 5 chain, 5 chain, dc under the same chain, 3 chain, dc on the last of the long stitches, 3 chain,\* dc under the 5 chain, 3 chain, repeat from\* 9 times more, then repeat from beginning.

*17th row.*—Cotton, 5 long under the 5 chain at the point, 3 chain,\* dc into the centre stitch of the 3 chain, 3 chain, repeat from,\* 11 times more, then repeat from beginning.

*18th row.*—Cotton, 7 long, the first into the first loop beyond the 5 long in last row, 7 chain, 1 long into the centre loop of the first 3 chain,\* 5 chain, miss 1 chain of 3, 1 long into the centre loop of the second 3 chain, repeat from,\* 4 times more, 7 chain, repeat from beginning.

*19th row.*—Cotton, 9 long, the first into the first loop beyond the 7 long in last row, 7 chain, dc on first long stitch,\* 5 chain, 1 long on long, repeat from,\* 3 times more, 5 chain, dc on next long stitch, 7 chain, repeat from beginning.

*20th row.*—Cotton, dc on the first long stitch, 5

chain, dc into 4th loop, 5 chain, dc on last long stitch, 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain,\* 1 long on long, 5 chain, repeat from,\* 3 times more, dc on dc, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*21st row.*—Cotton, 5 long under the first 5 chain on the top of the long stitches, 3 chain, 5 long under the next 5 chain, 7 chain, dc on second dc stitch, 4 chain, 1 long on long, 4 chain, 7 long, the first on next long, 4 chain, 1 long on long, 4 chain, dc on dc, 7 chain, repeat.

*22d row.*—Cotton, 5 long under the 3 chain at the top of the point, 5 chain, dc on last long stitch, 5 chain, dc on dc, 4 chain, 6 long, the first on next long, 5 chain, 6 long, the first on last long, 4 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, dc on first long stitch, 5 chain, repeat.

*23d row.*—Cotton, dc on the first dc stitch on the point, 3 chain, 5 long under the 5 chain, 5 chain, 5 more long under the next 5 chain, 3 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, 1 long on next dc, 4 chain, 1 long on long, 4 chain, 7 long, the first into fifth loop, 4 chain, 1 long into 5 loop, 4 chain, 1 long on dc stitch, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*24th row.*—Darkest amber, 7 long, the first into the first loop beyond the first 5 long on the point, 5 chain, 7 long, the first into fourth loop, 4 chain, 1 long on long, 4 chain, 6 long, the first on next long, 5 chain, 6 long, the first into sixth loop, 4 chain, 1 long on long, 4 chain, repeat.

*25th row.*—Next shade amber, begin at the point, 9 long, the first to come in the first loop beyond the 7 long in last row, 5 chain, 9 long, the first into fourth loop, 7 chain, dc on the first of the 6 long, 7 chain 7 long, the first on the last of the 7 long, 7 chain, dc on the last of the 6 long, 7 chain, repeat.

*26th row.*—Next shade amber, 5 long, the first on the second of the 7 long in last row, 5 chain, dc into fifth loop, 7 chain, 11 long, the first into sixth loop from dc stitch in last row, 5 chain, 11 long, the first into fourth loop, 7 chain, dc into third loop from dc stitch in last row, 5 chain, repeat.

*27th row.*—Next shade amber, 3 long, the first into the second of the 5 long in last row, 5 chain, dc into the fourth loop, 5 chain, dc into third loop from dc stitch in last row, 5 chain, 13 long, the first into fourth loop, 5 chain, 13 long, the first into fourth loop, 5 chain, dc into fourth loop, 5 chain, dc into third loop from dc stitch in last row, 5 chain, repeat.

*28th row.*—Lightest amber, dc on the second stitch of the 3 long in last row, 7 chain, miss 1 chain of 5, dc into centre of 5, 7 chain, 14 long, the first into the fifth loop, 6 chain, 14 long, the first on first long, 7 chain, dc into centre loop of the 5 chain, 7 chain, repeat.

*29th row.*—Violet wool, begin on the first 14 long stitches, 1 long, 2 chain, 1 long into every third loop, repeat this till the end of the long stitches, 5 chain, dc into fourth loop, 5 chain, 3 dc stitches under the next 7 chain, 3 chain, 3 dc stitches

under the next 7 chain, 5 chain, do into fourth loop from dc stitch in last row, 5 chain, repeat.

*30th row.*—Cotton, dc on first long stitch,\* 5 chain, dc on next long stitch, repeat from,\* 10 times more, in all 12 times, 5 chain, dc into third loop, 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, do into third loop, 5 chain, dc on first dc, 5 chain, do into fourth loop, 5 chain, dc into fourth loop, 5 chain, dc into third loop, 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, dc into third loop, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*31st row.*—Cotton, dc on the centre of the first chain of 5 nearest the first long stitch in 29th row,\* 5 chain, dc into centre of 5, repeat from,\* 10 times more, then 3 chain, dc into centre of 5, repeat this 8 times more, then 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*32d row.*—Cotton, 1 long into the centre loop of the first 5 chain, 4 chain, 1 long into centre loop of next 5 chain, repeat this till there are 11 chains of 4, then 2 chain, 1 long into the centre loop of the 3 chain till there are 10 chains of 2, then 4 chain, and repeat from beginning, the 4 chain is included in the 11 chains of 4, therefore in the first commencement there will be only 10 chains of 4, afterwards 11.

*33d row.*—Darkest green wool, 3 long under the first 4 chain, 3 chain, 3 long under the same chain, 3 chain, dc on second long stitch, 3 chain, miss 1 chain, of 4, 3 long under next 4 chain, 3 chain, 3 long under the same 3 chain, dc on second long stitch, 3 chain, miss 1 chain of 4, 3 long under next 4 chain, 3 chain, 3 long under the same 3 chain, dc under the 2 chain,\* 5 chain, miss 1 chain of 2, do under next two chain, repeat from,\* 3 times more, then 3 chain, repeat from beginning.

*34th row.*—Second shade of green,\* 3 long under the 3 chain between the long stitches, 4 chain, 3 more long under the same, 3 chain, dc on dc, 3 chain, repeat from,\* 3 times more, (the last time omitting the 3 chain, dc on dc, 3 chain,) working instead† 5 chain, dc on dc, repeat from† 4 times more, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*35th row.*—Lightest green, same as last row only making 4 chain, dc on dc, 4 chain instead of 3.

*36th row.*—Third shade of Scarlet reckoning from the lightest shade,\* 3 long under the 4 chain between the 6 long stitches in last row, 4 chain, 3

more long under the same, 5 chain, 1 long on dc, 5 chain, repeat from,\* 3 times more, the last time omitting the 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, working instead† 5 chain, dc on dc, repeat from,† 4 times more, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*37th row.*—Next shade scarlet,\* 3 long under the 4 chain in last row, 5 chain, 3 more long under the same, 5 chain, 1 long on long, 5 chain, repeat from,\* 3 times more, the last time omitting the 5 chain, 1 long on long, working instead† 5 chain, dc on dc, repeat from,† twice more, 5 chain, 1 long on next dc stitch, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*38th row.*—Lightest scarlet, same as last row only making 4 long stitches instead of 3.

*39th row.*—Cotton,\* 1 long on the first of the 4 long, 5 chain, 1 long on last of the 4 long, 5 chain, 1 long into third loop, 5 chain, 1 long on first long, 5 chain, 1 long on last long, 5 chain, repeat from,\* 3 times more, 5 chain, dc on long stitch, 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, dc on long stitch, 5 chain, repeat from beginning.

*40th row.*—Cotton,\* 1 long into the centre loop of the 5 chain over the first 4 long stitches, 5 chain, 1 long into the centre loop of next 5 chain, 5 chain, 1 long into same loop, 5 chain, 1 long into centre loop of next 5 chain, 5 chain, 1 long into same loop, 5 chain, 1 long into centre loop of next 5 chain, 5 chain, repeat from,\* 3 times more, the last time make 7 chain instead of 5, do on the second dc stitch, 5 chain, dc on next dc, 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, dc on dc, 5 chain, dc on dc, 7 chain, repeat from beginning.

*41st row.*—Cotton, 1 long into the centre loop of the first 7 chain, 5 chain,\* 1 long into centre loop of the 5 chain, 5 chain, repeat from,\* 4 times more (omitting the 5 chain the last time) 3 chain, dc into centre loop of next 5 chain, 3 chain, repeat from the first,\* 3 times more, (the last time omitting the 3 chain) making 5 instead, 1 long into the centre loop of the 7 chain, 7 chain, dc on third dc stitch, 7 chain, repeat from beginning.

When finished, damp it well and lay it between linen folded double, then place a heavy weight upon it to cover the whole surface; let it remain a day and night.

## SHAVING TIDY.

*Materials.*—No. 16 Evans's boar's head cotton. No. 4 Penelope hook.

*1st row.*—Make 180 chain, turn back, 1 l into 9th loop, in the next row this forms 1 sq by working the 1st l into the 5th loop of the 8 ch, now 2 ch, 1 l into 3d loop till there are 58 sq.

*2d.*—1 row all squares.

*3d.*—6 sq, 3 l, 51 sq.

*4th.*—5 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 15 l, 44 sq.

*5th.*—5 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 9 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 43 sq.

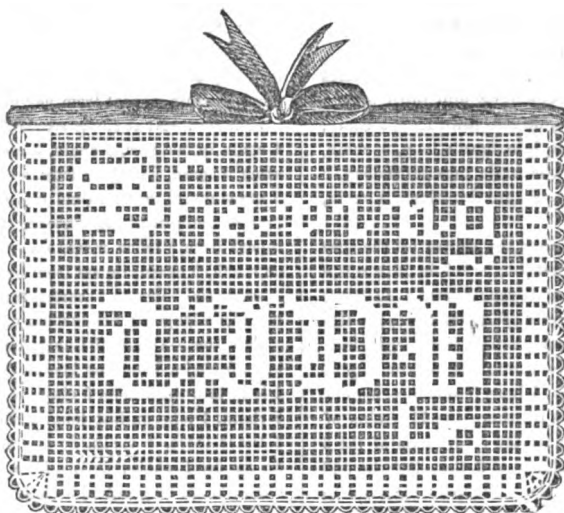
*6th.*—6 sq, 12 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 43 sq.

*7th and 8th.*—14 sq, 3 l, 43 sq.

*9th.*—13 sq, 3 l, 24 sq, 3 l, 19 sq.

*10th.*—8 sq, 15 l, 7 sq, 12 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 5 sq, 9 l. 3 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 18 l, 9 sq.

*11th.*—6 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 5 sq, 6 l, 2 sq,



15 l, 5 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 5 sq, 6 l, 8 sq.

12th.—5 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 9 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 6 l, 7 sq.

13th.—5 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 10 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 7 sq.

14th.—5 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 3 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 10 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 7 sq.

15th.—5 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 9 l, 3 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 9 l, 3 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 8 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 7 sq.

16th.—5 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 3 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 9 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 7 sq.

17th.—5 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 10 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 8 sq.

18th.—5 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 5 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 7 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 5 sq.

19th.—5 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 9 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 9 l, 3 sq, 15 l, 3 sq, 9 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 18 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 5 sq.

20th.—5 sq, 9 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 9 l, 3 sq, 33 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 9 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 21 l, 6 sq.

21st.—6 sq, 9 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 5 sq, 15 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 12 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 5 sq, 12 l, 7 sq.

22d.—11 sq, 3 l, 46 sq.

23d and 24th.—58 sq.

25th.—5 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 48 sq.

26th.—4 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 9 l, 49 sq.

27th.—3 sq, 3 l, 35 sq, 3 l, 18 sq.

28th.—3 sq, 6 l, 33 sq, 3 l, 19 sq.

29th.—4 sq, 12 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 5 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 12 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 3 sq.

30th.—4 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 21 l, 3 sq.

31st.—4 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 5 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 5 sq, 12 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 3 sq, 15 l, 4 sq.

32d.—4 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 7 sq.

33d.—5 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 21 l, 5 sq.

34th.—42 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 1 sq, 21 l, 4 sq.

35th.—42 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 4 sq, 6 l, 3 sq.

36th.—20 sq, 3 l, 21 sq, 3 l, 3 sq, 21 l, 1 sq, 3 l, 3 sq.

37th.—38 sq, 3 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 5 sq, 24 l, 3 sq.

38th.—39 sq, 6 l, 4 sq, 3 l, 7 sq, 3 l, 4 sq.

39th.—45 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 6 l, 2 sq, 3 l, 4 sq.

40th.—45 sq, 12 l, 1 sq, 9 l, 5 sq.

41st and 42d.—Two rows of squares.

Now work 3 dc into every space on three sides, but not on the side above the top of the letters, making 7 dc at each corner.

*Border.* 1st row.—Begin at the side where the letter S is, 3 l the first into first loop, 3 ch, 3 l the first into fourth loop, repeat this till within 4 loops of the corner, then in the corner loop make 3 l, 3 ch, 3 more l into same loop, now 3 ch, miss 3 loops, then 3 l the first into fourth loop, now repeat till the corner loop of next corner, then 3 ch, then 3 l into the same loop in which the last of the 3 l was worked, now 3 ch, 3 l, the first into fourth loop and repeat.

2d.—When at the end, turn back, work 3 l on l, 3

ch, repeat; at the corner, after the last 3 l and 3 ch, make 3 l under the 3 ch at corner, 3 ch, 3 more l under same, 3 ch, 3 l on l, repeat.

3d.—Turn back and work the same.

4th.—Turn back, dc on the first of the l stitches,\* 5 ch, 3 dc, under the 3 ch, repeat from\*.

5th.—Turn back, 6 ch, 3 dc on the dc, repeat.

6th.—Turn back, 7 ch, 3 dc on dc, repeat.

Now, along the top work a row of extra long stitches, made by twisting the cotton twice over the hook instead of once, beginning on the dc stitches of the border, and working 5 l stitches across the width of the border at regular spaces, then 1 l, 2 ch, 1 l on every l across the squares, terminating with 5 l in the width of the border.

Now 3 dc into every space between the l stitches, then crochet the two pieces together on the right side of the work, or sewing will do as well. If the

tidy should require washing, let it now be done, and pressed between a double linen cloth, under a heavy weight; when dry, line it with colored cambric, omitting the border; double it in half, and run a small tuck at the bottom of the extra l stitches; in this tuck insert a narrow piece of whalebone, not quite so long as the work, and secure it at both ends; get a yard of satin ribbon, place a pin in the centre, and on one side of this pin sew on to the ribbon some pieces of old linen fringed about 3 inches in width, and 8 inches long; if this is doubled over the ribbon, it will make each piece 4 inches long; sew then on the other side of the pin some soft chamois leather the same width and length, now place it in the centre of the tidy, draw the ribbon over, and tie it in a bow at the back. This should be laid on the toilet-table, and not hung up, it will have the appearance of a book.

## PLATES OF WINDOW DRAPERY.

(See *Cut.*)

In another month, watering-places will be deserted, and thrifty housewives will be removing what Dickens, in his "Bleak House," so cleverly calls the "drawing-room pinafors and curl papers." Brown Holland will be consigned to the linen chest for the winter, and well-papered cornices will shine forth in undiminished lustre. In anticipation of this annual house-cleaning and refurbishing, Mr. Carryl has prepared two elegant designs for parlor-window drapery.

No. 1 is distinguished for the peculiar elegance of the cornice and lambrequin; the first having wreaths of fine design and execution surmounting the heavy burnished bar which forms the base. From this depends a lambrequin with a new design, being a simple centre-piece, hung with rich fringe, which also depends from the cornice itself. The curtains are of satin laine, a deep contrast of maroon color and blue; the fringe, of course, matching it in hue. It is bordered with a wide gimp, and has a novel arrangement of pulleys and cords, by which it can be drawn back entirely from the window, if the room is too much shaded—or, as it sometimes happens, pictures require a stronger light—leaving the lace curtain and lambrequin only to obstruct the view. This is a most admirable arrangement, as our readers will see, if they consider the matter, and one that removes almost the only objection that is ever urged against drapery curtains. It will be noticed that the cords and tassels attached to the lambrequin are very elegant; those looping back the drapery are made to correspond in style and color. The lace

curtain is slightly full, and of a light and graceful design. No heavy curtains are now in use without one of lace or muslin to soften the effect.

No. 2 is in quite a different style, the cornice being lighter, and graceful as well as elegant in shape, the curved line being preferred by many. We would have our lady readers notice particularly the heavy cords and tassels, of Louis Fourteenth style, which we have attempted to describe to them in an earlier notice of Mr. Carryl's establishment. They are almost massive in weight, and yet are finished as carefully as the most delicate lace gimp intended for a lady's dress. The central pendant is particularly tasteful, and will, in style, take the place of the lambrequin. The drapery is of bracetelle gold and green, shading in stripes as it is gathered back in full fluted folds. It is lined with white India silk, and the edge is finished with a heavy green and gold cord, instead of a gimp. The lace curtain is a very rich foliage pattern, in application work, the border running around the piece.

Mr. Carryl has imported an Oriental or palm pattern, also in application, which surpasses anything we have ever seen for richness of design and execution.

The rose is also a very beautiful style, rich wreaths of buds and foliage forming the centre, and one of still more delicate work, making a border, fine enough for a lady's robe, or even undersleeves.

We shall have occasion, in a future number, to give other new fall styles, and more particularly designs for bed-draperies and chamber windows.

## KNITTED BERRIES AND FRUIT.

## THE YEW AND ITS BERRIES.

## BERRIES.

As they have a kind of waxy appearance, it is preferable to make them always in wool; but if the leaves were made of fine chenille, instead of wool, a branch of yew with its berries would be a very handsome ornament for a winter bonnet.

Cast on nine stitches on three needles (No. 20); three stitches on each needle, with drab Berlin wool split in two; knit one plain round, fasten on a bright pinkish scarlet shade of Berlin wool split, work one more plain round; in the next, increase one stitch at the beginning of every needle; knit four or five plain rounds, and cast off all the stitches. Cover a piece of leto, or very fine wire, with the thread of the same scarlet wool; sew this round the scarlet edge of the little cup just made; when the two ends of the wire meet, continue to sew one of them round the edge, so as to bring it exactly opposite to the other; turn down both ends inside the cup, make a little ball of drab Berlin wool, or cotton wool covered with drab silk, about the size of a young green pea; place it in the scarlet cup, gather the drab stitches; twist the wires together to make a stem, and cover it with green wool.

## LEAVES.

If chenille is used, as it can be procured stiffened with wire, it will be sufficient to fold the chenille in two for each leaf, and tie one leaf alternately on each side of the branch; after ten or twelve leaves, place one berry and begin another similar bough. The boughs are afterwards added together in the same manner as the leaves have been, that is to say, one at the top, and the others alternately on each side of the branch.

If Berlin wool is used for the leaves, cover with green wool, split a few inches of the finest leto that you can find; take a piece of Berlin wool, not split, of bright, though rather deep shade of green; place it across your leto, near one end of it; twist the leto tight two or three times, cut the shortest end close to the twist, turn down both ends of the Berlin wool along the remaining leto, fasten both Berlin wool and leto together to a piece of wire, with a thread of brown half twist silk, split in two, and continue, as directed, for the branch of chenille leaves.

## PATTERNS FOR SILK EM-BROIDERY.



To be worked on flannel or merino, with fine silk.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

THE author of "Friends in Council" has, in a recent work, "Companions of my Solitude," advanced many sound arguments in favor of a better system of female education in England. His last work, which the British reviewers commend as "altogether a thoughtful book, full of wisdom as well as gentleness and beauty," owes its chief interest to the subject of woman's wrongs, and the means of her improvement. He says, "If we consider the nature of the intellect of women, we really can see no reason for the restrictions laid upon them in the choice of employments. They possess talents of all kinds." p. 143. And again, "How well women might work under direction! In how many ways, where tact and order alone are required, they might be employed! and also in how many higher ways, where talent is required!" p. 144.

One of these "higher ways" is now familiar to the American people. Thanks to the Puritans for establishing the common school system, which gives girls as well as boys access to the "well of English undefiled," if not yet an equal participation in the "waters from the Castilian Spring." Then our republican institutions, making the diffusion of knowledge among the people imperative, has led to the employment of female teachers in the common schools: at first, because their services were less expensive, and now from a conviction that women are the best instructors.

In our last number, we dwelt at large on this subject, offering a humble petition to Congress for aid in qualifying the daughters of the republic to fulfil the duties of their noble profession as educators of American children.

That paper, we are happy to record, has met with kind approbation. Men, eminent in the halls of Congress, have promised to lend their aid in advancing the plan. We now subjoin a few of the many reasons which may be urged for the appropriation of such a portion of the public lands as will enable each State and Territory, on becoming a State, to found and endow one Free Normal School, for the preparation of Female Teachers of Common Schools.

1st. That there are now two millions, at least, of children and youth in the United States nearly destitute of school instruction, requiring, at this moment, 20,000 additional teachers, if we give to each instructor the care of one hundred pupils, quite too many for any common school with only one teacher.

2d. That to find 20,000 young men, who would enter on the office of pedagogue, would be utterly impossible, while the Great West, the mines of California, and the open ocean laving China and the East, are inviting them to adventure and activity.

3d. That, therefore, young women must become the teachers of common schools, or these must be given up.

4th. That young women are the *best teachers* has been proved and acknowledged by those men who have made trial of the gentle sex in schools of the most difficult description (see Reports of the "Board of Popular Education," "Reports of Common Schools in Massachusetts," &c.), because of the superior tact and moral power natural to the female character.

5th. That female teachers are now largely employed, on an average of six of these to one male teacher, in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and wherever the

common school system is in a prospering condition; and everywhere these teachers are found faithful and useful.

6th. That, to make education *universal*, it must be *moderate in expenses*, and women can afford to teach for one-half, or even less, the salary which men would ask, because the female teacher has only to sustain herself; she does not look forward to the duty of supporting a family, should she marry; nor has she the ambition to amass a fortune; nor is she obliged to give from her earnings support to the State or Government.

7th. That the young women of our land, who would willingly enter on the office of teacher, are, generally, in that class which must earn their livelihood; therefore these should have special and gratuitous opportunities of preparing them for school duties: thus the Normal Schools, in educating these teachers of Common Schools, are rendering a great national service.

8th. That, though the nation gives them opportunity of education gratuitously, yet these teachers, in their turn, will do the work of educating the children of the nation better than men could do, and at a far *less expense*; therefore the whole country is vastly the gainer by this system.

9th. That it is not designed to make a class of *celibates*, but that these maiden school teachers will be better prepared to enter the marriage state, after the term of three or four years in their office of instructors, than by any other mode of passing their youth from seventeen or eighteen to twenty-one. That earlier marriages are productive of much of the unhappiness of married women, of many sorrows, sickness, and premature decay and death, there can be no doubt. We look to the development of this system of constituting WOMAN THE EDUCATOR OF THE YOUTH, giving her the fitting requirements, as a measure which will not only preserve all her natural gifts and graces of person and character, but enhance them a hundredfold, making her truly what the Apostle declares her to be, "the glory of the man."

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.—It is the intention of the Faculty of the "Female Medical College of Pennsylvania," to open a HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, in Philadelphia, as soon as possible. We state this before quoting the following heart-stirring appeal lately put forth by a popular English journal.\* We are glad to state, also, that this American Child's Hospital will be under the charge of a female physician, who can consult, when necessary, with the Faculty of the College; but to woman's tender care the little "drooping buds" will be given. Woman is gifted with insight to understand the nature of children. God has endowed her for this mission; and when she is encouraged to cultivate her gifts, and permitted to exercise them in treating the diseases of women and children, the world will see a marked improvement in the health of our people.

"DROOPING BUDS.—In Paris, Berlin, Turin, Frankfurt, Brussels, and Munich; in Hamburg, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Vienna, Prague, Pesth, Copenhagen, Stuttgart, Grätz, Brinn, Lemberg, and Constantinople, there are hospitals for sick children. There was not one in all England until the other day.

\* Dickens's "Household Words."

"No hospital for sick children! Does the public know what is implied in this? Those little graves two or three feet long, which are so plentiful in our churchyards and our cemeteries—to which, from home, in absence from the pleasures of society, the thoughts of many a young mother sadly wander—does the public know that we dig too many of them? Of this great city of London—which, until a few weeks ago, contained no hospital wherein to treat and study the diseases of children—more than a third of the whole population perishes in infancy and childhood. Twenty-four in a hundred die during the first two years of life; and, during the next eight years, eleven die out of the remaining seventy-six.

"Our children perish out of our homes; not because there is in them an inherent dangerous sickness (except in the few cases where they are born of parents who communicate to children heritable maladies), but because there is, in respect of their tender lives, a want of sanitary discipline and a want of medical knowledge. What should we say of a rose-tree, in which one bud out of every three dropped to the soil dead? We should not say that this is natural to roses; neither is it natural to men and women that they should see the glass of death upon so many of the bright eyes that come to laugh and love among them—or that they should kiss so many little lips grown cold and still. The vice is external. We fall to prevent disease; and, in the case of children, to a much more lamentable extent than is well known, we fail to cure it.

"Think of it again. Of all the coffins that are made in London, more than one in every three is made for a little child; a child that has not yet two figures to its age. Although science has advanced, although vaccination has been discovered and brought into general use, although medical knowledge is tenfold greater than it was fifty years ago, we still do not gain more than a diminution of two per cent. in the terrible mortality among our children."

Nor will the mortality ever be much diminished till women are instructed in their own nature, and encouraged to study the laws of health and of disease peculiar to themselves and their children. Female physicians must be trained to practice among these patients, and thus the knowledge so necessary and salutary will be diffused. This plan of "*A Hospital for Sick Children, under the care of an educated Female Physician*," should be welcomed by every Christian philanthropist. Who will aid? Funds are wanted. Let Philadelphia lead the way, and soon every large city in our land will have its hospital for sick children.

OLD AND NEW ENGLAND.—Out of every hundred persons in England, forty cannot write their names. In Massachusetts, according to the last census, but one person in every two hundred is in this condition; and nearly all these are recent emigrants from Europe.

DEACONESSES.—Extract from a letter dated Paris, 1852: "The Protestant clergy of France have revived the order of *Deaconesses*. They have a house in Paris called '*Le Maison des Deaconesses*,' an hospital comprising schools for the lower classes, from infancy to a comparatively advanced age; a retreat for those unhappy outcasts who wish to retrieve their past errors; a chapel and a hospital for both sexes. This admirable institution, of great extent, is conducted entirely by these Protestant Sisters of Charity, or *Deaconesses*, who choose to devote themselves to so pious a work, but who are not bound by any vows to remain in it longer than they feel disposed. A detailed account of the institution would occupy more space, perhaps, than a mere letter should occupy; but suffice it to say, that never

did a place breathe more of the spirit of order, cleanliness, cheerfulness, and industry, or appear more completely to fulfil its object."

PROGRESS IN THE EMPIRE STATE.—The Board of Education of New York has determined to establish a free academy for females, in New York city, in which the higher branches of education will be taught.

CULTIVATION OF THE HEART.—It is easier to educate the mind than to educate the soul; and no training is more difficult than that of the moral affections, though the results of the latter, in this and the future world, are infinitely more important than the former. "It is much easier," says Flavel, "to pull up many weeds out of a garden, than one corruption out of the heart; and to procure a hundred flowers to adorn a plot, than one grace to beautify the soul."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles are accepted: "To Mary," "Standees," "The Land of Beauty," "What is True Love?" "Then—Now," "Lines," "The Hidden Love," "We Parted," and "Life."

The following articles are declined:—(Several of these deserve notice, as only wanting a very little improvement to make them worthy of a place in the "Book." Young writers must not "make haste" to send off their productions to the editor. Be sure you have done your best to correct and polish your poem before submitting it to the critical examination of a stranger.)—"The Blooming of the Trees," "The Brave Boy of Tyrol," "A Land of Dreams," "The Blue Bird," "Death," "The Children of the Wilds," "The Household Treasure," "The War Spirit," "To my Cousin Marion," "The Sleeping Magician," "The Hours," "Unrest," "Sins of Superstition," "The Farewell of the Heart," and "Their Memory is Mine."

## OUR TREASURY.

### THE MINISTRY OF WOMAN.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WADSWORTH.

HERKEN is set forth the high ministry of woman, even in evangelical utterances. Nobler, indeed, her commission than that of the twelve disciples. Not in apostleship unto the world was she sent, but more glorious far—in apostleship to the apostles. She might not preach Christ crucified unto the Gentiles, but better, and higher, and holier—she could preach Christ risen unto the faint-hearted disciples. Not hers to point the stricken multitudes to the cross of Calvary, but hers a loftier task—to point the apostles themselves to the presence of their risen Lord on the mountains of Galilee.

Oh, it was an honor eclipsing forever man's loftiest—put by Christ, in the hour of his triumph, on these meek sisters of his ministry! It was woman's voice that first made proclamation on this ransomed world of a Risen Redeemer.

"That was a task of glory all her own;

Nobler than e'er the still small voice assigned  
To lips in awful music making known

The stormy splendor of some prophet's mind.

'Christ is arisen!' by her, to wake mankind,

First from the sepulchre these words were brought:

She was to send the mighty, rushing wind

First on its way with those high tidings fraught—

'Christ is arisen!'

Yea, loftier her credentials than those borne along earth's  
circumference by the wonder-working disciples of Jesus,



bearing the Gospel to the nations. *An apostleship unto the apostles*—this, this was her high calling.

And the lesson of it all is—the glory of woman's ministry in the triumphs of the Gospel.

What though she may not proclaim from the sacred desk a crucified Redeemer? Yet may her evangelical service be altogether as high, altogether as holy. The wheel of her sacred influence plays into the machinery of salvation at a point nearer the great mainspring, and is therefore more hopefully efficient than even pulpit utterances.

She may not carry the *preaching* to men; but she is mighty, through God, to lead the *preachers* to Jesus.

In the sacred sphere of her own beautiful and matchless ministry—as a mother by the cradle of her child, as a teacher with her class in the school—she may be taming the Samson whose strength shall win great victories for Israel, and sending forth influences that, more mighty than all human eloquence, shall hasten the Gospel consummation as the salvation of a world.

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

MAN is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation, or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and, if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and, if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulses, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the

slightest external injury. Look for her, after a little while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove: graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

### SUGGESTIONS TO WOMEN.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

WE have much yet to do for a class whom it is a shame to name, and that much must be done by women—by women, themselves *sans tache, sans reproche*. It is not enough that we repeat our Saviour's words, "Go and sin no more;" we must give the sinner a refuge to go to. Asylums calculated to receive such ought to be more sufficiently provided in England. One lady, as eminent for her rare mental powers as for her charity and great wealth, is now trying an experiment that does her infinite honor; she has set a noble example to others who are rich and ought to be considerate; safe in her high character, her self-respect, and her virgin purity, she has provided shelter for many "erring sisters"—in mercy, beguiling,

"By gentle ways, the wanderer back."

Of all her numerous charities, this is the truest and best; like the fair Sabrina, she has heard and answered the prayers of those who seek protection from the most terrible of all dangers—

"Listen! for dear honor's sake  
Listen—and save!"

### THE PEASANT'S FAMILY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

WE saw a rustic household wandering forth  
That cloudless afternoon, perchance to make  
Some visit promised long, for each was clad  
With special care as on a holiday.  
The father bore the baby awkwardly  
In his coarse arms, like tool or burden used  
About his work, yet kindly bent him down  
To hear its little murmur of delight.  
With a more practised hand, the mother led  
One who could scarcely totter, its small feet  
Pating unequally—from side to side  
Its rotund body balancing. Alone,  
Majestic in an added year, walked on  
Between the groups another ruddy one.  
She faltereth at the stile; but, being raised  
And set upon the greensward, how she shouts,  
Curvets, and gambols like a playful lamb!  
Plucking, with pride and wonder, here and there,  
Herb or flower, o'er which the baby crows  
One moment, and the next, with chubby hand  
Rendeth in pieces like a conqueror.

## Literary Notices.

From the Editor, Philadelphia:—

**THE PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.** B. J. Wallace, Editor; Albert Barnes, Thomas Brainerd, E. D. Gilbert, Joel Parker, Associate Editors. With the assistance of the New York Union, Auburn and Lane Theological Seminaries. Vol. I., No. 1, June, 1852. We need hardly add, after giving the above list of distinguished clergymen as coworkers in this enterprise, that the number is rich in its literary merits, as well as marked by a high tone of religious zeal. The first article, "Our Church and our Review," sets forth the reasons, powerfully, that led to the publication. Christians of this denomination will hardly allow such a noble effort to fail for lack of patronage.

**THIRD ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT AND CATALOGUE OF STUDENTS OF THE FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.** Located in Philadelphia, at 229 Arch Street. For the Session commencing September 13, 1852, and ending January 31, 1853. There have been *fifty-two* students in this college, *eight* of whom graduated last December. A much larger number is expected to enter on the next session. The prospects of the College are highly flattering to its friends and the faculty who sustain it.

From HENRY CAREY BAIRD (successor to E. L. Carey), S. E. Corner of Market and Fifth Streets, Philadelphia:—

**A TREATISE ON A BOX OF INSTRUMENTS AND THE SLIDE RULE.** *For the Use of Gaugers, Engineers, Seamen, and Students.* By Thomas Kentish. The steady sale which several editions of this work have met with, and the approbation it has universally received from practical men, are the best testimonials of its merits.

**NORRIS'S HANDBOOK FOR LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS AND MACHINISTS:** *comprising the Proportions for Constructing Locomotives, Manner of Setting Valves, Tables of Squares, Cubes, Areas, &c. &c.* This is another of the valuable practical publications for which the public are indebted to the enterprise of Henry Carey Baird.

**THE PAPER-HANGER'S COMPANION.** A treatise on paper-hanging, in which the practical operations of the trade are systematically laid down; with copious directions preparatory for papering; preventions against the effect of damp on walls; the various cements and pastes adapted to the several purposes of the trade; observations and directions for the panelling and ornamenting of rooms, &c. By James Arrowsmith, author of "An Analysis of Drapery," etc. The value of this little work is fully set forth in the title.

From G. P. PUTNAM, New York, through H. C. Baird, Philadelphia:—

We have received a complete set of "Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library for Travellers and the Fireside." These volumes are printed in large type, on superior quality of paper, and embrace the following popular works, from the pens of authors of literary distinction:—

**HOME AND SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY.** From "Household Words." Edited by Charles Dickens.

**WHIMSICALITIES.** By Thomas Hood. With woodcuts.

**WALKS AND TALKS;** *or, an American Farmer in England.* With illustrations.

**THE WORLD HERE AND THERE;** *or, Notes of Travellers.* From "Household Words." Edited by Charles Dickens.

**HOOD'S OWN.** Selected papers. With woodcuts.

**HOME NARRATIVES.** Edited by Charles Dickens.

**UP THE RHINE.** By Thomas Hood. With illustrations. First and second parts.

These volumes are sold at the cheap rate of twenty-five cents each; and, from their size, durable structure, and amusing and interesting contents, are admirably suited to administer comfort to the minds of travellers.

From THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & Co., Philadelphia:—

**A LIFE OF ROBERT EMMETT, the Distinguished Patriot and Martyr.** Containing the principal events in his life; his speeches made on various occasions, with his celebrated defence before Lord Norbury; his trial, condemnation, and death. Also, a sketch of the life of Thomas Addis Emmett, of Theobald Wolfe Tone, and other Irish patriots. A brief account of the trial and banishment of Mitchell, Smith O'Brien, Meagher, and their compatriots; with much other valuable matter. By John W. Burke, Esq. Octavo, 388 pages, bound in embossed muslin. Price only one dollar. A book for the people.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), corner of Fourth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

**PENCIL SKETCHES;** *or, Outlines of Character and Manners.* By Miss Leslie, author of "Kitty's Relations," etc. Including "Mrs. Washington Potts" and "Mr. Smith," with other stories. In two volumes. Price fifty cents each volume. Most of these sketches and stories were originally published in the "Lady's Book," and have been favorites with the public ever since, as they deserve to be.

**EOLINE;** *or, Magnolia Vale.* A Novel. By Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "Linda," etc. This is a very interesting novel, the incidents of which are related in the usually attractive style of the author.

From BUNCE & BROTHERS, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

**THE ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION:** *being a History of the Personal Adventures, Heroic Exploits, and Romantic Incidents, as enacted in the War of Independence.* By Oliver B. Bunce. The intention of the compiler of this work was to present to his countrymen numerous sketches of extraordinary adventure, and of the most novel and thrilling kind, connected with the history of the Revolution. He has ably performed that duty, and has presented to the American reader numerous grateful memorials of the past, which will not fail in leaving their patriotic impressions upon the future defenders of our country. The work is neatly printed and illustrated.

From BLANCHARD & LEA, Philadelphia:—

**ELEMENTARY LATIN GRAMMAR AND EXERCISES.** By Dr. Leonhard Schmitz, F. R. S. E. This introductory grammar of the Latin language forms one of the classical series edited by Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt, and is intended to be put into the hands of new beginners.

From DANIELS & SMITH, 36 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia:—

**THE OLD FARM GATE;** *or, Stories and Poems for Children and Youth.* By Richard Coe. The publishers have sent us a copy of this neatly printed work, which we are sure will find a multitude of admirers among the class of readers for whose pleasure and edification it has been especially prepared. The readers of the "Lady's Book" have long been familiar with the simple and truthful style of Mr. Coe—simple in its construction, and truthful to the

dignity of nature—and have, besides, observed how touching and how affectionate are all his sentiments, and will therefore be able to judge of the merits of his work, even without making a critical examination of its pages.

From CHARLES SCRIPNER, New York, through LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia:—

PENCILINGS BY THE WAY: *written during some years of Residence and Travel in Europe.* By N. Parker Willis. A new edition. This is a very beautiful edition of a work which will long continue to be a favorite with American readers.

From GEORGE P. PUTNAM, No. 10 Park Place, New York, through LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia:—

DOLLARS AND CENTS. By Amy Lothrop. Two volumes. This is a domestic tale, artlessly and affectionately told, without any pretension to romance or startling incidents; but agreeable and interesting in its very simplicity.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia:—

COSMOS: *a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German by E. C. Otte and B. H. Paul, Ph. D., F. C. S. Vol. 4.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS. Edited by Robert Chambers. In four volumes. Vol. 2. We have noticed this as a very full and superior edition of the works of the Scottish poet.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF BARTHOLOMEO GEORGE NIEBUHR. *With Essays on his Character and Influence.* By the Chevalier Bunsen, and Professors Brandis and Lorbell. The subject of these memoirs was an able historian and statesman, and early in his career laid the foundations of a reputation which grew brighter as his years increased.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through W. S. MARTIN, 144 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

THE "FRIEND OF MOSES;" *or, the Defence of the Pentateuch as the Production of Moses and an Inspired Document, against the Objections of Modern Scepticism.* By Wm. T. Hamilton, D. D., Pastor of the Government Street Church, Mobile, Ala. This is an able work of 552 pages, and on which the learned author appears to have bestowed a great amount of labor and critical research, and in which the sacred authority and the consistency of the Bible are maintained in a masterly manner. Such a volume will naturally attract the attention of all serious seekers after the truths of the Holy Scriptures.

WHAT NOW? *For Young Ladies leaving School.* By Charles T. Deems, President of Greensboro' Female College, N. C. This neat little volume contains a great deal of excellent advice, intended peculiarly for the class of young persons to whom it is addressed, but which will be found equally worthy of all educated Christian ladies.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZIEGLER, Philadelphia:—

ON THE STUDY OF WORDS. By Richard Chenevix French, B. D., Vicar of Itchenstoke, Hants; Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Oxford; and Professor of Divinity, King's College, London. From the second London edition, revised and corrected. There are many curious and useful things interspersed through these six lectures on words, which will greatly interest the student and the general reader.

BRONCHITIS AND KINDRED DISEASES, *in Language Adapted to Common Readers.* B. W. W. HALL, A. M., M. D.,

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New York. The author of this book is a gentleman who has had many years' experience in this and European countries, and who believes that he has adopted a system of practice for the treatment of consumption which has been attended with encouraging success.

LILLIAN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Winthrop Mackworth Praed. Now first collected. The present edition of these poems is represented to be much more full than any hitherto published. A brilliant fancy, a warm heart, a playful and agreeable style, and a close adherence to the truthfulness of nature, are the peculiar characteristics of the author of these poems.

From W. HILDREDGE, New York, through LEARY & Co., 198 North Second Street, Philadelphia:—

CALIFORNIA ILLUSTRATED: *including a Description of the Panama and Nicaragua Routes.* By a returned Californian. This is a fine volume of more than two hundred pages, with numerous illustrations, in which the author claims that he has endeavored to convey a correct impression of the country, and to have stated only such facts as fell under his own observation.

From DEWITT & DAVENPORT, Tribune Building, New York:—

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JACOB C. ARMSTRONG. A very interesting narrative, and full of stirring incidents.

From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston and Cambridge:—

THE AMERICAN MATRON; *or, Practical and Scientific Cookery.* By a Housekeeper. The above publishers seldom send forth an indifferent work. Their books are good of their kind, as well as good in all belonging to the printer's art. This "American Matron" shows a marked advance in the science of domestic economy, from the books that used to treat only of cookery. Mrs. Child led the way in this kind of literature: her "Frugal Housewife" was an original and sensible little book. She has been followed by a number of our best lady writers, each endeavoring to add some new and useful feature to her own work. The author of this last has given a capital preface, containing facts and suggestions of much value to every housekeeper. The science of preparing food is of great importance; every effort to advance it deserves encouragement and praise.

APPLETON'S POPULAR LIBRARY. An agreeable collection of beautifully printed and tastefully bound volumes, for family reading, at the remarkably low price of fifty cents a volume. Books that, when once read, are not to be thrown by, but will bear re-reading and learning, both from their intrinsic value and the durable style in which they are published. The motto from Cicero is very aptly chosen; a good quotation being an excellent thing, and going a great way as an introduction.

"Books to quicken the intelligence of youth, delight age, elevate prosperity, shelter and solace us in adversity, loving enjoyment at home, befriend us out of doors, pass the night with us, travel with us, go to the country with us."

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL has sweet, womanly grace and excellence portrayed; but most of our readers are familiar with the volume ere this.

In another view, we have "THACKERAY'S YELLOW-PLUSH PAPERS," somewhat of the "Vanity Fair" school, purporting to be the private memoirs of James Yellowplush, footman; that is to say, of his various masters, on the principle that "our servants know more of our affairs than we do ourselves." The history of Mr. Deuceace is a

startling comment upon the selfish hollowness of fashionable life and principles.

THE PARIS SKETCH-BOOK, by the same clever author, forms two volumes of the same series; papers upon leading incidents and topics of conversation in the gay French capital, at the time of Mr. Thackeray's visit. George Sand and the disciples of the new school are admirably discussed, in a fire of scorching satire; French actors and dramas, authors and fashions, are clearly hit off in succeeding papers.

To the gayeties of the collection also belong "THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS," a volume that has been the subject of much criticism and controversy abroad, and abounding in strong, racy wit of prose and verse, the pretended ghost stories serving as vehicles for the author's natural drollery. Some have raised the cry of coarseness; and we must say there is, at least, considerable daring in the conception and execution; but the wit is undeniable, and we leave caviling to the reader.

To the "GAYETIES AND GRAVITIES OF HORACE SMITH," no objection can be made. The author of "Rejected Address" was a moralist as well as humorist; and the fine vein of sentiment which pervades what he has written reminds us of Lamb, Hood, and our own Neal; since

"The root of some grave, earnest thought is understuck so rightly,

As to justify the flowers and fruit of the waving tree above."

"My Kettle," "The Chapter on Noses," "Lips and Kissing," "The State and Post Nuptial Journal," are among the good things bound up in these pages.

For travels—and what is a family library without its travels and adventures?—we have "HUC'S JOURNEY THROUGH TARTARY, THIBET, AND CHINA," comparatively untrodden ground, and described with naïve simplicity and freshness by the tourist, a Catholic priest, on a perilous and romantic expedition. It was accomplished in the years of 1844, '5, and '6, and a full journal kept of adventures, perils, manners and customs of the people, etc. etc., from which the present volumes are condensed. It is a valuable as well as entertaining record.

The "London Times," "whose leaders are finished essays," and the "Quarterly Review," have furnished two delightful volumes of criticisms and essays. We have already quoted, in our "Centre-Table Gossip," a paper entitled, "The Art of Dress," from the last, a paper which we commend to our lady readers in full. "Music" is also admirable. The essays from the "London Times" are not, as might be supposed, only of political or passing interest. They have been carefully selected, and commend themselves to the cultivated reader. The "Appleton Library" has claims to the attention of every household that eschews useless light reading.

#### NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia: "Waverly Novels." Abbotsford edition. "Guy Mannering; or, the Astrologer." Handsomely printed and illustrated. The second volume of the edition has also been received, containing "The Antiquary," "The Black Dwarf," and "Old Mortality." The best edition published, and very cheap.

From W. B. Ziebler, Philadelphia: "Chambers's Pocket Miscellany." Vol. 2. Price 20 cents.

From John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, through T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "The Spawwife; or, the Queen's Secret." A story of the times of Queen Elizabeth. By Paul Peppergrass, Esq., author of "Shandy Maguire." Part 1. This work is to be completed in four parts, at 25 cents. It is from the pen of an able and practiced writer, who, however, is very evidently no admirer of the "good Queen Bess."

From T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "Viola; or, Adventures in the Far West." By Emmerson Bennett, author of the "Prairie Flower," to which the present work is "a companion." Price 25 cents.—"The Necromancer; or, the Mysteries of the Court of Henry the Eighth." Printed from the advanced sheets purchased from the author in London. By George W. M. Reynolds, author of the "Mysteries of the Court of London."—"The Gypsy's Daughter." A Novel. By Mrs. Grey, author of the "Gambler's Wife." etc. etc. Three English volumes complete in one. Price 25 cents. We recognize in the incidents of this work, and in their relation, the imagination and the pen of a very superior writer.

From George P. Putnam, New York, through Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia: "The Napoleon Ballads." By Don Gaultier. The poetical works of Louis Napoleon, now first translated into plain English. These ballads are very clever satires on the man who is himself a living satire on the republican progress of France.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: No. 172 of the "Library of Select Novels." "Pequinillo: a Tale." By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Aids and Obstacles," etc. etc.

From Dewitt & Davenport, New York: "Kate Penrose; or, Life and its Lessons." By Miss Hubbuck, author of "The Wife's Sister," etc. This is a novel of very superior merit, chaste and agreeable in style, as well as in its morality and sentiments.

From Hermann J. Meyer, 164 William Street, New York, through W. B. Ziebler, Philadelphia: Vol. 1, Part 1, of "Meyer's Universum." This is the commencement of a half-monthly publication, illustrated with engravings from drawings by the first artists. It will contain forty-eight plates in the first volume, and is sold at the low price of twenty-five cents each part. The work will present views of the most remarkable places and objects of all countries, in steel engravings by distinguished artists, with descriptive and historical text, by eminent writers in Europe and America. Edited by Charles A. Dana.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

**INFLUENCES OF THE "LADY'S BOOK."**—Our good friend of the "Arkansas Traveller," after saying that "Godey seems—and justly, too—to be the universal favorite of the ladies," adds the following expressive sentence: "Those husbands who do not lay this popular work on their wives' centre-table, should not be furnished with good dinners and clean shirts. The neglect is unpardonable." Now we do most solemnly assure our friend that the last idea that could ever enter our head or our heart, would be that of carrying dissensions into families, and especially of creating unhappiness between man and wife! Our book is emphatically *the* "Lady's Book," and hence it is next to an impossibility that it should ever teach anything unbecoming a lady; and therefore we hope, nay, we feel confident that its influences, present or absent, will never deprive a good husband of a good dinner, or of the luxury of a clean shirt. It does seem, however, without any intention on our part, that such things do happen, and that the only means of preventing results so disastrous, is for the husband to subscribe without delay.

A short time since, we received a very agreeable letter from one of our old subscribers, who had previously declined renewing his subscription, assuring us that he found it impossible to get along good-humoredly in his family circle without the "Book." Soon after it was discontinued, he said his wife had, on one occasion, positively refused to mend his clothes, when her aid in that branch of housewifery had been suddenly and urgently required, unless he would consent to send forthwith for the "Lady's Book." He had the good sense, he tells us, to submit at once to the demand, and inclosed the amount of two years' subscription, informing us, at the same time, that he had been convinced that the "Book" was a promoter of peace and cheerfulness, which he had found absolutely essential to the well-being of his family. We give these facts, in connection with the opinions of the "Arkansas Traveller," simply expressing the hope that no prudent husband will go without a good dinner, a clean shirt, or without a darn or a patch on his clothes, *on our account!* The "Book" is always at the command of our friends.

**BELMONT HALL, SCHOOLER'S MOUNTAIN, N. J.**—This fashionable and favorite summer retreat, having undergone a thorough repair, was opened for visitors in the early part of the season, under the judicious management of Mrs. E. A. Hinchman. The great celebrity of the springs, on account of their medicinal qualities, and the romantic beauty of the scenery by which they are surrounded, together with the established ability of the lady in charge, will doubtless attract a crowd of visitors, anxious to escape from the heat and enervating influences of our large cities during the warm season.

**STEAMBOATS GENERAL McDONALD AND THOMAS POWELL.**—These swift and splendidly arranged steamboats are now employed in conveying passengers between Cape May and Philadelphia. Better boats, or finer accommodations, could not be required or expected by the most careful and timid of the travelling public. G. H. Huddell, Esq., fills the place on this and the Baltimore Railroad and steamboat lines, which is filled with so much ability, and with such

great confidence and satisfaction to the public, on the New York line, by W. H. Gatzmer, Esq. With such men to manage and to select, the conveyance of travellers, whether by steamboat or railroad, is always performed, by all concerned, as a responsible and conscientious duty, which looks as well to the comforts as to the safety of the passengers.

**IMITATORS.**—We thank our new friend of the "Burlington (N. J.) Gazette," for the very flattering notices he has been pleased to take of the "Lady's Book" since his devotion to the tripod. We particularly appreciate his allusion to imitations and imitators in his notice of the June number. We certainly have had enough of both to contend with for the last twenty years; yet, as our friend very justly remarks, have not only pursued our course unmoved and unchecked, but are still able to project something new every month for the benefit of those same imitators. By the way, it is rather a disagreeable fact to reflect upon, that in this country imitations are so numerous and so unblushingly made of everything that is not secured to the originator by copyright. No matter what new business a man may originate, what new path he may strike out from an old and worn-out road—no sooner has he opened his wares than an imitator and a competitor seats himself beside him, having filched his "thunder," and very likely his good name—no sooner has he entered on his new path than he finds it crowded with "envious imitators," anxious and determined to crush him if he does not get out of their way, or if he does not do as we have done, keep them continually in the rear by supplying them with something new to arrest and engage their powers of imitation. But the evidences of this curse of the times is not confined to literary, commercial, mechanical, and agricultural enterprises; we behold the same servility in the senate, in the pulpit, in the rostrum, and the lecture-room; nay, we behold them at every turn, among the monuments of our otherwise beautiful cemeteries. Laurel Hill, among other places, affords some sad specimens of the coolness, we had almost said the shamelessness, with which imitators can appropriate to themselves the chaste and original designs of others, until there have been raised so many monuments of similar structure and emblems, that they remind us of the verres that appear from day to day among the death notices in the "Ledger," without any other alteration than that of the name of the lamented deceased.

**A DELIGHTFUL TRIP.**—It does not always happen that the further we go from home, the greater will be our pleasure. We, too, have been abroad in our time, as well as others of our countrymen, some of whom affect to have been entranced and enraptured with Italian, Swiss, and all sorts of foreign scenery. We have always thought that our own Schuylkill, if not so classical in its reminiscences as the Arno, or the Thames, or the Tiber, is nevertheless more beautiful and refreshing than either of them—a brighter, purer, clearer stream, and surrounded by scenery far more picturesque and enchanting than they are. If any one doubts us in this matter, let him step on board the steamboat Washington, Captain Green, or the steamboat Frederick Graeff, Captain Cline, at Fairmount, and proceed to Laurel

Hill, the Falls, and Manayunk. If, after completing the voyage, the traveller is not pleased and delighted with the limpid stream, and the scenery on the banks and shores of the Schuylkill—if he does not confess that they are as charming and as enchanting as any he has ever witnessed abroad, then it will be our turn to doubt—either his judgment or his love of country.

But we have a few words to say for the kindness and the attention paid to passengers, especially to the juvenile travellers, who are generally the most numerous class on board, by the worthy captains of these steamboats. They are not only extremely careful of children, providing for their safety in every possible manner, but they are also very accommodating in their charges, generally compounding the expenses of the little parties in such a manner as to reduce them much below the regular fare. It is really amusing to see these boats, omnibus-like, moving from shore to shore whenever a passenger presents himself at any point on the route, the momentary stoppages serving rather to increase the interest in the voyage. They always have on board a plentiful supply of that greatest of all luxuries and refreshments at this season of the year, pure, cold ice-water. To Messrs. Bender and Wright are we indebted for this enterprise.

**WEST POINT HOTEL.**—This popular and healthy retreat during the summer months was opened early in the season by Mr. Cozens, a gentleman well known throughout the country as one of the most accomplished, agreeable, and accommodating hotel-keepers in that or any other region. The location of the hotel is delightful, affording the most picturesque scenery the eye could desire, and the purest air the lungs could inhale, and full, withal, of revolutionary and patriotic remembrances, dear to the heart of every American. It is exactly the spot to which the young statesman and soldier should retire for a while, to study the political and military history of the "Old Thirteen," and where the student of nature may seclude himself from the world, and calmly reflect upon the beauty and sublimity of all her works, thus nerving the minds of each to renewed and vigorous efforts in their respective pursuits. Meantime, the visitors will find Mr. Cozens to be attentive, assiduous, and unremitting in his efforts to make his house not merely the resting-place of the stranger, but the quiet and hospitable home of all who enter his doors.

**SATURDAY EVENING POST.**—This is the oldest, and has always been one of the most popular of the Philadelphia weeklies; and, we believe we may add very justly, one of the most prudent, consistent, and really meritorious in its character. It has, from its very commencement, maintained a high moral tone, while its literary department has evinced the management of able and discreet minds. Under its present editors and proprietors, the former reputation of the "Post" has not only been fully sustained, but it has been made to excel, in its varied excellencies, and consequently in its popularity, any past period in its existence. More faithful, industrious, and independent caterers for the public, through the medium of the press, we presume are not to be found engaged in its arduous duties in any other city of the Union.

**BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS.**—This is the name of a new article for the toilet, extracted from plants and flowers, and which is of the most agreeable perfume and peculiarly pleasant in its operation. It would be impossible, in a brief notice, to detail all the uses to which it may be applied, or one-half the benefits which are said to result from its application. Suffice it to say that it imparts, as we

have been told, a delightful softness to the skin; removes cutaneous eruptions; is an emollient for the hair, giving it a soft and glossy richness; it is not surpassed by any dentifrice for arresting the decay of teeth, in preserving them, and rendering them clean and white as alabaster; for shaving, also, it is superior; and, in short, answers the purpose of some half a dozen compounds now designed for the toilet, the nursery, and the bath, and for all which it has been recommended by the faculty of London and Paris. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street, is the agent here for Fetridge & Co., of Boston, the patentees of this celebrated compound.

**LACEMAKERS OF BOHEMIA.**—Recent intelligence from Europe informs us that at present great misery exists among the lacemaking population in the mountain villages of Bohemia. It is stated that the unfortunate people descend in bands upon the low country to beg for subsistence, many perishing of hunger by the wayside. This destitution, and the consequent sufferings, are caused by the famine which has prevailed in several of the most populous districts of Germany. But it is not perhaps generally known, even among those who most highly prize the delicate fabrics of the lacemakers, that those fabrics are made at the cost of sight, of health, and of life. In order that the threads or fibres, of which the finest laces are formed, may sustain sufficient strength to hold together during the operation, the lacemakers are obliged to perform their tasks in damp cellars, into which only a single concentrated ray of light is admitted from above; and, consequently, so destructive upon the sight and the health is the occupation, that they seldom come from their cells until one or both are destroyed. How few of our fashionable ladies reflect upon this melancholy fact, while decorating their persons with the productions of impoverished and life-killing labor!

**NEW OPERA HOUSE.**—Many of our readers are aware that an act was passed by the last Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania, authorizing companies in the cities of New York and Philadelphia to erect new Opera Houses on large and magnificent scales, competing with the very best in London or Paris. So far, the movement in both cities is an excellent one; but then there are some of the details, as we have seen them published, which, in our opinion, will prevent the success of any such undertakings. One of the articles before us, in relation to the proposed opera house in Philadelphia, says that, "in order to meet the tastes of all classes of visitors, the house will contain boxes with elegant drawing-rooms attached to each, private inclosed boxes, open private boxes, public boxes, single chairs and sofas, and the boxes varying in capacity from four up to twelve seats." In addition to these exclusive classifications of seats, and of the visitors, we have been told that the stockholders are to form still another class, with their families, who shall be entitled to seats set apart expressly for their convenience. Now, we do not mean to raise a question of precedence, or of equality, in this republican land, but we do intend freely to express the opinion that all such distinction in places of public resort for amusement must fall of receiving the adequate support. In the present state of American society, it will be found impossible to arrange a theatre for *classes*, without leaving the impression on the mind that the class that occupies the first class boxes are, indeed, assuming to be the first class people; that those occupying the second class boxes are, consequently, a little inferior; and so on down to an imaginary inferiority, which, after all, is only to be discovered in the depth of purses, or in the honesty and prudence which keep certain people within their actual means.

In all attempts to construct or to sustain places of amuse-

ment on such principles as have here been laid down, we can see only disappointment and failure. For saying this, we have the example of the Astor Opera House before us, and we have also some reminiscences of the silly attempts that were made a few years since to classify the arrangements, and consequently the visitors, of the Chestnut Street Theatre. The fact is, until we have a law-established nobility, and a permanent aristocracy, such as they have in England and on the continent of enslaved Europe, no such distinctions will be tolerated. Not that there will be a war proclaimed against those who make the attempt; but because the self-respect which is inherent in every American heart will not permit those who attend public theatres or opera houses to submit to classifications, made by those who can only *assume* to be above them to-day, but who may be far below them, in point of fact, to-morrow.

In these remarks, we beg to be understood as not making the least reference to the worthy and highly respectable gentlemen whose names are included in the act of incorporation. We have been speaking only of the objectionable features of the proposed *plan* and classifying arrangements of the house, and drawing our arguments from ascertained and long-established public opinion.

In regard to the proposed New York opera house, the same objections have been forcibly urged by a cotemporary. Alluding to the Astor Place Opera House, he says, "The monopoly of the best seats by certain subscribers and stockholders of the Astor Place Opera House, has been the great objection and great drawback to that establishment. To the masses of the rest of the community, it has an appearance of exclusiveness and monopoly which will not be tolerated by them. The stockholders in the new opera house must place themselves on the same level with the rest of the community, and not arrogate any particular rights to themselves, merely because they may have subscribed to, or been stockholders in the speculation."

**THE AZTEC CHILDREN.**—Along with many thousands of our fellow-citizens, we have paid several most agreeable visits to those diminutive, but perfect specimens of humanity, the Aztec children. As to the origin of these singular little beings we do not feel called upon to give an opinion. They may be just what they are represented to be, or they may have sprung from a very different source. But, whatever else they may be, they are at least very great curiosities, and most wonderful representatives of the diversified family of man. Without waiting, therefore, to make any philosophical inquiries into their beginning, the probable design of their creation, or the end for which they were born into the world, we pass to the simple fact that they have been here in our midst, and have been viewed with astonishment by all beholders. Without being dwarfs, they are certainly the smallest specimens of humanity, fully and even beautifully developed, that have ever been seen or described, except through the imagination of Swift, who, were he consulted by a spiritual medium, would probably recognize them as the veritable offspring of some of his old friends in Lilliput. They have the senses in the ordinary perfection; they are intelligent, playful, and happy; and seem fully to understand that they are the points of attraction which bring together so many curious and admiring people. But what more can we say in regard to these little curiosities, when we see that the learned Medical Convention of Pennsylvania, before whom they were exhibited, could do no more than unanimously resolve that they were highly interesting specimens of diminutive human beings, well worthy the attention of the naturalist and physician. Truly, we have nothing more to add to this explicit declaration than the assurance given

by a cotemporary, to the effect that the exhibitors are gentlemen of the most perfect urbanity, and ready to answer all questions relative to the children under their charge. There is nothing repulsive in their appearance; on the contrary, they are rather pleasing objects to contemplate.

Our neighbors, Wagner & McGuigan, have sent us their business card, very beautifully printed in colors, from their lithographic and steam power printing establishment, Athenian Buildings, Franklin Place. We greatly admire the figures and the coloring of the card, and sincerely hope that the spirit of its motto—"Encourage American Arts"—will be amply realized by the encouragement extended to their skill and industry. We have before us a fine specimen of their art, in the portrait of Colonel Thomas B. Florence, representative in Congress from the third district.

We have been favored with several very finely drawn and colored plates from P. S. Duval, of Philadelphia. They were drawn on stone by C. Schuetele, and printed in colors by Mr. Duval, and are very beautiful specimens of the perfection to which the lithographic art has attained. The principal figures are those of Washington and Lafayette, and the "Death Cry," and two most gorgeous representations of flowers. Such efforts to excel will doubtless receive the approbation and patronage of the American public.

We have received several numbers of the "Massasoit Balance and Waltham Advocate," published at Waltham, Mass., by our old and excellent friend, J. F. Kelly, Esq. and Company. Of the company we profess to know nothing, but presume it to be excellent, otherwise our friend would not have fallen into it. Of the principal we can say truly, that he is a good-hearted, clever fellow, a man of talents and of singular humor, and therefore deserving of all the encouragement and prosperity he can receive, through a long list of gentlemanly, paying subscribers to his very neatly printed and ably edited paper.

**FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM.**—The other day, this beautiful and ably conducted weekly came to us clothed in a new suite of type, and printed upon white and firm paper. The "ITEM" is now one of the largest and handsomest of our weeklies. All who take an interest in business, literature, the fine arts, music, and the drama, are recommended to subscribe to it. On these, and kindred subjects, it has ever been regarded a first-rate authority. Every family, every gentleman and lady of taste and leisure in the country, should take "Fitzgerald's City Item." It is furnished at the moderate price of two dollars a year, in advance. Address Fitzgerald & Co., 46 South Third Street, Philadelphia (post-paid).

**SEVEN MILE MIRROR.**—This beautiful picture, or series of pictures, ought to be seen by every person. While in this city, it attracted crowds. Some of the principal scenes depicted are Falls of Niagara, Chippewa, Shores of the St. Lawrence and its numerous Islands, Quebec, Falls of Montmorency, a Snow Storm, &c. The incidental parts are well managed, the light and shade beautifully diversified.

THE sale of the "scrap plates" advertised on our cover has been so great, that we have been obliged to publish a second edition. This will account for the delay to those who have remitted. Several plates have been added, and we again offer this unique collection for fifty cents. The "Michigan Whig," in noticing these engravings, says:—

"GODEY'S GALLERY OF SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS, FROM PICTURES BY

**PICTURES BY THE FIRST MASTERS.**—This is the title of a collection of some thirty or more beautiful engravings, colored and plain, apparently selected from amongst the most choice which have appeared in the 'Lady's Book.' A more tasteful present for a lady could hardly be devised. The impressions are good, and the collection would form an invaluable contribution to an album, or an appropriate and elegant ornament for a drawing-room table."

**A YOUNG AUTHOR ASKS OF US ADVICE.**—We commence: In the first place, pay postage on your communications. *To be continued.*

WE have reason to feel proud of our immense increase for the last three months. It shows that the public, like individuals, never can forget their first love. The "Freeport Journal" says, "Godey's magazine now contains more and better reading than any of the Philadelphia magazines, and it is needless for us to say that, in embellishments, it always has been the best."

The "Danbury Times" comments in this wise: "Godey now gives as much reading matter as other magazines, with the addition of fine steel plates."

WE copy a few from the many complimentary letters daily received. Our exchanges are always true to us and themselves. They have stood by us for twenty-two years, and we most heartily thank them.

No. 1 is a most excellent letter; it contains two points, one complimentary to the "Book," and the other a superb hint to those who owe.

"GREENSBORO, Md.

"MR. L. A. GODEY—SIR: If I were bidden to a marriage or a feast, I doubt much if I would defer my attendance until the eleventh hour; but infinite more delight and profit have I derived from the periodical visits of your valuable 'Book' than the gayeties of one, or even many evenings, however delightful, could afford me; and still I find myself giving suitable acknowledgments only at the last moment. I have thereby not only done you, but myself injustice; for I can never enjoy the reading of a paper or book entirely, with the ghost of a three dollar bill due obtruding itself upon my imagination. I believe the *terms* are three dollars, if paid within the year, and now, as the twilight of the year is closing around us, I remit you six dollars, my subscription for the past and coming year.

"As good wishes cannot be obtrusive, allow me to say, I hope this gem of the monthlies has a long race yet to run, pleasant and profitable to both readers and editors!

"Respectfully, M. A. T."

No. 2 is a comparative letter:—

"EAST PITTSBORO, Maine.

"MR. GODEY—DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure of sending you four subscribers, to be added to the list of six I sent you before. This will make a club of ten; and I have a prospect of obtaining more.

"Already the merits of 'Godey' and 'Graham' are compared and discussed, most scientifically, by our good people, and I am happy to say the ladies are unanimous in favor of the former. How could it be otherwise?

"Yours, &c., J. T. S."

No. 3 is a letter from an editor, giving his opinion in writing:—

"ROCKERSVILLE, Tenn.

"L. A. GODEY: I can assure you, sir, that I am a friend to your work. Your magazine is doing more good to-day, in my humble opinion, by circulating a fine, high-toned literature throughout the length and breadth of the repub-

lic, than any other work. It ought to be a source of pride to you, too, to know that yours is the *leading* literary periodical of the Union. The others are *good*; but *can* only compels their most ardent friends to confess that they are simply imitations of 'Godey's Lady's Book': they are striving to be what you *already* are.

"It will give me much pleasure to receive your 'Book' monthly during the year '52; and, if I can do you any service in this neighborhood, you have but to inform me to secure immediate attention to it.

"Yours, very truly, L. S. P."

"ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE" commences a new year in September. Now is the time to subscribe to this valuable paper. It will be seen by the advertisement on our cover, that we offer the "Lady's Book" one year, and "Arthur's Home Gazette" one year, for four dollars.

In noticing that useful article, the "Sewing Bird," in our June number, we committed an error in the name of the inventor. It should be C. E. Stearns, Middletown, Conn.

WE return our thanks to Jas. R. Armstrong, of Columbus, O., for the "Sixth Annual Report of the Board of Agriculture of the State of Ohio, for the year 1851, to the Fiftieth General Assembly."

OUR subscribers will please remember that we have no travelling agents, and that their remittances must be made directly to us; and that they may do so speedily is our most earnest wish. We sent bills to all subscribers indebted to us in our May number, that each might see the amount of his indebtedness.

## Receipts, &c.

**THE CURATE'S PUDDING.**—To one pound of mashed potatoes, while hot, add four ounces of suet and two ounces of flour, a little salt, and as much milk as will give it the consistency of common suet pudding. Put it into a dish, or roll it into dumplings, and bake a fine brown.

**SINGING** is exceedingly beneficial in indigestion, as well as in cases of weakness of the lungs; but the opinion of a medical practitioner should be taken before a child, supposed to be consumptive, is allowed to sing; for, if an inflammatory tendency exists, the exertion will be highly dangerous. A liability to indigestion has been cured by regular lessons in singing.

**TO MAKE SNOW BALLS.**—Swell half a pound of rice in water with a roll of lemon-peel until tender, and drain it. Divide it into five parts, and roll a pared apple, cored, and the hole filled with sugar and cinnamon, into each heap, tying them up tightly in separate cloths. Boil for an hour, and serve with pudding sauce.

**TO MAKE CAKES THAT WILL KEEP FOR SOME TIME.**—Mix two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, and one ounce of cereals, with four or five eggs and a few spoonfuls of water, to make a stiff paste; roll it thin, and cut it to any shape. Bake on tins lightly floured. While baking, boil a pound of sugar in a pint of water to a thin syrup; while both are hot, dip each cake into it, and put them on tins into the oven to dry for a short time; and, when the oven is cooler still, return them there again, and let them stay four or five hours.



## Centre-Table Gossip.

### MODERN PIANO FORTE PLAYING.

WE have a nice, old-fashioned aunt who cannot understand, though she has been a long time trying to, why young ladies are always having "music lessons." In her day, "two quarters," or at most three, were deemed sufficient for that most expensive accomplishment, and the performer was then ready to play quicksteps, marches, reels, and, more latterly, cotillions, for the country round. "The Battle of Prague" was the test of a remarkable execution, and the "Storm Rondo" an Alp on Alps of musical performance, which few had the daring to attempt. But there were Scotch ballads, and sweet Irish, Scotch, and even Italian airs, that moved the listener to sad or pleasant reveries, played with feeling and expression as they often were, which surpassed the triumphs of execution, and fatigued neither the ear nor the attention.

But those unsophisticated days have passed. The importation of European pianists has changed the current of taste, and, especially since the thunders of De Meyer, *impossibilities* "are your only hearing." Music composed for the most accomplished masters has been republished, and is attempted on all sides by amateurs, who give all the noise and the notes, it is true, but cannot hope to attain the grace and ease which, under the hands of the composers, brought pleasure as well as astonishment. They cannot condescend to play a simple air, even were it one of Rossini's; it is so draped by variations and muffled by "movements," that the composer himself would scarcely recognize a favorite child, in the skipping, tripping, waving, thundering production which it has been educated to. "Oh, play that simple air again!" is a song we can never find use for in these accomplished days. It is to accomplish all these prodigies of execution that the music-master is so constantly "abroad," and fashionable young ladies give so much time and exertion to practice. But the best description we have ever seen of their efforts we quote from the clever pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall, which, like the ruby mouth of the fairy tale princess, is ever dropping pearls of sense or sentiment. The young lady has been invited to play by a gentleman of the old school:—

"She obeyed with prompt politeness. Her white hands, gemmed with jewels, flew over the keys like winged seraphs; they bewildered the eye by the rapidity of their movements. The instrument thundered; but the thunder was so continuous that *there was no echo*! 'The contrast will come by and by,' thought the disciple of the old school: 'there must be some shadow to throw up the lights.'

"Thunder—crash—thunder—crash—drum—rattle—a confused, though eloquent running backwards and forwards of sounds, the rings flashing like lightning! Another crash—louder—a great deal of crossing hands—violent strides from one end of the instrument to the other—prodigious displays of strength on the part of the fair performer—a terrific shake! 'What desperate exertion!' thought the general; 'and all to produce a soulless noise.' Then followed a fearful banditti of octaves—another crash, louder and more prolonged than the rest; and she looked up with a triumphant smile—a smile conveying the same idea as the pause of an opera-dancer after a most wonderful *pirouette*.

"Do you keep a tuner in the house, my dear young lady?" inquired the general.

"If a look could have annihilated, he would have crumbled into ashes.

"And that is fashionable music," he continued. "I have lived so long out of England, only hearing the music of Beethoven, and Mozart, and Mendelssohn, I was not aware that noise was substituted for power, and that execution had banished expression. Dear me!—why, the piano is vibrating at this moment! Poor thing! How long does a piano last you?"

### OUR WORK-BASKET.

Of course, our centre-table has its work-basket; and acting upon this supposition, we find it, this bright morning, enriched by a package of patent "Helix Drilled-Eyed Needles," of assorted sizes, scissors that would be dear to the lovers of shining English cutlery, and a penknife to mend the pencil with which our desk is expected to be supplied. Our acknowledgments are certainly due to the importers, E. C. Pratt & Brother, of this city, for them, as well as the information with regard to really good needles which we requested from them. Our lady readers must have noticed how easily the eye of a bad needle severs the thread, making those untidy inequalities in the seam, as well as wasting the time of the seamstress. An English house has secured a patent obviating this. The eye of almost every needle, when examined by a microscope, has a spiral series of brilliant and extremely sharp edges. The manufacture of the patent needles obviating this, is thus briefly described: The needles are set up in the machine with great precision in parallel rows, and helices are passed through their eyes with great rapidity, removing even the most microscopic inequality. This explains a fault which ladies often observe, and, at the same time, secures them against annoyances. We have already yielded to the feminine impulse of trying them, and therefore speak from experience of the smoothly gliding thread following their even way.

### BOOKS FOR THE CENTRE-TABLE.

We are very apt to form our notions of the members of the home circle from the books we find upon the table, for we know that the spirit partakes of the nature of its sustenance.

The showy annuals, in their gilt bindings, one so often sees, promise little more than graceful, showy girls, as elegant, but as useless, as their favorite light reading. Neither are histories or grave essays exactly in their place in the room where visitors are to be entertained, or cheerful household talk to be carried on. Study has its own consecrated nook, but the household volume should possess its own characteristic of grace, purity, and real interest. We have before mentioned new books that would seem to possess these characteristics, and since then several more have been added to our list.

In strange contrast, we find the lives of "*Margaret Fuller*" and "*Margaret Godolphin*," the first the type of the

intellectual woman, the latter the embodiment of all domestic and Christian excellence, combined with rare intelligence and elegance of manner.

"Polite as she in courts had ever been;  
Yet good as she the world had never seen."

In her journal, in her letters, in the thousand delicate and feminine traits of character recorded by her friend, John Evelyn—himself the pattern of a true gentleman—we find her preserving the purity and dignity of her woman's nature, "keeping her garments white" in the midst of the corruptions of the most dissipated court that ever has sullied the fair fame of England. The touching, yet simple story of her love and death has, withal, its own romance, and we commend the volume especially to our young lady readers as an example that cannot fail to brighten their own hearts and lives.

"*Madeline*," by Julia Kavanagh, is a tale of peasant love and steadfastness; a delineation of that strong, self-denying, faithful spirit, that seems nursed only amid rugged hills and hardy mountain air. "*Madeline*" has a word of reproof for those who fold their hands idly in life's harvest-field, because the object they had marked out is taken from them, leaving a lonely home and hearth.

There is also another volume from the same pen, and marked with the same vigorous and delicate characteristics of style and manner. "*Women of Christianity*," a simple, yet touching record of their faith and charity; the noble Julia and Paula, the faithful Monica, Margaret of Scotland, Elizabeth of Hungary, with many others of later and more modern times, show us a true type of womanhood. Such books as these have more than a passing influence on the home circle, and every mother may safely commend them to her daughter's hands.

The Appleton Brothers, of New York, send us these admirable works, together with "*Hearts Unveiled*," an American tale, by S. E. Saymore, which has also food for thought.

#### POETICAL ENIGMA.

We have received several poetical responses to our last enigma, "*Lady Grey*;" one by Annie E. Rushton, and another by S. W. T. We give one below with rather less sentiment, but one of the very cleverest we ever have seen, for which we solicit the same kind attention.

#### MY AUNT.

My aunt, at her mansion on Mulberry Green,  
Was a kind-hearted lady as ever was seen;  
For true hospitality, friendship, and mirth,  
There was not a more good-natured creature on earth.  
She wrote to me thus: "My dear nephew, come down,  
You need relaxation from duties in town;  
Dogs, horses, and guns, at your service shall be,  
If you like to enjoy a snug fortnight with me.  
But as I, upon second thoughts, think you 'll prefer  
A young friend to a 'crusty old woman like me,'  
You may bring one or two good companions—and all  
Shall find a warm welcome at Mulberry Hall."

Well, I thought, such a kind invitation as this—  
With such pleasures in prospect—'twere folly to miss;  
So, with cheerful Bob Goodwill and Theodore Bright,  
I spent the first week in incessant delight,  
And said, "Aunt, I have profited finely, you see,  
By the friendly indulgence you granted to me;  
I have strictly adhered to your liberal tone,  
And have made your nice house and your servants my  
own."

Three words, of one syllable each, she replied,  
And I cantered off briskly—my blushes to hide.

I soon joined my friends and the bounds in full cry,  
And no one could feel more delighted than I.  
The breeze was refreshing—the sun's early ray  
Was expanding around into beautiful day;  
The scent of the hawthorn, the lark in loud song,  
So charmed me, as, heedless, I galloped along,  
That, careless of all but the bounds and the horns,  
We fell in a ditch full of briars and thorns.  
With scrambling, and kicking, and pulling, my horse  
Was soon out of this awkward dilemma, of course;  
But alas, in the struggle, I nearly was stripped,  
And every seam in my coat was unript!

My mortification, at seeing my aunt,  
In my woful condition, describe it I can't;  
She laughed, as my prison I made my way through,  
And held out my coat, and said, "What shall I do?"

Her reply was the very same words as before  
Pronounced—the real words are for you to explore.

#### IDLE HOURS.

It is Miss Leslie who says, "We would think a lady never had but two dresses in her life before marriage, by the quantity purchased and made for the bridal." We do not quote the words exactly, perhaps, but such is the sentiment. And a very natural conclusion it seems; this inundation of dresses is a custom as fixed and unalterable as that which insists on every stitch in the whole trousseau being set, leaving the poor bride nothing but folded hands after the wedding-day is over. The hurry of six months is succeeded by an appalling calm; there is not even the lace of a cap or handkerchief to be sewn on, or an apron to be hemmed; and listless ennui threatens the bride of a month.

We have lately heard of one—a sober, New England citywoman—who was discovered sitting on the carpet of her elegantly furnished apartment playing *solitaire*, the cards spread out upon an ottoman before her. What a picture to illustrate our theme—the husband gone to business, the wife tired of the piano, too heedless for reading, and with an empty work-basket! We should have prescribed a set of house-linen immediately; there is nothing like the needle to tranquillize the mind and raise the spirits, if taken moderately. It reminds one of the old song—

I don't care two and sixpence now,  
For anything in life;  
My days of fun are over now,  
I'm married and a wife!  
I'm sick of sending wedding-cake,  
And eating wedding-dinners,  
And all the fun that people make  
With newly-wed beginners.

I wonder if this state be what  
Folks call the honey-moon?  
If so, upon my word, I hope  
It will be over soon!  
I cannot read, I cannot think,  
All plans are at an end;  
I scarcely know one thing to do—  
My time I cannot spend!

Think of it, ye fair *fiancées*, and, by the warning, do not exhaust your stock of work and plans; for, where idleness is, discontent is sure to creep in.

## Fashions.

### NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, *the Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake boxes, envelopes, etc. etc., will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

*Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq., who will be responsible for the amount, and the early execution of commissions.*

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Stewart's, bonnets from Miss Wharton's, jewelry from Bailey's, Warden's, Philadelphia, or Tiffany's, New York, if requested.

### THE NURSERY.

We have long since promised a continuation of our nursery articles, and now that the August dearth of news items gives us space, we go on to the consideration of that important point in a child's toilet, the introduction of short clothes.

The age at which this becomes advisable is somewhat a matter of opinion and circumstance, some mothers adopting the abbreviation as early as four months, others keeping the graceful sweep of long drapery twice that time. The season, too, must be consulted. It is not advisable to expose the little creature to the chance of taking cold in the severity of winter, or the inclemency of fall and spring. But somewhere between the ages of four and eight months the newcomer seems to crave a freer use of limb than the swaddling clothes will permit; and the disposition to creep about the carpet which now becomes developed, is also impeded by them.

Many mothers lay aside the long dresses, and procure an entirely new wardrobe, which should be made up, save the skirt, much after the fashion of those for which we have already given directions. Others think it easier to tuck up the skirts, and, if need be, widen the waists of the dresses already in use. It is decided economy to keep a child in white until it is a year old. It then always looks neat and clean, and its clothes are easily taken care of. Bird-eye aprons, made to come a little below the waist, will be found most serviceable, much more so than cambric or gingham. The material may be somewhat expensive at first, but it wears better than any other, and, when washed, always has a fresh, sweet look, appreciated, though perhaps not understood, by all fathers and uncles expected to kiss and admire. It is never in good taste to have aprons much trimmed; the neck may have its narrow edge of embroidery, but nothing more is needed.

For outside garments, there is the summer and winter cloak, the cap and hood. Caps seem now to be altogether the style for a child of a year old

and under; indeed, some mothers retain them after they are old enough to go toddling along by the nurse's side. Those most in use are of spotted Grecian net, fitting the head well, and lined throughout with a silk of some delicate shade. The border is a double *ruche*, also of wash or silk illusion, and the trimming consists of large rosettes, on one or both sides, composed of very narrow satin ribbon of the same hue as the lining. Blue is the favorite color; but a straw or pink tint is not unfrequently seen. For ordinary country wear, there is a neat drawn muslin cape bonnet, that can be washed and starched, and is never in any danger of spoiling. It is made of plain or drawn muslin, or cambric; the sharer the material the better, in our opinion. The brim is somewhat stiffened by cords, the crown plain and slightly elevated, with a bow at the back, of the same. For little girls of two years, white and blue silk drawn hats, of close cottage shape, are made, or light fancy straws. For boys, leghorn flats, with a narrow, rolling brim, are now in season, trimmed with a straw band and tassels, or white satin ribbon and small feather. There is also a straw cap that is very becoming for boys a little older, and less expensive flats of China pearl, plain braid, etc. We shall note the change in the fall, to felt hats and velvet caps, of Oakford or Genin patterns.

Very pretty summer cloaks for infants are made of white muslin or cambric, with a long, full skirt, and a round hood, lined with silk, instead of a cape. They will be found very convenient; and we have seen one at Miss Wharton's rooms, ordered for the South, of exquisite embroidered muslin, lined throughout with white Florence silk. The hood was also embroidered with a wreath, and drawn up with a broad bow and pendants of white pearl-edged ribbon. The edge was trimmed with costly Valenciennes, and the whole effect was wonderfully airy and delicate.

Winter cloaks are composed mostly of plain-colored cashmeres and merinos, embroidered either in braid or silk. The cost at a furnishing store is from ten to twenty-five dollars, according to the richness of material and decoration. A favorite style is a cloak made in the ordinary way, with a *sacque* with sleeves over it, that can also be removed

Fig. 1.

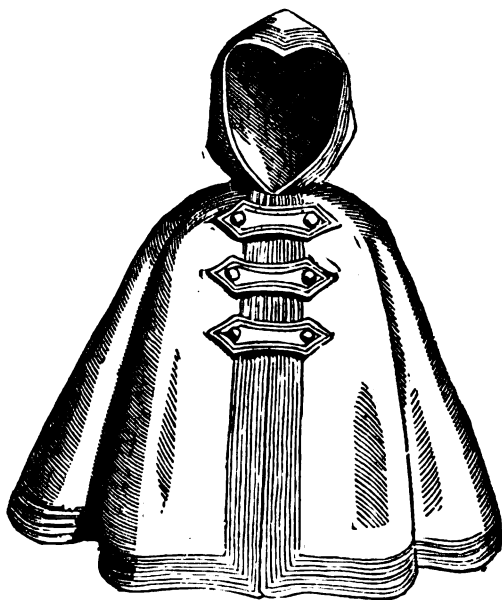


Fig. 2.

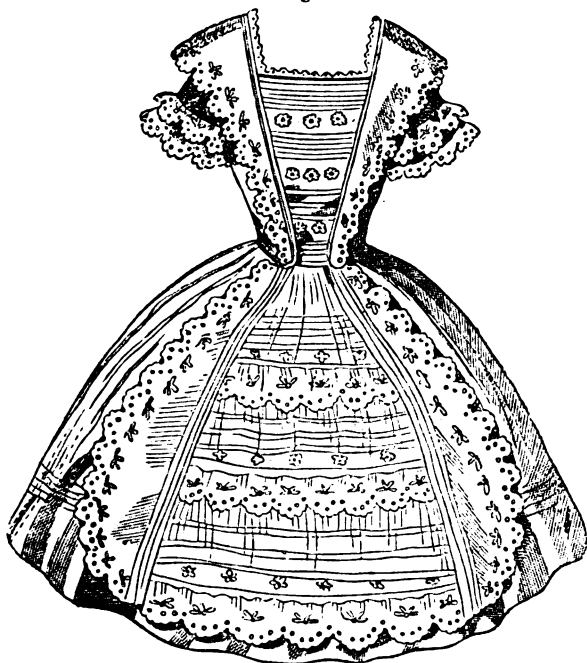


Fig. 3.



and worn separately in warmer weather. The embroidery surrounds the cloak, cape, and sleeves, the edge being a deep button-hole scallop. The most elegant are of white cashmere, lined throughout with white silk, the pattern being a deep wreath of grapes and tendrils. Mouse color, or fawn, lined with the same shade, and edged only with a deep scallop, will be found far more economical and serviceable.

Fig. 1 is a still newer French pattern, of white cashmere, with a hood of the same, that can be drawn up over the child's cap in damp or boisterous weather. It is lined throughout with silk, and trimmed with narrow braid, satin finish; lappels make it the more secure.

Fig. 2 is a very elaborate dress for a little girl of three or four years of age. It is of white cambric, the front of the skirt *en tablier*, or apron fashion, composed of rows of narrow tucks and alternate rich embroidery. The waist and sleeves are in the same style.

Fig. 3. Also a dress for a little girl, of tucked India or Nansook muslin. The tucks upon the skirt form the heading to two deep scalloped ruffles. The waist has a slight *basque*, also tucked and ruffled, and the sleeves correspond.

We give these as late and graceful fashions; but, nevertheless, recalling our first nursery rule to the attention of young mothers—the more simply a child is dressed, as a general thing, the better the effect.

A profusion of buttons, and cords, and gimps, is never in good taste, or, more especially, a mixture of the three. An undue quantity of braiding always gives a tawdry effect, reminding one of the "infant phenomenon," whose nankeens were "bedecked with braid, buttons, and gingerbread." For little boys hovering between dresses and the first pair of "pantaloons," we recommend short trousers or drawers of white linen, and cambric sacques of plain colors, pale green, blue, pink, or buff, with a narrow edge of white braid in parallel rows. They should be made low in the neck, very loose, and with short sleeves. A broad belt of patent leather will confine them sufficiently at the waist. For the street, high brown-linen aprons, of sacque pattern, are a sufficient protection, the belt to be worn upon the outside, sleeves long.

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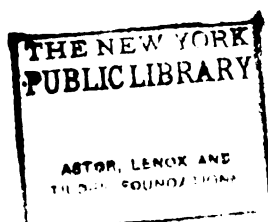
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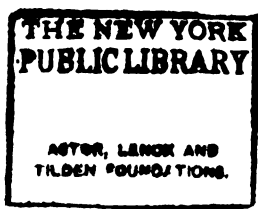










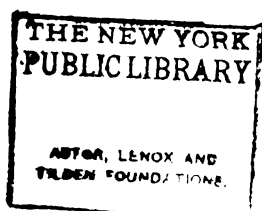






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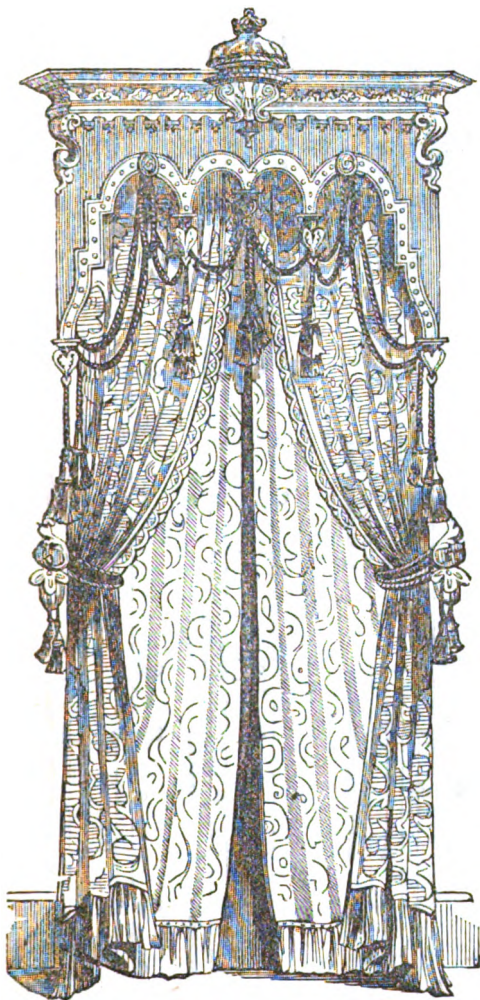
*Engraved expressly for Godey's Lady's Book.*



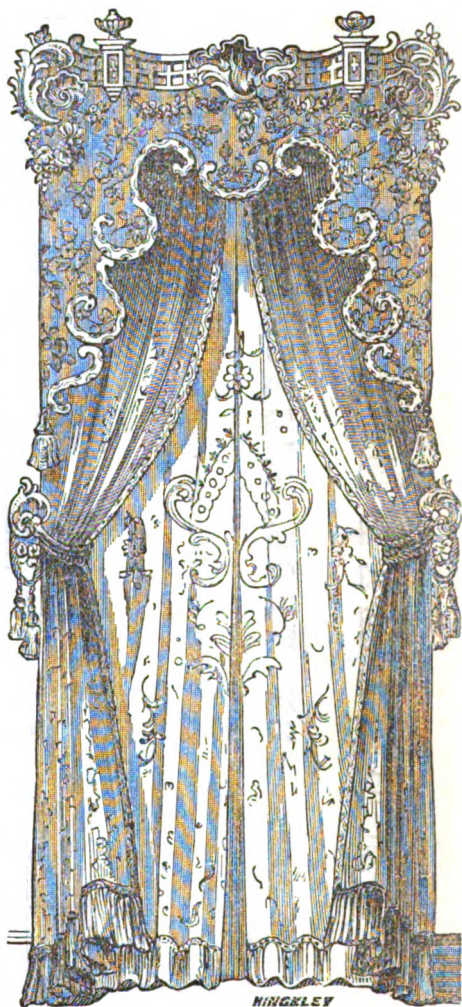
# FASHION PLATES

## FOR DECORATING PARLOR WINDOWS,

No. 1.



No. 2.



HINGLEY

IN THE NEWEST PARIS STYLES,

From the celebrated establishment of W. H. CARRYL, No. 169 Chestnut Street, corner of Fifth.  
(For description, see page 288.)

# ADELAIDE POLKA,

BY THOS. A'BECKETT.

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PIANO. *p*

*cres.* *f* PED.

This page contains musical notation for a piano piece, organized into two systems of staves. The notation includes various musical elements such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

**System 1 (Left):**

- Staff 1 (Treble Clef): Contains a series of notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present.
- Staff 2 (Bass Clef): Contains a series of notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present.

**System 2 (Right):**

- Staff 3 (Treble Clef): Contains a series of notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present.
- Staff 4 (Bass Clef): Contains a series of notes, including a triplet of eighth notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present.

Additional markings and symbols include:

- PED.** (Pedal): Marked at the beginning of the first system.
- DOLCE.** (Dolce): Marked at the beginning of the second system.
- D. C.** (Da Capo): Marked at the end of the second system.
- Triplet markings:** Indicated by a '3' over a bracketed group of notes.
- Accents:** Marked with a small 'L' over a note.
- Dynamic markings:** *f* (forte) and *DOLCE.* (Dolce).

# COTTAGE FURNITURE.

Fig. 1.

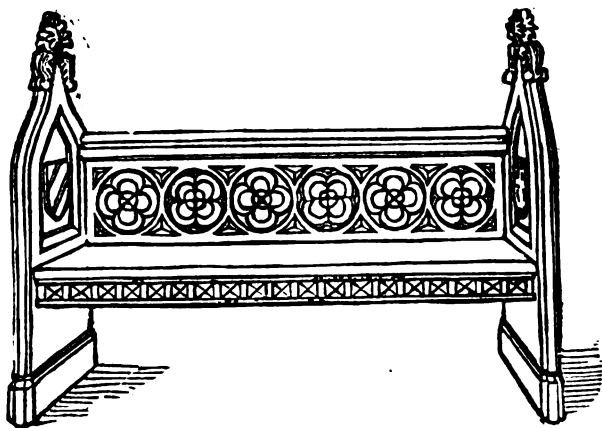


Fig. 2.

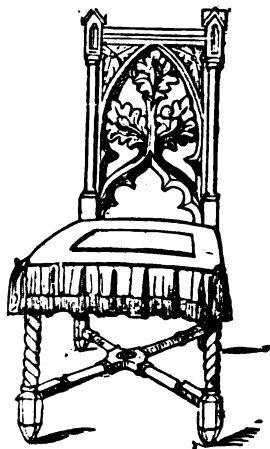


Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.

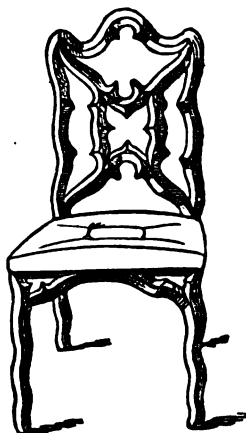


Fig. 5.

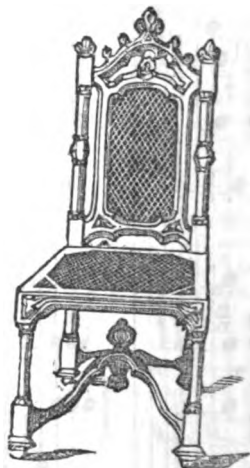


Fig. 6.

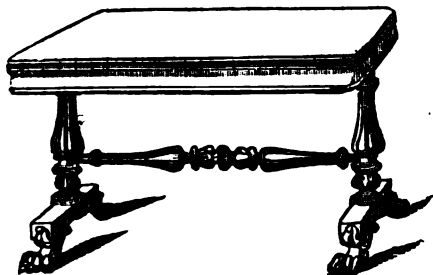


Fig. 7.

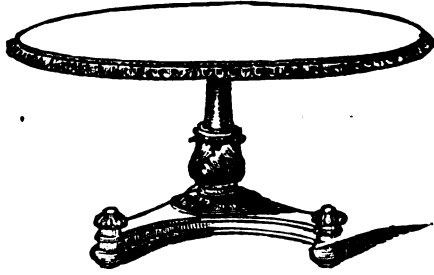


Fig. 1 is a bench for the hall, in the old Gothic style.

Figs. 2, 3, 4, and 5 are fancy chairs in the Gothic style, suitable for drawing-rooms and parlors.

Fig. 6 is a table for the drawing-room, with rich mouldings.

Fig. 7 is a circular drawing-room table of a rich pattern.

# GODEY'S

## LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1852.

EVERYDAY ACTUALITIES.—NO. IV.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND GRAVER.

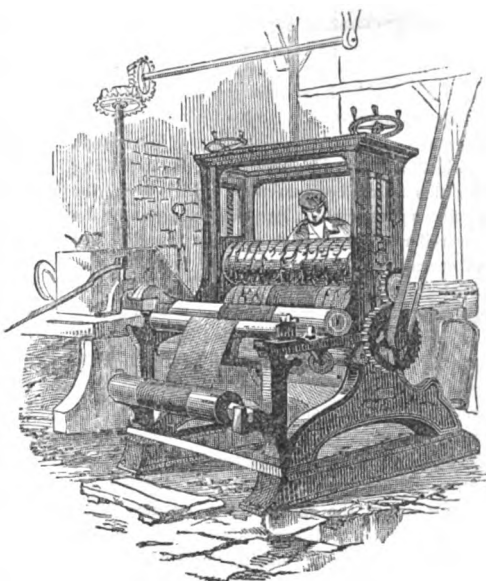
BY C. T. HINCKLEY.

### CALICO-PRINTING (*Continued*).

#### CALENDERING.

A TERM said to be corrupted from *cylindering*, and signifying the finishing process in the manufacture of cotton or linen goods, by which they are passed between *cylinders* or rollers, and made of a level and uniform surface. When such goods have been bleached and washed, they are generally entangled and twisted, so as to be unfit for passing at once between the cylinders: they are therefore passed over the surface of a water cistern, kept constantly full, and as they thus make their way to the rollers, they unfold and accommodate themselves to the water, and are prepared as effectually as if by hand. But the action of the first pair of rollers does not spread or smooth the cloth effectually, neither does it dry it: it has, therefore, to be pulled out breadthwise, and the edges knocked against a smooth beating-stock. Pieces are also stitched together by a sailor's needle, to prepare them for the mangle. The domestic mangle will be noticed presently; but that used for calendering does not at all resemble it. It consists of a number of rollers, fixed in a strong upright frame; the rollers being forced together by levers, to which a considerable weight is attached, or by means of screws, as in calendering machine. In some mangles, the bottom rollers are grooved, the grooves gradually spreading from the right to the left on either side. The effect of this is to remove creases, by spreading out and extending the cloth as it passes between them. Above these are three smooth rollers, two of wood and one of brass, in passing between which the surface is equalized, and the cloth stretched. It is then wound upon a roller, ready to be starched.

The starch used in calendering is made from flour, deprived of gluten by fermentation in water, in the proportion of a pound of flour to a gallon of water. The whole is passed through a sieve after fermentation, and this separates the bran. The flour is then boiled, and a small quantity of indigo added, to give it a blue color, after which more wa-



EMBOSSING MACHINE.

ter is added, according to the degree of stiffness to be given to the goods. This liquid is frequently thickened with porcelain clay, or calcined plaster of Paris, or both, in order to give an appearance of strength and thickness to the cloth. This all dis-



appears as soon as the goods are washed; therefore it merely makes them more attractive to the eye of the purchaser. The practice was originally deceptive; but it can scarcely be called so now that it is generally adopted, and is perfectly well known to the great majority of buyers.

The method of applying the starch is by a stiffening mangle, formed of rollers of brass and wood



DAMPING MACHINE.

pressed together by levers, the pressure being regulated by the quantity of starch required to be left in the material. The starch is contained in a trough, into which a roller dips, and the cloth, in passing under this roller, becomes filled with starch, the superfluous part of which is pressed out again by the upper rollers and falls back into the trough. The next operation is drying, which, in the more substantial goods, is effected by passing the goods over large tinned iron or copper cylinders (see drying cylinders in calico-printing), heated by being filled with steam; but, for muslins, the process merely consists of stretching out the material on long frames in a warm room. This is done with such celerity, that two young women can stretch a piece twenty-five yards long, and fasten it to the frame, by pressing down numerous clamps prepared for that purpose, in the space of two minutes. The piece is from ten to fifteen minutes in drying, and is then transferred to the making-up room. But, in some cases, it receives on the frames what is called the *patent finish*; that is, as soon as it is stretched, the two long sides of the frame are made to work backwards and forwards in opposite directions, giving the muslin a diagonal motion, which is continued till it is quite dry. The effect of this is to remove the harsh and stiff appearance which the starch would otherwise produce, and to make the muslin

very clear and elastic. It has, in fact, the same effect as the beating and clapping of muslin articles by the laundress, in what is called clear-starching.

The finish for cotton goods often consists of a glazing, which is distinctively and especially known as calendering, and which gives a bright and beautiful gloss to the material. But this must first be damped by passing slowly over the *damping* or *degging-machine*, containing a circular brush, the points of which, as they rapidly revolve, just touch the surface of the water, and dash up a cloud of fine spray against the cloth. This being completed, and the whole of the cloth uniformly damped, it now passes to the calendering machine—a number of rollers contained in a massive framework. The rollers are connected with a long lever loaded with weights at the further extremity, by which, or by means of screws, almost any amount of force may be obtained, and the surface texture of the cloth varied at pleasure. With considerable pressure between smooth rollers, a soft and silky lustre is given by the equal flattening of all the threads. By passing two folds at the same time between the rollers, the threads of one make an impression on the other, and give a wiry appearance with hollows between the threads. This may be varied at pleasure. The article of “watered silk” is produced in the same manner. Two pieces of ribbed silk are run between cylinders, which has the effect of watering each piece. By folding a silk hand-

kerchief in the middle, and holding it up to the light, an idea may be formed of the principle of watering. It will be taken for granted by those who have never witnessed the operations, that the rollers are all of iron; but this is not the case: they are of cast-iron, wood, paper, or calico, according to the uses for which they are designed. Great care is taken in the construction of the rollers, whatever the material; and those of paper are far from being so fragile as the nature of the substance would seem to imply, for they are, in fact, a mass of circular disks of pasteboard, threaded upon a square bar of wrought iron, and secured by iron disks at each end. These disks are screwed down tightly together, making a solid cylinder, which is placed in a stove and kept at a high temperature for several days, to drive off all moisture, when the screws are tightened and the cylinder becomes remarkably dense and hard, so much so that, in being finished at a turning-lathe, it blunts all the tools employed, and requires two men to be kept constantly at work sharpening them. Copper-embossed rollers are also kept in great variety for producing figures and patterns on velvet goods. The water surface is produced by passing the goods in a very damp state through the calender with hot or cold rollers, plain or indented, and sometimes with a slight lateral motion. The roller is heated by the insertion into



it of a red-hot cylinder. One of these embossing machines is shown in our engraving. From the great weight of calendering machines, it is necessary they should be fixed on the basement-floor. After the cloth has received its final gloss at these machines, it is smoothly folded on a clean board, and taken to the making-up room to be measured preparatory to being rolled or folded for sale.

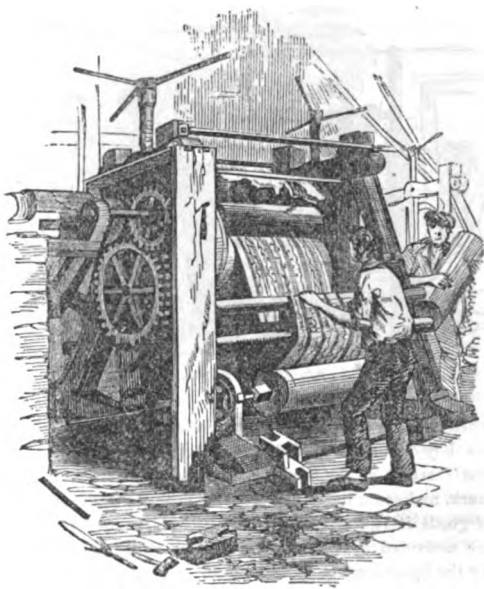
The calenderer usually undertakes many of the operations of packing, sheeting, and preparing goods for shipment. In order to suit the great extent and variety of manufacture, and to adapt goods to the tastes or prejudices of an extensive range of customers, a multiplicity of foldings or lapings has been adopted. The objects proposed to be attained thereby appear to have been: 1. To preserve effectually the dressed surface of the goods from acute creases; 2. To imitate the external appearance of some descriptions of foreign goods; 3. To impart a peculiar external appearance to goods. This object is accomplished in England by stamping the words "British Manufacture" on the ends of the pieces, to show where they are made. In Irish cambrics and linens, a foreign fold has been adopted; the French flax, from superiority of climate and other causes, leading to the production of a superior fabric. Irish cambrics are therefore folded so as to imitate the French fold. The pieces, after being folded into lengths of about twelve inches, and twice laterally doubled, until the whole breadth of thirty-four inches is reduced to about eight and a half inches, are powerfully compressed, until fully flattened. They are then packed in purple-colored wrappers or papers, and a small engraved card or ticket is attached to each piece, stating the length, which is generally eight or eight and a half yards. As the importation of manufactured cambrics was illegal in England, the cards, in real French cambrics, were attached by a silken string, so as to be easily cut away, to avoid seizure. The same method was adopted with the Irish goods.

In linens, hollands, and sheetings, and also in cotton shirtings and sheetings, the foreign fold is that of a cylindric roll, somewhat flattened by subsequent compression, for the purpose of safety to the goods, and diminution in space in carriage. The Irish and British linens, &c., are made up in the same manner.

Cotton prints, and the extensive varieties of cotton cloths are also lapped in imitation of the rude Indian method practised in Hindostan long before the art of calico-printing was known to us. The method is, to double a piece of twenty yards, to reduce its length to ten yards, which, by again doubling, is reduced to five; and in this way they continue to redouble until the piece is reduced to a

moderate length, capable of being packed in a chest or bale.

Muslins are usually folded to a yard in length, with a small allowance for extra measure: the folding is alternately from right to left, so that every part can be opened and examined with ease, like the leaves of a book, before it is cut open. The piece, when folded, is reduced by doubling it lengthwise to about nineteen inches, and it is then folded across the breadth of about thirteen inches. A writer on calendering says, "Even the Indian ornaments of gilt silver threads, which were at first



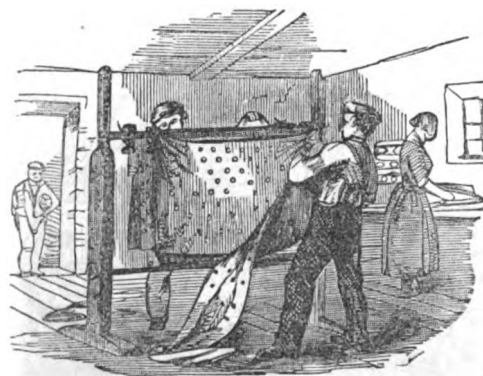
CALENDERING-MACHINE.

woven into one end of each piece, although they did not exceed the value of twopence each, have been either greatly curtailed or totally given up, upon principles of economy. Even the cost of this trivial ornament has been computed to have amounted annually, in Glasgow and Paisley, to about 30,000/."

Some kinds of handkerchiefs are folded in dozens; but for the African and a few other markets they are made up in pieces containing only eight handkerchiefs. Indeed, so successful have been the imitations of Indian and other foreign goods, in texture, in dye, in pattern, in finishing, and in the packages, that instances have occurred of seizure at the English custom-house, as India goods either illegally imported, or stolen from some of the company's ships.

At many of the calendering works, the goods are measured, preparatory to being lapped or folded, either at a long table or at the booking-frame. The measuring-table is a long smooth plank, with a scale

of inches, feet, and yards marked at the side. A man stands at one end of the table, with the goods to be measured, and there is a boy at the other end. A length of cloth being spread out, the boy holds its extremity down at a line drawn on the table, while the man at his end marks a length of a certain number of yards, usually about five, with a piece of red or white chalk, according to the color of the goods, the red being used for white stuffs. The boy then draws the cloth towards him, until the chalk-mark comes opposite to the line on the table,



HOOKING-FRAME.

when he stops: the man then makes a second mark; the boy draws the length towards him until this mark arrives at the line, when the man repeats the mark, and so on until the proper length for a piece of goods is run off. Goods for the foreign market are measured by what is called *short stick*; those for the home market by *long stick*. In short stick, the yard is made to consist of "thirty-five inches and a thumb," which is, in fact, thirty-six inches, the usual length of the yard, or it may be a trifle more. In long stick, the yard contains "thirty-six inches and a thumb," which is equivalent to thirty-seven inches. There is also *middle stick*, containing "thirty-five and a half inches and a thumb" to the yard, and this is equal to thirty-six and a half inches.

The measuring-table is used chiefly for goods that are made up into rolls: when made up in folds, the *hooking-frame* is used. This consists of an iron bar, rather more than four feet long, graduated into inches and parts, supported by a wooden frame, and capable of being raised to different heights. At one extremity of the bar is a projecting needle, which is fixed: a second needle, attached to an iron slide, can be moved along the bar, and fixed at any point by means of a screw. The length of the yard varies at the hooking-frame as at the measuring-table. This length being determined for the goods to be measured, the children who act as hookers hang the

cloth in regular folds upon the hooks, until a sufficient quantity is collected to form a piece, which is then cut off and removed, to be made up.

There are upwards of a hundred different methods of making up goods, and each method has its own particular name, such as the *falling lap*, the *Wigan way*, the *cloth way*, the *Preston way*, &c. Muslin, as already noticed, is made up in *book-folds*, in pieces of twenty-four yards; but usually two half-pieces, called *demis*, are made up in one book, with yellow paper under the first fold, to show the pat-

tern, and the corners are secured with variegated silk thread. Tickets containing various devices in gold or bronze, upon a blue or red ground, are pasted upon each piece, varying according to the market. Some of these tickets are of large size, and very costly. The devices on these tickets are as various as their appearance.

A notice of calendering would not be complete without an allusion to the *common domestic mangle*. This, though very inferior to the machines described above, is yet a useful means of improving the surface of linen, and approaches in its results the more perfect operations of the calendering-machine. It is simply an oblong wooden chest filled with stones, resting upon two cylinders which roll backwards and forwards over the linen, spread upon a polished table beneath. Formerly the chest was moved by means of a handle attached to an upper roller or windlass, to which straps from each end of the chest were attached. In this case, the linen was wrapped round the cylinders, and the motion of the chest had frequently to be arrested and changed. This was laborious work, and it was a valuable improvement when a continuous motion of the handle in one direction would effect the object, and when a flywheel was added to equalize the motion.

## THE MUSE.

A KING of beauty is ever before me,  
A halo of glory encircles her brow,  
And an eye full of loftiest meaning dwells on me,  
As, in 'rapt adoration, before her I bow.

And sometimes a smile, though so doubtful its meaning,  
I scarcely may tell if in favor or scorn,  
Plays on those lips of such classical seeming,  
My soul with both rapture and anguish is torn.

For it is rapture too wild, too intense to believe  
That, by my fond worship, her favor I win;  
And the simoom scathes not like the thought I deceive  
My own soul, and am fostering hopes that are vain.

Transcendent immortal! oh, tune thou my lyre!  
And then shall I sing, as the mighty before,  
The strain that dies while the ages expire,  
The strain that shall thrill until time is no more.

## THE WIFE.

BY FLORENCE MACDONALD.

(See *Plate*.)

"I AM hopeless!" said the young man, in a voice that was painfully desponding. "Utterly hopeless! Heaven knows I have tried hard to get employment! But no one has need of my service. The pittance doled out by your father, and which comes with a sense of humiliation that is absolutely heart-crushing, is scarcely sufficient to provide this miserable abode, and keep hunger from our door. But for your sake, I would not touch a shilling of his money, if I starved."

"Hush, dear Edward!" returned the gentle girl, who had left father, mother, and a pleasant home, to share the lot of him she loved; and she laid a finger on his lips, while she drew her arm around him.

"Agnes," said the young man, "I cannot endure this life much longer. The native independence of my character revolts at our present condition. Months have elapsed, and yet the ability I possess finds no employment. In this country, every avenue is crowded."

The room in which they were overlooked the sea.

"But there is another land, where, if what we hear be true, ability finds employment and talent a sure reward." And, as Agnes said this, in a voice of encouragement, she pointed from the window towards the expanse of waters that stretched far away towards the south and west.

"America!" The word was uttered in a quick, earnest voice.

"Yes."

"Agnes, I thank you for this suggestion! Return to the pleasant home you left for one who cannot procure for you even the plainest comforts of life, and I will cross the ocean to seek a better fortune in that land of promise. The separation, painful to both, will not, I trust, be long."

"Edward," replied the young wife, with enthusiasm, as she drew her arm more tightly about his neck, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee! Where thou goest I will go, and where thou liest I will lie. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

"Would you forsake all," said Edward, in surprise, "and go far away with me into a strange land?"

"It will be no stranger to me than it will be to you, Edward."

"No, no, Agnes! I will not think of that," said

Edward Marvel, in a positive voice. "If I go to that land of promise, it must first be alone."

"Alone!" A shadow fell over the face of Agnes. "Alone! It cannot—it must not be!"

"But think, Agnes. If I go alone, it will cost me but a small sum to live until I find some business, which may not be for weeks, or even months, after I arrive in the New World."

"What if you were to be sick?" The frame of Agnes slightly quivered as she made this suggestion.

"We will not think of that."

"I cannot help thinking of it, Edward. Therefore entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee. Where thou goest, I will go."

Marvel's countenance became more serious.

"Agnes," said the young man, after he had reflected for some time, "let us think no more about this. I cannot take you far away to this strange country. We will go back to London. Perhaps another trial there may be more successful."

After a feeble opposition on the part of Agnes, it was finally agreed that Edward should go once more to London, while she made a brief visit to her parents. If he found employment, she was to join him immediately; if not successful, they were then to talk further of the journey to America.

With painful reluctance, Agnes went back to her father's house, the door of which ever stood open to receive her; and she went back alone. The pride of her husband would not permit him to cross the threshold of a dwelling where his presence was not a welcome one. In eager suspense, she waited for a whole week ere a letter came from Edward. The tone of this letter was as cheerful and as hopeful as it was possible for the young man to write. But, as yet, he had found no employment. A week elapsed before another came. It opened in these words:—

"MY DEAR, DEAR AGNES! Hopeless of doing anything here, I have turned my thoughts once more to the land of promise; and, when you receive this, I will be on my journey thitherward. Brief, very brief, I trust, will be our separation. The moment I obtain employment, I will send for you, and then our reunion will take place with a fulness of delight such as we have not yet experienced."

Long, tender, and hopeful was the letter; but it brought a burden of grief and heart-sickness to the

tender young creature, who felt almost as if she had been deserted by the one who was dear to her as her own life.

Only a few days had Edward Marvel been at sea, when he became seriously indisposed, and, for the remaining part of the voyage, was so ill as to be unable to rise from his berth. He had embarked in a packet ship from Liverpool bound for New York, where he arrived, at the expiration of five weeks. There he was removed to the sick wards of the hospital on Staten Island, and it was the opinion of the physicians there that he would die.

"Have you friends in this country?" inquired a nurse who was attending the young man. This question was asked on the day after he had become an inmate of the hospital.

"None," was the feebly uttered reply.

"You are very ill," said the nurse.

The sick man looked anxiously into the face of his attendant.

"You have friends in England?"

"Yes."

"Have you any communication to make to them?"

Marvel closed his eyes, and remained for some time silent.

"If you will get me a pen and some paper, I will write a few lines," said he, at length.

"I'm afraid you are too weak for the effort," replied the nurse.

"Let me try," was briefly answered.

The attendant left the room.

"Is there any one in your part of the house named Marvel?" asked a physician, meeting the nurse soon after she had left the sick man's room. "There's a young woman down in the office inquiring for a person of that name."

"Marvel—Marvel?" The nurse shook her head.

"Are you certain?" remarked the physician.

"I'm certain there is no one by that name for whom any here would make inquiries. There's a young Englishman who came over in the last packet, whose name is something like that you mention. But he has no friends in this country."

The physician passed on, without further remark.

Soon after, the nurse returned to Marvel with the writing materials for which he had asked. She drew a table to the side of his bed, and supported him as he leaned over and tried, with an unsteady hand, to write.

"Have you a wife at home?" asked the nurse; her eyes had rested on the first words he wrote.

"Yes," sighed the young man, as the pen dropped from his fingers, and he leaned back heavily, exhausted by even the slight effort he had made.

"Your name is Marvel?"

"Yes."

"A young woman was here just now inquiring if we had a patient by that name."

"By my name?" There was a slight indication of surprise.

"Yes."

Marvel closed his eyes, and did not speak for some moments.

"Did you see her?" he asked at length, evincing some interest.

"Yes."

"Did she find the one for whom she was seeking?"

"There is no person here, except yourself, whose name came near to the one she mentioned. As you said you had no friends in this country, we did not suppose that you were meant."

"No, no." And the sick man shook his head slowly. "There is none to ask for me. Did you say it was a young woman?" he inquired, soon after. His mind dwelt on the occurrence.

"Yes. A young woman with a fair complexion and deep blue eyes."

Marvel looked up quickly into the face of the attendant, while a flush came into his cheeks.

"She was a slender young girl, with light hair, and her face was pale, as from trouble."

"Agnes! Agnes!" exclaimed Marvel, rising up. "But no, no," he added, mournfully, sinking back again upon the bed; "that cannot be. I left her far away over the wide ocean."

"Will you write?" said the nurse, after some moments.

The invalid, without unclosing his eyes, slowly shook his head. A little while the attendant lingered in his room, and then retired.

"Dear, dear Agnes!" murmured Edward Marvel, closing his eyes, and letting his thoughts go, swift-winged, across the billowy sea. "Shall I never look on your sweet face again? Never feel your light arms about my neck, or your breath warm on my cheek? Oh, that I had never left you! Heaven give thee strength to bear the trouble in store!"

For many minutes he lay, thus alone, with his eyes closed, in sad self-communion. Then he heard the door open and close softly; but he did not look up. His thoughts were far, far away. Light feet approached quickly; but he scarcely heeded them. A form bent over him; but his eyes remained shut, nor did he open them until warm lips were pressed against his own, and a low voice, thrilling through his whole being, said—

"Edward!"

"Agnes!" was his quick response, while his arms were thrown eagerly around the neck of his wife.

"Agnes! Agnes! Have I awakened from a fearful dream?"

Yes, it was indeed her of whom he had been thinking. The moment she received his letter, informing her that he had left for the United States, she resolved to follow him in the next steamer that sailed. This purpose she immediately avowed to her parents. At first, they would not listen to her; but, finding that she would, most probably, elude their vigilance, and get away in spite of all efforts

to prevent her, they deemed it more wise and prudent to provide her with everything necessary for the voyage, and to place her in the care of the captain of the steamship in which she was to go. In New York they had friends, to whom they gave her letters fully explanatory of her mission, and earnestly commending her to their care and protection.

Two weeks before the ship in which Edward Marvel sailed reached her destination, Agnes was in New York. Before her departure, she had sought, but in vain, to discover the name of the vessel in which her husband had embarked. On arriving in the New World, she was therefore uncertain whether he had preceded her in a steamer, or was still lingering on the way.

The friends to whom Agnes brought letters received her with great kindness, and gave her all the advice and assistance needed under the circumstances. But two weeks went by without a word of intelligence on the one subject that absorbed all her thoughts. Sadly was her health beginning to suffer. Sunken eyes and pale cheeks attested the weight of suffering that was on her.

One day it was announced that a Liverpool packet had arrived with the ship fever on board, and that several of the passengers had been removed to the hospital.

A thrill of fear went through the heart of the anxious wife. It was soon ascertained that Marvel had been a passenger on board of this vessel; but, from some cause, nothing in regard to him beyond this fact could she learn. Against all persuasion, she started for the hospital, her heart oppressed with a fearful presentiment that he was either dead or struggling in the grasp of a fatal malady. On making inquiry at the hospital, she was told the one she sought was not there, and she was about returning to the city when the truth reached her ears.

"Is he very ill?" she asked, struggling to compose herself.

"Yes, he is extremely ill," was the reply. "And it might not be well for you, under the circumstances, to see him at present."

"Not well for his wife to see him?" returned Agnes. Tears sprung to her eyes at the thought of not being permitted to come near in his extremity. "Do not say that. Oh, take me to him! I will save his life."

"You must be very calm," said the nurse; for it was with her she was talking. "The least excitement may be fatal."

"Oh, I will be calm and prudent." Yet, even while she spoke, her frame quivered with excitement.

But she controlled herself when the moment of meeting came, and, though her unexpected appearance produced a shock, it was salutary rather than injurious.

"My dear, dear Agnes!" said Edward Marvel, a

month from this time, as they sat alone in the chamber of a pleasant house in New York, "I owe you my life. But for your prompt resolution to follow me across the sea, I would, in all probability, now be sleeping the sleep of death. Oh, what would I not suffer for your sake!"

As Marvel uttered the last sentence, a troubled expression flitted over his countenance. Agnes gazed tenderly into his face, and asked—

"Why this look of doubt and anxiety?"

"Need I answer the question?" returned the young man. "It is, thus far, no better with me than when we left our old home. Though health is coming back through every fibre, and my heart is filled with an eager desire to relieve these kind friends of the burden of our support, yet no prospect opens."

No cloud came stealing darkly over the face of the young wife. The sunshine, so far from being dimmed, was brighter.

"Let not your heart be troubled," said she, with a beautiful smile. "All will come out right."

"Right, Agnes? It is not right for me thus to depend on strangers."

"You need depend but a little while longer. I have already made warm friends here, and, through them, secured for you employment. A good place awaits you so soon as strength to fill it comes back to your weakened frame."

"Angel!" exclaimed the young man, overcome with emotion at so unexpected a declaration.

"No, not an angel," calmly replied Agnes, "only a wife. And now, dear Edward," she added, "never again, in any extremity, think for a moment of meeting trials or enduring privations alone. Having taken a wife, you cannot move safely on your journey unless she moves by your side."

"Angel! Yes, you are my good angel," repeated Edward.

"Call me what you will," said Agnes, with a sweet smile, as she brushed, with her delicate hand, the hair from his temples; "but let me be your wife. I ask no better name, no higher station."

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## SONNET.—CLIO.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

Upon thy wide-stretched canvas we behold,  
Like in a mirror, pictures of the past;  
And present things, which flit away so fast,  
Exhibit wit thou with the scenes of old!  
Impartial Teacher! true thy reasonings be,  
Since empires' mysteries thou canst well unfold,  
Which, erst, in mystic characters enrolled,  
Mind now deciphers understandingly;  
Portraits of fair and darker spirits rise  
Before us, pencilled all exactly true;  
Nimrod and Nero's cruelties we view  
Contrasted with the acts of good and wise;  
Thy teachings are with profit ever fraught;  
Kings, peasants, by them are true wisdom taught.

# THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE.—A BALLAD.

BY JNO. B. DUFFEY.

(See Plate.)

Why cometh out the multitude with still and awful tread?  
Why peals, from belfry and from tower, that requiem for the dead?

Has sudden visitation laid her darling chieftain low,  
That Florence, in her every part, seems burdened down with woe?

Thickens the throng: a whisper runs, like light, o'er ashy lips,

That seem as if froze dumb by Death, with icy finger-tips:  
And hark! from far a chorus dread rolls on the heavy air,  
And faces fast are waxing white, and lips are moved in prayer.

Nigh and more nigh the chorus rolls; and windeth through the street

A sad and solemn train of priests, and monks with sandalled feet;

With cross, and torch, and censor's swing, they tread their doleful way,  
And chant the fearful dying song—"That day, that wrathful day!"

With jolt and jar, a creaking car brings up the priestly train,

And laid thereon a coffin rude, tells why that mournful strain;

And kneeling in that bed of death a trembling girl is seen;  
Her hands are pressed upon her breast, with helplessness of men.

\* \* \* \* \*

From distant Rhine young Gretchen came, a maid of peasant birth,

Who, save her gray-haired sire, had not a kindred one on earth:

Need forced her from her fatherland, to wage the war of life,  
With mind and heart too innocent, too pure for such a strife.

With wistful eyes oft looking back, she left her father's cot,  
And in a strange and far countrie, her sire's subsistence sought;

Hoping, when winter's gathered snows had melted into rain,  
With lightsome heart, and laden purse, to greet her home again.

Artless to higher work, with heart that knew no foolish shame,

In Count Uboldi's household she a kitchen-girl became;  
Trusting that time, and growing skill, and duty's cheerful face

Would, from her high-born mistress, win the guerdon of her grace.

Alas! young Hope, how weak and vain are all thy flattering dreams!

How swiftly pales the brightest star that in thy Present gleams!

Thy Future's visions, what are they, though pleasant to thy sight,

But rosy clouds of waning joy—fair harbingers of night!

But why prolong our simple tale? Some silver spoons were lost,

A ring of rich and rare device, and pearls of princely cost.

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Stolen they were—at least so deemed: on Gretchen fell the theft—

For 'tis the poor alone that steal—what other way is left?

Before her judges Gretchen stood, by innocence upheld;  
But torture racked her limbs, and then her woman's spirit failed:

Confessed of theft, her doom was death—for such was then the law:

To Death they lead her, monk and priest, with all his pomp and awe.

The scaffold now is gained, and lo! above it, shining white,  
A pillar tall, to Justice reared, breaks sudden on the sight:

Thereon an image, whose right hand a flashing sword reveals,

Bears balanced in its outstretched left a pair of golden scales.

And Justice sees the lifted axe, the maiden bent with fear,  
The headsman grim, the white-faced throng—yet Justice is not here.

But look! the western sky grows black, and hushed is all the air—

Clouds are thy judgment-seat, and thou, O Justice, thou art there!

Kissing the cross her father gave, poor Gretchen kneels to pray—

Pray for the peace of God to bless the dear one far away:  
And tears are in her eyes, to think how lonely he will pine,  
How drear will be, when she is gone, that cottage on the Rhine.

Her head is on the block; her lips breathe out a lingering sigh:

"Farewell, dear father! God, thou know'st how innocent I die!"

The headsman's axe is lifted up—down falls the bloody stroke:—

Great Heaven! that flash! that fearful crash! Have earth's foundations broke?

Blinded and stunned, in fear uprose that multitude of men:  
And oaths and prayers, and groans and yells, woke air to life again.

But all was o'er—that flash and crash the Father's will had done:

The blue sky looked from snowy clouds, and gayly above the sun.

The statue, see! the lightning's stroke has hurled it from its place!

And now a crowd is groping round the shattered pillar's base!

Inquiring hands lift up the scales you mocking Justice bore;

A magpie's nest is in them found—and find they nothing more?

Oh, faint not, soldier of the right, though often overthrown!  
Poor Gretchen! God has proved thy truth—His voice has made it known:

For lo! inwoven in that nest the golden scales did bear,  
Were found the spoons, the princely pearls, and ring of setting rare!

## ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTERS.

BY THOMAS WYATT, A. M.

(See Plate in August Number.)

### MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON.

THE illustrious subject of this memoir was born in the county of New Kent, in the State of Virginia, in the year 1732. She was the daughter of a Mr. Dandridge, a wealthy planter, whose ancestors had emigrated from Wales many years since. They had succeeded in obtaining from their government large tracts of land, which subsequently became the means of their wealth. But little is known of the early part of the life of Martha Dandridge, but that she excelled in personal charms, with prepossessing manners, and great loveliness of character. In the early days of the colonial settlements, it was difficult for females to obtain anything beyond a plain education, and that generally imparted by their parents, with a few exceptions, where they were so fortunate as to obtain a resident instructor for their children. Mr. Dandridge received into his family a young Englishman, of superior education, who remained sufficiently long to lay the foundation for those accomplishments which became so important in the high and varied station his daughter was destined in after years to fill.

Miss Dandridge had many admirers, but among her numerous suitors she selected Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, a planter living on the banks of the Pamunky River. This gentleman was the son of the Hon. John Custis, of Arlington, a king's counsellor, and a man of great wealth. The marriage took place in the year 1749—Miss Dandridge being only in her seventeenth year—the fruits of which were four children; two boys and two girls. One boy and one girl died in their infancy; Martha, the surviving daughter, lived to the age of twenty years, and died at Mount Vernon.

John, the only surviving child, died in the service of his country, as one of the aids of the commander-in-chief, during the siege of Yorktown, in 1781, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, leaving behind him four children—the Hon. George Washington Parke Custis, now proprietor of Arlington, and three daughters. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Custis and her family continued to reside on their plantation. He being wealthy, it was some years before she could settle and arrange his large estate, which at last, however, she accomplished with that strict accuracy which distinguished her through life.

In the year 1758, Mrs. Custis was on a visit to a friend residing on an eminence of a branch of the Pamunky River, overlooking the ferry called Wil-

liams's Ferry, the direct road from Fredericksburg to Williamsburg. Mr. Chamberlayne (of whose house she was then an inmate), a man of leisure and a Virginia gentleman of the old school, was fond of society. He would frequently watch the ferry with great eagerness, and, as the boat reached the shore, if there were among the passengers gentlemen of respectable exterior, he would address them by an invitation to his house, and offer some refreshment before they proceeded farther on their journey.

On one of his peregrinations to the ferry, he espied an officer attired in a military undress, with his servant and horses. Mr. C. addressed him, requesting he would spare time to partake of his hospitality before he proceeded further. The soldier pleaded his haste to Williamsburg, having despatches to the governor (Williamsburg being thirty miles distant); but Mr. Chamberlayne insisted that he must spare time to dine with him, and remarked that he would introduce him to the beautiful widow Custis, who was then on a visit to his family.

The officer reluctantly consented; the gentlemen exchanged cards, and Mr. Chamberlayne found that his new guest was Colonel Washington. On their arrival at the house, Col. W. was introduced to the family of his hospitable host, and, among them, the interesting widow before spoken of. It is believed that the first interview proved the source from which sprung so many joys. Before entering the mansion, Col. W. gave orders to his servant to have the horses ready precisely at four o'clock, that they might arrive at their destination that night. Bishop, true to the orders of his master, waited with the horses in hand long after the appointed hour, wondering at the unusual delay. "Ah, Bishop!" says a fair writer, describing the occurrence, "there was an urobin in the drawing-room more powerful than King George and all his governors. Subtle as a sphynx, he had hidden the important despatches from the soldier's sight, shut up his ears from the tell-tale clock, and was playing such mad pranks with the bravest heart in Christendom, that it fluttered with the excess of a new-found happiness." Colonel Washington found so much difficulty in separating from such fascinating society, that he eventually yielded to the solicitations of his excellent host to pass the night with them. Some hours after breakfast on the following morning the enamored soldier was on his road to Williamsburg.

Having made an early arrangement of his affairs at Williamsburg, he returned the same evening to

feast once more on the charms of the captivating widow.

Within a year from this time, Mrs. Custis became the wife of Colonel Washington. They were married at St. Peter's Church, in New Kent County, on the 6th of January, 1759, by the Rev. Mr. Mossom, a clergyman sent from England by the Bishop of London, Virginia being at that time considered a part of that diocese.

From private memoirs we are able to give a few particulars of this interesting event.

Colonel Washington was dressed in a suit of blue and silver, lined with red silk, embroidered vest, small clothes, gold shoe and knee buckles, dress sword, and hair in full powder.

The bride in a suit of white satin, rich point lace ruffles, pearl ornaments in her hair, pearl necklace, earrings, and bracelets, white satin high-heeled shoes, with diamond buckles. She was attended by several ladies in the gorgeous costume of that ancient period. Colonel W. was attended by the Governor of Virginia, several English army and navy officers in full costume, with the very *élite* of Virginia chivalry of the old *régime*. The dress of the governor was scarlet embroidered with gold, with bag wig and sword. The other gentlemen in the fashion of the time. The old-fashioned coach of the bride was drawn by six horses, while the bridegroom rode the fine English charger bequeathed to him by Braddock after the battle of Monongahela. From the account of the marriage handed down from those who were present, it appears that the bride and her ladies occupied the coach, and the gallant bridegroom and his brilliant *cortège* accompanied them on horseback.

As this was the gay season at Williamsburg, Colonel and Mrs. Washington remained there for the space of three months after their marriage, allowing the colonel time to arrange the estate and affairs of his new wife. The first thing was to take upon himself the guardianship of Mrs. Washington's two children, which he did with the faithfulness of a father till the daughter died and the son came of age. By this marriage, Colonel Washington made an accession to his fortune of more than one hundred thousand dollars, and, possessing considerable property before, he intended now to turn his thoughts to the management of his private affairs. But about this time he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses, which he held for fifteen years, till the commencement of the Revolution. Mrs. Washington always accompanied her husband to Williamsburg during the frequent sessions, where she met the most distinguished families in Virginia, many of whom were the younger sons of the English nobility.

Williamsburg was at this time the school of manners and refinement.

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Thus fifteen years of tranquillity had passed,

and Mrs. Washington felt much anxiety for the future. The Revolution had commenced, and her husband, appointed commander-in-chief, was directed to repair to Cambridge, where the army was concentrated. He left Philadelphia in June, 1775; Mrs. Washington joined him the September following. Mr. Custis states that it was the habit of the commander-in-chief to despatch an aid-de-camp, at the close of each campaign, to escort his lady to head-quarters, and her arrival at the camp was always hailed with a cheering influence. She has often said that she heard the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing, of all the campaigns of the Revolution. The military journals mention her privations and fortitude, and, with much emphasis, notice the trying winter of 1777-8, at Valley Forge, presiding in the chief's humble cabin, and dispensing comfort and relief to the suffering soldiery. In a letter to Mrs. Warren, she says: "The General's apartment is very small; he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters more tolerable than they were at first." A French officer visiting General Washington, while on the banks of the Hudson, thus describes his head-quarters at Newburg: "They consist of a single house of the Dutch fashion, not large or commodious, and the inconvenience to which the General and Mrs. Washington had put themselves to receive me, obliged me to leave much earlier than I had intended."

Thus, for six years, did Mrs. Washington accompany her husband through the most trying scenes of our revolutionary struggle, till the year 1781, when all her Christian fortitude was called into action by a summons to the death-bed of her last and only child. Mr. Custis, who was an aid to General Washington, lived to witness the victory at Yorktown, was seized with a violent fever, brought on by incessant fatigue, and died, in the arms of his mother, on the 5th of November, in the 27th year of his age. The General arrived only two hours before his death, and on no occasion whatever had the General been seen to evince such intense sorrow; it is said that he wept as a child. This sorrowful event was not less trying to his sympathy than his sensibility, for he had watched over his childhood and youth with a parental love, and afterwards associated him as his companion and friend. Mr. Custis left four children. The two youngest, a son and daughter, were adopted by General Washington—the Hon. G. W. P. Custis, of Arlington, and Mrs. Lewis, of Audley, both now living.

Mrs. Washington now found it more agreeable to seclude herself for a time at her home at Mount Vernon, hoping that the arduous labors of her husband were drawing to a close, and that he would soon follow her. But he did not retire from the army for nearly two years after the surrender of Yorktown. In December, 1783, General Washington resigned his commission and retired to his home, where he re-



mained till the year 1789, when he was notified that the choice of the people had fallen on him as president.

New York being chosen as the place of residence for the chief magistrate, Washington arrived in that city in the month of April, and in the June following he was joined by Mrs. Washington. The following letter to her friend, Mrs. Warren, written soon after her arrival in that city, is expressive of her feelings on the change which circumstances had forced upon her.

"Your very friendly letter of last month has afforded me more satisfaction than all the formal compliments and empty ceremonies of mere etiquette could possibly have done. I am not apt to forget the feelings which have been inspired by my former society with good acquaintances, nor to be insensible to their expressions of gratitude to the President; for you know me well enough to do me the justice to believe that I am fond only of what comes from the heart. It is owing to the kindness of our numerous friends in all quarters, that my new and unwished-for situation is not indeed a burden to me.

"When I was much younger, I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gayeties of life as much as most persons of my age; but I had long since placed all the prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon.

"I little thought, when the war was finished, that any circumstances could possibly happen which could call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that, from that moment, we should be suffered to grow old together in solitude and tranquillity. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart. I will not, however, contemplate with too much regret disappointments that were inevitable, though his feelings and my own were in perfect unison with respect to our predilection for private life. Yet I cannot blame him for having acted according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country. The consciousness of having attempted to do all the good in his power, and the pleasure of finding his fellow-citizens so well satisfied with the disinterestedness of his conduct, will doubtless be some compensation for the great sacrifices which I know he has made.

"Indeed, on his journey from Mount Vernon to this place, and in his late tour through the Eastern States, by every public and private information which has come to him, I am persuaded he has experienced nothing to make him repent his having acted from what he conceived to be a sense of indispensable duty. On the contrary, all his sensibility has been awakened in receiving such repeated and unequivocal proofs of sincere regard from his countrymen. With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been; that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger

and gayer women would be extremely pleased. As my grandchildren and domestic connections make up a great portion of the felicity which I looked for in this world, I shall hardly be able to find any substitute that will indemnify me for the loss of a part of such endearing society. I do not say this because I feel dissatisfied with my present station, for everybody and everything conspire to make me as contented as possible in it; yet I have learned too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from the scenes of public life.

"I am still determined to be cheerful and happy in whatever situation I may be; for I have also learned from experience, that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends on our dispositions, and not on our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us in our minds wherever we go.

"I have two of my grandchildren with me, who enjoy advantages in point of education, and who, I trust, by the goodness of Providence, will be a great blessing to me. My other two grandchildren are with their mother in Virginia."

NEW YORK, December 26, 1789.

As soon as the President was settled in New York, it became necessary to establish some rules for receiving visitors and entertaining company. It was essential to maintain the dignity of the office by forms which would inspire deference and respect; as for the chief magistrate and his lady to be accessible to all without respect of persons, at the same time securing the purity of our republican institutions. Accordingly, every Tuesday, from three to four o'clock, the President was prepared to receive all persons who chose to call. And every Friday afternoon, the rooms were alike open for visitors to Mrs. Washington, which were on a very sociable footing, and at which the General was always present.

It may not be considered out of place here to give an extract from a letter, never before published, from a gentleman who attended one of the first levees. His description of Washington is considered, by the family now living, as the most perfect ever given. He gives a minute description of the levee in the following:—

"NEW YORK, 1790.

"A servant, well looking and well dressed, received the visitors at the door, and by him they were delivered over to an officer of the United States service, in full uniform, who ushered them into the drawing-room, in which Mrs. Washington and several ladies were seated. The lady of the President received me with perfect ease and good breeding, entering at once into an agreeable and interesting conversation.

"In a few minutes, the General entered the room. It was not necessary to announce his name, for his peculiar appearance, his firm forehead, Roman nose, and projection of the lower jaw, his height and

figure, could not be mistaken by any one who had seen a full-length portrait of him; he was remarkably dignified in his manner, and had an air of benignity over his features which his visitant did not expect, being rather prepared for sternness of countenance.

"After an introduction from Mrs. Washington, he requested me to be seated, and, taking a chair himself, entered at once into conversation. His manner was full of affability; talked of the infant institutions of America, remarking that they were yet in embryo, but the time was not far distant when the advantages she would offer by intercourse with other nations would be eagerly sought. His dress was of purple satin. There was a commanding air in his appearance, which excited greater respect, and forbade freedom towards him, independently of that species of awe which is always felt in the moral influence of a great character. In every movement, too, there was a polite gracefulness, equal to any met with in the most polished courts of Europe. His smile was exceedingly attractive. A gentleman present observed to me that there was an expression in Washington's face that no painter had succeeded in taking. It struck me no man could be better formed to command. A stature of six feet, a robust but well-proportioned frame, calculated to sustain fatigue, without that heaviness which generally attends great muscular strength and abates active exertion, displayed bodily power of no mean standard. A light eye and full—the very genius of reflection, rather than the eye of blind passionate impulse. His nose appeared thick, and, though it befitted his other features, was too coarsely and too strongly formed to be the handsomest of its class. His mouth was like no other I ever saw; the lips firm, and the under jaw seemed to gnash the upper with force, as if its muscles were in full action when he sat still.

"Neither with the General or with Mrs. Washington was there the slightest restraint or ceremony. There was less of it than I ever remember to have met with, where perfect good breeding and manners were at the same time observed. To many remarks, Washington assented with a smile or inclination of the head, as if he was by nature sparing in his conversation, and I am inclined to think this was the case. In alluding to a serious fit of sickness he had recently suffered, I could not help remarking, the country must have looked with anxiety to the termination of his indisposition. He made no reply to my compliment but an inclination of the head. His bow at my taking leave I shall never forget. It was the last movement I ever saw that illustrious character make as my eyes took their leave of him forever, and it hangs a perfect picture upon my recollection.

"The house of Washington was in Broadway near the Battery; the street front was handsome. The drawing-room, in which I sat, was lofty and spacious; but the furniture was not beyond that found in dwellings of opulent Americans in general, and might be called plain for its station. The upper end of the room had glass doors, which opened upon a balcony, commanding an extensive view of the Hudson River, interspersed with islands, and the Jersey shore on the opposite side. A grandson and granddaughter resided constantly in the house with the General; I understood they were his adopted children. Tea and coffee, with refreshments of all kinds, were laid in one part of the room; and before the company retired, each made their second obeisance to the General and his lady, and departed. Nothing could be more *simple*, purely republican; yet it was *enough*."

Neither Mrs. Washington nor the President received any visits on Sundays. In the morning they uniformly attended church, and the afternoons were generally spent in reading religious works.

As the second term of General Washington's presidency was drawing to a close, Mrs. Washington prepared for her return to the silent abodes of Mount Vernon. She retired there some months before her husband, and, in a letter to her friend, she expresses herself grateful to Providence for permission once more, and she hopes for the last time, to repose in their quiet home.

Nearly three years passed in tranquillity and happiness, surrounded by her grandchildren and a beloved circle of friends; but Death, envious of her happiness, removed from her side one of the best of men, and she became the widow of him for whom a country mourned.

During the last moments of her beloved husband, she sat on his bed in silent grief, watching his parting breath with true Christian fortitude. She saw the change, and said to the physician, in a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?" When answered in the affirmative, she replied: "Then all is over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through." Letters and visits of condolence were received by the bereaved widow from all quarters, couched in terms of sympathy and sorrow.

But, within two years after the death of General Washington, she was attacked by a severe fever that proved fatal. When she found her dissolution fast approaching, she summoned her beloved grandchildren to her bedside, and endeavored to impress on their minds duties portraying the happiness of a Christian life, and the sweet influences of religion. She died on the 22d May, 1802, in the seventy-first year of her age, leaving behind her a character worthy the imitation of every American female.

## ANECDOTE OF MRS. RADCLIFFE.

TOWARDS the middle of the year 1795, a short time after the deplorable affair of Quiberon, an English lady was taken prisoner just as she was entering France by the Swiss frontier. Her knowledge of French was limited to a few mispronounced words. An interpreter was soon found, and upon his interrogating her as to her motives for attempting so perilous an enterprise without a passport, she replied that she had exposed herself to all these dangers for the purpose of visiting the château where the barbarous *Sieur de Fayel* had made *Gabrielle de Vergy* eat the heart of her lover. Such a declaration appeared so ridiculous to those who heard it that they were compelled to doubt either the sanity or the veracity of the strange being who ventured upon it. They chose to do the latter, and forwarded the stranger to Paris, with a strong escort, as an English spy. Upon her arrival there, she was safely deposited in the *Conciergerie*.

Public feeling just then ran very high against the English. The countrywoman of Pitt was loaded with ill usage; and her terrors, expressed in a singular jargon of English mingled with broken French, served but to augment the coarse amusement of her jailers. After exhausting every species of derision and insult upon their prisoner, they ended by throwing her into the dampest and most inconvenient dungeon they could find. The door of this den was not more than four feet high; and the light, that dimly revealed the dripping walls and earthen floor, came through a horizontal opening four inches in height by fifteen in width. The sole movables of the place consisted of a rope pallet and a screen.

The bed served for both couch and chair; the screen was intended as a partial barrier between the inhabitant of the dungeon and the curious gaze of the jailers stationed in the adjoining apartment, who could scrutinize at will, through a narrow opening between the cells, the slightest movements of their prisoner.

The stranger recoiled with disgust, and asked whether they had not a less terrible place in which to confine a woman.

"You are very bad to please, *Madame*," replied her brutal jailer, mimicking her defective French. "You are in the palace of *Madame Capet*."

And shutting behind him the massive door, barricaded with plates of iron, and secured by three or four rusty bolts, he left her to repeat his joke to his companions, and enjoy with them the consternation of *Madame Rosbif*.

Meanwhile the prisoner fell upon her knees, and gazed around her with a species of pious emotion.

"What right have I," she cried, "to complain of being cast into this dungeon, once inhabited by the Queen of France, the beautiful, the noble *Marie Antoinette*? I sought food for my imagination; I undertook a journey to France to visit the most celebrated sojourns of the most celebrated individuals. Fortune has come to my aid. Here is what is better than the château of the *Sieur de Fayel*, and the terrible history of the bleeding heart. Never did a grander inspiration overflow my spirit. I will to work."

She drew from her pocket a small roll of paper, that had escaped the scrutiny of the jailers; and, passing her hand across her forehead, approached the horizontal opening, in order to make the most of the little remainder of daylight; then, taking out a pencil, she rapidly covered ten or twelve pages with microscopic characters in close lines. The increasing darkness at length compelled her to pause, and she was refolding the MS. to replace it in her pocket, when a rude hand snatched it from her grasp.

"Ah! ah! *Madame Rosbif*," cried the jailer triumphantly, "so you believe yourself at liberty to scribble away here, hatching plots against the Republic, and holding intelligence with the enemies of the nation. *Nous verrons cela!* These papers shall be remitted this very day to *Monsieur Tallien*, and we will know all about this new attack upon liberty. *Entendez-vous?* miserable agent of Pitt and Cobourg?"

The same evening Tallien received the stranger's manuscript. Being unacquainted with the English language, he rang for his secretary; but the latter was nowhere at hand, so the puzzled minister took the papers and proceeded to his wife's apartments.

*Madame Tallien* was just completing her toilet for a fancy ball. Leaning forward in a graceful attitude, she was in the act of twining round her slender ankle the fastenings of a purple buskin. Her Grecian tunic, simply clasped upon the shoulder with diamonds, and her hair, knotted like that of the *Polyhymnia* of the Louvre, harmonised admirably with the classical contour of her features. *Monsieur Tallien*, as he gazed upon her, half forgot his errand.

The lady uttered a little cry of surprise.

"Upon what grave errand has *Monsieur* deigned to favor me with a visit at this unaccustomed hour?"

"I have here some papers," replied the minister, "that have been seized upon the person of a female spy, and are said to contain proofs of a dangerous conspiracy. They are written in English; my se-

cretary is absent; and I must ask you to do me the favor to translate them to me."

Madame Tallien took the MS., and looked it over.

"Shall I read aloud?" said she, in an amused tone of voice.

Her husband assented.

"The wind howls mournfully through the foliage, and the descending rain falls in torrents. The terrors of my prison become every instant more fearful. Phantoms arise on every side, and wave their snowy winding-sheets. Misfortune, with her cold and pitiless hand, weighs heavily on my youthful brow."

"Thus spoke the lovely prisoner, as she groped with her trembling hands over the humid walls of the dungeon."

"Here is a singular conspiracy truly," said Madame Tallien, as she finished reading the above. "Let me see the envelope; 'Chapter xii., The Dungeon of the Château.' And the authoress's name, 'Anne Radcliffe.' *Vite, citoyen.* Set this woman at liberty, and bring her to me. Your spy is no other than the great English romance writer, the celebrated authoress of the 'Mysteries of Udolpho!'"

Tallien now recalled the romantic intention of the stranger's hazardous journey, as confessed by herself; perceived the mistake of his agents, and laughed heartily. Going quickly out, he issued orders for the immediate liberation of the prisoner, and desired the messenger to bring her straight to the presence of Madame Tallien.

Meanwhile, the beautiful Frenchwoman, forgetting her toilet and the ball, paced the apartment with almost childish delight and impatience. She was about to make the acquaintance—in a manner the most piquant and unexpected—of the authoress of those romances which had so often filled her vivid imagination with ideas of apparitions, and prisoners dying of hunger in horrible dungeons. She consulted her watch perpetually, and counted the very seconds. At length there was a sound of carriage-wheels in the court-yard of the hotel. Madame Tallien rushed to the door; it opened, and the two celebrated females stood face to face.

The minister's wife could not avoid recoiling with surprise, and some degree of consternation, before the singular figure that paused in the open doorway; for Mrs. Radcliffe had stopped short, dazzled and bewildered by the lights of the saloon, which wounded eyes accustomed for some hours past to the humid obscurity of a dungeon. The English authoress presented a striking contrast to the radiant being before her. Dry, cold, and angular, her attire necessarily in some degree of disorder from her arrest, forced journey, and imprisonment, her whole aspect had in it something *bizarre* and fantastic, that added to her age at least ten years.

A little recovered from her first surprise, Madame Tallien advanced towards the stranger, gave her a cordial welcome in English, and told her how happy

she esteemed herself in having been the means of setting at liberty so celebrated an authoress. The Englishwoman made a polite reply to this compliment, and then they seated themselves before the fire, whose clear flame and vivifying heat were very welcome to the liberated prisoner, and quickly restored an activity of mind that appeared to have been benumbed by the coldness of her dungeon. The ensuing conversation was gay, piquant, full of charm and *abandon*, and was only interrupted by the orders given by Madame Tallien to her *femme de chambre* to send the carriage away, and deny her to all visitors.

Mrs. Radcliffe had travelled much, and related her adventures with grace and originality. Hours flew by unheeded, and the Englishwoman was in the very midst of some bold enterprise of her journey in Switzerland, when the timepiece struck twelve.

She turned pale, and a visible shuddering seized her. Then pausing in her tale, she looked wildly and fearfully around, as if following the movements of some invisible being. Madame Tallien, struck with a species of vague terror, dared not address a single word to her visitor. The latter at length abruptly rose, opened the door, and with an imperative gesture ordered some one by the name of Henry to leave the room, after which she appeared to experience a sudden relief.

The lovely Frenchwoman, with the tact of real kindness, appeared not to notice this strange incident, and the new-made friends soon after separated, Madame Tallien herself conducting her guest to the apartment provided for her, where she took leave of her with an affectionate "*au revoir!*"

The following evening Mrs. Radcliffe appeared in her hostess's saloon, as soon as the latter had signified that she was ready to receive her. Calm and composed, habited *à la Française*, the English romancist appeared ten years younger than she had done the evening before, and was even not without a certain degree of beauty. She said not a word on the scene of the preceding evening; was gay, witty, amiable, and took an animated part in the conversation that followed. But as soon as the minute-hand of the timepiece pointed to half-past eleven, her color fled, a shade of pensiveness replaced her former gayety, and a few moments afterwards she took her leave of the company.

The same thing happened the next day, and every ensuing evening. Madame Tallien could not avoid a feeling of curiosity, but she had too much politeness to question the stranger confided to her hospitality. In this way a month elapsed, at the end of which time Mrs. Radcliffe could not avoid expressing, one evening when she found herself alone with her new friend, her disappointment at being detained a prisoner in France, without the power of returning to her own country. Upon this, Madame Tallien rose, took a paper from a desk, and handed it to the Englishwoman. It was a pass-

port, dated from the same evening that Mrs. Radcliffe had been liberated from her dungeon.

"Since you wish to leave your French friends," said her lovely hostess, smiling, "go, ingrate!"

"Oh no, not ungrateful!" replied the authoress, taking the beautiful hands of her friend, and carrying them to her lips; "but the year is fast waning, and a solemn duty recalls me to my native land. In the churchyard of a poor village near London are two tombs, which I visit each Christmas day with flowers and prayers. If I return not before then, this will be the first time for five years that they have been neglected. You already know all my other secrets," she continued, lowering her voice; "it is my intention to confide this secret also to your friendly ears." Passing her hand across her brow, the Englishwoman then proceeded to relate a strange and tragic tale. Suffice it to say, that it had left our authoress subject to a distressing and obstinate spectral illusion. In the reality of this appearance she firmly believed, not having sufficient knowledge of science to attribute her visitation to its true origin—a partial disarrangement of the nervous system. This visitation regularly recurred at midnight, and at once accounted for the singular behavior that had so piqued the benevolent Frenchwoman's curiosity.

Mrs. Radcliffe now returned to London, where she shortly afterwards published "*The Italian, or the Confessional of the Black Penitents.*"

We can, in our day, realize to ourselves very little of the effect produced by Anne Radcliffe's romances at the time of their appearance. All the contemporary critics agree in testifying to their immense success, only inferior to that of the *Waverley* novels in more recent times. Now they appear nothing more than the efflux of a morbid imagination, full of hallucinations and absurdities, and insufferably tedious to our modern tastes, accustomed to the condensed writing of the present day. Their unconnected plots are nevertheless not altogether devoid of a certain sort of interest, and are fraught with picturesque situations and melodramatic surprises. The living characters therein introduced present few natural features. We recognize everywhere the caprices of an unbridled fancy, and a prevailing vitiation of sense and taste.

Anne Radcliffe died near London, on the 7th February, 1823, at the age of 63. The "*New Monthly Magazine*," for May of that year, announces her decease, and affirms that her death was accompanied by singular visions, which had pursued her ever since a romantic event of her youth.

## VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

THE distribution and development of plants on the earth's surface appear to be in proportion to the amount of heat and light received from the sun. In tropical countries, which may be truly termed the paradise of plants, the utmost variety and luxuriance of growth prevail. In those bright and sunny lands, vegetation positively rushes up from the earth's surface, the trees attain the most gigantic size, and are as numerous in species as herbs and shrubs are with us, whilst, within the compass of a few leagues, thousands of different kinds of wild flowers may be collected. As we pass from tropical into temperate latitudes, and the earth receives less heat and light from the sun, we find a corresponding decrease in the beauty, variety, and fragrance of flowers; whilst in the dark and snowy wildernesses of Spitzbergen, an extensive tract of country lying within the polar circle, the trees are mere dwarf shrubs, and not more than thirty species of plants can be enumerated in an area extending for hundreds of miles. Plants seem, indeed, to be capable of enduring all extremes of heat and cold. In one of the Geysers of Iceland, a spring, the water of which was hot enough to boil an egg in five minutes, a species of *Chara* has been found growing and reproducing itself; whilst the snow which

covers the mountains and valleys around the North Pole is reddened by the *Protococcus nivalis*, a minute plant that grows on its surface, and which, from its rapid diffusion, was supposed to fall from the sky.

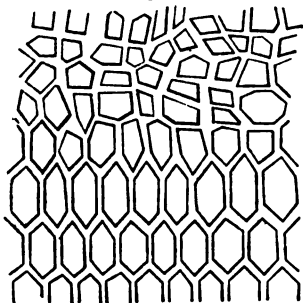
Plants are, in fact, found growing almost everywhere. The lonely isles that rise above the waves of the Pacific Ocean, the snowy summits of the loftiest mountains, the deepest caverns of the earth, and waters of the sea, have all their appropriate vegetable forms. Even the desert has its spots of verdure; whilst the slightest crevice or inequality on rock, or wall, or mouldering ruin, is sufficient to arrest the progress of those invisible germs of vegetable life which are everywhere floating on the breeze.

We are accustomed to admire the magnificent spectacle of the starry heavens; but let us look on the earth, at the splendors of the vegetable creation. From the lowly moss and lichen that cover, with their minute, but exquisitely beautiful foliage, the rugged rocks and the bark of trees, to the tall and stately palms, the noble arborescent ferns waving their crown of leaves in the pure breezes of heaven, far above the hot vapors of the Brazilian forest; from the minute inconspicuous aquatic plant, called

the duckmeat, which covers the surface of pools and stagnant waters with its scum-like vegetation, to the splendid *Victoria Regia*, the queen of water-lilies, cradled in the floods of the Amazon—what differences in size! Yet nature has every variety of intermediate form. From the six thousand years Baobab on the shores of the Senegal, to the fungus or mushroom, the growth of a single night, what differences in duration! Now the whole of this vast assemblage of organic being, this wealth of vegetable form, is the result of the operation of a few simple laws. We shall endeavor to show with what simple means nature accomplishes these magnificent results; and let adoring thought rise to the Author of nature, whose is the plan and the building up of this beautiful fabric of vegetation, and of whose being and perfections we have the most abundant proof everywhere, whether the object of our contemplation be a moss or a sun.

If a section be taken through any part of a plant vertically or horizontally, and the section be placed under a microscope, between two plates of glass with a drop of water, so as to give the object the necessary degree of transparency, it will present to the eye the appearance of a network of cells, forming a structure not unlike a honeycomb (Fig. 1).

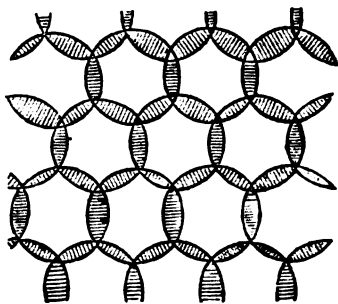
Fig. 1.



These cells are, in almost every instance, so small that it is impossible to see them without the microscope; so that this instrument is essential to the student, and without it no progress can be made with security in these researches. The primitive, or normal form of the cells is supposed to be a sphere (Fig. 2), and from this type every variety of form takes its rise, owing to the influence of pressure. It is by the growth of the plant that pressure is produced on its cells and their form altered. If the growth of the plant takes place more rapidly in one part than in another, the cells commonly elongate in that part, and become oblong or tubular when full and prismatic, if laterally compressed, as is the case in young shoots and branches. In the parenchyme, or stratum of green vegetable matter in the leaf, where they do not impress each other, they are globular; so also they assume this form in the loose and pulpy parts of fruits. In the pith, where they are exposed to pressure on all sides by

the adjacent cells, they become hexagonal. It will be easy to see from this how, from so simple an ele-

Fig. 2.



ment as a cell, may proceed a countless number of different forms of tissue.

In the fruit of the orange, the cell are of considerable size, and may be readily perceived by the naked eye. This cellular appearance is visible in all plants, when submitted to microscopic inspection. It is therefore evident that a plant is built up with cells, much in the same manner as a wall is built up of bricks. Its whole fabric consists of a countless number of cells, which assume a certain determinate form, according to certain fixed natural laws, and the whole process of vegetable growth consists, in its essential elements, in their continued and rapid multiplication. A knowledge of the processes of nature in the formation, growth, and propagation of cells, is therefore of the utmost importance, to enable us to understand the structure of plants, and clearly forms the foundation of the science of botany.

## THE STAR OF EARTH

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

NIGHT's sable curtain was let gently down  
Over the spacious window of the sky,  
And sullen darkness, with a gloom profound,  
Was all that met my weary aching eye!

From the deep stillness came a sudden gleam,  
'Twas like the twinkling of some tiny star:  
It stole upon me like a brilliant dream  
Of some sweet land of beauty from afar!

'Twas a lamp-light: what beauty in its ray!  
For there were gathered happy ones at home,  
Darkness was light upon the dreary way,  
For my own *Earth-Star* to my thoughts had come.

Oh! cheering, blessed light, the lamp of love,  
That shines on every circle gathered round;  
Afar, it seems but just dropped from above—  
But near, a scene of Paradise is found!

O Star of Earth! what were our life below,  
If from thee came no ray to human eye!  
If never more love's beacon light should glow,  
How starless—moonless, too—would be thy sky!

## A LEGEND OF THE SECOND CRUSADE IN THE HOLY LAND.

### THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF HÁSAN SÁBÁH.

BY MRS. S. H. WADDELL.

(Continued from page 134.)

#### CHAPTER I.

I saw one

Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,  
The russet prize, a restless life,  
The din of battle, and the roaring sea.

ANONYMOUS.

THE River Cydnus rises in Mount Taurus, in the district of Cilicia in Asia Minor, and is celebrated for having borne upon its billows the victorious Alexander while bathing and wrestling with its rapid waters. The Egyptian queen, Cleopatra, daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, sailed in all the gorgeousness of Eastern magnificence over its flowing surface, and the city of Tarsus, celebrated for its rivalry with Athens, dresses its borders ere it falls into the depths of the Mediterranean.

In the section of the city known as St. Paul's birthplace, resided my parents. They were at this period in the possession of much wealth; and my father was well calculated from his talents, indomitable spirit, and prudence, to amass, rather than diminish it.

Being their first and only child, I was naturally an object of great solicitude, and my having made my appearance in the midst of civil and foreign war, tended additionally to increase their anxiety for my welfare. The Turks and Greeks were at war in consequence of the loss of the greater part of Lesser Asia, which Suleiman, a cousin of the Seljukian Sultan, Malek Shah, had wrested from the Byzantine emperor. The difficulties as to the rightful succession of the Prophet occasioned the immediate strife between the Fatimites or Egyptian Mohammedans, and the Seljucides or Syrian followers of the Prophet. Upon these contending parties Europe hurled the Crusaders.

Not to depart from the thread of my history, it is necessary to state that my father placed me, at an early age, in the care of a learned Imaum, whose excessive gravity and taciturnity rendered him impressive enough, I thought, without other opinions which he maintained as expedient in bringing the brilliant parts of youth forward, namely: the bastinado, which he held as equal to Aladdin's lamp in discovering the hidden treasures of a boy's mind. Suffice it to say that he thought it the best evidence of his affection for my parents, and myself, to carry

out his theory into practice; and I have since, in an idle hour, reckoned one hundred different times that he gathered his sycamore twigs, and, having bound me, delved into the soles of my feet for sparks of genius and treasures of memory.

Well do I recollect my father's entering, one morning, the Imaum's apartment, and taking the Koran, with a troubled countenance, from my lap, raised me by the hand from the cross-legged position in which I was seated. My instructor's habit of silence debarred his inquiring into this singular and unusual conduct, and I quickly ran over in my mind all of my demeanor during the past week, apprehending that I had unwittingly incurred his displeasure, and was, in consequence, to have an interview with my adversary the bastinado; but he soon dispelled those fears by saying to the Imaum:—

"We must set forth, worshipful Al Alpo, and place all things of value in the Turkish garrison, for there is now marching, within a league of us, that limb of Eblis, Tancred, Prince of Otranto, with a thousand lances, crossbowmen, and men-at-arms, and they are but an atom, a mere fraction, from the great mass of the army. How many follow his route, Allah alone knows! Ah! by the beard of Abraham, we are in a rueful plight. The barracks—a spider's web arrayed against a falling pyramid; and the town, composed of so many Armenian and Greek Christians, must, of course, render us weakness itself. There is lunacy in resistance; but so sure as that obstinate mule, at the head of the garrison, takes it into his head to give battle, he will go for the sake of that maxim of his: 'Opinion to the death.' By the beard of Abraham, his motto is as mad as his actions. Some evil genii must have presided over the divan when he was placed in command."

Al Alpo said not a word, but, hastily rising, signified, by pointing to the door, that he was ready to depart.

We found my mother in possession of the news, and perfectly composed; indeed, she was a woman of unusual character and intelligence.

When my father and Al Alpo set forth to the garrison, I followed unobserved, and, although but a child, was provident enough to slip into my girdle a Damascus blade dirk, thinking my parent or preceptor might need the use of it in addition to their

own, before the valuables were secured or they have time to reason with the garrison.

They found the commander engaged in sketching a plan of attack, and when the Imaum and my father reasoned as to the folly of such measures with their invaders, I heard the general say:—

"Allah Aabar! my opinion is already formed—the Infidels shall feel, this day, the edge of a Turkish scimitar, and yield as the enemies of Mohammed. Did not the inhabitants of Mecca, though a thousand in number, fall before the sword of the Prophet with one hundred and thirteen followers? Did not Omar overcome Greeks, Syrians, Egyptians, and Persians, overthrowing with the latter the ancient religion of the Magi? This was determination leagued with the scimitar, Allah Kebur!"

"But," continued my father, "most valiant, there is not now that fanaticism which in those days propelled to victory; then they expected supernatural assistance, but now Mohammedans rely only upon such aid as wisdom, united with strength, and a love of our religion and country, affords."

"Allah Karim! wise Zenghi," answered the commander of the garrison, "a man is but a child unless he preserves tenacity in all of his opinions: 'Opinion to the death!'" As he uttered the last sentence, my father rushed out of the apartment, followed by the Imaum Al Alpso, and I heard him mutter, "Infatuated—rushing to destruction—horrible massacre."

I remained standing by the wall of the courtway, when a point of war, sounded from the approaching army, roused all of my energy and enthusiasm. I thought of an expedient at once wild and daring: it was to go in the midst of those foreign foes, and see all of the beauty and grandeur of war. I darted off for the Armenian quarter of the city, for the purpose of finding an intimate friend of mine.

"Cosroes," said I, "go with me to the myrtle terrace; and bring, as soon as you can, a suit of your clothes for me."

"But why, Hâsan?" said the affectionate boy. "This is a strange request, and at such a time."

"If you love me," I responded, "bring the clothes, and ask me no questions at this time."

The clothes were brought, and I soon dressed; and, standing at the main gateway, in front of the encamping Crusaders, it was not long before it was opened, and an Armenian citizen of much influence in Tarsus passed through, for the purpose of parley with the nobles of the army. I stepped immediately after him, and had the satisfaction to hear the gate locked behind me.

Never shall I forget the impression made upon my young imagination by the gallant sight spread before me. The hum of voices in an unknown tongue confused me, and I found, from the commotion of men and horses, that it was necessary for me to secure for myself some corner, where I could indulge my curiosity without being trodden under

foot. The base of a tall cypress afforded me a commodious sight of the entire encampment, from which my vision was occasionally obscured by the flash and glitter of their armor, and I frequently rubbed my eyes that I might better behold the gallant bearing of their knights, whose lances, tipped with pennons, resembled the spars of an undulating fleet. Their war-horses were led, and never mounted, as I afterwards saw, but for battle; the bow and arrow, the plaything of my childhood, was in their hands a new instrument. While I gazed intently, I heard a soldier say, "Now, Ned, our wager, man; bring thy arbelaſt, and bear upon yonder cypress."

The vassal stepped forward; he held the arbelaſt firmly with his feet, drew the iron-shod bolt with his right hand, and away darted the shaft; but, before I had time to observe its mark, my attention was absorbed by the appearance of the handsomest and noblest-looking man I ever beheld.

Pyrrhus, the Armenian, advanced towards him, and, placing his hand on his heart, said—

"Prince Tancred, we of Tarsus are followers of the cross, with the exception of a Turkish garrison of five hundred men, from whom we have suffered severe oppression and tyranny. Were we to show the smallest symptom of yielding the town to you, which we, under other circumstances, would gladly do, the scimitar would sever our heads ere the gates could be opened to you. So, by your noble presence, I beg leave to return to the town, bearing to the garrison any message your grace may please to honor me with."

"Deeply do we sympathise with your wrongs," said Prince Tancred. "It was even for this, and the overwhelming disgrace of the blessed sepulchre's being in infidel hands, that you now see the bloody symbol of the cross emblazoned on our breast, and fluttering sleeplessly by day and by night over our heads. Say to the garrison that we are aware that their number equals half of ours, that it is not my wish to shed blood recklessly; if they will elevate my banner over the walls of the city, all will be well with them."

Pyrrhus shook his head, bowed lowly, and left the encampment.

He had not been absent more than a half hour, before I heard, from five or six hundred voices, "Alla illa alla, Mohammed re soul alla!"\*

The chivalrous Tancred hastened into his pavilion, and, in a very short time, was standing at the head of his troops, armed *cap-à-pie*, his countenance calm and commanding, and his gestures so full of manly grace, that I was only restrained by the recollection of my father from throwing myself at his feet, and begging that he would allow me to follow him through life.

I was roused by the sound of several trumpets, and the cry of "Remember the holy sepulchre! God

\* Mohammedan war-cry.



wills it! God wills it!" and all was silent for some time. I turned in the direction of the city just as some wild strains of music, with the cry, "Allah hu!" rose at the gateway. Out rushed the garrison, followed by such of the citizens as could bear arms; but, in a half hour, men and horses were rolling in the sand, and clouds of dust enveloped cross and crescent. But for the whiz of arrows, twang of crossbows, and crash of spears, the noise of kettle-drums and trumpets, with an occasional cry from the wounded and dying, I could never have known, so dense was the drapery of dust enveloping the place of skirmish, what was transpiring beyond it.

The Turks hurried towards the city in great confusion, and I gazed with the utmost anxiety at their retreat, until my eyes caught, over the walls of Tarsus, a broad banner unfolding its blue field and silver cross to the breezes of the Mediterranean. It was Prince Tancred's, speaking more loudly than trumpet peals his victory over the garrison.

I now, for the first time, thought that my father might be among the slain or wounded; for, although he was not an orthodox Mohammedan, being in his faith partly a Ghiber, or Fire-worshipper, yet he observed the essentials of the Koran, and so often were his slippers left at the door of the mosque, that they were as well known in Tarsus as his person—he was not regarded as the resident Christians: he paid no tribute money, and was not, like them, excluded from office, and prohibited military service.

I ran over the field of conflict, and was relieved by seeing nothing of him. The carnage shocked my young mind to such an extent, that it produced nausea, and I dropped on the ground, covering my face with my hands. A heavy sigh, and "Water, for St. Cyprian's sake!" induced me to look in the direction of the sound, and found that it proceeded from a knight in full armor, who was literally clothed in blood. I fled to a cistern near the walls of the city, unchained the copper cup, filled it with water, and returned.

Prince Tancred, and a youth of sixteen or seventeen, were unharnessing and stanching the blood which so freely flowed from the wounded knight. They gave him the cup, which he drained with an eagerness I had never before witnessed.

"May St. Cyprian assuage thee for that saving cup!" said he, reviving a little.

I followed the group, as they bore away the knight, heartily rejoiced to turn from this field of suffering and death, particularly as it was now attended by leeches with amulets, Hadgees and Imaums: I also saw the glitter of instruments in the hands of crusading surgeons, and the flowing gowns of sably-dressed priests.

St. Cyprian's votary was laid upon finely-dressed skins, in Prince Tancred's pavilion, while his chap-

lain, who well understood the healing art, pronounced him only exhausted from loss of blood, and not in danger from the wound. "Though," added the chaplain, "he would now have been in paradise, had he not been so promptly attended to."

"Ah, by my halidome, Valfrino," said Prince Tancred, "it is well for thee it was not a poisoned arrow, or Ernest there"—pointing to his page—"and myself would have been singing now, for my beloved squire's soul, the *miserere*; and happy am I that our good chaplain is not lighting wax tapers at thy feet, man, in place of heating them for thee! Canst thou say what manner of man it was that aimed his shaft so successfully at thee?"

Valfrino\* made a grimace, in which he changed his countenance, and strikingly resembled the commander of the garrison. I involuntarily said—

"Opinion, to the death!" And, for the first time, arrested attention.

"Thou wast there, then?" said the squire—for such was Valfrino, and not a knight.

"No, sire," I replied; "some distance off. But I know the commander of the garrison."

"Well," he responded, "his last words were such as you repeated, when I returned, with a sword-blow on the head, the compliment of his arrow."

I shuddered to think of the bloody change produced in a few minutes; but my attention was abstracted by shouts from the garrison again, of "Alla illa alla," and by the arrival of several officers, who came to inform Prince Tancred that, in the direction of the hills, flying squadrons of Turks were pouring down, and, according to their mode of warfare, showers of arrows would be rained in the midst of the army, and they immediately disappear.

Prince Tancred made every arrangement for defence and attack, and marched in the direction of the Turks.

I was so much interested in their military evolutions, that I returned to my cypress post and climbed aloft, that I might see beyond the undulations of the hills. As soon as the troops advanced sufficiently near to be mutually recognized, what was my surprise when, in place of a furious charge, Prince Tancred and the advancing general cast their shields and arms on the ground, and rushed into each other's arms!

I was all curiosity to see the newly-arrived warriors, and set off to the pavilion. Upon reaching it, I went directly to Valfrino's couch. He extended his hand to me, and motioned that I should sit down. My Armenian dress, with the knowledge I possessed of Greek and lingua-francka—derived from associating with the Christians of Tarsus—enabled me to pass for one in the Frankish camp.

\* Prince Tancred's squire was the greatest mimic of his day.

## CHAPTER II.

BALDWIN, the brother of Godfrey of Bouillon, and, some two or more years after this period, his successor in the kingdom of Jerusalem, did not impress my mind with that sense of noble elevation that I always felt upon seeing Tancred; his personal advantages were greater too than usual, having a large and commanding figure, strong and regular features, with a grave and studied manner.

He was conducted by Prince Tancred into his pavilion, assigned the most honorable seat, and entertained with affectionate courtesy. Ernest brought, on a silver salver, goblets of wine, and served it kneeling on one knee.

"The health of the Lady Godchild!" said the prince.

I observed a shade pass over the brow of his guest, when the former observed—

"This is imperial wine: the Greeks, no doubt, would have us believe it the same served by Ganymede to Jupiter. While my liege lord, Bohemond, was persuading me to take the oath at Constantinople, the Emperor Alexius, after his subtle fashion, undertook to buy my allegiance and good-will. He sent me a pipe of Tokay, such, he avowed, as Hungary rarely produced. I returned his present with scorn, and requested him to recollect that 'I was a knight ere I became a Crusader.' He was foiled in his expectations; but again requested my acceptance of the wine, even should I determine never to acquiesce in the political measures of his cabinet. I sent, by my page, an embroidered sword-belt, with a buckle of gold set with costly jewels, directing him to take for me the pipe of wine, should the emperor show his disinterestedness by receiving the belt. Alexius, according to custom, vacillated, when his imperious queen remarked, 'Hast thou, noble emperor, not already been mistrusted enough, and accused of every humiliating and insidious mode of acquiring allegiance from, and dominion over the Crusaders, even to poisoning their chiefs, to show for once that an emperor of the ancient and renowned Greeks could make a paltry present without some hidden motive beneath it?'"

"But, leaving Constantinople, its emperor, and its wines," continued Prince Tancred, "for a subject of more immediate interest, tell me, noble Baldwin, whether your march, after our separation in Iconium, proved adventurous with the heathen or not?"

"As to adventures," replied Baldwin, "I will say we had enough of them; but they were in the heathenish form of famine and burning sands. Our arrival at the Bosphorus, and intended progress through Lesser Asia into Syria, spread like wildfire among the inhabitants, who thereupon left the country, taking with them every movable of value. We necessarily suffered many and severe privations; but it is the duty of a soldier, you know, 'not to

look back when his hand is on the plough;' and, by your leave, we will discuss something of a merrier character than hunger and fatigue, if it were only for the sake of rejoicing that our trouble is so far over."

I now left the encampment without ceremony, as I had entered it, and returned to my parents. My father was pleased with the relation of my exploits, and promised that I should return, on the following morning, to the Christian encampment. This was the greatest indulgence he could have bestowed on me; and, accordingly, as soon as I partook of my morning's repast, I set forth, and was again by the side of Valfrino's couch, finding him much improved. He appeared glad to see me, and said—

"You shall be my page by and by, Hásan, when I become a belted knight; and we will have bright times among the infidels."

A sudden vision of Al Alpeo and my father flitted before me, and I was unable to thank him. My embarrassment was relieved by a loud altercation outside of the pavilion; and, from Valfrino's exclamations and chagrin, I saw that it was something of great moment. He would say—

"By all the saints, I knew it would be so! No man, who acts as he does towards his lady wife, could fail in having the worst of dispositions. By St. Cyprian, and that is beyond endurance! Only hear him!"

I went to the door-way of the pavilion as Prince Tancred said—

"But remember, our lord of Bouillon, and Bohemond of Tarentum, sent us from Antioch—as your noble brother was ill of wounds—to seek adventures with the heathen, and to explore the country. We separated, you remember, in Iconium, to fulfil in separate directions the command of our leaders and liege lords of the crusade. How now? Have I not a right to Tarsus, when won by my good sword? My determination is, as in duty bound from the laws of our combination, to hold possession until the arrival of my liege lord of Tarentum, or until I shall hear of his will as to the disposal of the city."

Baldwin replied to this by saying—

"Had I observed thy banner waving over those walls yesterday, parched be my tongue forever if I would have tasted thy wine, or entered thy pavilion, until thou hadst divided the honors of victory with me, or given over the town to be plundered."

"Why, my lord Baldwin," replied Tancred, "can you be mad? What possible shadow of a right have you to any part of Tarsus, when you were absent, and on a different mission, at the time I overcame the garrison?"

Baldwin made no reply; but, going into the city, he very soon raised a tumult, and I saw, with amazement, Prince Tancred's banner lowered and that of Baldwin elevated in its place.

The troops, led by the knights of each leader, arrayed themselves in order for combat, when the gal-

lant and pious Tancred stepped forward, and, baring his demelike forehead, said to the Crusaders—

"My beloved brethren, look upon your bosoms, and those crimson crosses will reproach you. I appeal to you, by the great and holy cause in which we have embarked, to sheath your swords and trail your lances, as if for a funeral; for it is one, indeed, to our blessed cause, should such a scene as this be acted. Let Baldwin take the city of Tarsus, and welcome; so that he receives it in Christian peace—that peace which we have vowed to keep with every follower of the cross, under all circumstances of wrong and of aggression. I trust I shall now set you that example; for I will this moment turn from Cilicia, and seek, in more distant regions, other victories and other achievements, in which I hope to aid our united strength in wresting from infidel hands the sepulchre of the Saviour of the universe."

A deep silence prevailed, and, when Prince Tancred turned to his pavilion, shout after shout of "Long live the brave, the virtuous Tancred!" vibrated through the city, and echoed over the wide and blue waters of the Mediterranean.

With a heavy heart, I returned to my home, and seated myself on a mat. I heard my father relate the proceedings of Baldwin with indignation. He had caused the people of Tarsus to revolt by representing to them that his brother, Godfrey, of Bouillon, being chief in command of the Crusaders, would severely punish any disobedience on their part to his authority; and, should they not pull down Prince Tancred's banner and plant his in its place, they would find no quarter upon the arrival of Godfrey and Bohemond. My father added that he had seen, in that short time, enough of Baldwin to dislike him, and that he had formed a resolution as to his own movements—that, at midnight, he would leave the city; and "you, Hâsan," he continued, "will remember that you have been taught to obey your parents: you are not to leave this house but by my permission."

He then turned to the imaum—

"Worshipful hogia,\* we buried our treasure in the garden, you know, when we found that the garrison would resist these infidel invaders. You will collect it when I give you an intimation of the time. And now I will see our camels fed, and look after other preparations."

I greatly desired to see Cosroes, and bid him farewell, but dreaded to disobey my father's commands.

The period of midnight found the imaum and my father mounted on mules; two sumpter camels bore our baggage and provisions, another carried my mother and myself, with a couple of handsomely-finished sacks filled with confectionery and dried fruits. We travelled in silence for two leagues, when my father slackened his pace, and remarked—

\* Teacher.

"Our journey now lies midway of these invading Franks; their armies are overrunning the interior of this country, and their fleets and piratical vessels cover the Mediterranean. As the latter seldom appear in sight of the Cilician coast, I propose that our route should be within a league of the sea-shore; that we cross the River Pinarus, thence over the Mountains of Amanus, where I hope to join a caravan which will touch at Antioch. There I will abide a while with my beloved friend, Phirous, the *beni zerri*.\* The Crusaders will, from all apcounets, confine their warfare to Roum"—i. e., the Greek empire—"until the conquests made by the Turks are restored to Alexius, who will then unite with the Croisiers in attempting the conquest of Palestine."

The imaum nodded his assent, and my mother remarked that we would then be but a week on the road, which was a great relief to her, as she dreaded the Syrian sun as much as the cross-handled sword of these djours† from the west.

In crossing over the last ridge of Amanus, we saw beneath us the caravan so much desired by my father. Lights were glowing and glimmering, disappearing and rekindling, as you have seen *ignes fatui* in damp and marshy situations. They had just halted, and were lighting their fires; men were yet in the saddle, and women, inclosed in caftans and veils, stepping from kneeling camels and dromedaries; slaves were spreading carpets, dressing pilans, or unburthening camels, and piling up bales of goods, which were scattered about, in positions of greater security. Persons of distinction and Turkish merchants were sitting cross-legged upon mats and carpets; singers were amusing crowds, who were standing, sitting, and lying down about them; imaums were throwing themselves in different positions, as they prayed; while others performed their ablutions, or listened, with wonder and veneration, to green-turbaned hadgees.

As soon as my father stopped, and while he was assisting my mother to dismount, I slipped from the camel for the purpose of joining a group that I had observed perfectly enchanted by a tall man, with a turban as white as snow, a jetty beard, and flashing eyes. Before reaching him, I would occasionally hear the rich intonations of his voice, as he elevated it in various cadences. His gestures were full of animation and natural grace, and he would sometimes most expressively and rapidly change the style of his costume by a mere elevation or droop of his robe. He would, again, draw his dagger, and quickly sheath it; sometimes, as quick as light, his bow would be strung; and now he portrayed grief, with all of its overwhelming desolation: from this

\* Historians inform us that Phirous, though of a noble family in Armenia, was not ashamed of the title, "*beni zerri*" (or armor-maker).

† Dogs.

the alternation was as rapid. His white teeth would glitter, and his mouth assume all of the merriment of joyous laughter. During this time, the group would intuitively draw nearer; they elevated their arms, shouted aloud, then sunk their heads, and sorrowfully ejaculated, "Alla! Alla!"

This individual was called Merari, the poet and story-teller. I returned to my parents, thinking that Merari's eloquence would charm them into forgetfulness of their fatigue, and found that my father had employed a hired servant to attend him as groom, and was purchasing from hucksters, who had already spread out a furnished bazaar, every necessary for our supper. His very neat tent was pitched beneath the beautiful palm, at the base of which we had alighted.

I passed into the tent, and found my mother sitting on one of her handsome carpets, awaiting the return of my father, and the imamu, Al Alpo, telling over his rosary of date-stones.

When my father entered the tent, he brought with him the renegade, Phirouz. His appearance was always unpleasant to me, particularly a squint in both of his eyes, which gave him a barbarous look. He was tall and brawny, with a club-foot, on which he walked as if badly crippled.

"Well, brother," said my father to the renegade, "glad am I to find thee here. What brought thee off from Antioch?"

"Only to gratify the governor of the city," he replied, pointing towards the tent-door.

"And is he with the caravan?" inquired my father.

"Indeed, he is," responded the renegade, Phirouz. "You will recognize him in this crowd of two thousand souls—may the Prophet guard them!—by an elephant he travels on: it is white, and covered with fringed-silk hangings; above the canopy, under which he is seated, there are flags; the head of the elephant is dressed with ostrich feathers; and he has two lieutenants stationed by the animal, with drawn swords; twenty skillful archers follow him, and twenty precede him. He takes a letter from Sultan Kilidge Arslan,\* which he has to read to a divan upon reaching Antioch. You must recollect to teach Hâsan the usual observances on these occasions.

"Hâsan," continued he, "you must not sit with your back towards that green tent surmounted by a golden crescent; the sultan's letter alone occupies it, and you see it is guarded by a soldier with a drawn scimitar. It was taken, a short time previously to your arrival, from the elephant on which the governor rides, with sounding trumpets and thundering drums."

### CHAPTER III.

On the following morning, as the sun was reddening the east, and birds of the dawn were singing glad anthems, as they shook the dew-drops from their plumage, I was roused by the cry of the *mace-sin*; and, as soon as our orisons were performed, I saw all in motion for our departure.

The order of march was as follows: A mule was placed at the head of the caravan, and fastened to him were fifty camels in a string, one before another, on which riders, merchandise, and luggage were placed; then, after the ceremonies already mentioned, the green and gold tent was struck; near him was my father's party, with the renegade. We were with the second mule and fifty camels. After this followed many on foot and on mules. When, however, a cloud of dust was perceived, or voices heard, the rider in advance, who was mounted on the foremost mule, placed his thumbs at the back of his ears, and uttered a shrill cry; it was conveyed, from one to another, to the extremity of the caravan, which instantly formed a dense square, the valuables and defenceless occupying the centre, while the armed and strong closed the front, the rear, and the wings. In this way, we travelled pleasantly and safely, until we reached the towering walls of the mountain which border the north side of the city of Antioch, and saw the glitter of the Orontes, as it dashed its billows on the massive walls of Antioch. They are of solid pieces of stone, so broad in diameter that a chariot and four horses might make a circuit of the city. Four hundred and fifty towers are built, at proper distances, on the walls, and on the south is situated the city castle. We passed, in the rear of the governor, through the bridge gate on the north of Antioch, while the caravan remained for the night in the suburbs, being on their journey to Palestine and Bassora.

The renegade, Phirouz, had ingratiated himself with the governor of this city, and was often intrusted with the secret measures of the divan. His residence was near the palace of Baghi Seyan, who, being sprung from the race of the Seljukian princes, was regarded by the reigning sultan with all of the respect due to one of his descent; and the emir's nature commanded respect, although he possessed but a small portion of the affection of his people. He lived in great splendor, and the renegade promised my father that, should he require patronage, he would say all within his power that was favorable to the governor for him.

My father was in possession of a handsome residence in the city; and, after bidding adieu to his acquaintances, he set forth in the direction of his

\* (Sword lion), son of Suleiman, cousin of Sultan Malek Shah.

establishment, and was soon comfortably settled; while the imaum and myself carried on our investigation of parchment, with occasional introductions to the bastinado.

My father's profession was mercantile. He was soon installed in a part of the bazaar. As was his habit when residing in Tarsus, his business here had been carried on by agents; but now, although he employed many clerks, in accordance with the custom of other wealthy merchants, yet he chose to be a great deal in the establishment, and saw much of his large business transacted under his immediate inspection. I need not say that this added not a little to his wealth; and my mother's refined taste, and ample means of indulging her fancies, occasioned the appellation of Zenghi, the *Guzel*, or beautiful, by which his family were distinguished from two others of the same name in Antioch.

A Jew, known as Ben Joseph, was my father's *homme d'affaires*: indeed, all who undertook business of this nature invariably employed some one of these sons of Judah; their sagacity and attention to moneyed transactions were remarkable; and, indeed, what else could be expected from a people who saw that their only strength, so far as their fellow-men were considered, consisted in gold and silver. Ben Joseph was a small, thin man, with all of the national marks of his people; his beard was remarkably long, hanging to his girdle, and, being dyed of an orange color, with henna, according to their custom, as were his eyebrows, lent his aquiline nose and sharp eyes a peculiar expression.

I used to observe that, whenever Phirous, the renegade, made his appearance, as he frequently did, to converse with my father, Ben Joseph was serious and distant. He appeared to withdraw himself within himself; and the renegade, after observing his reserve for some time, would touch his heart, and immediately turn his back, as if determined to show the Jew that he cared as little for his acquaintance as he appeared to do for him.

On one of these occasions, while Phirous was sipping his sherbet, cooled by the snows of Caucasus, he said to my father—

"Holy St. Gregory—I mean holy Prophet—what is to become, brother Zenghi, of trade and traffic, when we are situated as the antelope told in story, who, being on his journey to the forest, and having to pass a plain in which the cusa-grass of the Fire-worshippers grew, found, from a burning coal dropped by a dervish, that the dry grass was kindling rapidly all around him. He deliberated in his dilemma, and bethought him of some expedient by which he could escape; but he found to remain was to be destroyed, and to fly was to be singed cruelly, if not to death. So, choosing the lesser of the two evils, he bounded off on his way home, carrying to his covey lacerated marks of his adventure. So, brother, is it with us; what with the Franks on one side, the marauding Arabs on the other, with

the contending factions of the Caliphate, we are hemmed in by fire and sword very like the poor antelope I have just related the legend of."

"You are right, Phirous Beni Zerri," answered my father. "I trust we shall escape the scenes of war in this beautiful country. We have reason to hope that the infidels will confine their bloodshed to Lesser Asia; and, after satisfying that tyrant of a Greek, Alexius, by restoring those dominions he was too weak to keep in his possession, take shipping for Palestine. Jerusalem will be their headquarters. Our commerce, as you have observed, brother, is sadly tangled—ah, worse than the knot of Gordius, which the imaum taught Hâsan the nature of in his morning's lesson. But to be free from the immediate scene of war, as the imaum also says, and truly, is to be free from the dwelling of Eblis."

"Ah," muttered Ben Joseph, "a worse fire burns for an apostate like thee!"

When the renegade made his salaam and departed, my father turned to Ben Joseph, and said—

"Hear, Ben Joseph, hast thou received any tidings from thy tribe on the Rhine lately?"

"Ah," he replied, "these are times full of tribulation to the house of Jacob; the days of visitation are come. In the month Elul, at Worms and Treves, they were called on by those sworn to Baal\* to renounce the religion of the Hebrews; but, when they asked time for consideration, it was only to prepare for death, and their blood mingled by their own hands with that of their wives and children. The holy Rabbi Isaac was slain for the sanctification of the law: his wisdom was as that of Asaph and Hymen. In Ments and Spire—but why enumerate? How shall we drink the bitter cup? They have gone to dwell in the dew of light; may God, in his mercy, avenge their innocent blood!"

I felt for Ben Joseph when I saw him rend his garments and shower ashes on his clean turban, until that and his face were completely disfigured.

Those who have never witnessed this ancient mode of evincing grief can form no adequate idea of its solemnity; the forlorn and expressive countenance, the figure developing an utter disregard to any interest in appearances, and consequently abstracted from the things of time, appears as if the heart and soul of the individual had fled away, leaving only a melancholy representation of what it once was.

I was engaged, while at Antioch, in close study with Al Alpao, during which time my life passed monotonously enough, with the exception of one or two visits, with my father and the renegade, to the outer court of the palace of Baghi Seyan. There my curiosity was roused by the accounts I heard of the great beauty of the expected bride of the governor. Baghi Seyan had never seen her; the negotiation of the marriage was carried on by his envoys and

\* Crusaders.

the family of the lady. It was a political contract; and the dower of the intended bride was said to be the chief inducement with the governor in suing for her as his wife. She was to bring a dowry of eight ships of gold, silver, and jewels, armor and arms of the most approved temper, and splendid materials, wines, and oil, with seven hundred troops, two hundred of which were her body-guard, being accomplished archers.

At this period, I was one day solitarily engaged in angling on the bank of the Lake Ofirinus, north of the city, when one of those long, narrow caïques, with a prow projecting twenty-five feet, on which a golden swan in the act of flight was perched, glided by; at its extremity an awning of silk, supported by gilded pillars of beautiful proportion, interspersed with golden sashes and festooned with crimson silk fringed with gold, fluttered in the air; surmounting the whole, flashed the crescent of Mohammed. Twelve boatmen dipped harmonious oars in the limpid waters of the placid lake, and so softly did it move onward, that the liquid silver of the lake was scarcely ruffled.

I could not imagine the design of this: were it the intended bride, the lake would be stormy with caïques, and the shores embattled with troops, with waving banners, dancing, and music.

I placed my little basket on my arm, and set off for my home, which was near the water. My father was in his gallery,\* and I called his attention to the skiff. As it touched the strand, two figures, one a female all veiled, the other an elderly man, stepped from the slender and phantom-like caïque, when a sound from the eastern side of the city electrified the inhabitants, causing those who were sleeping to spring on their feet, the actively-engaged artisan to sit, while he listened, as motionless as a statue; children rushed to their mothers' arms, and groups of men would whisper as they conversed together. As this mighty tempest came onward, the earth trembled beneath our feet, and banners, pennons, and lances darkened the east like black and spreading clouds. I am ashamed to acknowledge that my heart gladdened when I heard the neigh and tramp of horses, the peal of trumpets, and the thunder of the drums.

Baghi Seyan had just returned from assisting Radvan, one of the sons of Tütüsh, brother of Sultan Malek Shah, who, since the death of their father, had been alternately engaged in civil quarrels; and their relative, the Emir Baghi Seyan, Governor of Antioch, would, as his judgment directed, assist one or the other of the brothers, according to his peculiar position; and in this way he was, if we may be allowed the expression, a species of *warlike* umpire, when the necessity of either of the brothers required his presence, and thereby preserved a balance of power in their government and warfare.

\* The Turks build their houses with courts and open galleries all around them.

#### CHAPTER IV.

As the effendi, kyhalas, and tefterdar passed on their way to the council, which was called immediately on the arrival of the emir, the renegade being with them, stepped in my father's gallery, and, taking him by the arm, hurried him off with them. The confusion rather added to a vertigo he was troubled with, and he left his turban on the mat he had been sitting on, which my mother presently observed, when she turned to me and said—

"Run, Hâsan, and take thy father's turban to him. Oh, how must Zenghi, the Guzel, look without it! He will be a subject of ridicule to all who see him."

I must say, in explanation, that my father, according to the fashion of some Mohammedans, shaved his beard entirely, leaving only a tuft of hair on the top of his head, for the convenience of the Prophet in lifting him into paradise.

I was soon admitted, when I said, at the audience door, that the renegade, Phirouz, would explain my business.

The grandson of Sultan Malek Shah, being newly arrived from a fatiguing march, and aged withal, required the luxury of his velvet cushions, and was sitting reposingly, with his kyhalas on each side of him, when I entered. His court of audience was spacious enough for the accommodation of the prominent men of each regiment of his allies, including his own; and I saw, with delight, files of armed men enter the gateway, and lower their banners as they passed their chief. Turks in light armor, with fine white linen turbans, held bows and arrows, spears and scimitars, as if they were made of air. Arabs, swarthy, tall, and lean, with figures not unlike the long reed tipped with steel which they bore in their hands, their wild and restless look strikingly reminding the beholder of the denunciation, "His hand shall be against every man, and every man's against him." Tartars, with large heads, bronzed complexions, small, deep-set eyes, and flat noses, with longbows towering above their heads. Persians of majestic forms, their full beards forming a contrast to the scattering and stunted growth on the chins of the former.

I heard the effendi say to Baghi Seyan—

"We had hoped, great emir, to have been now engaged in making preparations for thy marriage with the 'Startled Fawn of Cashmere.' How would she have shone as the full moon on thy magnificence! The poets of her country compare her movements to 'a branch of the tamarisk waving to the southern breeze.' She desired to appear privately; and, arriving at the borders of the Lake Ofirinus, took there a caïque, which was held ready by her father, and landed but a few hours since. According to your directions, she was placed in the

'Hall of Perfumes,' and will be visited by the wife of Zenghi, the Gusel, who is a relative of hers."

"Out! out!" said the aged emir. "Tell me not of promised happiness; a prospect held before me as yon steel reflects the sunbeam, to dazzle and instantly disappear. We have only to look and think of resistance to those foreign and infidel dogs who are howling at our gates."

Many plans were formed for the defence of the city, and for sustaining the siege. The renegade was assigned the most important tower connected with the gate in front of the encampment of the Crusaders, and his son, Isamo, was selected as one of the spies to be sent among the Franks. I saw dissatisfaction in the countenances of those who occupied rank and office; for the renegade was no general favorite, and the circumstance of his apostasy rendered him additionally unpopular. His subtlety, daring, and strong discriminating powers elevated him with the governor, to whom he was often very useful.

Upon reaching home, we found the imaum in despair. His horror, upon finding Antioch besieged, severed for a time the strings of his tongue.

"Oh, wretched Antioch!" he exclaimed, "well would it have been had thy founder, Seleucus Nicator, styled the Victorious, been dead, ere he raised a corner-stone for thee! Oh, Antioch! thou hast been visited, indeed! Earthquakes, sword, and famine have been thy sisters! I had thought that thy strength and thy position would have given thee peace for years to come, and that thou wouldst have slept in thy flowery valleys uninterrupted but by the caravans and the laden caique of the Orontes and Ofrinus."

Al Alpo wept. He was not a man of the sword; and his thin beard was scattered about him, and his turban given to the winds, in the paroxysm of his grief.

As I have already stated, the castle was situated on the southern boundary of the city; its elevation was far above the walls, and its position on the rocky heights of the mountains afforded an extensive view of the descending ridges, which ran parallel with the Orontes, being branches of the Libanus, whose cedars furnished King Solomon with the fragrant materials of which the temple dedicated to the Most High was reared. There was only a perilous footway leading from the neighboring country to the portal of the castle; but the gentle slopes on the east of the city afforded sumptuous gardens, vineyards, and orchards, whose exhalations perfumed their declivities and valleys for leagues. On the opposite side of these mountains gush perpetually sweet and limpid waters, which were conveyed by subterranean pipes to every part of the city.

It was immediately in this region that the Crusaders stretched their lines, and I was not long in discovering Prince Tancred's banner in the section

assigned his liege lord, the Prince of Tarentum, who, with his Normans, occupied the front of one of the city gates, called by them *St. Paul's*. Next was the camp of Robert of Flanders, Robert of Normandy, Stephen of Blois, and Hugh the Great, with Franks and Britons. Next came the Count of Toulouse, the Bishop of Puy, with Gascons, Provençals, and Burgundians. Then came the Duke of Lorraine, his brother Eustace, the Counts of Youl and Montague, with Lorrainers, Trisians, Swabians, Franconians, and Bavarians. Three hundred thousand of this Babel bore arms.

I do not know even now the policy of such measures, but at one time the governor, Baghi Seyan, determined in his council to put to the sword every Christian citizen of Antioch; he afterwards decided to keep as hostages for their good behavior, their wives, children, and property, while the men were allowed to visit the Croisiers, provided they meddled not with the war. It may have been for the convenience of his spies, who were disguised as Christians of Antioch.

I was now fourteen years of age, and felt that there was something morally wrong in my visiting my friend, Valfrino, in the company of Isamo. Innocent curiosity prompted my first acquaintance with him; but now I saw Isamo regarded as a Christian, and knew that his views were insidious. I scorned to betray my own country; and my father, when he acceded to my going into the encampment, threatened me with torture, and even death, should I give any intimation of the spies or their measures, or, indeed, meddle at all with either's movements. I had no disposition to be treacherous; the scruples I felt in being with Isamo and Valfrino was an evidence of the purity of my feelings.

Isamo resembled his father, and possessed the same gifts of ingratiating himself. His fund of humor, equal temper, and quick perceptions rendered him highly conventional, and he possessed all of the prudence, hypocrisy, and craft necessary to the task assigned him.

When he first entered the encampment—without any directions from me—he went directly to the tent of Valfrino, and, with perfect self-possession, said—

"Brother, let me introduce myself to thee. I am a Christian, a Syrian by birth, whose ancestors came originally as pilgrims from gay Normandy, and the ill-usage of the Turks rendered them too poor to return to their beloved country. Our oppressors were bad enough under the Turks of the house of Ortok, who were, fourteen years ago, expelled from Palestine by the Caliphs of Egypt. Those Saracens stripped us of all we possessed, and my father was even reduced to servitude. He made the best of what was inevitable, and, being truly a Christian, served uprightly and faithfully the man who held him captive, and so far won his confidence that he gave him his freedom, and would

have given his daughter to me in marriage, had we consented to become apostates for Mohammed."

Valfrino extended his hand, welcomed him gayly and affectionately, offered to place a cross on his shoulder, and give him a place in the ranks to which he belonged. But Isamo sighed, placed his hand on his heart, shook his head, and stated the determination of the divan to put every man's family to the sword who ventured to meddle with the war.

I could not enjoy myself; and it was only after seeing Isamo depart that I could throw my arms around Valfrino's neck, and tell him how glad I was to see him.

Ten days after this, I carried some fine grapes, which were now in perfection, to my friend, and, while he was regaling himself with them, I heard something fall heavily at the door of the tent. What was my horror upon discovering it to be a human head, shot by a longbow from the walls of the city. By the time Valfrino came to the spot, another and another was hurled. He turned away, saying—

"Such is the fate of war! My own head, like these poor foragers, may be the next to roll in the sand, or perhaps be stuck on a spear in sight of the followers of the cross.

"Hâsan, do you know," he said, turning to me, "that it is suspected that treason is in the camp; at least that many who appear as Christians are assuming the cross that they may more successfully carry on their investigations as spies? Yesterday, our liege lord Bohemond sent out a foraging party. They were surprised by some Antiocheans, and a conflict took place. The Crusaders returned with a hundred heads hanging at their saddle-bows, and two prisoners. They were saved for ransom; but I now understand that Prince Bohemond has commanded their execution, and has summoned all of the Syrian Christians, who came from Antioch into the encampment, to attend. You will be obliged, my son, to march with me to the scene of execution."

When we arrived at the appointed place, I saw Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, for the first time. He was apparently fifty years of age, and one of the tallest and stoutest men I ever saw; even with a stoop in the shoulders, he towered over the crowd like a palm in the desert. There was determination, indeed cruelty, in his thin, compressed mouth and cold, blue eyes. He wore his hair so short as only to appear below his helmet, while all from his country were seen with long and flowing locks; his crest was vermillion, in unison with the field of his arms.

I was struck with this descendant of Robert Guiscard, whose wonderful deeds of arms had been sung to me in my infancy as a lullaby; and, as he walked

to and fro before his pavilion, and passed alternately beneath the shadow of the banner of his ancestors planted before his encampment, I thought that he almost united the powers of the lion and tiger with that of the man.

A vast multitude were assembled by the blast of his trumpeter, and, among the Syrians, I saw Isamo, whose anxiety of countenance betrayed apprehension, from the dashes of red and alternate pallor which his bronzed face, and quick tremulous glances exhibited. A herald, with the arms of the prince blazoned on a small red flag, brayed three peals from a trumpet to which it was attached; and presently an executioner, with bare arms and head, in a crimson dress, appeared. He placed a hacked and blood-stained block on the sand, and laid upon it a broadaxe. He now disappeared, and in a short time returned, leading by iron chains the two prisoners taken by the foraging party. I felt keenly for my countrymen, who were only known to me by the ensigns of Baghi Seyan, being soldiers of his. I felt some relief from the calm spirit of the men, and turned to Valfrino, my only friend in this motley crowd. I suppose my face must have expressed great emotion, for he jerked me back and stood before me, so as to shield me from the scene of death. I heard the last shout of the victims, "Alla! Alla!" and each stroke of the axe as it severed their heads. My feelings were now beyond control, and I rushed from Valfrino's side just in time to see the heads held up in each hand of the executioner, as he pronounced, while they dropped and trickled gore with features convulsed in death—

"Such awaits all who are enemies of the cross, and such awaits all who act as spies in the Christian camp."

I was hemmed in by armed men, and obliged to return to my friend to witness a scene still more horrible and revolting. Some of the beautiful shrubbery from the gardens, clothed with clinging vines and gay flowers, was brought and kindled into a fire by one of the prince's cooks; the aroma of these spicy boughs rose with the smoke, and perfumed the surrounding air. The bodies were stripped and laid before the fire, and I heard the head cook say to a subordinate—

"Look, and mind ye that the heathens do not burn, as their souls are now doing; for they are to be daintily feasted for the prince's supper, so soon as he be returned from vespers."\*

I had sickened and nearly fainted on the field of Tarsus, and, had I not witnessed the carnage there, I should never have remained sensible during this horrible tragedy.

\* Such scenes were only, of course, designed for effect by the Crusaders.

(To be concluded.)



## THE BRANCH OF ROSES.

(1208.)

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. EVELINE RIBBECOURT, BY MRS. ANNE F. LAW.

### CHAPTER I.

THE gleeful sound which attends a wedding awoke the slumbering echoes of the valley of Urseven. The relatives and friends pass, two by two, along the narrow road which winds between the rocks, and regard with great satisfaction the newly-married pair, who, seeking for solitude, have urged on their horses, and are far in advance of the cavalcade. The hand of Hedwige is clasped in that of her husband; Rodolph leans gently towards her, guiding with care the steps of the little Jennet, almost as white as snow, and which seemed proud of its lovely burden. Occasionally, the evening wind—playing with the bride's veil, and lifting it aside—discovers well-defined features; eyes blue as the azure billows of the lake; and luxuriant hair, which was still crowned with the nuptial wreath. Rodolph regarded with delight this gentle being, whose visage reflected only goodness and innocence, and pressed with great tenderness the little hand which had been given him at the altar. He eagerly quaffed this cup of human felicity, and often repeated, "How much I love you, and how happy I am!"

Hedwige, with feminine timidity, enjoyed, in the recesses of her bosom, a happiness not the less vividly felt. Rodolph de Wart was the handsomest, the most valiant, and the most loyal of the Swiss chevaliers. Truly noble, he was gentle towards the weak, and unbending to the powerful. If manly qualities were displayed upon his forehead and in his eyes, his mouth was embellished with an amiable smile; and his voice, so strong in the battle-field, when with women softened to those accents which penetrate the heart. He was rich and honored; and he could boast of a line of illustrious ancestry. His future was filled with brilliant hopes. Such was the husband of Hedwige—the happy Hedwige—who, beneath the eyes of her mother, and at the side of her beloved, did not believe that earth could offer felicity equal to hers. All around seemed in harmony with the sentiments of her soul; no cloud obscured the splendid blue of the heavens; the evening star appeared like a lighthouse placed in the midst of a dark forest of fir-trees. The descending pathway discovered to the eyes of the travellers a fertile vale, rich in pastures, which were enamelled by some rustic dwellings, and around which rose, in an amphitheatre, stern mountains. On one side appeared granite rocks, and on the other lively verdure. In the hori-

zon, blending with the sky, rose the glaciers with sullen and silent dignity. They had lost the brilliant hues with which the sun paints them when bidding farewell; and, immovable and livid, one could imagine them an army of giant phantoms. But not towards these were the eyes of Hedwige turned. She sought—through the gauze veil with which evening dressed the valley—the cherished home of which her betrothed had so often spoken. At last, at a turn of the road, Rodolph again pressed the hand he held, and said, with a voice full of emotion, "Dear Hedwige, there is the tower of Wart; there is our dwelling."

Hedwige suspended the steps of her horse; she cast her eyes, wet with tears, on the tower which, with austere aspect, defended the borders of the little vale, and greeted it with tenderness. What young maiden does not cherish with true affection the abode of which a husband renders her the mistress! the roof to which she brings happiness in exchange for love! the walls which behold her a wife and a mother, and where, each day, invested with a mild sovereignty, she causes to reign paramount peace, order, and joy!

Some such ideas doubtless entered the thoughts of Hedwige, for she said, with emotion—

"That is, then, *your* home; your mother's home! May we live there happy and blest!"

"With you, where would I not be happy? Where you are, what blessing can be missing?"

"Ah! dear Rodolph, to obtain this, invoke the aid of God. He alone can dispense happiness."

"True, true! Since he has given me my cherished bride, my grateful prayers shall never cease."

Hedwige smiled, and her eyes, raised fervently towards heaven, fell again on the earth. Rodolph was certainly contented with the expression which he found in them, for he carried to his lips, with the devotion of a pilgrim for a pious relic, the floating veil of the young girl. At this moment, they arrived at the entrance of the valley. Rodolph saluted his vassals with a courteous and joyous gesture, and they replied with the familiar cordiality of the Swiss peasants. Hedwige blushing received their good wishes and their artless homage, and soon after, the brilliant cavalcade crossed the drawbridge of the castle of Wart, and entered the feudal court, where was gathered an eager crowd of grooms and servants. Rodolph leaped from off his horse, received Hedwige in his arms, kissed her brow, and pro-

claimed her lady and mistress of the manor, and conducted her, together with his guests, into an antique saloon, where torches, fixed in monstrous horns, contended with the fading light of day. The cups circulated, gay wishes were exchanged, and the hour for repose struck on the belfry. The young couple received, on their bended knees, the blessing of Hedwige's parents, and then retired to the large chamber where so many of other generations had before reposed. The servants conducted the guests to the apartments prepared for them; then the lights grew pale, one by one, and silence succeeded to tumult. Naught was heard in the surrounding country but the plaintive song of the nightingale, the clear noise of the cricket concealed in the hay, and the murmur of the rapid tide of the Reuss, which bathed the walls of the fortress.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE OATH.

THE next day, towards the middle of the morning, the young spouse and their guests reunited around the substantially served breakfast-table. Delicious fish from the lakes, birds from the forest, the roebuck of the ice-banks, the savory vegetables in which Switzerland abounds, and milk, in different forms, constituted the repast. The brown bear of Germany, and wines of Burgundy, circulated round in cups of maple encircled with gold. The servants, happy in the marriage of their master, had, in order to ornament the table, placed in rustic vases large bouquets of gentian and rhododendron.

Hedwige, seated beside her mother, smiled gently at the homage of which she was the object; and sometimes she raised her drooping eyelids to her husband's face, who contemplated her with loving looks, full of the delightful idea that she was his—that no earthly power could disunite them—and that many happy days were before them, to add to the joys of their union. He lent but an absent ear to the conversation of his friends, who spake of the revolt of the three cantons; the courage of the shepherds who had just returned from pursuing the stewards of the powerful Albert of Hapsburg; and the vengeance which a man, in manners calm and simple—a hunter named Tell—had taken on the bailiff Gesler.

The chevaliers spoke with warmth, and discussed the rights of the house of Austria to the sovereignty of the valleys of Switz, of Uri, and of Unterwalden, when the door was hastily opened, and afforded entrance to a man with a sun-burnt visage, and whose dust-covered clothes announced that he had arrived from a long journey. He passed his eyes over the company, and, advancing to Rodolph, he gave him a branch of faded roses.

On seeing them, Rodolph became pale; a dreadful thought seemed to pass through his mind; and he regarded the messenger with anguish, who, speaking to him in a low tone, saluted him, and then left the room with precipitation. Rodolph remained immovable and gloomy. The roses had fallen upon the table, and the pleasure of the guests seemed to have faded like the flowers. Hedwige timidly regarded her husband, when he said, with great effort—

"I must leave you. I must go away."

"You must leave us? No bad news, I hope," said his father-in-law.

"What, leave my daughter! But it will not be for any length of time," said Hedwige's mother.

"Rodolph, must you leave me?" And the young bride was paler than the veil which composed her headdress.

"Much as it costs me, it must be so. Perhaps my absence will not continue a long time. Dear Hedwige, calm yourself. My thoughts will ever remain with you. But—I have promised."

"Perhaps it is a service which a brother-in-arms claims?"

"Yes, my father, yes; it is a service."

"Oh, then, delay would be fatal!"

"But," said Hedwige's brother, smiling with malice, "this branch of roses, is it not rather the pledge of a fair lady, who appeals to her knight? Sister, do you not mistrust it?"

The young woman smiled, in the midst of her tears, and looked upon her husband.

"Dear Hedwige," replied he, kissing her forehead, "have you confidence in me?"

"Oh, yes; and yet there is a weight upon my heart."

"My well beloved, I will return to you soon. An oath binds me; but I will disengage myself from it. We will yet be happy."

"Oh, that it may be so!" replied she. "Farewell, Rudolph."

"Not farewell," said he, with animation, "but goodbye—my friends: pray for me, and may God keep you! My Hedwige, pray for your knight!"

He left the saloon, and soon the steps of his horse were heard resounding on the drawbridge. Hedwige rushed to the window, and waved her handkerchief; but she quickly drew back, and said to her mother, with secret fright, "Oh! how pale Rodolph seems! He appears like a corpse in a coffin. Mother, is it an omen from God? Shall I never see him again?"

## CHAPTER III.

### THE PILGRIM.

DAYS and weeks rolled on, and the young lady of Wart, who remained alone in the manor, received no news of her husband. The weight of a frightful

sadness accumulated on her heart. The mysterious circumstances of his departure; the dull solitude of these places, where she had hoped to live with him to whom she had given her hand; the anguish which, in these troublesome times, must spring from his prolonged absence; all united to crush the soul of the sad Hedwige. She passed her days (seated in the deep recess of a window which opened upon the valley) occupied in watching the road—nearly always solitary, but occasionally animated by a goat-herd collecting his flocks from the heights, or by those of a hunter who, in passing, trilled a gay measure. Her spinning-wheel rested inactive at her feet. A precious manuscript, containing the poetry of Jacques de Wart, remained open at the page in which the minstrel celebrated the beauties of spring, without the bride's feeling any anxiety to finish the portion which she had commenced. Naught fell upon her ear save the monotonous sound produced by the waves of the Reuss, even less agitated than her thoughts; and when she cast her eyes—dazzled by the broad daylight—upon the gloomy and desolate room where she dragged on her life, she felt an indescribable anguish press upon her soul. Then she prayed, and then she descended to visit the thatched cottages in the valley. But neither prayer nor charity could distract her from her ceaseless tortures. At the end of the third week, as, at the close of the day, she returned from assembling together her domestics, a valet opened the door, and said, respectfully—

"Madam, a pilgrim from Germany asks for hospitality."

"Desire him to enter," replied the lady of the manor, "and serve him with supper."

An old man entered after the valet. The cowl, drawn from his head, displayed emaciated features, upon which experience and chagrin seemed graven in deep furrows. His thin white hair formed a crown around his head—as austere as that of an anchorite of ancient days—and his dark garments descended in stiff folds to his feet, which were encased in dusty sandals. A shepherd's scrip, that contained the black bread used on his journey, was suspended from his shoulders, and he held in his hand a stick, the ferrule of which served to assist him over the rocks and the glaciers.

Hedwige received the traveller with kindness, seated him near her, and with her own hands helped him to the dishes which she thought best fitted to restore him; and, when he had finished his repast, she interrogated him as to the cause of his pilgrimage.

"Noble lady," replied he, "I come from Prussia, where the warlike chevaliers continue the crusade against the heathen. I have visited the borders of the Rhine; and have prayed at Cologne, in the stately church raised to the memory of holy kings, who, like me, were travellers on the earth. Since my entrance into Switzerland, I have deviated from

my route to go to the abbey of Einsiedler, to venerate our lady of Erintes, so well known by her miracles and her powerful kindness. I hope to salute the places where Maurice and his Christian legion received at the same time death and the celestial crown. Then, passing over the Alps, I will diverge towards Rome, in order to prostrate myself on the tomb of the holy Apostles. May they grant to their servant, with the pardon of his sins, the end of his pilgrimage, and of his too-long life!"

"Good father, the days you have spent on earth seem to have overwhelmed you, and perhaps some sorrow may trouble your holy life—consecrated to prayer, and to admiration of the works of God."

"We have all our burden, madam; and the youngest, the most happy even, are bowed to the ground, struck with some secret evil."

"Alas! you speak truth! But a truce to this sad discourse. Tell me some news from the world. All noise, all rumor, expires at the feet of these mountains, and we live here as ignorant of the universe as the hermit Saint Paul in his Thebaide."

"Bless your ignorance, noble lady. The world is sullied by vice and crime; and vice extends like a fatal contagion, and all the news bears token of the malice of men."

"But still, what have you heard related on your route?"

"News which will cause both tears and blood to flow. Know, madam, that the Emperor Albert—sovereign, without doubt, of this noble manor—died a few days ago."

"What! The son of the glorious Rodolphe of Hapsburg!"

"He is dead; traitorously assassinated!"

"O Heaven! May God have mercy on his soul, and on that of his murderer!"

"The terrible recital of his death was transmitted to me by one of his servants, who had seen him fall without having the power to defend him. Accompanied by a numerous suite, he repaired to Rhemfield, where the empress sojourned. Wishing to pass over the Reuss—that impetuous river which also washes the walls of this castle—he entered into a barque, followed by his nephew, John of Swabia, and some other chevaliers. The rest of his train remained on the banks. The emperor landed, and crossed over a cultivated field, near some antique ruins, the remnant of a Roman city, situated in front of the Chateau of Hapsburg, the cradle of this valiant race. He believed himself in safety, surrounded by those most dear and faithful, and it was at this very moment that, by the stroke of a poniard, John of Swabia struck him in the throat. He fell; his murderers redoubled their blows, and he soon expired, bathing his own inheritance with his blood, and killed by those who, the evening before, had drunk from his cup, and were seated at the same banquet. Such was this detestable parricide. Such was the end of Albert of Hapsburg—

the elect of the holy empire, and the absolute master of so many provinces. Power will depart from his house, and his kingdom, as the Prophet has said, *will be given to the four winds of heaven.*"

"But did no one know the motive of so criminal an action?"

"Albert was ambitious, and retained the inheritance of his nephew, who, young and ardent, desired to reign. One day John of Swabia sought his uncle, and prayed him to restore to him his dominion; but the emperor received the request with raillery, and, taking a crown of roses which lay upon a table, he pressed them upon the brow of the young man. 'To you,' said he, 'belong these childish ornaments; to us, serious occupations.' These words incensed the prince's soul; he retired, with tears in his eyes and rage in his heart. His friends partook of his anger—bound themselves together by a terrible oath—and then the death of Albert was sworn. It is said that the prince agreed with his accomplices to send to each a branch of the mock crown, when the day and place of crime had been decided."

These words, like a sword, pierced the soul of Hedwige.

"A branch of roses?" stammered she.

"Yes, madam. Thus the innocent creations of God serve as signals for murder! But it is said, *Those who strike with the sword perish by the sword*; and these unhappy beings will soon prove the truth of these eternal words. Agnes of Hungary advances, burning to sacrifice these murderers to her father's blood, even to their last generation. None of them have been able to flee, and the punishment has already commenced at Rheinfeld."

"It is well," said Hedwige, in a subdued voice; "it is well, good father. But the hour of repose has arrived, and a servant will now conduct you to your chamber. Before you sleep, pray for the suffering hearts!"

The pilgrim bowed himself, and then left the room, guided by a valet. Hedwige remained alone, contemplating a horrible thought. A light had shed itself upon her mind, and she recalled circumstances which had been forgotten. She remembered her husband's friendship for the Duke of Swabia; the pity which his condition inspired—retained as he was in a servile minority; and she had seen agitation and fright depicted on the countenance of Rodolph when he received the rose from the conspirators.

"O Rodolph! Rodolph!" cried she, "art thou an assassin! Holy God! merciful Saviour! hear me. Grant to my prayers the life of my husband, and all my existence shall be consecrated to penitence."

Whilst pronouncing these words, the innocent wife had fallen upon her knees. She prayed a few moments longer, in a low voice, and felt arise within her bosom a strength equal to her grief.

"I must act now," said she, getting up. She then summoned before her an old squire, who had served

Rodolph de Wart from the time of his childhood, and said to him: "Do you know the road which leads to Rheinfeld?"

"I have followed it often, madam, and, notwithstanding my age, I can go from here to there with my eyes bandaged."

"Very well! You shall conduct me, then. Saddle our horses; I wish to set off immediately."

Old Ulrich regarded her with profound surprise; but the accent of the lady was so firm and so imperative that he dared not resist. She retired to her apartment, and exchanged her silk dress for a dark-colored robe, a veil, and a travelling cloak. Then, casting a glance of adieu on this chamber, where she had hoped to pass her days so prosperously, she recommended herself to the care of Heaven, and descended to the court-yard, where the horses were in waiting. Bertha, the youngest and most favored of her women, kissed her lady's hand, and let some tears fall on Hedwige's fingers, which were burning with fever. The lady sighed, and, detaching a Viennese chain from her neck, she gave it to the young girl, saying, "It is for my mother, if I do not return. Now, adieu!"

She gave the signal of departure; but, at the moment they crossed the drawbridge, midnight sounded, and an owl sent forth upon the air his unlucky cry. "God protect us," said Ulrich, crossing himself.

"Be calm, my friend," said Hedwige, with an unspeakable smile, "this omen is not for you." She urged the steps of her beast, and soon the slumbering valley, the poor cottages, and the battlements of the old manor, disappeared from their sight in the nocturnal mist. They followed all night the borders of the Reuss, across dangerous paths, scarcely lighted by the moon, often veiled by the shadow of clouds. In the morning, they reposed for some time in a cabin, at which place they exchanged their horses for two mules, whose more careful and sure footing would guide them better on the edge of precipices, and over slippery rocks, moistened by the continual spray of water from cascades. Hedwige continued her journey; and neither the fatigues nor the perils of the road could relieve her of overwhelming thoughts. During several days, she leaped her horse over abrupt hills, which were placed in the lakes extended at their feet; she crossed through thick forests of fir trees, and hospitable valleys inhabited by shepherds, and at last, from the summit of a mountain, she saw before her the undulating waters of the Rhine, which bathed the embattled ramparts and spires of a large city.

"There is Rheinfeld, noble lady," said Ulrich.

"O, my God!" cried Hedwige, "it is there that shall be decided for me life or death!"

"Madam," replied Ulrich, with respectful compassion, "take courage! My master is a member of the holy empire, and he can only be judged by his peers."

"What! Do you know——"

"On our journey, I heard a great many things; among others, that the Knight of Wart is a prisoner. Alas!"

"But Agnes—Agnes is a woman. Can she resist the agony of a wife, when prostrate before her?"

"Alas!" repeated Ulrich, shaking his head.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AGNES OF HUNGARY.

At last they arrived at the gate of the city, guarded by a large detachment of soldiers, and passed it, demanding the way to the palace, which a man-at-arms pointed out. When Hedwige perceived the high towers and the sculptured portico of the imperial residence, she felt a convulsive trembling of her limbs; her throat became dry, her inanimate hands dropped the reins of her horse, and her eyes, raised to heaven, implored that assistance she could not attain on earth. At the doors of the palace, a page, dressed in mourning, arrested them.

"This noble lady," said Ulrich, "desires to speak with her grace, the Queen of Hungary. Perhaps the life of a human being depends upon this audience."

"Are you ignorant, sir esquire, that my noble mistress is plunged in affliction; that she sees no one; and that her days and nights are passed in praying for the soul of the glorious Emperor Albert?"

"She is a queen—she is a woman"—said Hedwige, with a weak voice; "to those who implore her aid, she owes justice and clemency. In the name of your mother, let me see her!"

Saying these words, she raised her veil. At the sight of her lovely countenance, which even a deadly paleness could not disfigure, the page yielded.

"Come, madam," said he, "you shall see the queen." Hedwige followed him. An ardent prayer, which gave itself no vent in words, escaped from her heart. She crossed, without seeing them, apartments decorated with an elaborate magnificence, and was introduced into a chamber hung with black, and illuminated, although it was day, by the sepulchral light of lamps and wax tapers. In the centre of this room, near a table on which were placed a crucifix, a death's-head, and an hour-glass, was seated a woman in the attitude of profound meditation. She was clothed in deep mourning. Her angular and severe features, and her pale brow, shrouded with a black veil, stood out like a sombre picture upon the mournful ground of the drapery; and Hedwige shuddered when she encountered the inflexible and piercing looks of this woman.

"What do you want?" said Agnes, in a rough voice.

Hedwige fell upon her knees, but her lips could

not articulate a single sound—her eyes alone supplicated.

"What do you want?" again said Agnes, approaching her.

"Mercy—madam—mercy!"

"Mercy! And for whom? Explain yourself, young lady!"

"Oh, madam!" said Hedwige, seizing the serge robe of Agnes; "mercy for my husband!"

"Your husband! Who is he? Reply!"

"I am—I am—the wife of Rodolph de Wart."

"Race of vipers!" cried the queen, disengaging herself with violence; "away; dare you ask mercy from me? and have you granted mercy to an old man—to a prince? Parricide!"

"Madam," said Hedwige, extending her arms towards her, "you are a Christian. In view of all that you deem most holy, have mercy on my husband! Grant him time for repentance! Have mercy, as you yourself hope for mercy! We will flee; we will not disturb the empire with our presence. Oh, madam! by all that you love, have pity!"

"Have not you and yours ravished me of all that I love? No pity for murderers. No mercy for parricides. I have sworn it. Blood shall pay for blood; and the eagles of heaven shall make a repast of the assassin's flesh. Retire, woman; your presence taints the air I breathe."

"Madam——"

"Retire! I command!"

"May I not, at least, see my husband, and be shut up with him in the same prison?"

"Ah! You desire to see him!" said Agnes, with a ferocious laugh. "You shall be satisfied; and you shall see how Agnes renders justice."

She went towards the antechamber, and called the young page. "Conduct this lady to Blut-Aker," said she.

The page cast a sorrowful look upon her.

"Obey," repeated Agnes, with severity; and a dark smile appeared on her thin and pale lips.

The young man led the way, and Hedwige followed. They soon passed the gates of the city; he then paused, and said to her, with pity—

"Believe me, madam, and follow my advice. Flee; place yourself in safety. The spectacle to which the queen invites you—shame upon her!—is not fit for the eyes of a woman."

Hedwige shook her head, and continued her march. At last they arrived at a vast plain, where an immense crowd was collected—silent, but with a sorrowful aspect. The bells of the neighboring convent struck the death-knell; and above the plain soared birds of prey, which described large circles, and uttered fierce cries. The multitude instinctively opened before the steps of Hedwige, who went forward as in the delirium of a fatal dream. She at last discovered that which attracted the attention of the people. It was a scaffold, elevated several steps, and on which two men were standing. The one

was arrayed in black, and, with clasped hands, appeared to incline his head towards an invisible object. The other, immovable, covered with a leathern jacket, leaned upon a heavy mass of iron. It was the priest, and the executioner. Hedwige went up the steps, and advanced some paces on the scaffold. She then perceived, through the mist, a man bound to a cross, on a wheel covered with blood. He still lived; his breast heaved with unequal pulsation, and heavy groans escaped from his pale lips, animated by an expression of unspeakable suffering. And she cried aloud, "O, Rodolph!" She had doubted until then!

The dying man, with his eyes, sought the priest, and said to him, with a broken voice, "Remain beside me, and pray, my good father—reason is leaving me. I thought I heard a voice—the voice of my Hedwige—of my own dear wife."

The charitable priest raised his eyes on the young woman; then, bending towards Rodolph, he said—"My son, it is she—it is your wife. She is here—she prays for you."

"Take her hence; she cannot support this sight."

"Oh, Rodolph! my Rodolph!" cried Hedwige; "I see you once more; but how? My husband, look upon me!"

Her tears fell on the criminal's breast, and she passed her pure hands around his bleeding and broken neck.

He raised himself as much as his bonds would allow him, and regarded her with eyes in which the strongest passions of life contended with the shades of death.

"Hedwige," said he, "my chaste and saintly Hedwige, thou, thou alone couldst follow me here, and regard a murderer with looks of love."

"On the scaffold, as on the throne, you are my master and my lord. I love you; and if the punishment you endure does not expiate your crime, I at least have tears to bewail it."

"Hedwige, what happiness was promised us! What happiness I have sacrificed!"

"That happiness will be attained in heaven. What could earth now offer to us? Let us raise our eyes to the cross; let us pray, Rodolph—let us together pray for the pardon of our sins."

"Our sins! What are thine, my Hedwige? thou who art more pure than the snow upon the Alps!"

"We are alike guilty in the sight of the Almighty; and if I live, it will be to exercise a life of penitence."

Thus speaking, she prostrated herself upon the scaffold, and, surmounting the terrible grief collected in her bosom, she prayed with a loud voice. The dying man united his accents, and this alone, in the midst of painful tortures, brought him hope. A fictitious strength, engendered by fever, sustained him; but sometimes a long swoon gave relief to his woes. Then Hedwige, with her veil, wiped off the cold sweat which covered his brow; but even pity itself forbid her from recalling him to life. He

soon revived, however, restored to sense by his sufferings, and his darkened vision immediately sought his wife, who was always standing near him, like a consoling angel. Towards evening, the crowd dispersed; the guards alone remained at the foot of the scaffold; the sky was obscured, and a fine cold rain commenced falling. Hedwige removed her mantle, and spread it over her husband's bare limbs; and then she returned to prayer. Thus passed the night of their reunion—the dark and sombre night—in which the sighs of the expiring man, and the plaintive voice of his wife, alone broke upon the silence. Towards morning, the swoons became more frequent. The dawn arose pale and overclouded; and the birds of prey, warned by their instinct—and who had not quitted the field of death—recommenced their inauspicious cries. Rodolph looked upon them, soaring in the air like black spots, and said—

"They will soon have food. Hedwige, the nightingales sung when I led thee, a happy bride, along the path to Wart. O folly! O crime! you have cost me dear! Waves of Reuss—now stained by blood—how happy you once beheld me!"

"My son," said the priest, "think no more of earth."

"I only think of this angel that I leave behind me. But all is dark. Hedwige—where art thou?—repeat our Lord's prayer."

She obeyed. When she arrived at these words—*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us*—Rodolph's voice united with that of his wife; then a slight shudder passed over his face, which was inclined towards Hedwige. All was ended.

Hedwige remained absorbed for a long time; then, rising, she demanded from the priest permission to remove the corpse, in order to give it Christian burial.

"My child," he replied, with tears, "the queen has ordered that the body remain on the wheel, and be left for the birds of prey."

Hedwige bent her head. She pressed a long last kiss on the forehead and on the hands of her husband, and withdrew without proffering a complaint.

The world saw her no more. After a few days, she retired to a convent of Argovia. But her youth had been consumed in a single day; and, even before she had cast aside the novice's veil, she passed hence, murmuring, for the last time, the name of Rodolph.

Agnes of Hungary accomplished her oath. Sixty-three chevaliers\* perished by the executioner's hand,

\* Among the victims of Agnes, was a Swiss knight, named Multinen. His son, still a youth, was also condemned to capital punishment; but the spectators, moved by his tender years and beauty, threw themselves at the queen's feet, imploring the young orphan's pardon. Agnes remained inexorable. The successor of Albert, having recognized the innocence of the house of Multinen, joined to

and John of Swabia only escaped punishment by taking refuge in a cloister. Agnes founded a convent, named Koeningsfeldt, on the spot where her

their arms the colors of the empire, and a wheel upon a sable field or, with these words: *Purity alone can move me.*

father had been murdered. She retired there, and passed fifty years in the exercise of the most rigid austerities. Her tomb may still be seen, placed near those of the Emperor Albert, the Empress Elizabeth, and of the Archduke Leopold, killed at the battle of Sempach.

## THE HIDDEN LOVE.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

"I said it was a wilful, wayward thing;  
And so it is—fantastic and perverse!  
Which makes its sport of persons and of seasons,  
Takes its own way, no matter right or wrong."  
ULRICH in "*Love*."

"Talk of height, breadth, depth!  
There is no measure to a lover's passion!"—*Ibid.*

I WOULD I were a limner, and could paint  
A face that haunts my soul upon the page  
Devoted to my record: vain desire!  
And worse than vain, to sigh for greater skill  
Than Heaven sees best to grant my humble hand:  
Yet in my poor description shalt thou learn  
How mean a substitute for art are words!

The form was passing comely, such as those  
Which walk with maidens in their dreams of man,  
The features strangely classical, yet bland  
As moon-beams smiling on the blooms of May.  
The eye was like the morning, and the brow  
A drift of snow upon the hills of Mind;  
Locks such as midnight flings upon the breeze;  
A lip too womanish for all but him,  
Whose accents fell as soft and pleasantly  
As water leaping over mossy rocks.  
His salutation had a music in 't;  
His smile was like the light of poetry:  
A paleness, like a moonlight soft, subdued  
The picture of his features—he had been  
Too much in books and parchments, and his poetry  
Was a great name among his fellow-men.  
One thing was lacking: he had never known  
The gentle meaning of a woman's love;  
And, though whole tomes of wisdom lay within  
The boundless compass of his lofty mind—  
That spacious grotto, whose stalactites, lit  
By Learning's genial torch, outshine the sun—  
He never saw the alphabet of hearts!

It came to pass that one, a gentle girl,  
His counterpart in beauty—yet, indeed,  
More dainty in her graces, inasmuch  
As woman's fairness thus exceedeth man's—  
It came to pass that she, at evening-time,  
When in the heart all tender thoughts are born,  
Met in her saunterings the noble youth,  
And, seeing, loved him; and, in secret, pledged  
The fulness of her vestal heart to his:  
It was a budding heart—there would be flowers  
Beneath the culture of a careful hand:  
She spoke it not save to her spirit's ear,  
The angels heard it, and they told it him!

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They met and parted often; but before  
The Summer kneeled at Autumn's golden throne,  
And there gave up her sceptre tipped with flowers,  
Their hearts were pledged: then the student knew  
How little he was master of before!  
It was his first, sweet lesson in the heart—  
The weak the teacher, and the strong the taught!  
As if the violet should teach the oak  
The secret of its simple tenderness.

Years passed; no change appeared, save as their souls  
Grew unto greater perfectness in love;  
They were a proverb, in the mouth of age,  
Of the old-time affection, and the young  
Were taught to imitate their constancy.  
No old wife, crone, or gossip found a flaw  
In their sweet intercourse whereat to carp;  
But, when they passed, a hundred smiles were lit.  
A hundred lips exclaimed, "See how they love!"

A shadow clouds the picture! He had vowed,  
In former years, to one who long had been  
A partner in his studies and his hopes,  
That they, as boon companions, should explore  
The wonders and the beauties of that world  
Which lies across the prairies of the sea.  
It was his boyish longing to behold  
The glories of the sister continent;  
To stand upon the seven hills of Rome,  
To muse upon the soil where Athens was,  
To gaze upon the awful Pyramids,  
And float upon the bosom of the Rhine.  
So boy and passion grew, until at last  
The passion was the nightier, and became  
A very Titan tugging at his heart!

The parting hour had come, and in its train  
More sorrow than his fancy ever dreamed.  
He had no words; but, in his mad embrace,  
His frantic kiss, there was an eloquence  
That rendered language mean and beggarly.  
It was the morning then; but when the night  
Recalled the stars they oft had gazed upon,  
Leagues of the foamy sea were stretched between  
The lover and his idol: he had gone!  
Hearts bleed when they are sundered; pain is none  
Like that which is the handmaid of farewell!  
The moss of Time may not obscure the wound,  
No reflux waves may wash the sorrow out  
It pales the cheek, it dims the gentle eye,  
Yet are its deepest traces on the heart!

It happened that, within that distant land,  
The youth, by chance—if such a thing there be,  
When all things come of God, yet such the form  
And manner of our wild and reckless speech—

Beheld a maiden beautiful as heaven.  
 If there might be a queen of loveliness,  
 If beauty were a thing of courtly rank,  
 Then she deserved the sceptre and the crown.  
 There lay within the fountains of her eye  
 Such dreams of peaming sweetness and desire,  
 As none could glance upon and be at peace;  
 Her cheek was like the velvet of the peach,  
 And in its fairness like the almond bloom:  
 Her voice was gushing music, and her smile—  
 Perpetual sunshine on her beauteous lip!—  
 Would win Misanthropy from all its hate,  
 And make it fond as childhood; and her hair  
 Flowed like a river from her Parian brow.  
 Oh, that so fair a being should arise  
 Between his eye and that bright image niched  
 In the cathedral of his manly heart!

I would that here I might disguise the truth;  
 But that were perjury unto the dead,  
 Since to the grave he took my honest pledge  
 To write his secret when he slumbered there.  
*He loved her*, and she knew it; for a word,  
 Wrung from the madness of his tortured heart,  
 Revealed its secret: it had broken else.  
 She likewise loved; and, telling him that love,  
 She cursed each moment of his coming life,  
 Sowing, like Cadmus, in his stricken breast,  
 The dragon-teeth of sorrow, whence arose  
 A host, full armed, to war against his peace.  
 Oh, had she dreamed what anguish would attend  
 The sweet confession of her silent love,  
 She had from her fair bosom plucked her heart,  
 And burned her lip to ashes ere it spoke  
 The fatal word that knelled his happiness

Oh, question not the generous principles  
 That ruled within the kingdom of his heart!  
 Say not 'twas sin to cast another's thoughts  
 Before a stranger's shrine; for man may love  
 The angels with a heavenly warranty,  
 And she, tho' mortal, had an angel's face.  
 Who will uprear a barrier to love?  
 Who dares essay to stop its dauntless flood,  
 To tame the fury of its reckless blast,  
 Or bind its glaring lightnings with a chain?  
 What bold philosopher will seek to tell  
 How love is by another love displaced?  
 Are we the masters of our fickle hearts?  
 How was it, then, that they were taken first?  
 And, being once enslaved, it only proves  
 That they may be enslaved a second time.  
 All human love is guilty. Search thy breast,  
 And, if thou findest not some rival there,  
 I'll write a grand exception to my rule.

Oh, what a struggle in his tortured breast  
 Raged as the tempest rages, when the stars,  
 For very terror, shut their radiant eyes!  
 There was a face that often lifted up  
 Its patient orbs, and glanced upon his own;  
 There was an accent stealing dreamily  
 Unto his startled ear; and oft he felt  
 The pressure of a soft, familiar hand,  
 Which, though he knew nor eye nor hand was there,  
 Thrilled every nerve, they seemed so palpable.

But Honor was the victor. She, whose eye  
 Was such a fount of beauty, and whose smile  
 Was as the sunshine of a day in June,  
 Was sacrificed on Duty's painful cross.

She gave him commendation, called him just,  
 Urged him to tear her image from his soul,  
 And said that, while her heart in silence broke,  
 In breaking, it should pray for him and his.  
 That must be goodness, which will seek of Heaven  
 Its blessings on a rival's hated head!

They parted; but that parting blotted out  
 The radiance of his soul—the world was changed.  
 He saw the gay and flowery wheel of Hope  
 Receding, as he left the blessed land  
 Sacred unto his heart's divinity;  
 But, tutoring his heart to hide its griefs,  
 His lip to keep its secret, he returned,  
 And met, with manufactured smiles and tears,  
 Her who, without his love, would be his wife.

The nuptial hour arrived. The aged priest,  
 Whose lips dropped fatness, joined their hands, and  
 thought,

Amid his blindness, he had joined their hearts.  
 Parents and children, maids and white-haired men  
 Gave smiling congratulations; yet I know  
 That each particular word fell on his ear  
 Like clods upon a coffin. While to her  
 The hour was paradise—to him 'twas hell!

'Tis sad, and yet most true, that, when she placed  
 Her hand in his, and pressed, with crimsoned lips,  
 A wife's first kisses on his quivering cheek,  
 He well-nigh loathed her fondness, tho' he gave  
 No open token of his heart's disgust.  
 She never guessed his feelings, tho' at times  
 She deemed him over-thoughtful—sometimes sad;  
 Yet had she no suspicion of a change;  
 For to suspect, to her had been to die.  
 And though one night, as lovingly she lay  
 Upon the breast that held his widowed heart,  
 He, in his dreams, gave incoherent hints  
 Of some relinquished bliss, and madly pressed  
 Her trembling lip, and called her by some name  
 That was a stranger to her wounded ear,  
 Yet when he woke, and saw her anxious face,  
 And listened as she told him of his dream,  
 He did but smile, and call her, playfully,  
 "Oneirocritic;" and evadingly  
 Said, Sleep had brought some fancy to his heart.  
 And she looked up with all a woman's trust,  
 The clouds rolled back, and heaven was seen again!

Thus till the end. His heart had guarded well  
 Its burning secret, and had long endured  
 With such a burden on its slender chords.  
 The hour of its release came on apace,  
 So wildly wished, so wildly welcomed now:  
 How altered was he, as he lay and thought  
 How long was Death in coming! 'Twas a sight  
 To pay for only in the coin of tears!

She hung above him with a look that told  
 How bitter was her bosom's agony,  
 And shuddered, as she heard the muffled hoofs  
 Of Death's pale charger in its dread advance,  
 And knew that, when the fading sun went out,  
 A double night would come upon her soul;  
 When suddenly his eye waxed bright, his lips  
 Moved in the utterance of his life's last word:  
 She bent to catch the accent; but alas  
 The tongue was ever silent—Death speaks not!  
 It was his secret bursting from his heart—  
 A name that made death lovely—but not hers!

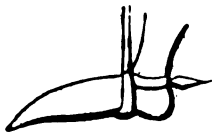


## HISTORY OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

### NO. III.—ON THE MOST ANCIENT COVERING FOR THE FEET.

"Among the various innovations," continues Strutt, "made in dress by the Normans during the twelfth century, none met with more marked and more deserved disapprobation than that of lengthening the toes of the shoes, and bringing them forward to a sharp point. In the reign of Rufus, this custom was first introduced, and, according to *Frederic Vitalis*, by a man who had distorted feet, in order to conceal his deformity;" but he adds, "the fashion was no sooner broached than all those who were fond of novelty thought proper to follow it; and the shoes were made by the shoemakers in the form of a scorpion's tail. These shoes were called *Pigacia*, and were adopted by persons of every class, both rich and poor. Soon after, a courtier, whose name was Robert, improved upon the first idea by filling the vacant part of the shoe with tow, and twisting it round in the form of a ram's horn; this ridiculous fashion excited much admiration. It was followed by the greater part of the nobility: and the author, for his happy invention, was honored with the cognomen *Conardus*, or horned. The long-pointed shoes were vehemently inveighed against by the clergy, and strictly forbidden to be worn by the religious orders. So far as we can judge from the drawings executed in the twelfth century, the fashion of wearing long-pointed shoes did not long maintain its ground. It was, however, afterwards revived, and even carried to a more preposterous extent."

A specimen of the shoes that were worn at this period, and which so excited the ire of the monkish writers, is here given from the seal of Richard, con-



stable of Chester in the reign of Stephen; in the original, the knight is on horseback; the stirrup and spur are therefore seen in our cut.

The effigies of the early English sovereigns are generally represented in shoes decorated with bands across, as if in imitation of sandals. They are seldom colored black, as nearly all the examples of earlier shoes in this country are. The shoes of Henry II. are green, with bands of gold. Those of Richard are also striped with gold; and such richly decorated shoes became fashionable among the nobility, and were generally worn by royalty all over

Europe. Thus, when the tomb of Henry the Sixth of Sicily, who died in 1197, was opened in the Cathedral of Palermo, on the feet of the dead monarch were discovered costly shoes, whose upper part was of cloth of gold, embroidered with pearls, the sole being of cork, covered with the same cloth of gold. These shoes reached to the ankle, and were fastened with a little button instead of a buckle. His queen, Constance, who died in 1198, had upon her feet shoes also of cloth of gold, which were fastened with leather straps tied in knots, and on the upper part of them were two openings, wrought with embroidery, which showed that they had been once adorned with jewels. Boots ornamented with gold, and embroidered in elegant patterns, at this time became often worn. King John of England orders, in one instance, four pair of women's boots, one of them to be embroidered with circles; and the effigy of the succeeding monarch, Henry III., in Westminster Abbey, is chiefly remarkable for the splendor of the boots he wears; they are crossed all over by golden bands, thus forming a series of diamond-shaped spaces, each one of which is filled with a figure of a lion, the royal arms of England.

The shape of the sole of the shoes, at this time, may be seen from the cut here given of one found in a tomb of the period, and called that of St. Swithin, in Winchester cathedral. The shoe is en-



graved in "Gough's Sepulchral Monuments," and the person who discovered it in the tomb thus describes it: he says, "The legs of the wearer were inclosed in leathern boots or gaiters, sewed with neatness; the thread was still to be seen. The soles were small and round, rather worn, and of what would be called an elegant shape at present, pointed at the toe and very narrow, and were made and fitted to each foot. I have sent the pattern of one of the soles, drawn by tracing it with a pencil from the original itself, which I have in my possession." This shoe was ten inches in length from toe to heel, and three inches across the broadest part of the instep. They are as perfectly "right and left" as any boots of the present day; but, as we have already shown, this is a fashion of the most remote antiquity. As these boots are at least as old as the time of John, Shakespeare's description in his

dramatised history of that sovereign, of the tailor, who, eager to acquaint his friend, the smith, of the prodigies the skies had just exhibited, and whom Hubert saw

"Standing in slippers, which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,"

is strictly accurate; yet, half a century ago, this passage was adjudged to be one of the many proofs of Shakspeare's ignorance or carelessness. Dr. Johnson, ignorant himself of the truth in this point, but yet, like all critics, determined to pass his verdict, makes himself supremely absurd by saying, in a note to this passage, with ridiculous solemnity, "Shakspeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot. The author seems to be disturbed by the disorder which he describes."

In the "Art Union," a journal devoted to the fine arts, are a series of notices of the various forms of boots and shoes in England, by F. W. Fairholt, F. S. A., from which we may borrow the description of the elegant coverings for the feet in use in the reigns of the first three Edwards. Boots buttoned up the leg, or shoes buttoned up the centre, or secured like the Norman shoe in the second figure of the second group given on page 162, were common in the days of Edward I. and II. The splendid reign of the third Edward, says Mr. Fairholt, extending over half a century of national greatness, was remarkable for the variety and luxury, as well as the elegance of its costume; and this may be considered as the most glorious era in the annals of "the gentle craft," as the trade of shoemaking was anciently termed. Shoes and boots of the most sumptuous description are now to be met with in contemporary paintings, sculptures, and illuminated manuscripts. They remind one of the boots "fretted with gold" and embroidered in circles mentioned by John. The greatest variety of pattern, and the richest contrasts of color, were aimed at by the maker and inventor of shoes at this period.

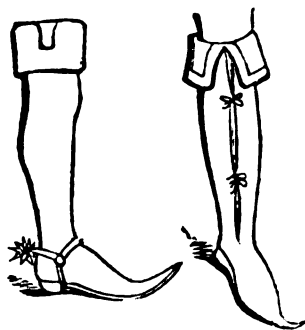
The boots and shoes worn during the fourteenth century were of peculiar form, and the toes, which were lengthened to a point, turned inward or outward, according to the taste of the wearer. In the reign of Richard II., they became immensely long, so that it was asserted they were chained to the knee of the wearer, in order to allow him to walk about with ease and freedom. It was, of course, only the nobility who could thus inconvenience



themselves, and it might have been adopted by them as a distinction; still very pointed toes were worn

by all who could afford to be fashionable. The cut here given exhibits the sole of a shoe of this period, from an actual specimen in the possession of C. Roach Smith, F. S. A., of England, and was discovered in the neighborhood of Whitefriars, in digging deep under ground into what must have originally been a receptacle for rubbish, among which these old shoes had been thrown, and they are probably the only things of the kind now in existence.

Two specimens of boots of the time of Edward IV. are here given to show their general form at that period. The first is copied from the Royal MS., No. 15, E. 6, and is of black leather, with a long

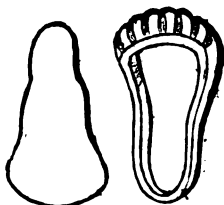


upturned toe; the top of the boot is of lighter leather, and thus it bears a resemblance to the top-boots of a later age, of which it may be considered as the prototype. The other boot, from a print dated 1515, is more curious; the top of the boot is turned down, and the entire centre opens from the top to the instep, and is drawn together by laces or ties across the leg, so that it bears considerable resemblance in this point to the Cothurnus of the ancients.

Fashion ran, at this time, from one extreme to the other, and the shoes which were at one time so lengthy at the toe as to be inconvenient, now became as absurdly broad, and it was made the subject of sumptuary laws to restrain both extremes. Thus Edward IV. enacted that any shoemaker who made for unprivileged persons—the nobility being exempted—any shoes or boots, the toes of which exceeded two inches in length, should forfeit twenty shillings, one noble to be paid to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, and the third to the chamber of London. This only had the effect of widening the toes, and Paradin says that they were then so very broad as to exceed the measure of a good foot. This continued until the reign of Mary, who, by a proclamation, prohibited their being worn wider at the toe than six inches.

We have here engraved two specimens of these broad-toed shoes of the time of Henry VIII. The first is copied from the monumental effigy of Katharine, the wife of Sir Thomas Babynton, who died 1543, and is buried in Morley church, near Derby.

It is an excellent specimen of the sort of sole preferred by the fashionables of that day. The second



cut exhibits a front view of a similarly made shoe: they were formed of leather, but generally the better classes wore them of rich velvet and silk, the various colors of which were exhibited in slashes at the toes, which were most sparingly covered by the velvet of which the shoe was composed. In the curious full-length portrait of the poetical Earl of Surrey, at Hampton Court, he is represented in shoes of red velvet, having bands of a darker tint placed across them diagonally, which bands are decorated with a row of gold ornaments.

During the reign of Edward VI., a sort of shoe with a pointed toe was worn, not unlike the modern one. It was of velvet generally with the upper classes; of leather with the poorer ones; the former indulged in a series of slashes over the upper leather, which the others had not. We give here two specimens of these shoes, from prints dated 1577 and 1588, and they will serve to show the sort of form



adopted, as well as the varied way in which the slashes of the velvet appeared, and which altered with the wearer's taste. Philip Stubbes, the puritanical author of the "Anatomy of Abuses," 1588, declares that the fashionables then wore "oorked shoes, pumets, pantoffles, and slippers, some of them of black velvet, some of white, some of green, and some of yellow; some of Spanish leather, and some of English, stitched with silk and embroidered with gold and silver all over the foot with gewgaws innumerable." Rich and expensive shoe-ties were now brought into use, and large sums were lavished upon their decorations. John Taylor, the water poet, alludes to the extravagance of those who

"Wear a farr in shoe-strings edged with gold,  
And spangled garters worth a copy-hold."

The shoe-roses were made of lace, which was as beautiful, costly, and elaborate as that which composed the ruff for the neck, or ruffles for the wrist.

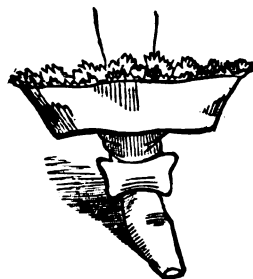
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They were elaborately decorated with needlework and gold and silver thread.

During the reign of the first Charles, the boots—which were made of fine Spanish leather, and were of a buff color—became very large and wide at the top. Indeed, they were so wide at times as to oblige the wearer to stride much in walking, a habit that was much ridiculed by the satirists of the day. There was a print published during this reign of a dandy in the height of fashion, whose legs are "incased in boot-hose tops tied about the middle of the calf, as long as a pair of shirt sleeves, double at the end like a ruff band; the top of his boots very large, fringed with lace, and turned down as low as his spurs, which jingled like the bells of a morris-dancer as he walked." These boots were made very long in the toe; thus, of this exquisite we are told, "the feet of his boots were two inches too long."

The boot-tops at this time were made wide, and were capable of being turned over beneath the knee, which they completely covered when they were up-lifted. They were, of course, made of pliant leather to allow of this—"Spanish leather," according to Ben Jonson.

During the whole of the Commonwealth, large boot-tops of this kind were worn even by the Puri-



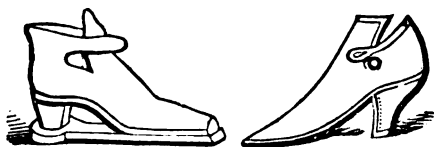
tans; they were, however, large only, and not decorated with costly lace. The shoes worn were generally particularly simple in their construction and form, and those who did not wish to be classed among the vain and frivolous took care to have their toes sharp at the point, as a distinction between themselves and the "graceless gallants," who generally wore theirs very broad.

With the restoration of Charles II. came the large French boot, in which the courtiers of "Louis le grand" always delighted to exhibit their legs. Of the amplitude of its tops, the wood-cut will give an idea; it is copied from one worn by a courtier of Charles's train, in the engravings illustrative of his coronation. The boot is decorated with lace all round the upper part, and that portion of the leg which the boot incases seems fitted easily with pliant leather: over the instep is a broad band of the same material, beneath which the spur was fastened: and the heel is high, and toe broad, of all the boots and shoes then fashionable.

With the great Revolution of 1688, and his majesty William III., came in the large jack-boot, and the high-quartered, high-heeled, and buckled shoe, which only expired at the end of the last century. Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick has one of these jack-boots in his collection of armor at Goodrich Court, England. It is a remarkably fine specimen of these inconvenient things, and is as strait, and stiff, and formal as the most inveterate Dutchman could wish. The heel is very high, and the press upon the instep very great, and consequently injurious to the foot, and altogether detrimental to comfort. An immense piece of leather covers the instep, through which the spur is affixed, and to the back of the boot, just above the heel, is appended an iron rest for the spur. Such were the boots of cavalry and infantry, and in such cumbrous articles did they fight in the Low Countries, following the example of Charles XII. of Sweden, whose figure has become so identified with them, that the imagination cannot easily separate the sovereign from the boots in which he is so constantly painted, and of which a specimen may be seen in his full-length portrait preserved in the British Museum.

A boot was worn by civilians, less rigid than the one last described, the leg taking more of the natural shape, and the tops being smaller, of a more pliant kind, and sometimes slightly ornamented round the edges.

We have here two examples of ladies' shoes, as worn during the period of which we are discussing. The first figure, copied from vol. 67 of the "Gentle-



man's Magazine," shows the peculiar shape of the shoe, as well as the clog beneath; these clogs were merely single pieces of stout leather, which were fastened beneath the heel and instep, and appear to be only extra hindrances in walking, which must materially have destroyed any little pliancy which the original shoe would have allowed the foot to retain. The second figure is copied from the first volume of "Hone's Everyday Book," and that author says, "This was the fashion that beautified the feet of the fair in the reign of King William and Queen Mary." Holme, in his "Academy of Armory," is minutely diffuse on the gentle craft: he engraves the form of a pair of wedges, which, he says, "is to raise up a shoe in the instep, when it is too straight for the top of the foot;" and thus compassionates ladies' sufferings: "Shoemakers love to put ladies in their stocks, but these wedges, like merciful justices upon complaint, soon do ease and deliver them. If the eye turns to the cut—to the

cut of the sole, with the line of beauty adapted by the cunning of the workman's skill, to stilt the female foot: if the reader behold that association, let wonder cease, that a venerable master in coat armor should bend his quarterings to the quartering of a ladies' shoe, and, forgetful of heraldic forms, condescend from his high estate to the use of similitudes."

This shape, once firmly established, was the prevailing one during the reigns of George I. and II. They always wore red heels, at least all persons who pretended to gentility. The fronts of the gentlemen's shoes were very high, and, on gala days, or showy occasions, a buff shoe was worn. The ladies appear to have preferred silk or velvet to leather.

The making of the high-heeled shoe was, at all times, a matter of great judgment and nicety of operation; the position required to be given to the heel, the aptitude of the eye and hand, necessary to the cutting down of the wood; the sewing in of the cover, kid, stuff, silk, or satin, as it might be; the getting in and securing the wood or "block;" the bracing the cover round the block; and the beautifully defined stitching, which went from corner to corner, all round the heel part, demanding altogether the cleverness of first-rate ability.

The shoes became lower in the quarters during the reign of George III., and the heel was made less clumsy. As fashion varied, larger or smaller buckles were used, and the heel was thrust farther beneath the foot until about 1780, when the shoe took the form here delineated, and which is copied



from Mr. Fairholt's notes in the "Art Union," already alluded to.

From the same source, we borrow the following notices by the same writer: "About 1790, a change in the fashion of ladies' shoes occurred. They were made very flat and low in the heel, in reality more like a slipper than a shoe. This engraving, copied from a real specimen, will show the peculiarity of



its make; the low quarters, the diminutive heel, and the plaited ribbon and small tie in front, in place of the buckle, which began to be occasionally discontinued. The Duchess of York, at this time, was remarkable for the smallness of her foot, and a colored print, of 'the exact size of the duchess's shoe,' was published by Fores, in 1791. It measures five and three-quarter inches in length; the breadth of the sole being only one and three-quarter inch. It is made of green silk, ornamented with

gold stars; is bound with scarlet silk; the heel is scarlet, and the shape is similar to the one engraved above, except that the heel is exactly in the modern style." Models of this fairy shoe were made of china, as ornaments for the chimney, or drawing-room table, with Cupids hovering around it.

Shoes of the old fashion, with high heels and buckles, appear in prints of the early part of 1800; but buckles became unfashionable, and shoe-strings eventually triumphed, although less costly and elegant in their construction. The Prince of Wales was petitioned by the alarmed buckle-makers to discard his new-fashioned strings, and take again to buckles, by way of bolstering up their trade; but the fate of these articles was sealed, and the prince's good-natured compliance with their wishes did little to prevent their downfall. The buckles worn at the end of 1700 were generally exceedingly small, and so continued until they were finally disused.

Early in the reign of George III., the close-fitting gentleman's boot became general; the material used for the leg was termed *grain leather*, the flesh side being left brown and the grain blackened, and kept to the sight. In currying this sort of leather for

the boot-leg, it went, in the lower part, through an ingenious process of contraction, to give it *life*; so that the heel of the wearer might go into it and come out again the easier; the boot, at the same time, when on, catching snugly round the small of the leg, in a sort of stocking-fit.

After this appeared the "Hessian," a boot worn over the tight-fitting pantaloons, the up-peeking front bearing a silk tassel. This boot was introduced from Germany, about 1789, and sometimes was called the Austrian boot. Rees, in his "Art and Mystery of the Cordwainer," published 1813, says, "the form at first was odious, as the close boot was then in wear; but like many fashions, at first frightful, it was then pitied, and at last adopted."

The top-boot was worn early in the reign of George III., and took the fulness of the Hessian in its lower part, and, on the introduction of the "Wellington," the same fulness was retained.

To describe the last-named boot were useless; it has become, *par excellence*, the common boot, and is perhaps as universally known as the fame of the distinguished hero, Wellington.

## AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE.

### NO. V.—A SLIGHT TIFF.

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

"WELL, Aunt Tabitha," said Mrs. Carver, as she seated herself in a comfortable rocking-chair before the ruddy fire—"well, Aunt Tabitha, I've just been in to see Mrs. Lincoln, the new minister's wife."

"Do tell," said Aunt Tabitha. "But do take off your things. It don't look sociable to set with 'em on."

"No, thank you; I can stop only a few minutes. As I was saying, I have been to call on the new minister's wife; and, to confess the truth, I was downright disappointed in her. Call her handsome? Why, she cannot hold a candle to Lizzie here, nor to either of my daughters—Lucretia, in an especial manner."

"But you know," said Aunt Tabitha, "that handsome is that handsome does."

"Well, I didn't see that there was anything so very genteel in her manners; nothing, at least, that was particularly overpowering. Before I called, I expected that I should feel myself to be a mere cipher in her presence—a perfect nonentity, as you may say—I had heard her cried up so by Mrs. Page. But I can tell you that I not only lived under it, but didn't feel a mite more put down than I do this minute. I might have remembered that Mrs. Page is one of them kind of women that always thinks there must be something marvellous about the

squire's wife, the doctor's wife, and, above all, the minister's wife; and I believe, as much as I believe I am alive, that, if Mrs. Lincoln should go to meeting next Sunday with her husband's boot on her head, instead of a bonnet, the same as I once heard a certain woman did, because somebody made her believe 'twas the fashion in Boston—she and her five daughters would appear out the Sunday afterward in the same ridiculous style."

"We all have our failin's and weaknesses," said Aunt Tabitha, "and Miss Page, of course, has hers; but, accordin' to my mind, it is better to think too well of our feller-critters than not well enough; and, if you and I and others have such inquiring minds as al'ays to be searchin' into our neighbor's conduct and affairs, it is better to hunt up their good qualities than their bad ones."

"To hunt up the good qualities of those it has been my fortune to have for neighbors would, in a general way, be like hunting for a needle in a haystack. The truth is, with the exception of you, and Lizzie, and Paul, there isn't a person in the whole parish I have any great opinion of. As for Mrs. Lincoln, if she is to be held up as a pattern for the female part of the parish to follow, I, for one, shall take good care not to follow the pattern."

"Well now, Miss Carver," said Aunt Tabitha, "I

kind o' mistrust that I shall like Miss Lincoln right-down well; for I'm al'ays tickled to death—in my element, as 'twere—when I come across a woman of good education that's free and sociable, and ain't starched up. For my part, I think 'tis the greatest sign of a real lady in the world when a woman, who is somethin', is able to make them that have no great pretensions—such as you and I, Miss Carver—feel easy and at home, as 'twere."

"I don't know what you call great pretensions," said Mrs. Carver. "I calculate that Ezekiel Carver's wife can hold her head as high as any other woman in the parish, let the other be who she will. I except neither the doctor's wife nor the minister's wife."

"I say so, too. Mr. Carver is a purty nice sort of a man in most things—equal to the ginerall run, I should say."

"The general run! What am I to understand by that, Aunt Tabitha?"

"Why, jest as I say. Mr. Carver, in my opinion, is on a par with the rest of the neighbors; and, take 'em all in all, they are real good neighbors. They ain't perfect, and we don't expect perfection in this world."

"Well, I must say, if my husband is to be placed on a level with every poor, mean fellow in the place, that he has got down to a pretty low notch. One thing is certain, and that is, he pays the highest tax of anybody in the parish, and has always held some kind of office ever since we were married. Sometimes he has been first selectman, sometimes constable, sometimes deacon, sometimes captain, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another."

Aunt Tabitha smiled, but did not speak. There was something in the smile which did not suit Mrs. Carver, though to Lizzie it appeared quite a commonplace kind of smile.

"I don't know what I am to understand by your laughing at what I say," said Mrs. Carver, reddening. "If there is any hidden meaning in it—anything which you would meanly insinuate, yet have not the courage to speak out, I say 'tis false; for, if ever there was a zealous, wide-awake man, that man is Ezekiel Carver."

"Well, I guess nobody disputed it. I'm sure I don't."

"What did you laugh for, then, when I was enumerating the responsible offices he has filled?"

"Oh, nothin' in particular—nothin', only some nonsense that popped into my head."

"You needn't try to make me believe you were not laughing at anything in particular; for that is what you nor any other living person can do, if you should try till you were blind. Nothing in particular! I know what you were thinking of; but there isn't a word of truth in it. What if he did fall off of his horse coming home from training last fall?—it was because the horse stumbled; for Ezekiel Carver never allows himself to drink anything

stronger than tea and coffee. You wouldn't believe such a scandalous story, if you didn't owe him a grudge."

"Land o' massy, Miss Carver! what should I owe him a grudge for?"

"You pretend you don't know, do you?"

"I sartainly don't."

"Well, it is as plain as the nose in your face, I should think."

"Well, that's purty plain to be seen, I'll allow; but, large as it is, I can't smell out why I should owe Mr. Carver a grudge."

"Why, when we were girls, he happened to take a fancy to me instead of you."

"You think that's the reason, then, do you? Well, all I can say is, you are mistaken; for I never seed the day that I'd 'ave had Zeke Carver, if he'd been made of Guinea goold."

"I've heard of sour grapes before to-day. He was above your reach, Ezekiel Carver was, and the whole parish ought to be thankful that he was. A pretty deacon's wife you would have made!"

"About as purty as the ginerall run, I mistrust. But there, Miss Carver, we won't quarrel about it."

"You needn't be afraid. You are too mean for me to quarrel with."

Without taking any notice of this last remark, Aunt Tabitha turned to Lizzie, and asked her if Paul, before he went out, told her where he was going?

"He said," replied Lizzie, "that he and a number of young men were going to meet at Franklin Hall this evening, to decide whom to vote for for town officers and representatives next year."

"Oh," said Aunt Tabitha, "they are holdin' a kind of a corks, then."

"Do tell if there's a caucus this evening?" said Mrs. Carver. "I don't believe that Mr. Carver knew a word about it."

"None, except some of the young men were going to meet," said Lizzie. "There, that is Paul's step; they've got through in good season."

Paul, the next moment, entered, with a smiling countenance. He shook hands with Mrs. Carver, and appeared quite glad to see her.

"You have been holding a caucus this evening, I understand?" said she, rather gloomily.

"Yes; a few of us young men, just 'out of our time,' thought we would assert our dignity by meeting together, and agreeing whom to vote for at next town-meeting; for several have been talked of who are so grossly ignorant that they would be a disgrace to the place; and we found that, by combining together, we could turn the scale in favor of those who are better qualified."

"It appears to me," said Mrs. Carver, "that, for such youngsters, you are taking rather too much upon you."

"Perhaps so; though your husband is not of your opinion."

"Why?"

"We are thinking of him for one of the representatives; and, when Sam Barton and I called to consult with him about it this evening, he didn't appear to be at all opposed to it."

"Well," said Mrs. Carver, "I always said that you were one of the most discriminating young men in the village. There isn't one in a hundred that would have had the discernment to know that Mr. Carver was a mite better fitted for the office than forty others."

"I am much obliged to you for your good opinion," said Paul; "but I believe I am not the one who first thought of him, and, therefore, am not entitled to your praise on that account. To confess the truth, I had been using what little influence I had in favor of Mr. Fabens; but Aunt Tabitha heard me mention it, and told me that there was no man in the whole town so well qualified for the office as Mr. Carver, and, on investigation, I soon found that she was right."

"Well," said Mrs. Carver, "I always knew that your aunt was the best woman in the world, and had the quickest discernment. I was saying the other day to Mr. Carver, if all the women in the place were like Aunt Tabitha, 'twould be a heaven

on earth, as 'twere. So good in sickness, and so charitable to the poor! And Mr. Carver agreed with me. Says I, 'Aunt Tabitha isn't one of those kind of women that's always seeking out people's failings.' 'No, indeed,' says he; 'and I don't know of but one woman in this place, or any other, that is equal to her in that respect.' Says I, 'Who is that?' 'If you must know,' says he, 'tis Sukey Carver.' Then I laughed, and says I, 'Tis, of course, nothing more than manners to except the present company.' Then he laughed, too, and winked in his sly way—the same as he always does when he feels pretty crank—and says he, 'To be sure it isn't, Sukey.' I can tell you, Aunt Tabitha, it did my heart and soul good to hear him praise you; for you are my chosen friend, as 'twere. There, if the clock ain't striking nine! I'd no thought it was so late. Well, it isn't to be wondered at, for Aunt Tabitha and the rest of you are so agreeable that I always, when I'm with you, forget to count time. I meant to have called on Dorcas Low a few minutes; but it is too late now. Good-night, and pleasant dreams to you all! La, Paul, you needn't be at the trouble of seeing me home; though, come to look out, it is a little darker than I thought it was."

## ARCHERY.

"Better to sweat in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;  
The wise for cure on exercise depend—  
God never made His work for man to mend."—DRYDEN.

"We deem it great pittance to suffer this excellent exercise to go to decay amongst us."—ASCHAM.

It is a well-known and generally admitted fact that a considerable part of that delicacy of constitution which is unhappily too prevalent among our fair countrywomen, arises from the sedentary nature of most of their occupations and accomplishments. Half the evils "flesh is heir to" originate in want of muscular exertion, and of that stirring and exhilarating exercise which gives a healthy circulation to the blood. The occupations of women, from girlhood upwards, lying within a limited sphere, are too apt to incline them to a species of semi-indolence, to induce a preference for sedentary amusements, and either from inadvertence, or from ignorance of the functions and nature of their bodies, they often neglect to take that amount of regular exercise which is vitally necessary to the maintenance of health. Hence it soon results that the circulation becomes languid, the blood is not properly purified, and the muscles become flaccid and weakened. To remedy this, and also with a view to render the form graceful and flexible, various calisthenic exercises have been introduced

into the education of young girls; and these, if judiciously conducted, are to a certain extent productive of good; but far better is the practice, in the open air, of games requiring skill, attention, and activity; these exhilarate the spirits, exercise the muscles, circulate and purify the blood, and give a healthy tone to the system.

It is our present intention to dwell on but one of those exercises which furnish the best antidote to the sedentary life of females of all ages—archery—which from its eminent gracefulness, from its being adapted to every age, and every degree of strength—for, by altering the strength of the bows, it may be practised from childhood to "green old age;" from its occupying both the eye and mind, and awakening and stimulating the faculties, as well as bringing into exercise the muscles of the legs, arms, chest, and body, cannot be too highly recommended. Roger Ascham, tutor to Queen Elizabeth, says of it, "It is an exercise most wholesome for the body, and a pastime most honeste for the minde: of all others the best, not only because it increaseth

strength and preserveth health the most, but because it is not vehement, but moderate, not overlaying one part with weariness, but softly exercising every part with equalness." Dr. Mulcaster, a contemporary of Ascham, thus eulogizes archery: "To say enough of this exercise in a few words, which no words can praise enough for the commodities which it bringeth to the health of the body, it consisteth of the *best exercises*, and the *best effects* of the best exercises." And Sir Wm. Wood, Marshal of the old Society of Finsbury Archers, thus sings its praise in his "Bowman's Glory":—

"It is an exercise (by proof) we see  
Whose practice doth with nature best agree;  
Obstructions of the liver it prevents,  
Stretching the nerves and arteries, gives extent  
To the spleen's opplings, clears the breast  
And spongy lungs; it is a foe protest  
To all consumptions."

There are so few healthful recreations in the open air of which women can partake, without being considered to encroach on the privileges of the "lords of the creation," and incurring the imputation of being unfeminine, that we cannot wonder archery is making rapid progress among our countrywomen. Besides its beneficial effect on the health, too, it is an elegant amusement, developing as much grace as can ever be displayed in *actual* dancing, far more than the indolently paced quadrilles, or romping polkas, or *deux temps* of the present day can ever hope to call forth.

A slight sketch of what is known of the bow and arrows may not be deemed uninteresting, before we enter further on our subject.

There is no authentic history or tradition relative to the invention of the bow, but it is evidently of very remote antiquity. The first mention of it occurs in the Book of Genesis (xxvii. 3), 1760 B. C. Isaac bids Esau take his weapons, his "quiver and his bow," and go into the field and get him some venison. Ishmael, we are told (Gen. xxi. 20), "grew and dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer." Indeed, repeated allusions to this ancient weapon of the Jews occur in the Old Testament: Jonathan presented his bow to David (1 Sam. xviii. 4); the archers "hit and sore wounded" Saul (1 Sam. xxxi. 3).

In the Greek mythology, and in the ancient Grecian and Egyptian sculptures, are various allusions to, and delineations of the bow. Records of archery have also been traced in many Persepolitan, Macedonian, and Parthian antiquities. The Chinese had this weapon. One of their proverbs says, "When a son is born in the family, hang the bow and quiver up at the gate;" and their great sage, Confucius, wrote a treatise on archery.

All the eastern nations seem to have used the bow as a weapon of warfare, and practised archery as an amusement in times of peace; in Persia, equestrian archery was much practised, and shooting

at the popinjay was a favorite recreation. The Arabs were skillful archers; in Chinese Tartary both sexes were equally expert in the use of the bow. The Manilla Indians, the Caribbee Indians, the Demarara Indians, the natives of Florida, and the savage tribes of North as well as of South America, all were more or less acquainted with, and expert in the use of this weapon. Some warriors, exhibited at one of our theatres about fifty years since, excited universal astonishment by the skill and certainty with which they hit a mark scarcely so large as a shilling.

The Scandinavians were likewise expert archers.

Homer mentions the bow several times. In his *Iliad*, b. ix. l. 152, Pandarus is thus described aiming an arrow at Menelaus:—

"Now with full force the yielding horn he bends,  
Drawn to an arch and joins the doubling ends;  
Close to the breast he strains the nerve below,  
Till the barbed point approach the drelling bow;  
Th' impatient weapon whizzes on the wing,  
Sounds the tough horn and twangs the quivering string."

He mentions the Locrians as being "skilled from far the flying shaft to wing."

Again, in the *Odyssey*, we find the suitors of Penelope vainly endeavoring to bend the bow which Ulysses had left at home; and the hero himself, disguised as a beggar, having obtained permission to compete with them, thus proves his skill:—

"One hand aloft displayed,  
The bending horns, and one the string essayed,  
From his essaying hand the string, let fly,  
Twangs short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry."

*Æneas*, too, is made to introduce archery when celebrating the anniversary of his father's funeral.

We read that the armies of Alexander the Great were chiefly composed of archers.

Plato, who was a great advocate of archery, and was desirous that qualified persons should be appointed by the government to teach the youth of Athens this art, mentions that the standing guard of the city numbered among its force one thousand archers.

Livy makes mention of the skill and prowess of the Cretan archers.

Plutarch signalizes the defeats of the Romans by the Parthians, and ascribes it to the manner in which these latter galled the enemy with their arrows.

The Huns were likewise skillful archers.

The Romans, as a people, were not skilled in the use of the bow, although many of the nobles and several of the Roman emperors practised it as an amusement. Herodian speaks of the feats and the "unerring hand" of the Emperor Commodus, who exhibited his skill on the wild beasts in the Amphitheatre.

It is a disputed point at what time the long-bow



was introduced into England; some writers assert that it was the *arbalest*, or crossbow only, which was used from the time of the Norman Conquest until that of Edward II. Prior to the battle of Hastings, we have no record at all of archery being practised in Britain. Others again assert that it was an arrow, and not a bolt, which slew William Rufus, and which caused the death of Richard Cœur de Lion; and that the longbow, and not the crossbow, was the weapon of war in the contests between Matilda and Stephen, and with which Richard made such havoc among the Saracens. Certain it is that that famous hero of ballad romance, Robin Hood,\* would be divested of half his charms if we took from him the graceful longbow and the "feathery arrows;" therefore, if not from stronger conviction, we side with the last-mentioned opinions, and are convinced that, although the *arbalest* may possibly have been the most common weapon of war, yet in the "merrie green wood" at least the other was expertly handled. Ritson, in the "Old Garland," a quaint collection of ballads on Robin Hood, gives the following characteristic anecdote of nearly the last words and actions of this famous outlaw; when he felt his end approaching, he said—

"But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And a broad arrow I'll let see;  
And where this arrow is taken up,  
There shall my grave digg'd be."

At the battles of Cressy and Agincourt the longbow was evidently used; in the reign of Edward III. again we find express mention of our archers, to whom indeed the victory seems generally to have been chiefly owing in most battles wherein they were engaged. Sir John Smith attributes this not only to the skill of the archers, but to the "dazzling, bemusing effect which a volley of arrows, flying thick as hail through the air, must have on the enemies' soldiers, and also on their horses."

In the reign of Edward IV., we find sundry curious laws relative to archery, to the importation of bow-staves, &c.; in one of which, "unlawful games, as dice, quoits, tennis," &c., are prohibited; but "every person strong and able of body" is required to use his bow.

Henry VII. instituted a band of archers to guard his person.

Henry VIII. was a great patron of archery; and a law made in his reign enacted that "all men not having any lawful impediment, except religious and judges, under sixty years of age, shall exercise shooting in longbows; and teach their children, servants, &c., having a bow with two arrows for each under seventeen years of age, and with four arrows for those above seventeen. Penalty, 6s. 8d. per month."

Queen Elizabeth, too, was a patroness of archery, and did not disdain herself to "wing the feathered shaft." By some statutes made in her reign, we find that the use of the bow formed part of the education of youth. At some of the public schools, and especially at Harrow, every parent was called upon to allow "to each boy a bow, three shafts, a bow-string, and a brace, to exercise shooting;" and prizes were given to be shot for by twelve competitors.

Shakspeare, who in his works introduces numberless allusions relative to this science, was, if we may credit any of the accounts of his midnight onslaughts on the deer, an archer of no mean skill.

Charles I. was a practical lover of archery, as was his father, James I.; and by these two sovereigns commissions were issued for the purpose of preventing inroads on, and removing obstructions from, the public grounds and fields devoted to the practice of archery; for it would seem that brick and mortar were even then beginning insidiously to encroach on the "pleasant green fields."

Archery was neglected by James II. in the troubles of his reign; and after his abdication, and the accession of a new family, bringing with them other predilections, the practice of it declined, and gradually fell into almost total disuse, being kept up only by a few companies or societies, among which the oldest, and the one which survived the longest, was the Society of Finsbury Archers, who had records dating as far back as 1676. In Clerkenwell church is a monument to Sir William Wood, one of their old marshals, who died at the age of 82. It has been restored by the Toxophilite Society; part of the inscription runs thus:—

"Long did he live, the honor of the bow,  
And his great age to that alone did owe.  
But how can art secure? Or what can save  
Extreme old age from the appointed grave?  
Surviving archers much his loss lament,  
And in respect bestow this monument."

A splendid silver badge, presented to the Finsbury Archers by Catherine, Queen of Charles II., was, by Mr. Constable—one of the oldest and few remaining members of that body—transferred to the Toxophilites, when he joined them soon after their formation in 1780, under the auspices of Sir Ashton Levers and Mr. Waring. That society was the parent of most of those which have since sprung up, and of late multiplied so rapidly: its grounds are in the Regent's Park.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, was a munificent patron of archery, and by his influence mainly contributed to make it fashionable, and thus reanimate it. The following circumstances will alone suffice to show how rapid has been its spread lately, and how generally its healthfulness and power of amusing have been acknowledged: Little more than twenty years since, there were only two or three establishments in London for the sale of archery

\* Who could "Hit a mark a hundred rod,  
And cause a hart to die."

accoutrements; there are now probably twenty at least.

It seems strange that the French should have at no period of their history appeared to devote much attention to archery. Greatly as they have suffered at various times from the skill of their English foes, one would have imagined that they would have endeavored at least to foil them with their own weapons. A few small societies of "*tireurs*" have occasionally existed, and one or two do so now: they have, however, a quaint old proverb on the subject, which says (what is well worth noting)—"*Debander l'arc ne guérit pas la plaie*;" or that the regret we may feel at having wounded the feelings of any person is but a poor atonement for the evil. "*Faire de tous bois flèches*," and "*Cette flèche n'est pas sortie de mon carquois*" are also two other trite allusions to archery.

Ere we proceed to the chief bearing of our subject, viz., archery as a recreation for females, we must not forget that celebrated archer Tell, who, when Gesler asked him why he took the second arrow, boldly replied—

"Mit diesem zweiten Pfeil durchschoss ich Euch,  
Wenn ich mein liebes Kind getroffen hätte,  
Und euer—warlich hätte ich nicht gefehlt."

We have said already that archery is peculiarly adapted for females; nor are we in the present day singular in that opinion. If we go back as far as the ancient mythology, we find Diana with her bow: if we seek in the writings of the poets, we find Tasso's beautiful description of Clorinda—

"Her rattling quiver at her shoulder hung,  
Therein a flash of arrows feathered well.  
In her right hand a bow was bended strong,  
Therein a shaft headed with mortal steel.  
So fit to shoot she singled out among  
Her foes who first her quarrel's strength should feel;  
So fit to shoot Latona's daughter stood  
When Niobe she killed, and all her brood."

If we speed our way to Asia, we shall find in some of the harems the fair slaves practising archery in the gardens of the seraglio. A traveller in Persia (we forget who) eloquently describes the bow of buffalo horn, black as jet, and highly polished, with its richly gilded and painted back, and string of pure white silk, decorated at the ends with loops of scarlet and gold; the delicate and costly arrows, the sleeve of rich satin, embroidered with gold, worn to protect the arm; and the jewelled thumb-ring (an article peculiar to the East), used by these beautiful captives; as well as the curious target, composed of softened clay, at which they shoot.

But we need not seek in the realms of the east, in the dream-land of poets, or the superstitions of ancient idolaters, in order to demonstrate that archery has been practised by females. Froissart mentions that it was one of the recreations of the stately dames of his day. Black Douglas, wife of one of the war-

like and rebellious race of Douglas, was an expert archeress, and more than once, when besieged, tried her prowess on her own sovereign. Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII., is stated to have killed a buck in Alnwick Park, by shooting it with an arrow. In the privy purse expenses of Henry VIII., we find entered so much for bows, arrows, belts, braces, &c., for Anne Boleyn. Queen Elizabeth was evidently skilled in the practice of archery, for we find it recorded that at one hunting-party she with her own hand did shoot three deer. Catherine, queen consort of Charles II., encouraged this science, if she did not actually practise it, as is testified by the silver badge already alluded to, which she presented to the Royal Society of Finsbury Archers. And last, but not least, Queen Victoria is a lover and patroness of archery; and herself, at the Highland Fête at Holland Park, in 1850, added as a prize, expressly to be competed for by ladies, a handsome bracelet.

We now approach the most difficult part of our subject—the reducing practice to theory, or giving verbal directions for that which is best acquired manually. There are but few works on archery, and of these, "Hansard's Book of Archery," "Hastings's British Archer," and "Roberts's Bowman," are the best; and these are rather histories and treatises on the art than instructions for the practice of it. Our old friend Roger Ascham, in his quaint way, gives a very reasonable guess why more had not been written on this subject: "The faulte is not to be layed on the thinge which was worthe to be written upon, but of the menne which were negligent in doynge it; and this is the cause thereof as I suppose. Menne that used shootinge moste, and knewe it best, were not learned: men that were learned used shootinge little, and were ignorant of the nature of the thyng." Not that we believe that archery, any more than dancing, can be verbally taught; attention, imitation, practice, flexibility of the muscles, and concentration of the faculties, will advance a pupil in this art more than volumes of written directions: nevertheless, we will endeavor to give a few general instructions as lucidly as may be.

The accoutrements requisite for the practice of archery consist of a bow, a bow-case, about half a dozen arrows; a tin case or quiver for them; an arm-guard, a glove, a belt, a tassel, and a grease-box. These may all be obtained, sufficiently good in quality for general use, for two pounds.

Various materials have at different periods been used in manufacturing bows. In Job, we read of "the bow of steel." Homer tells us that the bow used by Pandarus was

"formed of horn, and smoothed with artful toil  
A mountain goat resigned the shining spoil."

In many parts of the East, horn, and sometimes ivory, are used. The yew-tree has also furnished many bows; now various woods are employed be-

sides the yew, as lancewood, rosewood, snake-wood, and tulip-wood, combined with hornbeam and hickory. Bows are made of two kinds, "*self-bows*," or those formed of one piece of wood, and "*back-bows*," composed of two kinds of wood, one tough and the other elastic; the common lancewood self-bow is the cheapest of any; the continental yew self-bow is the most expensive. Bowstrings have been made of silk, catgut, and hemp: the last is the best and most durable material.

Arrows are chiefly manufactured of prepared lime-wood, old deal, pine, and aspen; the "*nock*," or notch, for the reception of the string, is of horn; the feathers from the wing of the gray goose, the turkey, or the eagle; and the head or pile of thin steel or iron. The length of the arrow depends much upon that of the bow; for a bow five feet long the arrows may be twenty-four or twenty-five inches in length. Arrows vary in weight as well as length, and are usually proportioned to the strength of the bow; their weights are always marked on them between the feathers, and archers should take care, when shooting at a mark or target, to keep to one certain weight.

The "*quiver*" is of tin, and usually japanned; it is generally made to hold about half-a-dozen arrows: it may be made of very rich and ornamental materials.

The "*brace*," or arm-guard, used to protect the arm from being hurt by the rebound of the string, is made of morocco leather, calf, or pigskin; the surface is smooth, hard, and polished, to prevent the string from being fretted in its passage over it.

The "*belt*" is composed of the same leather as the brace, and dyed the same color, viz., crimson, purple, or green, but generally the latter: from it on the left side is suspended the "*tassel*," which is of worsted, and the same color as the belt: its use is to wipe the arrows after they have been used, as a small particle of dirt adhering to them will impede their flight. The "*grease-box*," if not an absolutely necessary appendage, is a very useful one for keeping the fingers of the glove moist and supple; it usually consists of an ornamental box worn on the same side as the tassel.

The "*glove*" is used to protect the fingers from being injured by the string: it is made to match the belt and brace, and should fit well, or it will be of no use; it must be kept supple while being used, or it impedes the action of the hand.

The target is of twisted threshed straw, similar to that of which beehives are made; this is covered with a surface of canvas, on which equidistant circles of different colors surround an eye or centre of gold; these circles determine the value of each shot, and test the skill of the archer.

Our ancient friend Ascham pithily observes: "Archery is more pleasant to behold than easy to be taught; less difficult to be followed in practice

than to be described." The preliminary rule we lay down is to begin practising with a bow which can be managed without any extra exertion of the arms and chest; thus, one of some twenty or twenty-five pounds power will generally be the best for young ladies during the first season; during the next, they can increase the power to thirty or thirty-four pounds, but we should never advise them to exceed forty pounds. Good instruction and example, backed by diligent attention and practice on the part of the learner, will be rewarded by proficiency: at the moment of taking aim, the powers of the mind should be concentrated on the affair in hand, much judgment and coolness being requisite: nervousness, inattention, or a wandering of the thoughts or eyes, will cause the aim to be false. Vegetius (cap. 15) says that "the left hand should be steady, the right hand draw the string with judgment, and both the eye and the mind be brought to bear together on the object of the aim."

"Shoot straighte and of a good lengthe,  
Then shall ye win of any strengthe,"

is the advice of an old author who wrote in the sixteenth century; and to shoot straight the eye must be fixed on the mark, the mind bent to assist the eye, and then the hands will obediently, governed by these two potentates, perform their duty. To shift the eye from the shaft to the mark, and from the mark to the shaft, is to insure a failure.

The bow must be held in the left hand, the arm extended in a straight line, and the wrist turned inwards; the hand grasps the bow at the *handle*, as nearly level with the top of it as possible. With the right hand take the arrow by the middle, and pass it under the string and over the bow; when the pile reaches the left hand, the forefinger of that hand must be clasped over it to steady it; the right hand now glides back to the nock, and grasps it with the thumb and finger; the cock feather is looked for, and the arrow slid down the bow and arranged with the cock feather upwards, and in a line with the top of the handle of the bow; during this manoeuvre, the bow may be held horizontally: it is now brought by a semicircular sweep of the arms into an almost perpendicular position, the forefinger of the left hand entirely detached from the arrow, and the whole of that hand grasps the bow at the handle, while with the right hand the arrow is adjusted to the string; by the time the bow is raised to its proper position, and the arrow brought to a level with the ear, it should be nearly three-quarters drawn. The body should stand sidewise as regards the target, the face only being turned directly to it; the eyes looking straight at the mark. Aim should now be taken, and the bow not kept fully drawn for more than a second, or it will be injured, but the arrow loosed at once. One of our celebrated opera-dancers is said to have observed that, of all the

attitudes she ever studied, not one was so graceful, or displayed the form to better advantage than that of drawing the bow.

As almost every archery society has its own peculiar rules for the practice of this pastime, we abstain from entering on those points which are merely optional, and conclude our remarks with a few slight hints relative to the archery dress, leaving our readers to modify them according to their own taste.

In a variable climate, all out-door amusements must be pursued with precaution if we would preserve health. Hence it is evident that a costume must be chosen which will not only be graceful and effective, but which will preserve the body from chilly winds, dampness in the atmosphere, &c. We recommend a jacket of velvet or cashmere, braided or trimmed with buttons fitting well but not tightly; a *gilet* of silk, or poplin, or *pique*, and a skirt of the same material as the jacket ornamented up the front with braiding or buttons, and a lawn habit-shirt and undersleeves. The jacket and skirt may be of emerald or Lincoln green, or of royal blue, or violet; or the *gilet* of white, or the palest shade of color; and the jacket may be of either of these colors, and the skirt of white, tastefully trimmed to match. The belt, &c., must be chosen in accordance with

the prevailing color. A hat of felt or beaver, in the style of that worn by *la Figlia del Reggimento*, decorated with a short feather or rosette to match the dress, will cover the head and protect the eyes from the sun. Lastly, but not least, the feet must be attended to and well guarded from the damp engendered by heavy dews, by the frequent showers, and by the sward having been watered to give it freshness; boots of kid, having channelled or cork or gutta percha soles, will be best, and if high heels are added, it is an advantage, as these prevent the whole of the sole from coming in contact with the ground.

Commending, then, to countrywomen the practice of archery as a healthful and graceful recreation, and pleasant change from their other occupations and pursuits, we wish them

"Stout arm, strong bow, and steady eye,  
Union, true heart, and courtesy."\*

\* A new invention for propelling arrows has lately been brought into use successfully. A sheath, about the size and appearance of a dice-box, is furnished at one end with an elastic Indian-rubber cord, which, by being drawn to its full limit, forces the arrow with considerable effect to an immense distance. It is a very portable, cheap, and handy weapon; but not so stylish as the ordinary bow.

## CROSSING THE OBION.

### AN INCIDENT OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY WORTHINGTON G. SNETHEN.

Mrs. THOMAS was an unusually hard-favored woman.

She must have been at least forty-five years old, and was blessed with an extraordinary amount of muscle, and a comfortable absence of that unnecessary fat which is one of the legacies of sedentary pursuits. Inured from infancy to a frontier life, with all its activity, severe bodily labor, and hardships, she never shrank from any of the conflicts of the elements, which usually keep at home people better to do in the world than she was, when she had anything to do which required her immediate attention and presence.

A small, sharp gray eye, peering out from beneath a rather projecting forehead, and from either side of a knifelike and aquiline nose, and a thin-lipped mouth, that curled downwards and then contemptuously upwards at each corner, were the characteristics of Mrs. Thomas's face. Her voice had a sort of nasal twang about it, combined with a sound similar to that which a cracked plate utters when held up and struck with a knuckle.

With her head encased in an old Leghorn straw bonnet, of the shape in which the fashionable world

used to delight just after the war of 1812, resembling a coal scuttle with its under lid projecting high over the forehead, and tied closely under her lean and lank jaws with two bits of dingy ribbon, one piece longer than the other, and with her yellowish-gray hair combed back in Chinese style from her furrowed and expansive forehead, an expression was imparted to her face which the most enthusiastic artist, in search of the new and striking in the human countenance, could not find pleasure in contemplating.

And yet Mrs. Thomas was not a bad woman. On the contrary, she was eminently a good woman, in the true sense of the term *good*. She was the mother of five sons and three daughters, having been married at an early age, and had brought up all her children in the way they should go. She herself had been a dutiful daughter, and was now a widow of little more than a year. In all the works of life, she had been and still was a strict follower of our Lord Jesus Christ. She and all her family belonged to that denomination of Christians who had carried the Gospel into the wilderness with so much success—the Methodists.

Her hard-favored face was the result of her exposed life. She never knew what were the comforts of a home of wealth, with others to work for her. She had labored with her own hands hard all the days of her life, had lived simply, and had practised all the Christian virtues. No traveller had ever passed her door without having a cup of water offered him to quench his thirst. Her husband, and her parents before her, had been tillers of the soil, and her sons and sons-in-law—for her daughters were all married—followed the same pursuit. A rude cabin, not an elegant house, had been her dwelling-place since her marriage, and she still cultivated the homestead farm with her two youngest sons, who had not yet taken to themselves wives.

On a rainy, though not a very cold day, in the month of December, in the year 1830, Mrs. Thomas, with the aforesaid-described bonnet upon her head, dressed in a high-waisted, unedged, natural-white linsey-woolsey frock, with long, tight sleeves, and a bodice high up in, and closely fastened about the neck, and the skirt so short as to display rather too much of a pair of coarse, bluish woollen stockings, and her feet, of no ordinary size, well shod with roughly-made brogans, with enormously thick soles, and tied firmly with leather strings, stood in the doorway of her humble and windowless cabin, waiting patiently for a huge, gawky boy, her youngest son, who was driving before him across a field a fine, fat, sleek, large cow. Mrs. Thomas had sold this cow to one of her sons, who was tilling a farm on the other side of the river Obion, in western Kentucky, not more than five miles distant from his mother's residence; and, as it was in the bargain that she should deliver the cow on that very day, she was about to set out upon this mission.

"Here, 'Old Lady,' here 's your corn before we start. Come," said Mrs. Thomas to the noble animal, which was striding towards the door before John, and which knew her name to be "Old Lady."

She moaned her joy at sight of the corn, which Mrs. Thomas had placed in an open basket near the door of the cabin, and hastened to devour her food. John, with his white, homemade, linsey-woolsey, close-bodied coat, whose waist crept high up his back, his short-legged trousers, his foxy-looking and muddy boots of primitive fashion, and his well-worn wool hat, whose black had turned to be brown, and with his hands thrust into his pockets almost up to their elbows, walked slowly up to the door, looking inquiringly towards the clouds, that were then, and for some days past had been steadily pouring their contents down upon mother earth.

"I think, mother," said he, "that we had better not go out to-day. It looks as though it will rain still faster; and I doubt whether brother William will care if you are not up to the very day in delivering 'Old Lady.'"

"Ah, my son," replied Mrs. Thomas, "it is not

my way of doing things to put off to another day what ought to be done now. This you know. Besides, we ought always to remember that the night cometh when no man can work, and that we should work while it is day."

As the Bible had been, from necessity, the only book that Mrs. Thomas had ever read, she constantly applied its thoughts and language to the incidents of everyday life; and, as her son knew that, when his mother used Scripture allusions in reference to any subject, her mind was unalterably made up, he said no more.

In a few moments, "Old Lady" despatched her meal, and Mrs. Thomas, shutting and fastening the creaking door of her cabin, hid her cow onwards in company with her son. After a tramp of some three miles along a road almost instep-deep in mud, the party reached the ferry on the Obion, which was now banks full, and rolling its turbid waters rapidly on to the Mississippi, into which it emptied.

Imagine her surprise when she was informed, by one of the ferrymen, that the ferry-boat had been swept away the night previous, having been torn from its moorings by the drifting trees and dead timber, which are the accompaniments of every flood in the western rivers. What was to be done? Mrs. Thomas was a woman who never trod a step backwards in all her life. The rain was descending rather more rapidly than when she left the door of her cabin, and to traipse back again with her cow was not to be thought of for a moment, seeing that her destination was only two miles distant.

As she stood communing within herself upon this unexpected state of things, she espied, shooting from behind a projecting point of the bank below where she was, a canoe, vigorously propelled by a man with a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, and whose body was bent forward almost horizontally, in order to give himself the greatest possible power in the wielding of his paddle. Hugging the shore close in, he soon brought his canoe into the little eddy within which was the landing of the ferry-boat, and, leaping from his punt upon the bank, he drew it almost entirely out of the water, so as to fasten it to a crooked, gnarled cottonwood-tree, that flourished near at hand.

"A wet day, Mrs. Thomas," exclaimed the canoe-man, Mr. Williams, who had just returned from an ineffectual pursuit after his ferry-boat. "Going over the river, I suppose, with that cow yonder? Sorry I have to disappoint you. I have lost my ferry-boat. It left us last night while we were asleep. This has been a ruinous flood to me, I am sure you. Sorry to drive you home again; but it is impossible to put you across till I can get a new boat, and when that will be I cannot tell."

"Can you not put me across in that canoe?" asked Mrs. Thomas, who seemed not to hear the canoe-man's harangue, which was kept up while he tied his canoe-rope to the tree.

"Put you across in that canoe? To be sure I can. It will carry ten people; but how about the cow?"

"We'll make her swim by the side of the canoe," replied Mrs. Thomas, calmly, and in a tone of determination.

"So we can. I did not think of that. But had we not better go to my house yonder, stop awhile, and dry ourselves before the fire, which, I am sure, my wife has ready for me, for she is a considerate woman, you know."

"I see no need for taking so much trouble only to get wet again. It will not take you very long to put us all over. I will pay you double ferrage, Mr. Williams, if you will go at once."

The canoe man assented, and, launching his canoe again, he jumped into it and took his seat. Mrs. Thomas went up to the cow, which was as tame as a pet kitten, and, taking out of her pocket a short piece of bed-cord, tied it around her right horn.

"Here, John," said she to her son, "lead 'Old Lady' by this into the water, along the left side of the boat; take your seat just behind Mr. Williams, and I will sit in the end of the canoe behind you, so as to speak a kind word to our swimmer."

The docile animal obeyed her leader with a slight unwillingness, manifested by two or three shakes of the head, and two or three heavy breathings, which horned cattle almost always display on taking to the water. When the parties were snugly seated in the canoe, the cow stood not more than leg deep in the river, which was so high as to cover the gently sloping bank for some distance.

"Now, Mr. Williams, go ahead. John, be steady. Don't hold her too tight. Give her head all the play you can. Mr. Williams, row up the stream, on this side, for some distance, before you strike across."

Mr. Williams was an experienced canoe man. He did not need the admonition of Mrs. Thomas. He gave the head of his canoe a brisk turn up the river, and, leaning forward almost flat, plied his paddle with all his might. His punt obeyed its impulses, and, in a few moments, canoe and cow were struggling with the raging and turbid waters of the river; the canoe inclining rather more towards the cow than was comfortable, and the cow puffing and blowing a cloud of white breath, and showing nothing but her horns, head, startled eyes, wide-spread nostrils, and broad back above the surface of the flood. Onward went canoe and cow for some hundred yards or more, breasting and tossing aside the swift-rolling current, the swimmer all the while, instinctively, keeping close to the left-hand side of the canoe, and every now and then casting a wishful look towards John and her old mistress, as though she wished to be out of the watery element with which she was so boldly contending.

Mr. Williams had now come to the point from which he was to turn the head of his canoe across

the river. This was just opposite his cabin, which stood on the bank, and in the door of which were seen his good wife and their half dozen flaxen-haired children, gazing upon this novel ferrying party with no little alarm.

"Steady, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Thomas, at this juncture. "Sit over on the right side of the canoe, so as to balance it there. Take care of that ugly-looking log, Mr. Williams."

Mr. Williams had an eye upon that log. It was a huge one. It came on with booming rapidity. The canoe had now reached the middle of the stream. A dark cloud had arisen, unnoticed by our mariners. At that moment it opened its fountains, and it seemed as though a second deluge had come on. "Old Lady" had eyed that log, too, hurrying right towards her; for she was now on the side of the canoe up the stream, and she groaned audibly and with signs of great distress at the approaching mass. Mr. Williams plied his paddle in double-quick time, now urging forward the canoe, now turning its head, so as to avoid contact with the small floating timber and brushwood.

Suddenly, the whole heavens seemed to be on fire, so fiercely and vividly did the lightning flash across the firmament; and, on the instant, while the eye was yet blinded by the intensity of the gleam, so overwhelming was the crash, that John was prostrated senseless in the canoe, and the paddle was struck from the hands of Mr. Williams. At this juncture, the huge log, that had excited the fears of the canoe man and Mrs. Thomas, struck the head of the canoe, and, turning it aside, moved majestically on; while the swimming cow, finding her head no longer compelled by John's strong arm, turned it up stream, with the evident intent of leaving the boat. In doing so, the hinder part of her body was brought in contact with the stern of the canoe, where Mrs. Thomas was sitting, and, in the exertion of the moment, "Old Lady" flirited her caudal appendage over the side of the canoe plump into her former faithful mistress's lap. At this instant, Mrs. Thomas seized "Old Lady's" tail with an iron grasp, and boldly essayed to prevent her escape from the canoe. The essay was of short duration; for the strong swimmer, not relishing the freedom taken with her tail, which the holder would not release, made a resistless dash forward. By this time the canoe and the cow were in a straight line, the head of the cow up stream and the head of the canoe down stream, and Mrs. Thomas, holding with all her might to the tail, was pulled over the stern of the canoe, turning a complete somerset in her rapid progress, and plunging into the boiling flood without the utterance of a single emotion.

The paralyzed canoe man, and poor John, lying stunned in the bottom of the canoe, observed none of these things, so brief was the time in which they occurred; and it was not till the canoe was some yards distant from the swimming animal, with Mrs.

Thomas heroically holding fast to her tail, that Mr. Williams discovered what had happened. Fortunately for him, there was a spare paddle lying in the canoe, and, with his eyes fixed upon the cow and Mrs. Thomas, he seized it with undue violence. In doing so, he roused John from his stupor, whom he had supposed to have been pulled overboard by the struggling cow, which he had been holding.

Meantime, the cow made towards the bank of the stream to which she was, in the outset, bound, with Mrs. Thomas dangling at her tail. Mrs. Thomas had, in her girlhood, learned to swim, and was thus enabled to follow her leader without experiencing any inconvenience, other than what she felt from her chilled limbs. It was a ludicrous sight that, with all its danger, to see that wide and long-horned animal struggling with the rushing stream, but slowly moving across it, though carried rapidly down the current, and to see Mrs. Thomas, with her old-fashioned, scoop-shaped Leghorn bonnet rising out of the water, looking more like the uplifted head of a sea-serpent than anything else, and keeping pace with the groaning, grunting, and snorting cow! After a lapse of ten minutes or more, for the Obion is not more than two hundred yards wide at the point where this extraordinary natatory feat was performed—a natatory feat, by the side of which that of Leander across the Hellespont sinks into insignificance—when it is even banks full, “Old Lady” landed Mrs. Thomas safely, some distance below the usual ferry-landing; almost at the same moment, the canoe, with its two astonished passen-

gers, touched the shore at the same place. Before John and Mr. Williams could leap from the canoe, Mrs. Thomas and “Old Lady” stood upon the bank, both shivering and dripping, the cow moaning from her exertion and evident fright, whilst the mistress coolly disentangled her right hand and arm from the hair of the cow’s tail, with which they had become entangled.

“Was not that a terrible exhibition of God’s power, Mr. Williams?” inquired Mrs. Thomas, alluding to the electrical display, all the while pressing the water from her dripping garments.

“It was; but, terrible as it was, it came near being more terrible still,” said Mr. Williams.

“How?” asked Mrs. Thomas, quickly.

“By the death of all of us.”

“God is merciful, Mr. Williams, to those who love him, and do what our Saviour commands us to do. My conscience bears me testimony that I have done no more than my duty in attempting to deliver this cow to my son, who has purchased her to be delivered this day; and God has approved my purpose to do what I thought I ought to do, against every obstacle, by saving us all from a watery grave.”

So saying, Mrs. Thomas, her son, and “Old Lady” went on their way, the rain still falling heavily; and Mr. Williams returned to his canoe, which soon bore him to his wife and family, who had seen, with no light rejoicing, from the door of his cabin, that all the parties had been saved.

## COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES.

### CHAPTER X.

#### TOILET IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

THE inhabitants of the Celestial Empire seem to agree with Beauty, in considering that Fashion mars, instead of improving, the charms of her votaries; for, ever since the days of the wise and renowned Confucius, they have steadily resisted all her blandishments, closed their ears to her flatteries, and followed, in every respect, the ordinances of their great lawgiver with regard to dress.

By this decree, the poorer classes are obliged to wear their clothes of a dark blue, red, or black color. The emperor and princes of the blood are alone allowed the privilege of having yellow dresses, and many of the most delicate colors are reserved exclusively for the ladies. Pure white is the emblem of mourning among all classes.

So strictly is everything relating to the toilet managed among this grave people, that even when the seasons change they are not allowed to clothe

themselves in thick or thin coverings, according to their fancy, but must wait with patience to change the winter for the summer, or the summer for the winter garb, till the viceroy of the province has performed this important ceremony, when the whole outward appearance of the people alters as if by magic; and a stranger to their laws, who, the evening before, had seen the streets of Peking crowded with people, all enveloped to their chins in the warmest furs, would imagine everybody struck by a magician’s wand, when, on going forth the following day, he finds the same people all, by one accord, habited in their summer attire.

The upper dress of the Chinese ladies resembles that of the lords of the Celestial Empire; but it is more decorated with rich and beautiful embroidery. The trowsers are tied round the ankle, so as to give a full view of their small feet, encased in highly ornamented shoes. They appear anxious to conceal rather than to display, the elegance of their figure, though a small waist is much admired. Their

sleeves, being very long, protect their hands, and render gloves unnecessary.



The married ladies tie the hair on the top of the head; and, to make the tuft as large as possible, add a quantity of false hair, and stick it full of long gold or silver pins, or bodkins, the ends of which are frequently highly ornamented with jewels; while the young women wear their jet black ringlets clus-



tering on each side of the face. Artificial flowers are also often used to ornament the head. But the favorite coiffure, the object of a Chinese lady's greatest admiration, is an artificial bird, formed of gold or silver, intended to represent the Fong-

whang, a fabulous bird, of which the ancients relate many marvellous tales. It is worn in such a manner that the wings stretch over the front of the head; the spreading tail makes a kind of plume on the top, and the body is placed over the forehead, while the neck and beak hang down. The former being fastened to the body with an invisible hinge, it vibrates with the least motion.

In a Chinese novel, called by the euphonious title of "Hung-how-Mung," is the following description of a Chinese *élégante*: "On her head, her knot of hair was adorned with gold and silver, and eight precious stones pendent. It was fastened with a pin of pearls dropping from five little eagles. An ornament of virgin gold, enlivened with insects, embraced her neck. Around her waist was an upper dress of deep red-colored silk, on which were embroidered an hundred golden butterflies fluttering among flowers. Over this a narrow garment made of the skins of stone-blue wice, and silk of five different colors. Below all was a petticoat of foreign *crêpe*, of a green color, sprinkled with flowers."

The Chinese wear their nails of an immense length; and neither men nor women are often seen without a painted fan in their hands, many of them most beautifully figured.

The extraordinary admiration of this people for small feet subjects them to much pain and inconvenience. As soon as a female child in the higher ranks is born, the toes are bent under the foot, and tightly bandaged day and night, till the growth of the foot ceases. This barbarous custom is attributed by some old writers to Takya, the wife of one of the first Chinese emperors. She is represented as having been very beautiful, but haughty and imperious. She persuaded her husband to allow her to make what laws she pleased, and, having very deformed feet, she bound them with fillets, and ordered all the ladies of the country to imitate her example; thus attempting to make a deformity pass for a beauty.

The Chinese people of rank never go abroad without boots made of satin or silk, or sometimes even of cotton. They are made without heels, and fit with the greatest nicety. Their stockings are of silk stuff, quilted and lined with cotton, and ornamented with velvet or cloth. In summer they have light slippers, and the common people black cotton shoes. Besides wearing quantities of false hair, the Chinese women also employ paint to heighten the charms of their complexion.

In the "Journal of the Embassy to China," by Henry Ellis, we read that the dress of ceremony of the mandarins consists of blue gauze or crape, with some flowered satin beneath; and that it is plain and not unbecoming. An embroidered badge, marking their rank, whether civil or military, is fixed upon their robe, either before or behind. The peacock's feather, or, more properly, tail of peacock's feather, answering to our orders of knighthood, is



worn behind. Two of these are equivalent to the garter.

In the journal of Dr. Thunberg, we find the following account of the dress of the Japanese: "The fashion of their clothes has remained the same from the highest antiquity. They consist of one or more loose gowns, tied about the middle with a sash; the women wear them much longer than the men, and dragging on the ground. In summer they are very thin; but, in winter, quilted with silk or cotton wadding. People of rank have them made of silk; the lower class of cotton stuffs. Women generally wear a greater number of them than the men, and have them more ornamented, often with gold or silver flowers woven into the stuff. These gowns are generally left open at the breast; their sleeves are very wide, but partly sewed up in front, so as to make a kind of pocket, into which they can easily put their hands. Men of consequence are distinguished from those of inferior rank by a short jacket of thin black stuff, which is worn over their gowns, and trousers open on the sides, but sewed together near the bottom part, into which the skirts of the robe are thrust. Some use drawers, but all have their legs naked. They wear sandals of straw, fastened to the feet by a bow passing over the instep, and a string, which passes between the great

toe and that next to it, fixing it to the bow. In winter they have socks of linen, and, in rainy or dirty weather, wooden shoes.

"In their sash they fasten the sabre, fan, and tobacco-pipe. They never cover their heads but on a journey, when they use a conical cap made of straw; at other times, they defend themselves from the sun or rain by fans or umbrellas. Their hair is universally black; and such a sameness of fashion reigns throughout this whole empire, that the head-dress is the same from the emperor to the peasant. The mode of the men's head-dress is singular: the middle part of their heads, from the forehead very far back, is close shaven; the hair remaining round the temples and nape of the neck is turned up and tied upon the top of the head into a kind of brush, about as long as a finger; this brush is again lapped round with white thread, and bent a little backwards. The women preserve all their hair, and, drawing it together on the top of the head, roll it round a loop, and, fastening it down with pins, to which ornaments are affixed, draw out the sides till they appear like little wings; behind this a comb is stuck in. Physicians and priests are the only exceptions to the general fashion; they have their heads entirely, and are by that means distinguished from the rest of the people."

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## INDUSTRY AND PUNCTUALITY.

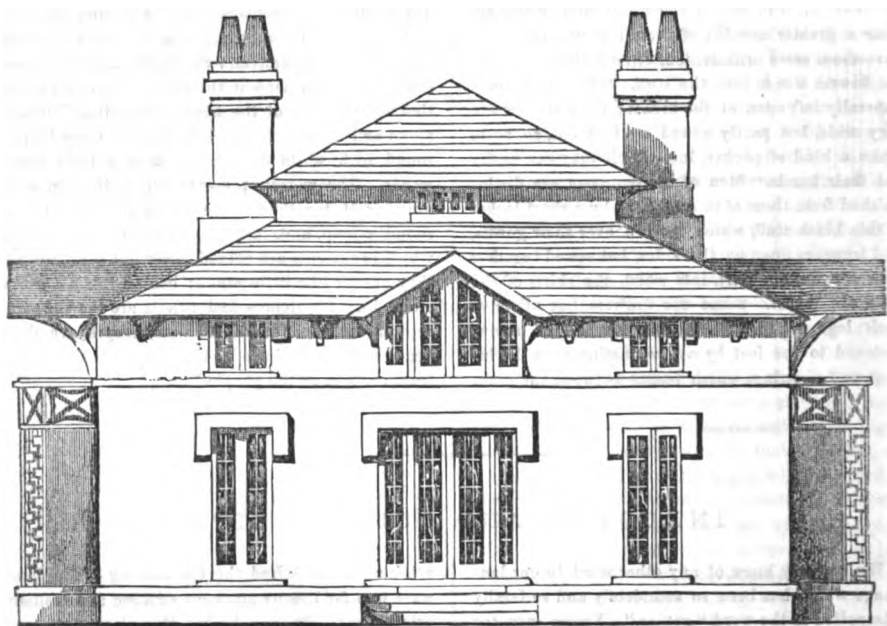
We scarcely know of any other word in our language which has been so completely and so fatally misapplied as the word "genius." Young men too commonly suppose that genius—or, in other words, aptitude for a particular pursuit, conjoined to inclination for it—exempts them from aiming at any other requisite for success in it. They seem to suppose that there is something vulgar and unworthy in that steadfast application to any given pursuit, which they think proper to speak of as "plodding." And yet the history of almost every really eminent man, no matter in what pursuit he has signalized himself and served mankind, abounds with proofs that to steady industry, fully as much as to genius, have all really great human achievements been attributable. Great scholars, for instance, have always been, not merely laborious, but they have also studied both methodically and regularly; they have had for every portion of the day its proper and allotted study, and in no wise would they allow any one portion of time to be encroached upon by the study to which another portion was especially appropriated in their fixed plan of action. The numerous and—considering the barbarous state of learning in his time and country—the really marvellous

attainments of Alfred the Great, king of England, were won far less by any very striking and brilliant original capacity than by his Herculean powers of application, and by the steady resolution with which he applied the various portions of his day to the pursuits in which he found it necessary to engage. And surely, if he could do this, it would ill become the more humbly gifted and infinitely more humbly situated student of our own times, to think industry and steadiness otherwise than necessary. Another important virtue which the inordinate admirers of the fits and starts, which they call genius, and think so brilliant an acquisition, are too commonly in the habit of both thinking meanly of, and speaking meanly of, is *punctuality*; and yet there is not a quality of greater importance to the man who would be either useful or prosperous. Lord Nelson attributed his success in life far more to his punctuality than to his genius. Peter the Great, Frederick of Prussia, Washington, Napoleon—in short, all men of great merit and success have been distinguished for industry and punctuality. To those who never nerved themselves to the task of being industrious and punctual, the wonderful power of being so can scarcely be imagined.

## MODEL COTTAGE.

PLAN OF A COTTAGE, OR MANOR-HOUSE, ON THE TELlico RIVER, MONROE COUNTY, EAST TENNESSEE.

DRAWN, FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY THE OWNER.



FRONT ELEVATION.

*Elevation.*—Two feet base below sill; eighteen feet from bottom of sill to top of plate; twelve feet front half of house between floor and ceiling; rear half ten feet, which gives conveniences and variety in appropriating the rooms. The belt forms the rail to porches, and continued to form the frieze.

A, Kitchen: B, Nursery: C, Dining-Room: D, Parlor: E, Hall and Library: F, Hall and back entrance: G, China Closet: H, Vestibule: I, Private passage to dining-room: J, Closet, six by six feet: K, Family entrance: L, L, L, Porches, five by ten feet: M, Glass Door.

Windows four by ten feet, and side sash one foot by ten at entrance. Windows opening to the floor, and casements open with hinges. Glass eight by twenty, two lights wide each casement, and side lights one light wide. Caps to windows six inches wide. Roof projects two feet, with frieze and bracket finish. This house is built of wood, sides and partitions two-inch plank. Same plan may be brick. The chimneys form a part of support of attic floor;

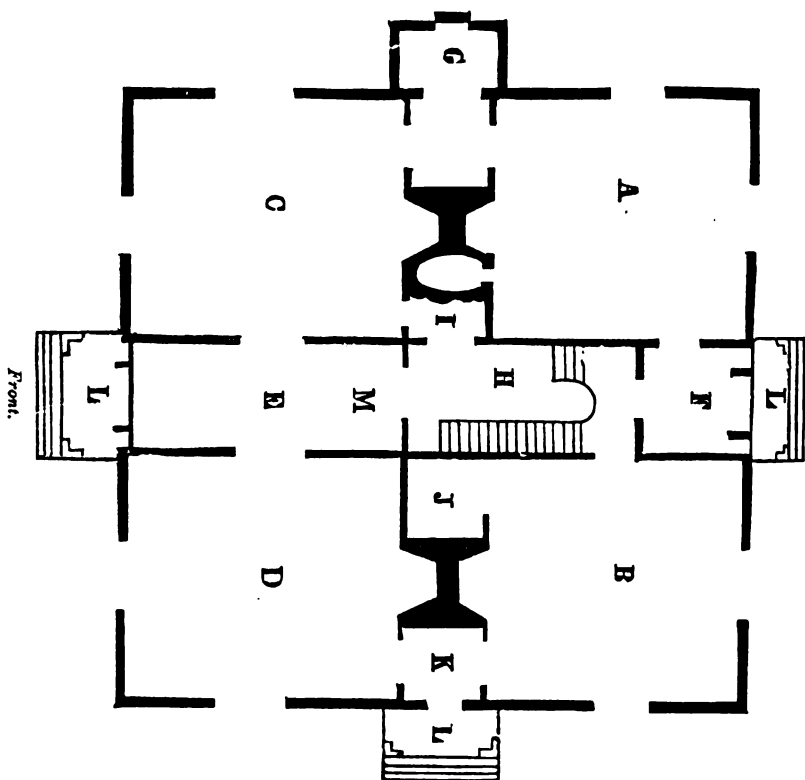
they have castellated tops, with four points. Scale, twelve feet to the inch.

### *Plan of the Chambers, or Second Floor.*

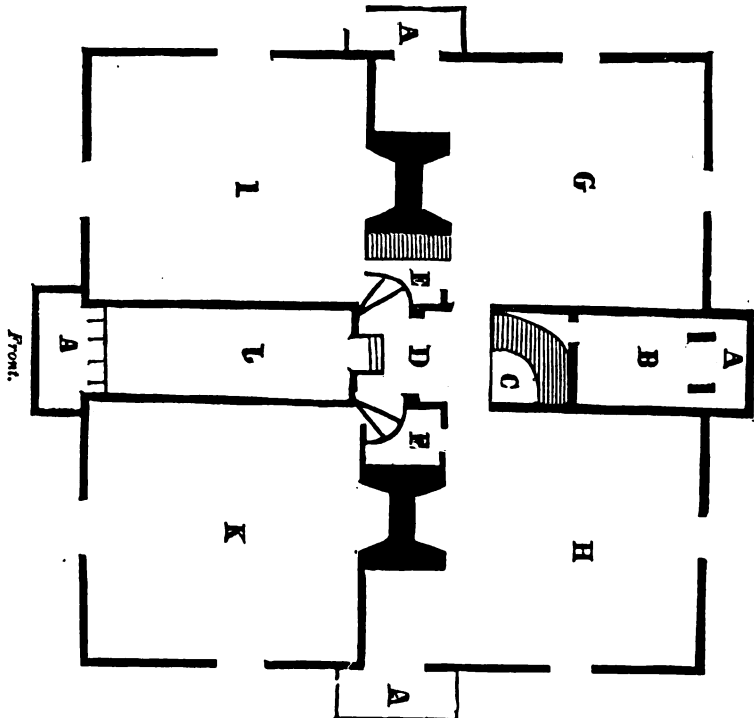
A, A, A, A, Porches with deck floor and railing, with canopy above: B, Cabinet and Porch: C, Well, or stairs: D, Hall and entrance to the five chambers: E, Closet and Stairs from I into an attic story, twenty-two by twenty-two feet: F, Closet to chamber H: G and H, Chambers seventeen by nineteen, and recess leading to porch six feet high at plates and ten feet under the attic: I, K, Chambers seventeen by nineteen, four feet at plates, and eight feet under the attic: J, Chamber ten by twenty, with front porch. I, J, K, two feet above G and H, three steps from D into each. Windows on hinges opening to the floor, the belt in front elevation passing windows of G and H two feet above floor, and latticed in front of windows.

Cost of building, about \$3,000.

FIRST FLOOR.



SECOND FLOOR.



## FRANK COLLEMORE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"Prepared I was not  
For such a business; therefore was I found  
So much unsettled."

Among the adventurers who came over to Virginia in 1619 was a young gentleman by the name of Frank Collemore. His family boasted a long pedigree; but, as their purse was not long enough to support their pretensions, they had become in a manner rusticated, being under the necessity of residing constantly in the country. Better prospects seemed to court the young Francis. A maiden aunt of his mother's, possessing a large property in the funds, besides an estate in Yorkshire, adopted the boy, and educated him with the avowed intention of making him fit to be a judge. Of course he was designed for the law, and was entered as a student; but the prospect of a rich inheritance operating on him as on many others, rendered him careless of pursuing any business that would qualify him to gain an estate, when supposing that he should, in a short time, be fully occupied in spending one. He reckoned without his host, for his old aunt never intended her money should be spent, as her last will and testament sufficiently showed. She therein set forth that "she had purposed to make her young kinsman her heir, but being well advised that he frequented boisterous company, and allowed himself to be called *Frank*, when he should have so demeaned himself as to have been known at his age only by the appellation of Francis Collemore, Esq.; and, furthermore, that he was addicted to various extravagances, which she had signified she did not approve, and was, also, unacquainted with business, therefore, she only gave him a legacy of fifty pounds, superadded to a suit of mourning apparel, devising her whole remaining property to Mr. Scroll, her attorney, who was a discreet man, and would doubtless be careful to improve her estate, and take care of her tenants."

Thus ended Frank's dreams of heirship, and, after a few unavailing complaints, threats, and exclamations, he had no better resource, when his fifty pounds were gone, and his friends fairly tired of supplying his necessities, than to seek his fortune in the New World. He was warm tempered, generous hearted, and somewhat visionary, as my readers will believe when they read the following resolution, which he penned in his memorandum the day he sailed for America.

"I have good reason for believing there are rich mines of gold in Virginia; I will go thither, and there tarry till I have gained a sufficiency of wealth, and then I will return and invite all my old friends,

and all those that are now jeering and gibing at poor Frank Collemore. Remember to invite Lady Hewitt.

"I do not care to be very rich—fifty thousand pounds will answer."

The voyage was prosperous and speedy, though Frank's eagerness to be gathering gold, in addition to sea-sickness, made him impatient, and the sight of land was almost as welcome to him as to the crew of Columbus. It was a grand sight to a man who had never before been out of old England, to look on a new world to which discovery had then set no limits, which imagination represented as stretching away in measureless distance, till it reached those golden Indies, from whence the riches of Solomon had been brought. The thought had bewildered wiser people than Frank Collemore; and it need not be reckoned a proof of folly, but of foresight, that, after he had gazed on the vast amphitheatre that ascended regularly from the shore towards which he was slowly sailing, in the glorious magnificence of waving woods, till the green forest blended with the blue sky, and considered that but very little of the country before him had been searched for gold, he took out his tablets and noted down his intention of persevering till he had accumulated at least one hundred thousand pounds!

But the hope of finding gold was soon weakened in the mind of Frank. The appearance of the colony, after he had landed, thoroughly disappointed him. Jamestown, and the plantations around it, were in that state of half-cultivation, half-wilderness, which makes the complete barbarous to the eye of taste. The clearings had never been made with reference to anything save present convenience: the blackened stumps of trees, remaining in their enclosures, were only partially concealed by the vegetation; the rude log buildings promised few of the comforts of an English cottage, and the palisades around every dwelling not enclosed within the defences of the town, plainly proved the dangers to which the people were constantly exposed.

Then the inhabitants themselves were, in the opinion of Frank, little better than savages. There were but very few women, not a single unmarried woman, in the colony, and a set of bachelors, many of them growing rather old, we can imagine would not be much in the habit of sacrificing to the graces. He was absolutely shocked by their manners and

appearance, nor could he see any reason they had to wish to live only because it was daily necessary to defend their lives. The difficulties of exploring and searching for mines also appeared appalling to Frank. If the Europeans could not maintain themselves on the sea-coast without being obliged to go constantly armed, even while within sight of their own town and forts, how could they penetrate into the country unless they had an army to clear their path? In fine, Frank was soon sick of his adventure, and wondered why the people did not, all of them, quit the country and return to England. He proposed such a step to several who seemed almost worn out with fatigue; but their answers were, "We have got through with the worst"—or, "We shall soon have better times"—or, "I don't like to leave the country now I've done so much here, and been here so long," &c.

Among Frank's letters of introduction was one to Andrew Bates, an old colonist, who was, in the estimation of the London Company, a tried and diligent settler, to whose patronage they had especially recommended Mr. Collemore. Frank soon sought him out. He was a dingy-looking, middle-aged man, with a very doubtful expression of countenance, vibrating between the simplicity with which nature seemed to have invested him, and the cunning circumstances had made familiar to his mind. In short, he was one of those who prefer generally to gain their ends by honest means, but rather than not gain their ends, will do what is not honest.

He soon understood the bias of Frank's mind, for his eagerness to leave the country had increased his desire to discover the gold which would accelerate his departure.

"You have the name of being prosperous, Mr. Bates," said Frank; "do you gain your wealth by labor? or have you found some of the secret places where we must believe the rich ores of this country abound?"

The wary planter shook his head and assumed an air of mystery—but after a few minutes the sincerity of his disposition seemed to predominate, and, taking Frank by the arm, he led him to his tobacco field, then in full flower, and very minutely began to detail the whole process of cultivating that plant, and the profits it might be expected to yield.

"I understand your meaning, good man," said Frank. "You think that successful industry will, in time, make one rich. Perhaps it may; but for myself, I despise such drivelling. I came over here to make my fortune at once."

"And then you purposed to return to England?"

"Certainly. I would not live here if King James would give me the whole country."

"But you do mean to tarry here till you are rich?"

"I—I—cannot say as to that. The colony does not equal my expectations. But—I have little temptation to return without I am fortunate."

"I understand it all," said Mr. Andrew Bates,

placing his hands on his sides, and assuming an air of great consequence. "I am glad you applied to me, as no man in the colony has had more experience than myself. I can give you something better than advice; I can give you example, young gentleman. I was just about your age when I came over here, expecting to gather gold like stones. Well, I should like to tell you some of my adventures, when I went up the river with Captain Smith, and all the time I was looking anxiously around for some prize; but none fell to my share. But I cannot tell you many particulars now, only that I passed three years here, searching for gold till I was almost starved, and had been several times wounded by the Indians. So we, being all discouraged, concluded to return to England; but just as we set sail, the fleet arrived, bringing provisions and men from home, and so we tacked about—and Lord de la War, who came out Governor, made an excellent speech, setting forth how much better it would be to earn our property by planting corn than working mines, &c. I was convinced then, though I cannot now remember all his good advice, but I resolved to follow it; and I said to myself, 'here I have been for several years dreaming of finding riches—it is all a cheat—I will now keep myself awake, and see what I can do.' So I petitioned for this piece of ground, and I was one of the first that began to cultivate tobacco. And thus I have gone on steadily, till I reckon myself worth as much property as any gentleman in the colony, except just two or three. And I tell you that, though I once believed I never could be contented to think of living here, yet now I feel it is my home; every improvement I have made on my land has added a link to bind me closer to this country, till finally I have no wish to leave it. So take my advice, young gentleman, and if you mean to return to England, go before you are rich—should you wait till that time, you will never go."

"And you can be contented to dwell here like a hermit, or something worse," said Frank, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously. "I care little for wealth on such conditions. Give me friends to share my prosperity; but if I must be poor—why, welcome solitude."

"I have no greater relish for solitude now I am rich, than yourself, sir," returned Andrew Bates, winking and rolling his small black eyes with a peculiar facetious expression. "I am not intending to die a bachelor, though I have so long lived one."

"Then you calculate, perhaps, on wooing some of the wild beauties of yonder forest. Could you find another Pocahontas?"

"Pho, pho—there never was another Indian girl like her on the face of this earth. I would have married"—he paused, and something like the effort which is made to suppress the expression of feeling when a sudden twinge of pain afflicts one, might have been seen in his face and manner; but whether it proceeded from what is commonly called a "stitch

in the side," or whether unpleasant reflections obtruded on his memory, was never known.

"But you expressed your intentions of marriage so unequivocally that you will pardon my curiosity," said Frank, laughing. "I own I cannot imagine where you will find the lady fair, unless you beat the bush, or wait the demise of some of your friends who have been so lucky as to be accompanied by their wives to this wilderness."

"I shall do neither, Mr. Collemore," and he assumed an air of importance while he added, after a little pause—"To you, sir, in confidence, I will tell my plans. I have written home to the treasurer of the Company—I knew him when I was young, as good a fellow at our clubs and frolics as ever I wish to see—I have written home to him—his father and mine were very intimate friends, and I writ to him by the vessel in which you came over, and he will have the letter now soon; I writ to him how well I was prospered, how much tobacco I had raised this year, and so on, and I told him that I now wanted nothing but a good wife to make me contented and happy."

"He would naturally have inferred that, sir. We men know pretty well, whether we acknowledge it or not, that for our comfort, our happiness, we are mainly dependent on the other sex. This, I presume, you will own."

"Yes, sir, yes; but still I think it well we have not as yet had many women to share the hardships of our colony. It is but a short time since we have, any of us, really made up our minds to live and die in this country. We all came with the same intention you express—to make our fortunes and then go home; and women, sir, would make miserable adventurers. Besides, we have several times been very near starving; and nothing, let me tell you, makes Christian men behave so much like savages as the want of food. We should, I fear, have treated our wives cruelly had we had them. But now we have become settled, in a manner, and industrious, and there is no fear of a famine; and now is the time for women to come among us. They would be worshipped, almost. And this I have hinted to the treasurer; and moreover I have told him that I thought if the Company really wished to have the colony continue, they must send out wives for the young men—at any rate I wished for one."

"So, so, you have ordered your wife as you would your wig, to be forwarded from London. Pray, have you sent directions for the purchase? or have you promised to be satisfied with his selection?"

"Neither way, exactly. I named some qualifications as indispensable; but engaged to judge charitably."

"That will do, that will do," said Frank gayly. "Charity is the main thing. A multitude of faults, and no young woman can have more, may be overlooked if her lover only has charity. And after she is your wife, and you are both one, her faults, you

know, are then yours. I think your plan a good one—only, supposing the fair damsel should, after she arrived, prefer some other man"—

"No fear of that," interrupted Andrew, giving him another wink of self-complacency. "I have a house and land; and women—I know them pretty well—women, though we call them angels, and all that—women like a little of this world as well or better than we do."

Frank could only answer by a sigh; for his experience had taught him that, in fashionable life, the rich dunce was, by parents at least, often preferred before the sensible youth who had no rent-roll to exhibit.

The rumor that Andrew Bates was expecting a young lady from London the following spring, whom he had pledged to marry immediately on her arrival, was soon circulated among the inhabitants of Jamestown; and a corollary to the rumor was soon added, namely, that a number of young women would accompany her. The Governor took advantage of the enthusiasm with which the news was greeted while making a speech to the people, and exhorted the unmarried men to industry and economy, that they might not disappoint those who, if they came, would be entirely dependent on them for support and protection. The speech was received with loud cheers, and from that time a visible improvement in the behavior of several, who had appeared, to say the least, like demi-savages, was noticed, and nearly all the young men seemed more industrious and persevering.

Frank Collemore derived much amusement from listening to the different speculations of those with whom he mingled, on the effect this new kind of importation would have upon the colonists. Some avowed their eagerness to have the fair adventurers arrive, others affected indifference—but to the honor of the gallantry of those founders of our nation, there was but one, out of somewhat upwards of six hundred "single gentlemen," which the colony contained, who inveighed in the true Jacques style against the world in general, and women in particular, and declared his intention of living all his life in a cave.

I pass over, as matters not pertaining to this story, the Indian alarms and skirmishes which occurred during the first year of Frank's residence in Virginia. I write merely a sketch, exhibiting some particular traits of his character, and incidents in his life, and make no pretensions to giving "a true and veracious historie of all his experiences." So suppose, reader, that the time has drawn near when the vessel, freighted as never ship was before or since, is expected by the colonists. We cannot realize the emotions such an event created. Not an individual belonging to the settlement but was interested in the arrival of the ships. Only think with what intense anxiety they must have been expected by those who were placed in a new world, with a

wide ocean rolling between them, and what they still considered their own dear land! And then, independently of the news!—news that in idea made every heart thrill with hope or fear—there were the real benefits which would accrue, and the wants which would be supplied. A vessel was not then, as now, freighted with one, or at most, with a few kinds of merchandise. It had all the variety that a country store, with an apothecary's and stationer's shop superadded, now exhibits. They seemed dependent on England for everything. From thence came their laws, luxuries, clothing, arms, ornaments, books, medicine, furniture, and utensils. But all these things now lost their interest—to the men, I mean—in comparison with the living treasures which were expected.

At length, early one morning in June, 1620, a signal gun was heard, and, shortly after, the vessel hove in sight. Never was such a trepidation manifested among the inhabitants of Jamestown. Such washing, and combing, and brushing, and dressing! Every man that intended to appear at the landing put on his best, and faces that usually wore the sternness of Ajax tried to assume the smooth smile of Paris. Then it was that the superiority of Frank Collemore shone conspicuous. He had brought with him an elegant wardrobe, and, arraying himself in a rich suit, which, as he had so lately come from London, was still in the pink of fashion, he walked down to the shore, and purposely stationed himself very near Andrew Bates. That worthy had done his best to look the agreeable in the eyes of his expected mistress. He had, in his younger days, been a dashing beau; but his long exposure to the wear and tear of life in the woods had led him to regard clothing merely as a defence, which was valuable only in proportion to its strength and durability. True he had ordered a new suit to be sent over for his wedding array, but it was in the vessel that contained his bride; nor would the circumstance have given him a moment's uneasiness, had he not felt a rising jealousy while looking at Frank. A boat dispatched from the vessel was welcomed with loud cheers; and the letters, among which Andrew Bates had one, were distributed.

"You are a happy man, Mr. Bates, if I may judge by your countenance," said Frank. "Do you tell your news?"

"Yes, sir, yes—there are a hundred young maidens in yonder vessel."

"A hundred for you? Why, are you intending to turn Turk?"

"There is only one for me, sir, as you well know. One for me; but they tell me she is a lovely one. Eleanor Bliss is her name;" and he again examined his letter. "I like her name—Bliss—Bates—both begin with a B—a good omen. I like her name."

"Perhaps she may like it too, and not wish to change it, or perhaps she may fancy some other letter to begin with—C, for instance."

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Andrew Bates started up; his countenance expressed rage, chagrin, perplexity, and fear, while in his peculiar language he poured forth his threats against any one who should dare attempt to supplant him in the lady's affections. As Frank still continued his railery, it is impossible to say how the affair would then have terminated had not the vessel approached so near as to draw the attention of all parties.

The whole transaction respecting the coming over of those young women has an air of fiction, and is among the few circumstances in the early annals of America that may be termed the romance of our history. The London Company had found that all attempts to draw profits from their colony were idle, unless means could be devised to bind the roving spirit of the adventurers to their new country as their home. The Spaniards in South America, and the French in Canada, often intermarried with the natives; but Englishmen, alike from pride, prejudice, and principle, revolted from such alliances. There was then no means of establishing the household ties but by encouraging the planters to return to England and select their partners—a very doubtful policy; or sending over some young maidens to share the prosperity which then began to be no longer doubtful. The latter scheme was advocated warmly by the treasurer, probably in consequence of Andrew Bates's epistle; and, accordingly, a number of young women were selected, with strict reference to excellence of character, and, as far as possible, personal appearance; but wealth—that grand desideratum in modern matches—formed no item in their recommendations. They were to be received and provided for by the governor, Sir George Yeardly, and, should they be dissatisfied and wish to return, they were to be reconveyed to England, at the expense of the company.

"Few will wish to return," said the treasurer.

Had he seen the enthusiasm with which their arrival was greeted, he would have added that not one would willingly be suffered to return. Yet the exultation of the men was restrained by that respect which the presence of virtuous women never fails to inspire in the hearts of civilized Christians. Not a shout, hardly a loud word was heard among the assembled crowd, while the maidens were disembarking and passing from the vessel to the shore. The young men, it is true, were active to facilitate the landing of these fair ones, without exposing them to the danger even of a wet foot; but this gallantry called forth no token of approbation, hardly of notice, from an individual among the ladies. With downcast or averted eyes, and cheeks alternately pale and crimson, they advanced and were greeted by the Governor and wife, and several elderly women, wives of the most respectable settlers, in whose families they were to reside. The newcomers were all possessed of the charms of youth and health—many of them were pretty, and a few

very beautiful. Cupid never had such a triumph since he first drew his bow—for more than fifty of the young men fell desperately in love—it was the real novel love, at first sight—but then it proved more rational and sincere than such a passion usually does, for not one of the innamoratos proved a Phaon.

In short, for I fear my story is growing too long, the following six weeks were occupied with rejoicings and weddings; all the young women, excepting one, being married in that space of time. Many of the fair maidens objected to this haste; but their lovers were so importunate, representing the bachelor condition to which they had so long been doomed, as miserable beyond endurance; they had no domestic friends, companions, &c.—and so each “won his Genevieve;” and those men, many of them apparently rude and unreflecting, made kind and provident husbands. Indeed, there never was a nation where woman has always received the respect, the rational affection, and esteem that have been rendered her in our country. Much of the moral excellence of our people may be traced to that source. The influence of virtuous and sensible women, when acting in their sphere, is of the highest importance to individual and domestic happiness, and also to national character.

But one of those fair damsels remained still in single blessedness, not for lack of lovers, but for the same reason that many ladies nowadays remain unmarried—because she did not have an offer to her mind. This was Miss Eleanor Bliss, who had made no demur at rejecting honest Andrew, house, land, and all. It was a terrible disappointment to him, worse because his expectations had been known, and were now by many ridiculed. He shared the fate of many a crafty projector, that of seeing others made happy by a scheme he had devised solely for his own benefit. None but a philanthropist can feel wholly resigned to such a disappointment—and Andrew, I am sorry to say it, did not conduct like a philanthropist.

He was especially enraged with Frank Collemore, whom he accused of supplanting him in the affections of Eleanor Bliss. The truth was, Eleanor had been a reigning belle in some of the first circles of the metropolis, and, being rich, and a little inclined to coquetry, she had rejected lovers by the dozen—but unluckily her banker failed, absconded, and she found herself five-and-twenty and penniless. Her suitors drew off—she said farewell to them cheerfully—friends who had formerly flattered, began to advise—she said farewell to them uncomplainingly; but at last a relation, whom she had assisted in various trying difficulties, and on whom she thought she might depend, assumed the dictatorship, threatening to turn her out of her house unless she consented to wed an old, decrepit, worthless wretch, who had no recommendation on earth save his wealth. It was then that Eleanor, disgusted with the heartlessness and selfishness of the Old World, determined

to seek her fortune in the New. She was handsome, sensible, agreeable, and good-humored; only she had a high-spirited independence, which, if opposed by what she deemed unjust arguments or reproaches, became obstinacy. She was well acquainted with Sir Edward Sandys, treasurer of the London Company; to him she communicated her plans; and he, knowing her taste and temper, had named her to Andrew Bates as one who would make him an excellent and charming wife, merely to give the Governor's family, to whose care she was especially recommended, a little amusement. Andrew had taken it all in earnest, and insisted that the encouragement he had received amounted to a contract of matrimony, as he was ready to fulfil his stipulations to the treasurer. But Eleanor would listen to none of his reasoning on the subject, though she willingly listened to all Frank Collemore's witticisms concerning it. There was good reason for this. Frank was a gentleman, and moreover, though they had never met in London, they had heard of each other, they knew the same people, had been to the same fashionable places, &c. In short, they were delighted to meet. They found the climate of the New World as propitious to the growth of friendship as tobacco. There was something absolutely enchanting in being permitted to throw aside formal etiquette while they retained all the polish of high life. They had become better acquainted with each other in six weeks spent in Virginia, than they would have been in England in as many years. Eleanor's heart began to feel quite interested in the decision Frank was about making, namely, whether he should return to Europe that season, or wait till the following Spring. He believed it best to go immediately; yet he was, at times, very reluctant to leave Eleanor. An unexpected event determined the course of his future life differently from what his plans had ever proposed.

In one of his morning rambles, he encountered, at a little distance from the settlement, Andrew Bates, with one of his friends, a stout ragamuffin, who had agreed to assist him, if necessary, in giving Frank Collemore a hearty thrashing. Andrew opened the battery by some very sneering remarks on the frequency of Frank's visits to Eleanor. These were replied to with a causticity of ridicule which provoked Andrew to begin the assault, when he had calculated to keep the windy side of the law and only “bite his thumb.” But, enraged, he forgot his caution, called Frank a villain, struck his hat from his head, and then, putting himself in an attitude of boxing, dared his foe to come on.

Frank coolly adjusted his hat, took from his pocket a pair of pistols, and calmly told Andrew that, being a gentleman himself, he could not condescend to fight like a blackguard; but that he was ready to give him satisfaction with sword or pistol, and he might take his choice of the weapons before him, adding: “You shall either ask my pardon, or fight



me in this way, or I will shoot you on the spot, and I presume this gentleman here will say I am fair."

The man, proud to be addressed as a gentleman, agreed it was very fair.

Andrew had forgotten the sword exercise, but from a knowledge of fire-arms he could not excuse himself. In short, the preliminaries were settled—the combatants took their stations—the man, who acted as impartial second to both parties, was to give the word when he had counted ten. He began.

Andrew was as brave as a lion when opposed to Indians in the woods; and he would have cared little had he known half a dozen guns were pointed at him, could he have been sheltered behind a tree, or crouched beneath a rock; but to stand erect, stiff as a poker, without even winking, and allow himself to be shot at, was quite another affair. He had, almost necessarily, imbibed the idea that any stratagem was fair against an enemy; but he chose an injudicious occasion for the practice of his theory. He was not, like Bacon, Milton, Columbus, and some other worthies, one step in advance of his age; and our modern duellists, who have the advantage of studying at their leisure the improved and important code of honor in all its polite and particular requirements, should be very lenient in condemning his ignorant interpretation of the said honor, which was to take care of himself.

In obedience to this law of self-preservation, he hesitated not to take advantage of the interval of counting; and to fire his pistol aimed directly at Frank's face, hurl the weapon at him, and sink nearly flat on the ground, was the work of a moment! Frank was holding his pistol aimed at Andrew's knee, for it was not his intention to take his life; at the moment he felt his antagonist's ball graze his temple he fired—Andrew was then sinking to the earth—and the ball that ought to have shattered his knee, entered his shoulder and lodged against the collar-bone.

The report of fire-arms brought a number of men to the spot. Andrew was borne off, lamenting loudly his fate, and Frank, without any complaint, submitted to be taken into custody. But on the trial, so many extenuating circumstances appeared in his favor; he had behaved, on the whole, so honorably and bravely; and Andrew had shown himself such an arrant knave, to say nothing of his cowardice, that Frank was acquitted. As every one thought the duel had originated in Frank's partiality for Miss Eleanor Bliss, he felt himself that she might have the same expectations; so, to keep up the reputation of an honorable man, he immediately offered her his hand. He certainly liked her, but it is doubtful whether he would ever have married her, had he not been involved in the quarrel on her account, because his marriage also involved the necessity of remaining in Virginia, as neither he nor his wife possessed the means of living in London. But they married, he turned planter, and soon began to ac-

quire property—and moreover had the satisfaction of knowing they were at the head of the *ton* in the New World. Their descendants are now among the "first families" in Virginia.

Poor Andrew never could regain his credit, notwithstanding he urged, as an excuse for his ungallant conduct, that he was taken so unawares by the challenge, "he did not know what he did." All was vain; he was a standing jest, and, to console or revenge himself, he turned woman-hater. Poor Andrew!

The termination of that first duel at the South was so different from the first one fought at the North, where the combatants were both of low degree, and both sentenced to a ludicrous and degrading punishment,\* that we may reasonably conclude much of the difference of opinion, between the two sections of our country, respecting the necessity and the honor of deciding quarrels by the single combat, must have originated in those early impressions and prejudices.

There are no two States in our Union that exhibit so many points of resemblance as Virginia and Massachusetts. Not that on the "map of the world, the situations, look you, are both alike"—it is in their histories that the coincidence exists; and we need not, with the ingenuity of Fluellen, refer to the rivers, and state there are "salmon in both" to make out the comparison between them. In the earliest notices of the two colonies, it might be remarked that they both bore the same name; but then we must confess that the term "North Virginia" included all New England, so we will only refer to the circumstance that both Virginia and Massachusetts were alike eulogized by that remarkable man, Capt. John Smith, as being the most "delectable countries" ever seen on this lower world. Then the two colonies were first settled by English emigrants only, their lawgivers were equally strict in enforcing uniformity of religious worship, and, though not of the same ceremonial, they united in persecuting the Quakers: they bargained the Indians out of their lands because they were not civilized, and then exterminated them from the face of the earth because they would not be Christianized. To mention circumstances more honorable to human nature—the inhabitants of both sections have been equally noted for their devotion to Freedom, for the jealousy with which they have watched every infringement of their rights, and the spirit with which they have resisted the encroachments of arbitrary power.

These two colonies simultaneously took the lead in the war of our Independence. The master-spirits

\* The two men, who fought the first duel in Massachusetts, were arraigned before the elders of the colony, and sentenced "to be tied together, neck and heels, and thus kept twenty-four hours without meat or drink." This ridiculous punishment effectually prevented any idea of honor from being attached to the duel, and thus effectually destroyed the practice.

that directed the movements of that great event, were men of Virginia and Massachusetts. The first tragic scene of that immortal drama was performed in the one State, the closing scene in the other; and for nearly half a century the first office in the government of the Union was held by natives of those two States only. Yet the people, in their habits, manners, and peculiar modes of feeling and reasoning on many important subjects are not alike, and it would involve quite a curious philosophical investigation to trace how the circumstances of climate, soil, and other natural, and even accidental causes have modified or changed the temperament and pursuits of the people of these two Commonwealths.

The first adventurers to Virginia were speculators. To gain gold was their object: they thought little of cultivating the earth, of founding a nation, and owing their prosperity to steady industry. But, fortunately, they discovered no mines, and, after their first disappointment had subsided, and the fertility of the soil had been ascertained, they quietly betook themselves to planting and other rural pursuits, that have silently, but surely been sources of wealth. They have not, it must be acknowledged, carried onward the physical improvements of the "Old Dominion," nor the intellectual advancement of the people in a ratio corresponding with the political importance she has always held both as Colony and State. But the true nobility of soul is there, for it will be found generally that those who accumulate their property directly from the profits of the soil, are rarely engrossed by that anxiety to be rich which leads men to disgrace themselves by petty tricks, by what is called meanness and artifice.

The first settlers of Massachusetts, on the other hand, were self-denying men, who seemed to have thrown all worldly considerations to the winds: they came not to gather gold, but with the expectation of enduring labors and hardships for the mighty privilege of being free in spirit, and preparing a government where their posterity might enjoy religion unmolested. But the rough and sterile country yielded them such a scanty supply, that they were compelled to engage in the fisheries; commerce followed, and, as a foil to its real benefits, which are many, it has introduced a thirst for gain, an ardor for speculation, an avarice, which would be more excusable in the children of gold-finders than the descendants of the Puritans.

There seems to be no period of youth in the history of Massachusetts. The colony, in the beginning, may be likened to a very respectable, serious, heavenly-minded old gentleman, who has daily in his thoughts the intention of making his will; then he appears sufficiently renovated by the climate to attend to worldly calculations, but yet he never indulges in the merriment and fanciful sallies of that age—

"When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns  
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season."

No—he is cool, calculating, disciplined, brave; a downright energetic, sensible, middle-aged person, presenting, in his career, many good subjects for odes, orations, essays on morals and politics, and such like sublime, serious, and severe literature; but very few and meagre materials for the writers of amusing fiction.

Virginia has a far more ample field for the novelist. There was the juvenile recklessness, the rash extravagance, the dreaming of gold, in the spirit of prodigal youth, to spend it. Then there was the diversity of character among the settlers—and the savages! Smith, adventurous, unconquerable, courteous, the perfect mirror of knighthood. Powhatan, wily and vindictive as Hannibal, ambitious and brave as Cæsar; ferocious and generous, tender and terrible—a savage in situation—a sovereign in spirit. There too is Pocahontas—but to what earthly imagining shall she be likened? She has no parallel in history; neither has fiction, as yet, portrayed a feminine being like her. The novelist who could give her semblance in all its angelic benignity and purity to the world, would be immortalized. It will probably be attempted hereafter by some bold pen, when American writers of genius are suitably rewarded.

## THE DESERTED HOMESTEAD.

BY JOHN M. EVANS.

I LOVE to linger o'er these scenes  
Where youth's first holy hours were spent,  
Where all with beauty round me teems,  
Where joys and griefs seem strangely blent.  
The changing seasons come and go,  
Amid these old ancestral bowers—  
Stern Winter, with his frost and snow—  
Sweet Spring, with all her blooming flowers.

Mutation marks all earthly things—  
Death severs nature's strongest ties;  
Mistrust and doubt in fondest hearts,  
To blast our hopes, will oft arise:  
But, 'mid the changes round me wove,  
The stranger's hand my home hath spared,  
Beneath whose roof, th' abode of love,  
Its richest blessings oft I've shared.

The proudest palace wealth can rear,  
Or prince's stately marble dome,  
No joys afford to equal those  
That clustered round this ancient home.  
Oh! could I but call back the friends  
Who filled these vacant seats ranged round,  
And hear once more the merry laugh  
That caused my heart with joy to bound!

A mother's face among the throng,  
A lovely sister's gentle lay,  
Seem still to greet where'er I turn,  
And chide me for my long delay:  
But echo answers to the calls  
That through these dreary halls resound,  
While they who moved amid these scenes  
In heaven superior bliss have found.

## LE MÉLANGE.

### EVERYTHING FROM THE SOIL.

"ALL the artists, manufacturers, and commercial-ists of the world are employed on the produce of the soil, and on that only. The watchmaker and the anchor-smith, the clothier and the lacemaker, the goldsmith and the lapidary, are all, and each of them, equally engaged in one object, namely, that of rendering the productions of the earth subservient to the use and convenience of man. The stock of every warehouse and shop, the furniture of every mansion and cottage, all implements and utensils, may easily be traced to the same origin. Even the books of the scholar, and the ink and quill through whose means he communicates his thoughts to others, are derived from the same source as the material on which the naval and civil architect exercises his ingenuity and skill. The loftiest spire and the smallest needle are both the effects of labor and skill exercised on the soil."—MIDDLETON'S *Survey of Middlesex*, p. 174.

### COMBING THE PERUKE.

COMBING the peruke at the time when men of fashion wore large wigs was even at public places an act of gallantry. The combs for this purpose were of a very large size, of ivory or tortoise-shell, curiously chased and ornamented, and were carried in the pocket as constantly as the snuff-box. At court, on the mall, and in the boxes, gentlemen conversed and combed their perukes. There is now in being a fine picture by the elder Laroon, of John Duke of Marlborough at his levee, in which his grace is represented dressed in a scarlet suit, with large white satin cuffs, and a very long white peruke, which he combs, while his valet, who stands behind him, adjusts the curls after the comb has passed through them.—*Ibid.*, vol. iv. p. 447.

### LORD PETERBOROUGH AND THE CANARY BIRD.

"LORD PETERBOROUGH, when a young man, and about the time of the Revolution, had a passion for a young lady who was fond of birds. She had seen and heard a fine Canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-cross, and entreated him to get it for her; the owner of it was a widow, and Lord Peterborough offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of coming at the bird, he determined to change it; and, getting one of the same color, with nearly the same

marks, but which happened to be a hen, went to the house; the mistress of it usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access; contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose; and, upon her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house to avoid suspicion, but forbore saying anything of the bird till about two years after; when, taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman, 'I would have bought that bird of you, and you refused my money for it; I dare say you are by this time sorry for it.' 'Indeed, sir,' answered the woman, 'I am not, nor would I now take any sum for him, for—would you believe it?—from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad and leave us, the dear creature has not sung a note.'"—SIR JOHN HAWKINS'S *History of Music*, vol. v. p. 304.

### ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

NOTHING is more neglected than the education of girls. Custom and the caprice of mothers determine it altogether. A careful education of boys is thought necessary for the public good; though it is frequently as defective as that of girls. Women in general have feebler minds than men; the weaker the mind is, the more important it is to fortify it. They have not only duties to fulfil, but duties which form the basis of social life. Is it not women who are the blessing or the ruin of families; who regulate the detail of domestic affairs; and who, of course, govern what most nearly relates to man? Thus they have a decided influence on the happiness or unhappiness of those who are connected with them. A judicious, industrious, religious woman is the soul of her family. Men, who exercise authority in public, cannot by their deliberations affect the general good, if women do not aid them. The occupations of women are not less important to the public than those of men; they have families to govern, husbands to make happy, and children to educate.

It is ignorance which renders women frivolous. When they have arrived at a certain age, without habits of application, they cannot acquire a taste for it; whatever is serious appears to them sad; whatever demands continued attention, fatigues them. Idleness and weakness thus being united to ignorance, there arises from this union a pernicious taste for amusements. Girls brought up in this idle way have an ill-regulated imagination. Their curiosity, not being directed to substantial things, is turned

towards vain and dangerous objects. They read books which nourish their vanity, and become passionately fond of romances, comedies, and fanciful adventures. Their minds become visionary; they accustom themselves to the extravagant language of the heroines of romance, and are spoiled for common life.

To remedy all these evils, it is necessary to begin the education of girls with their earliest infancy.—*FENELON: Selections from his Writings*, p. 132.

#### MANNER OF EDUCATING GIRLS.

As women are in danger of superstition, we must try to enlighten and strengthen their minds. We must accustom them not to admit things without authority. Nothing is so painful as to see people of intellect and piety shudder at the thoughts of death. A woman ought to know how to resist weak fears, to be firm in danger, and to feel that a Christian, of either sex, should never be a coward; the soul of Christianity, if we may so call it, lies in the disregard of this life, and the love of another.

There are several faults which are common to girls brought up in indolence and timidity; they are incapable of a firm and steady conduct; there is a good deal of affectation in those ill-founded alarms, and those tears that they shed so easily. We must begin by treating them with indifference; we must repress our too-tender love, little flatteries, and compliments. We must teach them to speak in a concise manner. Genuine good taste consists in saying much in a few words, in choosing among our thoughts, in having some order and arrangement in what we relate, in speaking with composure; whereas, women in general are enthusiastic in their language. Little can be expected from a woman, who does not know how to express her thoughts with correctness, and how to be silent.

Girls are timid and full of false shame, which is a source of dissimulation. To correct this, we must lead them to discover their thoughts without disguise; when they are tired, to say so; and not oblige them to appear to enjoy books, or society, while fatigued by them. When they have unfortunately acquired the habit of disguising their feelings, we must show them, by examples, that it is possible to be discreet and prudent without being deceitful, and tell them that prudence consists in saying little, and distrusting ourselves more than others, not in dissembling speeches. Simplicity and truth excite more confidence, and succeed better, even in this world, than dissimulation.

What is there more delightful than to be sincere, tranquil, in harmony with our conscience, having nothing to fear and nothing to pretend; whereas she who dissembles is always agitated, and under the necessity of hiding one deception by a hundred others, and yet, with all these efforts, she never

fails to be discovered; sooner or later she passes for what she is.

We should never coax children; if we do, we teach them to disguise the truth, and they never forget it. We must lead them by reason as much as possible. They observe everything. We must accustom them to speak little. The pleasure we derive from playful children often spoils them. We teach them to say everything that comes into their minds; to speak of things of which they have no distinct idea. This habit of judging with precipitation, of speaking of things without understanding them, remains during the rest of their lives, and forms a very defective order of mind.

We should never laugh at anything which is in any way associated with religion, before children. We sometimes indulge ourselves in ridiculing the devotions of a simple mind, but we commit a great fault in so doing. We should speak of God with seriousness and reverence, and never trifle upon sacred subjects. In matters of propriety, we must be careful before children.—*Ibid.*, p. 137.

#### THE DUTIES OF EDUCATED WOMEN.

THE education of women, like that of men, should tend to prepare them for their duties; the difference of their employments will of course render their studies different. It is the duty of a woman to educate her children, the boys until a certain age, and girls until they are married. How much wisdom is requisite to manage the mind and disposition of each child, so as to guide their intellects, manage their humors, to anticipate the effects of their growing passions, and to rectify their errors. How much prudence should a mother have in order to maintain her authority over them, without losing their friendship and their confidence. Surely the mother of a family ought to possess a religious, mature, firm mind, acquainted with the human heart. St. Paul attaches such importance to the education of children, that he says, it is by "mothers the souls of children are saved."

I shall not attempt to specify all that they ought to know, in order to educate their children well. To do this, it would be necessary to enter into an entire detail of their studies; but we must not omit the subject of economy. Women in general are apt to neglect it, and think it proper only for the lower classes; those women, especially, who are brought up in idleness and indolence, disdain the detail of domestic life. It is nevertheless from ignorance that the science of economy is despised. The polished Greeks and Romans took care to instruct themselves in this art. That mind is of a low order which can only speak well, and cannot act well; we often meet with women who utter wise maxims, yet, nevertheless, are very frivolous in their conduct.—*Ibid.*, p. 139.

## EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN IN CITIES.

No. II.—THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

DID it ever occur to any of you, ladies, of the many pretty things you use daily—enjoying, with a refined taste and artistic eye, the beauty of shape and coloring—that the first process in the manufacture of each was to *design* the grace and loveliness afterwards brought to such perfection?

Take the journal of a summer's day, for instance. You are a thrifty housewife, perhaps, and adhere to the good old custom of washing the china and silver yourself. You like the light task; for unconsciously, perhaps, you are never weary of admiring the delicate tracery of the wrought silver, or the graceful shape and coloring of the porcelain. Then the drawing-room is to be reviewed, to see that no dust remains upon the carpet, where fruit and flowers lie crushed and tangled in wild, though graceful confusion, in colors that vie with nature's own bright tints. There are orders to be given concerning the new chintz curtains of your own room, the prettiest pattern imported this year; all your lady friends are asking that satisfactory and complimentary question, "Where *did* you find it?"

Now for shopping. A new wall paper for the dining-room is to be selected, and you pass a pleasant half hour in admiring the endless variety and grace which the new patterns display. An oil-cloth for the hall—here, too, variety and beauty; and then, as you are *passing* the upholsterer's, you cannot resist indulging yourself with another longing glance at the lace curtains you wish, but know you ought not to afford just now. "There is no harm in looking at them!" you *say* at least, and perhaps there is not, for the exquisite wreaths of embroidery are so beautiful in themselves. Even had you resolved to purchase, you could scarcely decide between so many attractions.

But you have only time for Levy's, and here you sit comfortably at the counter, and turn over chintzes, ginghams, mousselines, ribbons, lawns, and laces. It is not the difference in quality so much as the pattern, that keeps you hesitating so long between spots and bouquets, or perhaps the delicate shades of color are to be graduated to suit another part of your costume. But every tint, and every form is before you; there can be no complaint of a lack in variety.

On your way home, you think of the new book you have promised the children; and, as you rest from the heat and fatigue of your walk, you hear them exclaiming over the pictures, just as you did

at their age, save that picture-books then bore little comparison to the beautifully illustrated volumes enjoyed by the juveniles of the present day. Yet, in all these purchases, it has not crossed your mind to wonder how the designs of the silver, the china, the carpets, curtains, oil-cloths, paper-hangings, lawns, chintzes, laces, and wood-cuts are produced; or, if the vague thought flitted past, you knew nothing at all of the matter.

We are very apt to judge of others by ourselves—it is an all-the-world custom—and such at least was our ignorance, or thoughtlessness, until we chanced to be turning over the pattern-books of a celebrated importing house, the spring patterns alone heaping a long counter, in neatly-arranged volumes that would have made any patchwork-lover wild with delight.

"These are French lawns," said our gentlemanly informant. "These are English, but stolen from French designs; you can see that by the grace of the pattern. The French people have an unapproachable genius for these things; besides, their facilities for study are greater, and they are better encouraged to produce and invent. Their Schools of Design have made a great difference of late in our patterns. English manufacturers do not hesitate to appropriate them, however."

We had heard of "Schools of Design," it is true; but, up till that time, had never connected the name with any definite understanding of their use and intent.

"There are none in this country," we were told, in answer to our inquiries. "Those established in France and England are under government patronage. So few delicate or tasteful fabrics are manufactured in this country, that patterns here are often supplied by men who have happened to fall upon that method of earning a livelihood, without previous instruction or study, and perhaps with very little, if any, artistic knowledge."

"But is it a regular business, then?"

"Yes, and a very profitable one abroad. You would scarcely believe the prices French manufacturers are ready to pay for a single successful design. It is a little fortune sometimes; and thus, you see, they can *afford* to make beautiful patterns in France."

We did not think to inquire if females were engaged in this graceful and essentially feminine employment, so suited to their taste, strength, and

delicate skill, and the subject passed from our thoughts at the time. It was subsequently recalled by a portfolio of drawings shown us accidentally at the house of the British Consul. They were the work of a class of young girls taught at the expense of the lady of the house, whose energetic benevolence is well known in our city. It was something of an experiment. Mrs. Peter had selected her class from young girls of limited education and ordinary capabilities, such as usually have no resource but the needle. They commenced, with no knowledge of the art, at the simplest principles of drawing, and yet, interested in the novel pursuit, many of them had already made great progress, evincing even decided taste and spirit in their sketches. At first, Mrs. Peter gave up a room in her own house; but, the class increasing, a neighboring apartment was taken, where it could still be under her immediate supervision. At this time, one or two of the pupils had commenced wood engraving, a business entirely monopolized by men in this city, and, we believe, through the country, although, since it demands little physical strength, but the most delicate manipulation, it would seem better fitted for our own sex.

Such was the unostentatious commencement of the "Philadelphia School of Design for Women," an institution that is now attracting much public attention, and has been followed by the establishment of one in Boston, while in New York large subscriptions are already made for a similar purpose. Satisfied with the success of her experiment, having demonstrated that her sex had taste and industry sufficient to surmount the mechanical difficulties presenting themselves, Mrs. Peter relinquished the superintendence of her class to the Board of the Franklin Institute, some two years ago, under whose patronage it has since been conducted. Unfortunately, however, this arrangement did not include pecuniary assistance, and for this it has been dependent upon donations and annual subscriptions—at best a precarious trust; but, as the real importance of the school becomes known, a more permanent basis of endowment is hoped for by all connected with its management.

An hour's visit to the rooms which it now occupies will awaken more interest than the most eloquent appeal in its behalf, and therefore we shall be most happy to introduce you to the novel scene.

We are ushered into a small, but comfortably furnished apartment, the manager's room, where visitors are received, the business of the school transacted, and which is occupied principally by Mrs. Hill, the principal drawing teacher, and the efficient directress of the whole establishment. It is she who decides on the reception of a pupil, makes contracts for work, enforces discipline, guiding her pupils, however, by love rather than law, and is in all things devoted to the prosperity and advancement of her charge. With so much de-

volving upon her, she has nevertheless a kindly welcome for all interested visitors, and takes the time to explain anything that may be asked. The room is decorated with a few casts from celebrated statuary, which serve also as models. An Apollo, a Clyte, and Canova's Graces are among them; while on the walls we have framed drawings, in water colors, of the celebrated Royal Lily, the Victoria Regia, exhibited by Mr. Cope the past year, in various stages of its development. From the next room comes the low hum of the drawing class, the first department of the School of Design, and here we see the animated face of the lady we are in quest of, bending over a drawing whose towers have a Pisalike inclination, for it is the first attempt of the young girl to whom it belongs. The room is large and cool; and, through a half-open door, we have a glimpse of the dressing-closet, where the bonnets and shawls ranged in order show that a large class is in attendance. The seventy pupils, which the school now numbers, are divided into classes that have alternate days, so that all may be under the immediate supervision of the teachers. The drawing-desks are full of industrious and attentive students, though there is a playful war among a group of the younger pupils, mere school girls, in the furthest window, and one or two are leaning by the mantle, or examining a model, as they wait the instructions of their teacher. Good prints are suspended on the wall, which some are patiently copying; before others are placed models in plaster, which they study. Now a bright young face looks up with a smile from a flower-piece, her first attempt perhaps at water colors; and on the desk stands a single rosebud in a wineglass, which her neighbor is transferring to the paper before her. Here a landscape in pencil, there a single figure, or beyond, placed by the window, so that it may catch the sunshine and the sweet morning air, the golden blossoms of a healthy plant are nodding, conscious, it would almost seem, of the attempt to imitate its beauty. It is a new seedling, and the drawing will be engraved for the next number of a horticultural magazine. How lifelike the shape and colors seem! The most graceful position of stem and blossoms has been seized, and transferred with a boldness, yet a correctness that would do credit to a more accomplished artist. The scarlet bells of a fuchsia are drooping near it, also a "living model" for the pencil, and others have arranged cut blossoms into groups, placed in simple vases before them.

It is here that the mechanical skill and correctness are acquired, which must, of course, form the basis of all design.

Many of the pupils in this department are, therefore, young girls, with bright, animated faces, and an exuberance of spirits that needs the watchful eye and gentle firmness of their instructress to control. Some of them are a study in themselves, as they bend over their pleasant tasks, or lean, in thought-

ful mood, upon their hands, surveying critically what they have already accomplished; the graceful turn of the head, with a wealth of curls, or smoothly banded hair, or a coil of heavy braids suiting a profile as classic as the model before them.

Others have more thoughtful faces; life's struggle, perhaps with care and want, from which this will win a release, has already commenced. Study is with them an earnest purpose, and every moment golden; for others will be dependent upon the labors of *their* hands. And here, sadder still, the bowed figure, and the gentle smile of pain and patience, mark a sufferer, it may be, for life, to whom this knowledge will be not only an occupation, but one full of the holiest ministry, by bringing constant and unwearied interest, and pleasant thoughts to beguile the monotonous round of the invalid's lonely hours.

The pattern-room has a more novel aspect, though there are not so many at the desks, and there is a more methodical and business-like air about those who occupy them. The walls are filled with strips of paper hangings, or gay flowers, on dark backgrounds, less pleasing in their first aspect than the engravings and prints of the outer room; but here we have also the application of those studies. It does not seem particularly interesting, at first, to watch the flowers, leaves, and tendrils which the young lady we approach is sketching roughly in charcoal upon a white ground. She does not know that we are observing her, and goes on, apparently without an object, until her paper is filled with these fragmentary studies. But here is a leaf that she seems to like; it is transferred to a more open space, a spray from another corner is added, rubbed out, drawn again, but with a different inclination. Now an open blossom, apparently a rude imitation of a rose, then a spray of bells, with the stem entwining the heavier stalk of the rose, the blossom of a sweet pea, with its curling tendrils; and the half-satisfied artist holds up the rough sketch to catch the effect, for the first time noticing that she is observed. But it does not confuse her, visitors are often admitted, and she goes on with a quiet and ladylike self-possession. She is designing a mousseline-de-laine pattern, that you may possibly chance to wear this winter, or at least see at your dressmaker's, the property of some lady who has a fancy for those bright styles that would not suit your figure or complexion.

Now she has an idea of what she intends the figure shall be. A smaller square of paper is produced, and she proceeds to cover it with a dark chocolate ground, in tempera, or water colors, thickened with a size or glue, which gives something the effect of those on wall-paper. On this the tiny bouquet she has designed is placed, every touch being in full relief; now a stem, now a petal is added, until the whole shall receive her own approbation or that of her teacher, who is busy, with a large drawing-board before him, in a distant part of the

room. The combination and execution are not so speedily finished as described; but this is the process, the result of previous study, both in taste and skill.

There is a pile of finished patterns submitted to our inspection; those which even your inexperienced eye selects as superior to the rest are already ordered for a manufactory; the others are merely studies, or are still for sale. You can see also the great improvement effected in this year's patterns over the last, both in grace and ease of design, and smoothness of execution. Here are some intended for lawns or fine chintzes, in contrast to the warm coloring of the mousselines, a white or pale tinted ground, with a delicate spot, star, leaf, or lozenge, in some contrasting tint. What infinite variety and cheerful fancy! And this is a business increasing yearly in importance; for the present season, the richest Organdies have been produced by the French manufacturers, so beautiful in design that they have taken the place of silk fabrics in demi-toilets. They are printed *à disposition*, as it is called, as brocades are now woven; that is, one pattern for the skirt, another corresponding, but still different, for the waist and sleeves, and a running border for the five flounces which fashion at present dictates. Exquisite cashmeres and tissues are also printed in this style, plain colors being voted out of date, so richly ornamented are the designs and colors in use. This branch of the school will therefore be one of the most lucrative connected with it, as well as one of the lightest and most truly feminine employments that can be chosen.

But here we have scrolls and arabesques on a larger scale, and recognize something very like a fine wall-paper, in the corner, already finished. This also is an order; and those three patterns near you have been printed from the designs of the same young lady, one of the original pupils, who displays unusual promise in her profession. The richest of these is more commonly called "gilt paper," being in white, two shades of stone color and gold. It was printed at the large manufactory of Howell & Brothers, in this city, where it is already a favorite pattern. In these there is also great variety, both in design and coloring; they compare with the chintzes in popularity, and the price they will readily command from the manufacturers. The rich bordering gives more scope for tasteful fancy, as you will see by the specimens exhibited.

A third is occupied with the neutral tints in squares and diamonds, which mark the present favorite styles of oil-cloths for entrance halls, and near her, in more glowing colors and larger proportions, an order for a carpet manufactory is being executed. In all of these, nearly the same method is pursued as that at first described, the pattern, of course, being correspondingly proportioned.

Now we find something quite as novel to unpractised eyes. This window is occupied by a small

table, where one of the pupils is busily employed in drawing; but neither on Bristol board nor drawing-paper of any description. A heavy block of smooth gray stone, smoother than the paper itself, receives the fine touches of her crayon. She is lithographing; and these prints lying beside her are proof impressions of a drawing just completed, spirited, clear, far better than many lithographs exhibited for sale in the windows of the print-seller, or bound up in the cheap literature of the day; yet, until very lately, no woman has ever thought of attempting it.

But this reminds us of a not less important, or, in the end, less profitable employment—the wood-cutting department. It is a smaller room, and under the charge of a distinct teacher. But perhaps you, ladies, know as little as we ourselves did a few years since, of this process. A hard block of pear-tree wood is carefully prepared, almost as smooth as the stone, on which a drawing is made. The lights of the picture are then carefully cut out, leaving raised lines or ridges in the wood, which correspond to the raised letter on a common type, from which it is printed. Turn to any wood-cut in the magazine, and you will see what care and delicacy this requires; or hold—some of the very prints they are now cutting will be found in our fashion department the present number, the caps, which will challenge comparison with any others in the “Book,” the work of far more practised hands. In no department of the school has more rapid advancement been made; and, as the present demand for illustrated books, magazines, and newspapers is still increasing, its value and importance become obvious.

Still another department claims our notice, if you have patience or time remaining, the last now in operation. Did it occur to you to wonder how the design for the wall-paper was to be transferred to the endless strips displayed in the warehouse of the manufacturer? These, too, are printed from wooden blocks, on which the pattern has to be first traced in pencil, and then cut like a coarse wood engraving. They are perhaps half a yard square, and the wood is to be cut away much more from the design; consequently, larger tools and more manual labor are needed. The operator stands at her work with chisel and mallet, patiently and carefully bringing out the complicated design. It seems the hardest work of any, yet those who have chosen it prefer it to any other department in the school. There must be a separate block for every color introduced, so here also is an ample field of employment.

“Is it not hard work?” we say to a young girl almost too busy to notice our approach.

“Not very, except all work is hard, you know,” she answers, shaking back the long curls that have fallen over her shoulder.

No doubt she finds all work hard, for she is very

young, not more than fifteen; but how much better this than the close workshop, or the constrained position of the needlewoman! Here also we find a competent teacher, interested in the success of his pupils.

And now we return to the board-room, to discuss the management of the school, full of wonder at its rapid advance and active results.

We find the terms of instruction merely nominal, when we consider the great expense by which such an institution is conducted. Four dollars a quarter for the drawing-class, or, if circumstances seem to require it, only an entrance fee of half that sum, is required. No pupil can pass from this to the industrial department without a careful examination of progress, and even then is required to spend a part of every day in drawing. The principal has knowledge of the character and pursuits of every pupil, and thus there is a great moral influence excited, as well as in the study itself; for, “by infusing a love of the beautiful, the fine arts have a tendency to disgust the mind with the deformity of vice, and, though not always leading to the practice of virtue, they at least tend to the admiration of it.”

Yet, strange as it may seem, both at home and abroad, there has been, and still continues to be, opposition to the employment of women in a business evidently so well suited to them, on the plea that it is going out of their sphere, and taking work from those to whom it rightfully belongs.

The importance of Schools of Design to manufacturers no one now attempts to dispute. In looking over the official reports made to the Board of Trade of the English Government Schools, we everywhere find this acknowledged. Speaking of the branch school, Coventry, they say, “Previously to the establishment of the school the manufacturers were dependent upon French designs, which are, indeed, still forced upon them by the influence of fashion; their present obligations, and their hopes of the future, are effectually acknowledged by their support of it.”

And at Nottingham, so celebrated for its lace manufactories, the hope is expressed that, in their lace curtains, they “shall soon be able to compete with France and Belgium in what has hitherto been the stronghold of the foreign market—*beauty of design*.”

At Stoke and Hanly, where the great porcelain manufactories are situated, the official report speaks more plainly of the discouragement attending the female schools:—

“There is the usual difficulty to be reported in the maintenance of the female classes. Whatever reason may be put forward for their failure, the real and efficient cause is the envy and jealousy of the male artisans, and the offensive regulations with regard to the employment of women in manufactories. In offering prizes for competition, the manufacturers hope to see this done away with, and



to extend so congenial an employment as executing designs for porcelain to women, for which the school must qualify them rapidly."

But we have a still more unprejudiced testimony to adduce, which we noted some two years since, in an able article upon the rise and fortunes of the Peel family, in the "Manchester (England) Examiner and Times." In speaking of the chints manufactories of Peel and Yates, the writer pauses to say, "It has often been a matter of surprise to me that women are never educated as pattern designers. Surely, in the present very great dearth of profitable female employment, some good father or brother might have thought of this; for it seems one especially suited to a woman's nature, and its object is the garments she herself exclusively wears. Perhaps man will some time resign to the more graceful and gentle sex an occupation so delicate and fanciful, and one every way befitting them as an employment; for, by a quick and vivid fancy, joined to a delicate and sensitive touch, woman appears formed, with proper education, to excel in this art. And I believe, generally speaking, with the

same instruction, a young woman, from her greater quickness of perception and innate love and aspirations for the beautiful, will in five years arrive at a higher degree of excellence than a youth in the same time."

An unbiassed opinion, so gracefully expressed, must "carry weight;" and we have introduced it as summing up the principal reasons in support of our proposition, that all branches of design are essentially suited to the feminine employments. With every necessary natural and artistic qualification, the graceful pursuit can be conducted in the quiet of home, with surroundings that must of themselves bring pure and beautiful thoughts. When novelty and jealousy shall have ceased to excite envy and suspicion among those who would keep our sex from honest independence, a wide sphere of employment will be opened by this and similar institutions to educated, intelligent women; for surely, if English manufacturers are not content to be under the control of foreign influence, our own countrymen can never be.

## THE SWEETEST SLEEP; OR, THE POET'S FIRST INSPIRATION.

### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY F. A. GAGE.

POETS are inspired. The world says so; and the world is a gray-headed teacher, whose words may not lightly be doubted. But the world simply asserts a general fact; so we, without irreverence, may qualify, describe, and illustrate it.

A great inspiration makes a great poet; a commonized one a common kind of a poet; and a small one a proportionately small poet. But when inspiration is resolved into its true limits, it appears like all things else in nature to be made. The mind of the poet is cut off from its accustomed channels for a season of its own accord, and all its powers are concentrated in a single shoot, which stretches upward with prodigious speed, and spreads out its broad and tender leaves in the genial light. And, like its counterpart in nature, it is forced beyond its allotted bounds by the impulse, and is often cut down unfinished by the frosts of autumn. Whether it be rough and strong like the oak, dark and towering like the pine, smooth and delicate like the maple, or meek and lowly like the weeping willow, depends upon the natural qualities of the source from which it springs; for the offspring reflects the image of the fount: a gloomy mind produces gloomy thoughts, and a merry mind inspires mirth.

And, now that we have qualified and described, let us illustrate.

In a little New England country village, known

far and near by the appropriate title of Tattleville, lived a youth of quiet, but humorous turn of mind, who amused himself during his leisure moments writing prose for "the papers." Thus far, he had not dared to "try his hand" at poetry; but one day, as he was repeating to himself,

*'Tis sweet to sleep where wild-flowers bloom  
Around the pilgrim's forest tomb—*

a rhyme he had made without meaning to—an uncommonly ludicrous idea disturbed the even tenor of his thoughts. 'Twas the birth of inspiration. Immediately all the powers of his mind gathered around it; and, after two days' growth, it developed into the following elevated poem:—

*'Tis sweet to sleep where wild flowers bloom  
Around the pilgrim's forest tomb,  
Where naught but wild-bird's carol gay  
Is heard from dawn till dusk of day!*

*'Tis sweet to sleep where mermaids dwell,  
Far down within some rocky dell,  
Where playful sea-fish find a home,  
And earth's wild sorrows never come.*

*'Tis sweet to sleep where wild winds rave  
Above the sailor's island grave;  
'Tis sweet, when life's rough voyage is o'er,  
To sleep where billows roll no more.*

'Tis sweet to sleep at glory's call,  
'Tis sweet upon her field to fall;  
But sweeter far his sleep shall be  
Who falls defending Liberty!

This brought him to the point where he wished to introduce his ludicrous idea, and render the change from the sublime sudden and irresistible. But, like the natural life to which we have compared it, his inspiration had spent its force, and no exertion of his could bring it back to finish its work. The result was inevitable. There was a great falling off of the green leaves of skill, leaving the knotty and uneven stalk without an ornament. The first two lines were obscure, the third contained three feet of anapest instead of the four feet of trochee that preceded and followed it, while the fourth was decidedly plain. But go it must, and go it did; for, though the mirthful inspiration of our poet had passed away, the root remained.

In the next week's edition of the "Tattleville Gazette," the editor inserted, "If the author of 'Tis Sweet to Sleep' will call at this office, we will show him something that may be for his interest to see."

In due time, the young sprig of a rhymer paid his respects to that, to him, important personage, who immediately produced his communication, and inquired the meaning of the concluding verse.

"I meant to raise a laugh," he replied, "by the oddity of the idea, and the sudden change from the sublime to the ridiculous."

"I suppose it is original?" observed the editor, inquiringly, coming at once, and not very guardedly, to the point.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied the other, with a confiding frankness that put his well-founded suspicions to flight.

"I thought I had read a poem very much like it, somewhere," continued the editor, evasively, evidently wishing to turn the subject as quickly and as lightly as possible, now that he saw his error. "I will send it to you, if I can find it."

"I shall be happy to see it," returned the bard; "for, if there is a similarity, it must be accidental." And, after agreeing to a compromise, which was nothing less than the decapitation of the child of his brains, he received the assurance that its remains should be attended to, and took his leave. "Bold tactics for me," he exclaimed, as he merrily plodded homeward. "Had I not faced the enemy, he would have taken me for a cowardly thief." Then he repeated the suspicious verse—

"For sleeps like these we'll shed no tear;  
Far sweetest is the drunkard's bier,  
When he tumbles, because of his glasses,  
Into a hoghead of molasses!"

The intended ideas of which, had not his inspiration failed him, he would have conveyed by rhym-

ing that he would not weep if he could not enjoy such sweet slumbers, and then he would have assigned the reason by thus delicately hinting his preference—

Far sweetest is the drunkard's sleep,  
When he falls into a hoghead deep!

The moral of our story, O ye unripened twigs of inspiration! is—whittle your arrow down to a point, that it may not rebound and pierce the heart of him who gives it flight.

#### RECEIPT FOR A FASHIONABLE NOVEL.

**TAK**E your hero and heroine and put them on to simmer, taking care they do not boil over during the first Volume.

Be sure to throw in a sufficient quantity of Dukes and Duchesses, and season plentifully with Al-macks, the Opera, and Devonshire House. Some literary celebrities might be added, but they must not be too pungent.

Put to these a pound and a half of love, an ounce of jealousy, and three or four drops of morality, just to give it a consistence; but be careful not to put too much of the latter, or it might turn out heavy. To prevent this, sprinkle it over with plenty of small talk, (if you can procure any wit, so much the better,) and lard it well with quotations, French phrases and incidents, which need have nothing to do with the main story. You may flavor with a little sentiment, but take care it is not too romantic, or poetical, or the whole might ferment. A spice of impropriety, and a crime or two, if well glazed over, would be an improvement as a *sauce piquant*.

After having well stirred and strained them, you may pour all the personages into a country seat, or park, and leave the ingredients to work together during the second volume. Be sure you drop in a country ball, an election, private theatricals, and moonlight walks in plenty. You should then begin to consider how you mean it to turn out, and let the plot thicken. If it be to end *well*, and all to be cleared up like a calves-foot jelly, the most approved method is for the hero and heroine to meet in the first volume, quarrel in the second, and marry in the third. But if the other plan, more like an Italian cream, be adopted, your heroine should marry towards the end of the first volume, fall in love in the second, and elope in the third. You may either kill her or not, as it suits you.

Having determined this point, spin your novel out, and strain it to the utmost, then butter the dish well with flattery of popular authors, garnish the heads of the chapters with German and Italian mottoes, and it will be sure to turn out to your wishes.

## POETRY.

### THE ENGLISH LARK.

BY ANNE MARIA W. WARD.

THE morning sun is shining bright on merry England's hills,  
And fragrance from the dewy flowers the air with sweetness fills;

A thousand beauties greet the eye, and melodies the ear—  
Nature puts on her loveliest face, and all her charms appear.

The feathered warblers have begun their matin carols now,  
And songs of praise ascend to God from many a waving bough;

But sweetest of the tuneful notes in that wild concert given,  
Is heard the music of the Lark as she ascends to heaven.

Uprising from her lowly nest, she spreads the downy wing,  
And, mounting upward toward the skies, her sweetest song doth sing:

Still onward in the blue expanse and upward is her flight,  
Till in ethereal realms above she soars beyond our sight.

But still her cheerful song is heard in softer, sweeter notes,  
As, by celestial breezes borne, upon the air it floats:

What is it, heavenward-soaring bird, attracts thy upward flight?

What glories does thine eye behold in yonder realms of light?

So doth the Christian love at morn a cheerful song to raise;  
He loves to lift his heart in prayer, and raise his voice in praise:

The quiet hours of opening day are to devotion given—  
He with the lark doth soar aloft, and converse hold with Heaven.

Why should the golden morning hours, the best of all the day,  
Upon a soft and downy couch be idly thrown away?

No! rather, with the early lark, our souls shall heavenward rise—

And we'll bring back again to earth the spirit of the skies.

The bird descends on graceful wing, she takes her homeward flight,

Returning to her lowly nest from that celestial height!  
And so the Christian, who enjoys communion with his God,  
Seeks not a lofty sphere on earth, where mortals may applaud,

But from the loftiest height of bliss to which his soul may soar,

Returns to humble duties, far more humble than before.

Sweet bird! still warble forth thy song while thou art on the wing;\*

The Christian, too, and he alone, when leaving earth can sing;

While heaven is bursting on his view, and rapture fills his soul,

He sings the song of victory, for he has reached the goal.

\* The lark is the only bird that sings when flying.

### SONG.

BY WILLIAM E. GILMORE.

THE hearth was piled with glowing coals,  
Diffusing warmth and ruddy light;  
Alone, with ANNIE in my arms,  
Oh, I was happy yester-night;

Her beating heart, I felt its throb  
When'er I strained her to my breast,  
And in its raptured trembling, read  
The love I wooed her for, confessed.

Her tearful eyes, so bright and blue,  
Turned not their melting rays on me;  
Upon the shadowy cell she gazed,  
Like one who dreams in ecstasy.

And not with words we plighted faith,  
Words would the blissful spell have broken;  
Yet firmer, truer vows than ours,  
Oh, never yet hath lover spoken.

All fears, all sorrows I forgot—  
My soul was ravished with delight;  
Alone, with ANNIE in my arms,  
Oh, I was happy yester-night.

### EGERIA.—A PORTRAIT.

BY J. W. BRYCE.

Oh, she was beautiful! The Poet's dream  
Embodied ne'er a form more heavenly fair:  
All elements of loveliness did seem  
With tribute offerings to gather there,  
And blend to render one beyond compare!  
Each charming grace so modestly she wore,  
And yet she moved with so divine an air,  
That, while enough of earth to love, no more  
Was hers, there was enough of Heaven to adore!

Her eyes, so sweet, serene, and softly blue,  
Were filled with bright intelligence the while—  
To purest thought and gentlest feeling true;  
Artless their every glance, and free from guile—  
And that resistless witchery, to wile  
The heart away, to her was freely given.

You should have felt the influence of her smile:  
The quickening ray Prometheus stole from Heaven  
To animate his dust, had not more magic even.

Her form was cast in nature's perfect mould—  
More fair than e'er in Grace or Nymph shone forth;  
And fancy still is tame, and words are cold  
To paint its matchless beauties, as her worth:  
For ne'er before to one of mortal birth  
Did all creation's harmonies impart  
Such gentle type of loveliness and truth—  
Peerless in nature, and transcending art:  
Such was the sweet Egeria of my youthful heart.

## TWILIGHT DREAMS.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

In the stillness and the twilight of this dimly-lighted room,  
Where the glow from burning embers but half dissipates  
the gloom,

While without is dreary darkness, and upon the window-  
pane,

Like gems of ocean, glitter the crystal drops of rain,  
I may sit, in pensive musing, with my eyes upon the fire,  
To watch the vivid blazes as they spread and then expire,  
And recall the olden memories in dim array that pass,  
As a host of phantom pictures in a syren's magic glass;  
Or dream the untold future, and a fairy structure raise,  
Perchance in air to vanish as the bright, uncertain blaze.

The past its spell is throwing upon my dreamy brain,  
And I see, as in a vision, the pleasant room again,  
Where a household band we gathered around the glowing  
hearth,

To listen to some tale of old, or sing in gleeful mirth;  
Where I, a little, careless child, have sat upon the floor,  
And, gazing on the embers, sought the mystery to explore  
Of strange, fantastic figures appearing 'mid them then,  
In varied form, and shaping of birds, and beasts, and men;  
Or have turned, in wild excitement, as upon my eye would  
fall

The gaunt and spectral shadows that were moving on the  
wall—

Have gazed until my brain has reeled in tumult of surprise,  
At the vague, uncouth proportions that danced before my  
eyes.

I scarcely see a shadow now, but comes that transport wild,  
That strange, delirious feeling that thrilled me when a  
child.

Another picture glideth before the magic glass,  
In panoramic order, as one by one they pass.  
It is a pensive vision, and sombre to behold;  
No tints of purple decking, no brilliant hues of gold.  
The household now are gathered; but one is missing there—  
The father—he who sat within that vacant fireside chair.  
The room is hushed and quiet, there sounds no voices now,  
But silence reigns, and sorrow resteth sadly on each brow.  
The shadows seem to deepen and lengthen on the wall,  
Until they bear the semblance of sable plumes and pall.  
Yet sounds a voice from Heaven within that twilight room—  
The youngest lists unheeding those fearful shades of  
gloom—  
And hopeful thoughts are wakened within each mourning  
breast,  
As come the words of comfort: "The dead in Christ are  
blest."

Again the pageant moveth; another scene is here,  
And gay and mirthful parties of youthful forms appear;  
And music sweetly soundeth, in measures quick and free,  
From chorals of art's invention and childhood's laugh of  
glee.

Tumultuous is the transport that fills the happy throng:—  
The fire gleams bright, and quickly the shadows move  
along.

I fain would stop this picture; but it is passing now—  
Another view appeareth, and 'neath its spell I bow.

Again a sombre shadow across the scene is thrown,  
Again deep silence resteth within that room alone.  
I cannot tell the conflict which moves that household train,  
The deep, unspoken sorrow, the bitter grief and pain

Another form has vanished, there's another vacant chair,  
Another bond is shattered, and mute the soul's despair.  
No human music lingers, no earthly sound is heard;  
But soon within that silent room again the air is stirred.  
Again that word of comfort, and low the mourners bow,  
A still small voice from Heaven is sweetly speaking now.  
The fearful storm is over, the whirlwind and the strife.  
And with a calm attention they hear the words of life:  
"Why do ye mourn in sorrow a weary one at rest?  
Why weep in bitter sadness a careworn spirit blest!"

This scene is now departing; the present comes in sight,  
Its trials and its blessings, its shadows and its light.  
The quiet, homely comforts which now I highly prize,  
Were once esteemed as meaner things—worth nothing in  
my eyes.

Here I must pause; old memories, the past, its joys and  
woes,  
Have gone, and present scenes have brought the pageant  
to its close.

I may not dream the future when reality is here,  
Its sober prose forbiddeth all visions to appear

## LINES.

BY M—.

We thank thee, O our Father! for the memories of the past;  
Thanks for that life so good and true, and loving to the last:  
Thanks for those hallowed words of faith from our beloved  
given,  
Ere Thou, in "loving kindness," called her spirit home to  
Heaven.

Dear mother! from thy spirit may an influence sweet de-  
scend,  
To hover round our pathway, and its blessed presence lend;  
To strengthen and turn heavenward the yearnings of the  
soul,  
That, like an ever-gushing rill, through its deep fountains  
roll.

To comfort and support us, 'midst the anguish and the tears  
That have been ours—that may be ours, through long and  
weary years;

To guide and bear us safely through the conflict and the  
strife,  
Until at length the goal is reached—our battle fought with  
life.

And when our time of passing through Death's shadowy  
vale comes on,  
Our hearts will falter not, or fear—thou hast the journey  
won!

And oh! all trustingly we hope, after a "little while,"  
To meet, where partings never come, thy beaming, wel-  
come smile!

## MOONLIGHT.

BY M. H. FORTUNE.

'Tis a moonlit hour where the ivy hangs  
From a mouldering castle wall,  
And many a wild flower peeps from out  
The nooks of that ancient hall;  
And the soft light shines through the casement wide,  
And silvers the broken floor,  
Where light feet oft through the dance have moved,  
In the golden days of yore.

Oh, that holy light! It has travelled far,  
It has pierced through the dungeon's gloom;  
It has carved a ray from its pure, bright source  
To lay on the silent tomb:  
It has bathed in glory the poor man's hearth,  
It has rested in regal halls,  
And 'tis sleeping now, in a soul-felt calm,  
On those old deserted walls.

It is streaming bright through the aspen leaves,  
So still in the breathless hour,  
Like arrows swift from the queen of night,  
That come in a silver shower,  
To lay in streaks on the polished floor,  
Or fall through the portal gray,  
As gleams of mem'ry come once more  
From the hours long passed away.

Oh, many a troubled, earth-worn heart  
Has bent to that tender power,  
To the breathing influence, calm and wild,  
That mantles a moonlit hour!  
And many a heart looks back to find  
Its happiest hours in one,  
Near a kindly heart, 'mid some peaceful scene,  
Where the light of the fair moon shone!

## A LEGEND OF THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

BY MRS. A. A. BARNES.

BESIDE a lonely streamlet's margin,  
'Mid the deluge's wreck profound,  
A fallen angel, lone, despairing,  
Bowed himself upon the ground.

For weary months, with plumes all drooping,  
Hovered he the dark floods o'er;  
No living thing moved on the waters,  
Save those the ark in silence bore.

Now were his winglets' downy whiteness  
Dabbled by the dark soil o'er,  
His heart immortal wellnigh bursting,  
On that once familiar shore.

That love-lit bower, alas! no vestige  
Met the starlight of his eyes,  
Where he had lost, for love of woman,  
His seat in yon celestial skies.

"Loveliest flower among the blossoms,  
By the deluge swept away!"  
Thus groaned he in the dust, not daring  
To raise his eyes to heaven's pure day.

"How oft thy form and voice through ether,  
Which I ne'er shall trace again,  
Came floating 'mid the white-winged cherubs,  
And the holy anthem's strain!

"Oh, never, in the golden sunset,  
Shall I list thy accents more!  
Far sweeter than the music floating  
O'er the envied heavenly shore.

"Lovelier than the perfumed blossoms,  
In immortal gardens there,  
Were thy pure brow's snowy whiteness,  
And the sunshine of thy hair.

"Ah! with the valley's dark clouds blended,  
Now thy golden ringlets lie!  
While all dark, and dimmed, and rayless  
Is the radiance of thine eye!"

He rose, now mute and sad, despairing,  
His bowed face shaded by his hand,  
His ringlets o'er his shoulders waving,  
Once by heavenly breezes fanned.

And *tears*, the first from eyes immortal,  
Fell in showers upon the ground;  
The sweet "forget-me-not," upspringing,  
Covered far the waste around.

Her voice, whose love had cost him Heaven,  
Now rose softly on the air;  
With outstretched arms and breath suspended,  
Knelt he 'mid the blue flowers there.

The legend saith, where wave the blossoms,  
Boon of that lost angel's tears,  
In sorrow hath his spirit wandered  
Through lapse of many thousand years.

## THE WIFE.

"Faithful unto death."

FORSAKE thee? Never! Though the mark  
Of Cain were stamped upon thy brow,  
Though thy whole soul with guilt were dark,  
Fear not that I will leave thee now.

No; underneath the listening stars  
I bound my life, my all to thee;  
Not crime and sin can break the bars—  
'Tis *death alone* can set me free.

Thine, thine, "for better or for worse,"  
Through joy and sorrow, bliss and pain;  
Thy crimes I hate, which bring a curse,  
But love and cleave to *thee* the same.

And who is left thee now but me?  
The world look on in pride and scorn.  
Oh, dark, indeed, thy way would be,  
With little hope of brightening morn,

Alone to tread the downward road,  
Without one pitying hand to save!  
No, dearest, I will share the load,  
Our parting spot shall be the *grave*.

And when remorse is on thy breast,  
And dark thy brow with inward pain,  
Oh, be it mine to tell of rest,  
And lead thee to the path again!

To smooth the narrow way to peace,  
To cheer thy hopes, to soothe thy fears,  
Bid thy remorseful anguish cease,  
And wipe away thy bitter tears;

Or, if my pleading love is vain,  
And deeper, blacker crimes ascend,  
My breaking heart shall tell no tale,  
But steadfast follow to the end.

When shadowy death shall break the chain  
That bound us in a life-long spell,  
The grave alone disputes thy reign,  
Then only will I say—Farewell.

M. W.

## SONNET.—EARLY AUTUMN.

BY M. B. W. HOUGH.

SHE stands, a gentle maiden, by me now,  
 With robe of beaming gold, and on her brow  
 A garland of the bright, yet faded leaves,  
 Which from the spoil of summer's wealth she weaves.  
 Her smile is bland; her breath is on my cheek  
 Inspiring, grateful; but her murmurs speak  
 Of long hours wasted in my summer past,  
 And of my autumn, that approaches fast.  
 She cheers me then, with words of peace and hope;  
 Through spirit-darkness bids me onwards grope;  
 With truth's opposers fires my soul to cope.  
 Oft 'mid her tresses gleams the frozen dew,  
 Yet will I love her life's long journey through,  
 So mild and gentle, yet so sternly true.

## THREE SONGS FOR THREE BELLES.

BY MRS. P. P. LOMPATRAE.

## TO MISS C. S.

LOVE not too well, O maiden fair—  
 For those who love must weep;  
 And pity 'tis that tears should dim  
 Thy bright eyes' lucid deep:  
 Love not too well, love not too well—  
 For those who love must weep.

The dew which sparkles on the rose,  
 Exhaled, ascends on high,  
 To fall, perchance, e'er day be done,  
 In anger from the sky:  
 Love not too well, O gentle one—  
 For those who love must weep.

And clouds which in the sunlight glow  
 With purple and with gold,  
 Within their azure depths full oft  
 The lightning dire enfold:  
 Thou of the gentle voice and soft,  
 'Tis they who love must weep.

No flower which opens to the day  
 But has its hour to fade,  
 And 'tis the fair sun's brightest ray  
 Which makes the deepest shade:  
 Love not too well, O maiden gay—  
 For those who love must weep.

Just like that rosy cloud is love,  
 Or like the sparkling dew,  
 It lures us on with withering mien,  
 But hides its danger too:  
 The memory, e'en, of joy is pain,  
 And those who love must weep.

## TO MISS A. L.

LOVELY lady, gentle lady,  
 Lady with the eyes of jet,  
 Upon the day when thou wast born,  
 Mirth and music surely met.  
 There's such a glory in thine eyes,  
 Such sweet music in thy tone,  
 That the very singing birds  
 Well might claim it for their own.

Lovely lady, gentle lady,  
 Lady with the beaming eye,  
 Will the hours of all thy life  
 Ever thus go laughing by?  
 Will no sorrow cloud thy soul,  
 Will no care disturb thy breast?  
 Or will gentle dreams or fancies  
 Ever lull thee to thy rest?

Lovely lady, gentle lady,  
 Lady with the joyous air,  
 Softly may Time's withering hand  
 Touch a brow so loved and fair.  
 Smile to-day, and smile to-morrow,  
 Smile the hours away,  
 Every smile is stol'n from sorrow—  
 Oh! be happy while you may!

## TO MISS C. B.

I know a maid of fairy mould—  
 Her hair is like the shining gold;  
 Her cheek is like a rosy shell;  
 Her lip, a flower-cup's crimson cell:  
 Oh! not a lovelier maid is seen  
 Than she, the maid of fairy mien.

Yet 'tis not that her starry eyes  
 Are bright as evening's humid skies,  
 That softly through each clinging curl  
 Looks out a brow of snowy pearl—  
 It is not this that hath arrayed  
 With such a charm that lovely maid.

It is, that in those soft bright eyes  
 A soul enshrined in beauty lies;  
 It is, that gentle tones and words,  
 Like melodies of singing birds,  
 And loving deed, and loving thought,  
 A deeper spell than these have wrought.

## AN ALPINE EVENING.\*

BY EARLE J. GOODRICH.

THE sun's golden tints gild the Alps' topmost height,  
 And gleam through the darkness that chases the light  
 From vale up to mount, and the textureless pall  
 Of Silence is flung o'er cottage and hall;  
 When, soft floating down, tones of sweetest accord  
 Load the air with an anthem of praise to the Lord.

From cottage to cottage, thy bleak hills among,  
 The tribute is sounded by every glad tongue;  
 The homage of man, at the still evening hour,  
 Is paid to the Being of mercy and power:  
 And, floating all round, tones of sweetest accord  
 Swell the air with an anthem of praise to the Lord.

Man's homage hath ceased; but Nature prolongs  
 His burden of praises, and echoes his songs;  
 The grottoes and caves, where thy heroes have trod,  
 Join man in his tribute of glory to God;  
 From valley and height, tones of holy accord  
 Bear nightly to heaven earth's praise to the Lord.

\* I have somewhere read that, as the last rays of the setting sun rest upon the highest peak of the Alps, it is customary for the shepherds to sound upon their horns "Praise to the Lord!" The phrase is repeated by the head of each family; and the caves resound the echo long after man's voice has ceased.

## ANNA'S COTTAGE.

BY LELIA MORTIMER.

I AM thinking of the cottage  
Where my gentle Anna dwells;  
Of the wind that through the forest  
In its lulling music swells;  
Of the little rill that murmurs  
At the garden's grassy foot,  
And the thousand meek-eyed flowers  
'Mid the velvet moss that shoot.

I am thinking of the maple,  
With its thick and trembling leaves;  
Of the light wreath 'neath its branches  
That the golden sunlight weaves  
And of lowly whispered music  
At the quiet hour of even,  
When the stars with holy glances  
Look from out the azure heaven.

I am thinking of the arbor  
Down amid the drooping flowers—  
And among the bending willows  
Of the vine-clad, shady bowers;  
Of the footpath gently winding  
Round each low and mossy bed,  
And the moon-beams that at evening  
O'er the dewy buds are shed.

I am thinking of the rose-tree  
Climbing up the snow-white walls,  
And among the green leaves peeping  
Swelling buds and crimson balls;  
Of the ivy o'er the trellis,  
With its tendrils soft and clinging,  
And amid the leafy curtains  
Golden birds their low notes singing.

I am thinking, I am thinking  
Of a slight and fairy form—  
Of a cheek now pale, now blushing,  
And of lips all red and warm—  
Of a brow of pearly whiteness,  
And of eyes of deepest blue,  
Meek and gentle as a dovelet's,  
Starry bright, and soft and true:

And of tresses brown and golden,  
Floating out upon the air,  
Like a pile of brilliant sunbeams,  
Bright and gloriously fair!  
Of a voice whose softest murmur  
Is like waters creeping o'er  
Clustering flowers, whose waxen leaflets  
Bend below the grassy shore!

I am thinking of a window,  
'Neath whose curtain pure and white—  
Just where peeps the earliest day-dawn,  
Shedding soft and rosy light—  
Stands a chair with pale, soft cushions,  
Sits a slight form, weary, worn,  
From whose path the buds and blossoms  
By rude fingers have been torn.

On the soft brow faintly linger  
Touches of life's early bloom,  
Though Time's pencil there hath painted  
Shadows breathing of the tomb.

Snowy white the long, thin tresses  
Back from that pale forehead lie  
While the sunlight, dim but gentle  
Glimmers from the sunken eye.

'Tis a mother's brow that lightens  
'Neath a daughter's loving face;  
'Tis a mother's eye that brightens  
At her fond and warm embrace.  
And those pale and weary fingers  
Nightly clasp above the head,  
Bound in beauty like a flow'ret,  
On its green and dewy bed.

I am thinking of the maple  
Bending o'er the cottage door;  
Of the streamlet, and the rose-tree  
The low window climbing o'er;  
Of the pale one in its shadow,  
And the fairy ever by,  
With her tones of lulling music,  
And her hopeful, heaven-blue eye.

## ELSIBARDO.

BY JESSE BLONE.

WHERE the Rhine enlaps the vineyards,  
And hills with columns towered:  
Where the vales wear summer vestments,  
Like bride with beauty dowered—  
Dwells the lord of Elisbarado,  
In his castle on the steep,  
Where the eagle builds his eyrie—  
Where the vulture proudly sweeps.

When the moon down in the river  
Finds a mirror clear and cold,  
And the countless stars in heaven  
Have unveiled their eyes of gold,  
Does the lord of Elisbarado  
Range the crags and valleys deep,  
Where the fountains in the moonlight  
Their unceasing murmur keep.

With his mantle wrapped around him,  
And his unshorn hair in flow,  
Does he gaze from off the highland  
On the vale and streams below;  
And the simple peasant, turning  
From the vintage to his cot,  
Shuns the hill of Elisbarado  
As a wizard-haunted spot.

Wherefore frowns Lord Elisbarado  
Whene'er shrilly at the gate  
Calls the horse of weary horseman  
As the day is waning late?  
Ah! his soul is steeped in venom,  
And his heart o'erflows with gall,  
For his memory holds before him  
The dark day of Wendefall:

Which beclouded o'er his boyhood  
Like a heavy pall of years,  
For it left him lone and lonely,  
Yet a heritage of tears;  
And 'tis hid within his bosom,  
Like a serpent 'mid the flowers—  
But it dwains upon his vision  
In the nightly watchful hours.

Morning shines on Elisbardo,  
And a gay and laughing train,  
That is circling up the highland  
From the smiling flow'ry plain;  
And the sun lights up the shimmer  
And the sheen of peaceful spears,  
With the proudly prancing horses  
Bearing gallant cavaliers.

'Tis the bride of Elisbardo,  
With the lilies in her hair,  
That was visioned in the valley  
To her pallid lover there;  
And who now is sadly gazing  
To discern beyond the hill  
But one glance of her whose presence  
Ever made his bosom thrill.

But alas for Elisbardo,  
And the maiden bending low,  
Who is wedded to his life-grief,  
To his agony and woe!  
And her youthful cheek is pallid  
As the lilies in her hair:  
Ay, the heart of Elisbardo  
Has a partner in despair

## THE LITTLE GIRL'S INQUIRIES.

BY LILLIAN.

"Oh, mother," said a laughing girl,  
With rosy cheeks and mild blue eye,  
Upon whose forehead many a curl  
Was nestling, tinged with auburn dye—

"Oh, mother, see the azure sky,  
Archling itself so sweet above,  
As if it, from some danger nigh,  
Would shield me with its look of love.  
On towering hills it seems to rest;  
But, if I go to yonder hill,  
I'm by the same sweet smiles caressed;  
It arches thus above me still!  
You told me the Almighty One  
Spread out this glorious canopy,  
And blessed the work when it was done;  
But was it made *alone* for me?"

"And, mother, see—oh, see the sun!  
And oh, 'tis such a glorious thing  
I fain, when radiant day is done,  
Would follow on some borrowed wing!  
For, when it sinks behind yon hill,  
How soothing seems its farewell ray!  
As if 'twould gladly have me still  
Behold it on its long, long way!  
And when, as comes the blushing morn,  
It sheds abroad its golden light,  
And glories everywhere are born,  
As recompense for weary night,  
It peeps my little window through,  
And softly opens my long-closed eyes,  
As if it had its loveliest hue  
Put on to make me glad to rise;  
And ever, ever through the day  
How bright it seems to smile on me!  
Or, if dark clouds obstruct its ray,  
Brighter it shines when from them free.

You say the same Almighty hand,  
Dear mother, caused the sun to be,  
And now it shines at his command;  
But does it shine *alone* for me?

"And then the silver moon—the stars,  
Those ever sparkling gems of heaven,  
Whose rays, when night their way unbars  
To cheer its dreariness are given!  
And whencesoe'er I've looked on them,  
So beautiful and bright they've shone,  
Gilding night's sable diadem,  
They seemed to beam for *me alone*!  
Mother, they say they're angels' eyes,  
That slumber not when we're asleep;  
That they're the watchmen of the skies,  
And their appointed vigils keep;  
And never weary at their post,  
Beaming so bright and lovingly.  
But, mother, does that shining host  
Watch all the night *alone* for me?"

"And, mother, whencesoe'er I go,  
So gayly all things seem to smile,  
There is no joy I need to know  
To gladden every hour the while.  
The breeze so gently fans my brow,  
So gently waves my flowing hair,  
So low the forest branches bow,  
As in obeisance, everywhere!  
So beauteous are the blushing flowers,  
Robed in their gayest summer bloom,  
To cheer so many weary hours,  
And breathe around such sweet perfume;  
I wonder, mother, if they know  
I love their cheerful smile to see,  
And therefore strive they thus to show  
How lovely ever they can be!  
Others I hear complaining, day  
By day, of gloomy hours they see;  
But, mother, I'm so happy, say,  
Are all those sights of joy for me?"

"No, not alone, my child, for these  
Did God spread out the azure sky,  
And cause the radiant sun to be  
A sweet revealer to the eye  
Of beauties mortals should not see  
Without a grateful heart's employ  
In praise and bending of the knee  
To Him who gives such scenes of joy!  
And not, my child, for *thee alone*,  
The moon beams forth with silver light;  
Nor that the twinkling stars are known  
To glid the gloominess of night;  
Nor yet that flowerets shed perfume,  
And cool, refreshing breezes blow—  
That pleasures round life's pathway bloom  
Wherever thou may'st chance to go.  
No, no, my child. For *thee*, for *me*,  
For all these joyous scenes were made:  
In all a Father's love we see;  
For man all were by Him arrayed;  
And, therefore, when we look on them,  
To Him should grateful praise be given,  
That, in our Saviour's diadem,  
We may, as suns and stars of heaven,  
At last shine on eternally!  
Wouldst thou, my child, such honors share?  
Then ever bend a suppliant knee,  
And raise to Heaven a thankful prayer



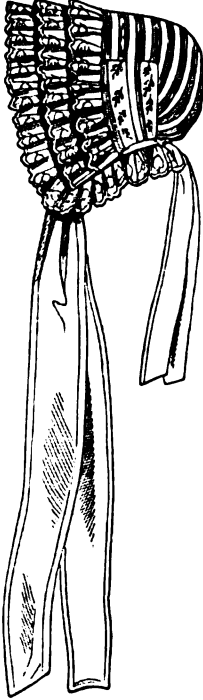
## LINGERIE.

### CAPS FOR THE CHAMBER AND SICK-ROOM.

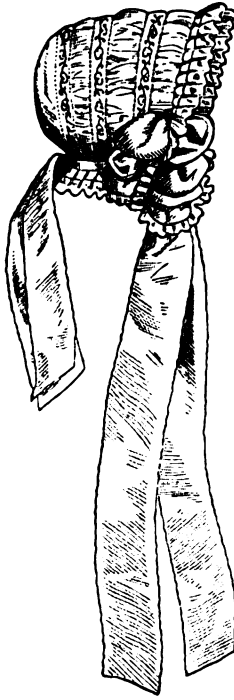
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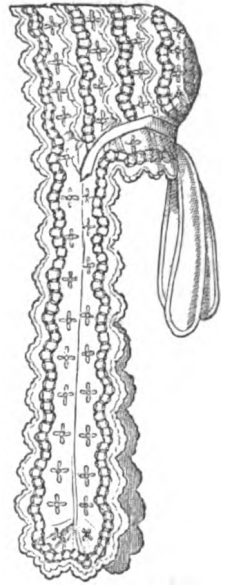
No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.



THE word "*lingerie*," which heads our article, will doubtless be unfamiliar to many of our readers, even though conversant with the French language. It is a term expressly used for the departments of fashion, and occurring constantly in the "*Moniteur*," "*Les Modes Parisienne*," and the other leading journals of the same nature. Nor can its introduction into the "*Book*" be censured, since "*Maison de Lingerie*" is a sign one meets with in the principal thoroughfares of our Atlantic cities, and our countrywomen are not supposed to be in ignorance of their object. We adopt the term, as many other French phrases have been incorporated into the vocabulary of fashion, because it best expresses what we wish to describe; for under this head comes every species of garment that we here denominate "*plain sewing*." Unfortunately, however, for the veracity of the last phrase, "*white work*" is now so much ornamented, that patterns at least must come from a shop expressly devoted to this branch of industry, whence comes the *Maison de Lingerie* of Paris, where everything of an under wardrobe that can be named is to be procured.

While upon the subject, it is as well to remark that we now and then receive remonstrances, not only against the introduction of French words, but of French fashions, to our readers. The very persons who pen them are probably wearing cravats or coats whose origin, if traced, would be found to date from over the water. It is in vain to deny the fact, that Paris leads the world in point of taste and fancy, and so it will be until the industrial arts are more cultivated and better paid among us. Since ladies—and gentlemen, too—will have new fashions, why not give them the most graceful that are produced?

For instance, we have seen such an outcry, and such a strife of tongues, over a new pattern of a night-cap, in a remote country village! It is discussed by all the pretty maidens who thriftily keep some too good for daily use for the sick-room, or, more frequently still, those whose bright eyes have already a *trousseau* in prospect. If ugly, it is nevertheless new, and to be copied. And think of the pretty faces disfigured by it for the next two years! How much better, then, to choose really

pretty patterns, even if they have had the misfortune to be invented in Paris, and come from thence under the name of *lingerie*!

At any rate, we have had the temerity to choose such for our lady readers; and, placing them in order, Nos. 1 and 2 will be found, perhaps, the most difficult to copy.

The first is composed of linen cambric, or sheer jaconet muslin, insertion, and edging. The crown piece is cut very large, to receive the whole of the hair, plain at the top, but gathered into a band, with some fulness, at the sides. The front has a piece composed of alternate rows of insertion, from which three ruffles, headed with corresponding edging, extend; a similar one extends across the whole front. The strings are very broad, and encircled with corresponding edging. These broad strings, or tabs, it will be noticed, form the principal novelty in caps at the present time; they may be fastened across, under the chin, with a small gold cuff-pin; or narrower strings, of white Mantua or cotton gauze ribbon, will allow them to be only an ornament.

No. 2 has a crown of tucked muslin or cambric,

the same effect, is open, produced by rows of narrow insertion. Three frills of wide embroidery form the front. These, as in Nos. 1 and 3, are to be fluted.

No. 3 has a shallower crown-piece, and a front composed of alternate puffs and insertion bands, with one frill of embroidered cambric. Intended for an invalid, it has a few knots of pale rose-colored ribbon at the side, with broad ends and strings of the same. This and the following will be found very neat and becoming shapes.

No. 4, as will easily be seen, is made entirely in a close shape, from the *broiderie Anglaise*, or thick cambric edging, so fashionable for undersleeves when first introduced. Cape and strings of the same; the last formed by simply uniting the embroidery in the centre, so that the scoops form a surrounding edge.

We would commend the illustrations of this article especially to the consideration of our readers, as cut by the young lady pupils of the "Philadelphia School of Design." As the work of our own sex, they have an especial interest, and challenge comparison with any other of the wood-cuts in the present number.

## CARRYL'S WINDOW AND BED DRAPERIES.

(See Plate.)

SINCE our last notice of Mr. Carryl's beautiful establishment, a greater change in his stock of goods than even he could have anticipated has been wrought. A fire in the upper stories of the large new freestone building in which it is situated spared the exquisite fabrics, it is true, but the descending floods of water were as ruinous as the flames could have been.

When we next entered the rooms, a far different sight from the usual grace and elegance presented itself. The floor was strewn with torn and damp stained laces, gimps, or even heavier and more costly fabrics—piles of rich but tarnished cornices—boxes of half-ruined brocatelles—bales of soiled velvets, no longer regal in coloring. The draperies about the windows and on the walls hung in drooping, disordered folds, stained and torn away here and there as if in the hurry of some grand commotion. The very ceiling had grown shabby with the strips of wall paper peeling from the plaster, much of which strewed the floor and rustled beneath our feet.

But now, order and grace are again triumphant. Not a vestige of the conflagration or its effects remains. No cheap damaged goods; no "cornices a little bruised and stained, at a very low price." Mr. Carryl has had the good taste and energy to clear away *all* the wreck, and supply the place of a

stock that had been accumulating from spring to fall, from fall to spring again, by entirely new orders, of the very latest design, finish, and execution. The new patterns are worth a minute examination, beauty of design and coloring being noticeable, as every year increases the demand, and consequently the outlay, upon these expensive fabrics.

Some of our readers will scarcely believe that large and superbly illustrated volumes are every year devoted exclusively to new designs for drapery. Not for the material, that is the work of the pattern designer, and never exhibited to the world except in the completion of what his drawing has suggested. But when they are manufactured, and ordered, and lying upon the shelves, there is still artistic taste needed in combining and arranging the different fabrics, and the folds and cross-folds and flutings into which they are to fall.

Now as all our fashions come from over the sea, and will, until taste and art are more cultivated at home, we have before us a large and beautiful volume furnished by Mr. Carryl, containing fifteen finely engraved and colored plates devoted to draperies alone. For windows, casements, mirrors, and their appropriate cornices, and ornaments; in some, the arrangement of an entire saloon is given, and a single bed fills another plate. The devices of some of the cornices are extremely graceful, the

most noticeable one being a wreath of oak leaves and acorns, the centre being formed by the "bird of Jove," finely poised, with outstretched wings. One is almost bewildered among the many beautiful styles for window curtains, now one combining grace and lightness, and the next page has all the simple yet regal magnificence of heavy crimson draperies, and still weightier golden fringes, loops, and tassels. A rich purple velvet lambrequin throws out in fine contrast the delicate wreaths of lace embroidery beneath, or we come upon the fresh and many-tinted bouquets of a brocade in pale green centres, on which the flowers seem to live. The varieties of cornices and lambrequins are infinite. But of these we must confine ourselves and our description to those Mr. Carryl has chosen to be engraved for our readers.

Bed curtains are a nice question in our northern latitude, but they become indispensable as we go further south. The high posts, or frames, stand up gaunt and ungraceful when not draped, yet are

needful supports for the also indispensable mosquito bars. Or there is the low bedstead, with the canopy answering the same purpose. But either requires drapery.

Of the window draperies, No. 1 has a heavy architectural cornice, with a lambrequin of purple velvet, from which depends a graceful fall of cords and tassels, breaking the otherwise harsh outline. The brocatelle drapery is of blue and wood colors, with a rich border of purple gimp and fringe.

In No. 2, the cornice is richly gilded of an unique and beautiful pattern. The lambrequin is also of a novel shape, and more than usually graceful. It is of the same material as the drapery, a rich crimson damask, of a shade like the finest ruby in the sunlight. This is bordered by an embroidery of gimp, pale green, and contrasting beautifully with the rich crimson of the curtain. Cords and a heavy fringe of the same complete the rich effect.

The under curtain is of lace, with a rich pattern of embroidery, and is draped from the cornice to the floor.

## KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

### MICHAELMAS DAISY.

This flower may be knitted, with two stitches for the width of the row, but it is much quicker to work it in a chain of crotchet; it is generally variegated, either in two shades of red, or two shades of violet. The variegation is produced by working with two threads of Berlin wool, one of a deep, the other of a light shade, of the same color.

Make a chain of simple crotchet, about a yard in length, then cover a piece of thin wire, as long as you can conveniently manage, with one thread of Berlin wool, and begin to sew this wire along one edge of the chain, leaving about an inch of the wire at the beginning; when you have sewn about an inch, cut the chain, pull the thread through the last stitch, bring your wire round, sew half the second edge, then bring round the wire that you left at the beginning, sew it to meet the other, letting the wires cross each other, twist them and the wool together tightly, to form a stalk, and turn up the two little petals, first cutting away one of the wires close to the twist, to prevent the stalk being too thick when finished.

Wind a piece of yellow wool on the end of one of your fingers, pull it out thus doubled, and twist a bit of rather strong wire over it, twist the wire very tight, and make with this wool a kind of little ball, which must be covered with a piece of common net (dyed yellow, if possible), tie the net as tight as possible over the wool. This forms the daisy.

When you have made a sufficient number of petals to form two or three rows, each row being made rather larger than the first, you must sew them all round the little heart, and proceed to make the calyx as follows:—

Make a chain of twelve stitches with the crotchet needle, using green wool, not split, work two rows in double crotchet, increasing two stitches in the second row. Sew this calyx under the petals, fasten up the open side, and gather the stitches of the lower extremity, cover the stem with green split wool.

#### BUD.

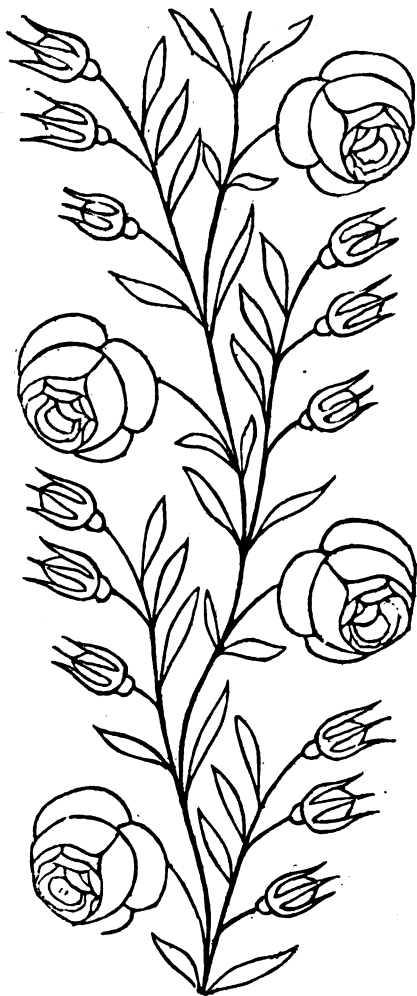
Make a small ball of any color, then take fifteen or twenty bits of split wool, the same colors as used for the flower, each about an inch long, tie them tightly as a little bundle; fasten this on the top of the little ball, to which you must first fix a wire; bring down the ends of wool in alternate stripes of dark and light shades, tie all these ends round the wire, and cut them close. Wind a bit of green wool, as a very small ball, immediately under the bud, then with green wool, not split, make a row of herring-bone stitches, from the little bud, to about half way up the colored one. This makes a very pretty bud, looking as if just ready to bloom.

#### LEAF.

Like that of the Heart's-ease.\*

\* Directions for knitting the Heart's-ease will be given in a future number of the "Lady's Book."

# PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



This pattern may be wrought in silk on merino or flannel, or in cotton on muslin. It makes a rich border.

## KNITTED BERRIES AND FRUIT.

### STRAWBERRY AND ITS LEAF.

Four needles (No. 20) are required. The strawberry may be knitted in two different ways;\* in plain rounds, or in the following manner, more exactly conformable to nature:—

Cast on an even number of stitches, from thirty to

\* It may also be shaded, or all scarlet, according to the variety which you have selected for model.

forty, in scarlet Berlin wool, not split; or, better, in purse twist, rather coarse, of a bright shade.

*First round.*—Knit one, purl one, throughout the round.

*Second round.*—Purl one, knit one, throughout the round.

Continue in this manner, beginning alternately with the plain and with the purled stitch, till you have worked about half the length of the strawberry. Then decrease one stitch on each needle every other round. When three stitches only remain on each needle, gather these, and fasten off. Fill the strawberry with emery, and fasten off tight the second aperture, after having inserted it in a stem made of double wire, covered with green wool or silk.

The next piece is the calyx: two needles only are used:—

Cast on six stitches with a bright shade of green wool or silk.

*First row.*—Make one, knit one, throughout the row.

*Second row.*—Purled.

*Third row.*—Make one, knit two, throughout the row.

*Fourth row.*—Purled.

*Fifth row.*—Make one, knit three, throughout the row.

*Sixth row.*—Purled.

*Next row.*—Make one, knit two, turn back, purl the same stitches. Repeat the two last rows three times, then decrease one stitch, knit one, purl together the two last, break the wool or silk a yard at least from the work; thread with it a rug needle; pass the needle through the loop of the last stitch, and bring it to the next stitches on the needle, by sewing neatly with it the left edge of the little leaf just made. Work the next two stitches in the same manner, and repeat the same operation till all the stitches are worked in small leaves, united at their base. Edge them with wire covered with green wool or silk; place your strawberry in the middle; fasten together strawberry and calyx, and, if you like, add a leaf made as follows:—

### LEAF.

Cast on one stitch.

*First row.*—Make one, knit one.

*Second row.*—Make one, purl two.

*Third row.*—Make one, knit three.

*Fourth row.*—Make one, purl four.

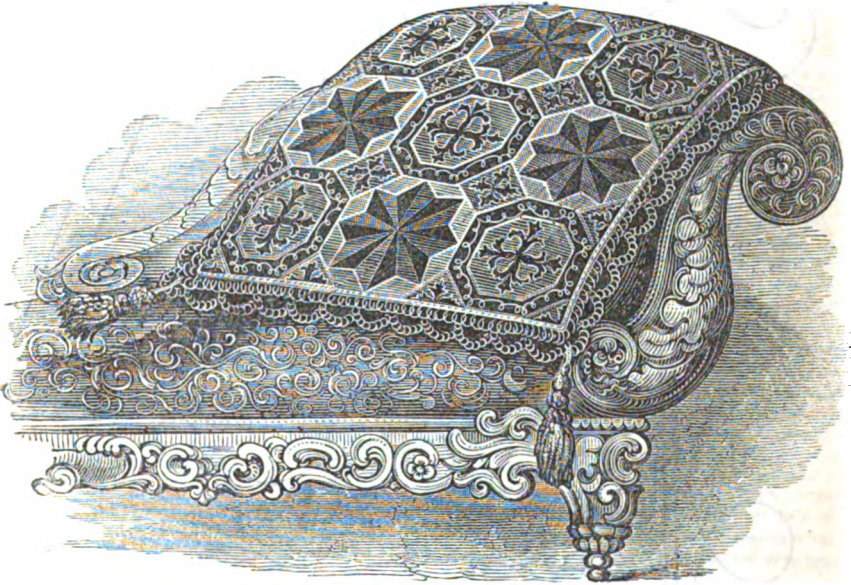
*Fifth row.*—Knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit the remainder of the row, and continue in alternate purled and knitted rows, making one stitch before and one after the middle stitch in every plain row till you have seventeen or nineteen stitches; then purl one row, knit one row, without increase; purl the next row, and at the beginning of the following row knit together the first two stitches; break the wool about a yard from the work; pass the nec-

dle through the loop of the last stitch, bring it to the next stitches on the needle, by sewing neatly with it a stitch or two on the left edge of the little scallop just made; knit plain the remainder of the row. Purl together the first two stitches of the next row; pass the rug needle through the loop just made; bring the wool along the edge of the little scallop to the next stitches on the needle; purl the remainder of the row, and continue the same process till all the stitches, except the three middle ones, are worked in small scallops. Then slip one stitch, knit one, turn

the slipped stitch over the knitted one; purl together the two remaining stitches; fasten off; cover a wire with green wool, sew it neatly round the leaf, making the little scallops as sharply pointed as possible. As the strawberry leaf is composed of three, make this the middle one, and work two more in the same manner, but a little smaller, say with two stitches less, and place them on each side of the first.

N. B. The little seeds on the strawberry are embroidered with golden-colored floss silk when the strawberry is finished.

PATCHWORK CUSHION.



**Materials.**—Black velvet ribbon, one inch wide; rich purple merino or silk, of two shades, which must approximate; gold-colored ditto, and a skein of narrow Russian silk braiding to match exactly with the gold and the lighter purple; 12 yards of gold-colored chain gimp, and 4 tassels to match.

The diagrams being given of the full size, for every part, no difficulty can occur in cutting out the different sections. The octagons are formed alternately of stars, made in the purple material, and formed into the proper shape by means of gold-colored diamonds, which fit in between the points, and octagons of gold-color, braided with purple, and edged with black velvet ribbon braided in gold. Purple diamonds, braided with gold, or vice versa, fill up the spaces between the octagons; and sections of the same (halves and quarters) are used to form the whole into a square.

In choosing the purple merino, take care that it is of a bright tint, and that there is no great difference between the two shades, as they are intended merely to give the effect of light and shadow. The star consists of sixteen pieces, namely, eight of each shade, and the same number of gold-colored diamonds. The yellow octagon may be either in one piece or in eight, the braiding being in four parts; meeting in the centre, as represented in the engraving.

In running on silk braid, it is often so difficult to obtain sewing silk to match, that it is very convenient to cut off a length of braid, and draw out the threads for sewing it on: this saves a great deal of trouble.

Braid patterns are marked, like those for embroidery, by being first pricked on stout paper, laid over the material, and pounced.

The cushion is accurately represented in the engraving. It consists of the following pieces:—

Five yellow and black octagons.

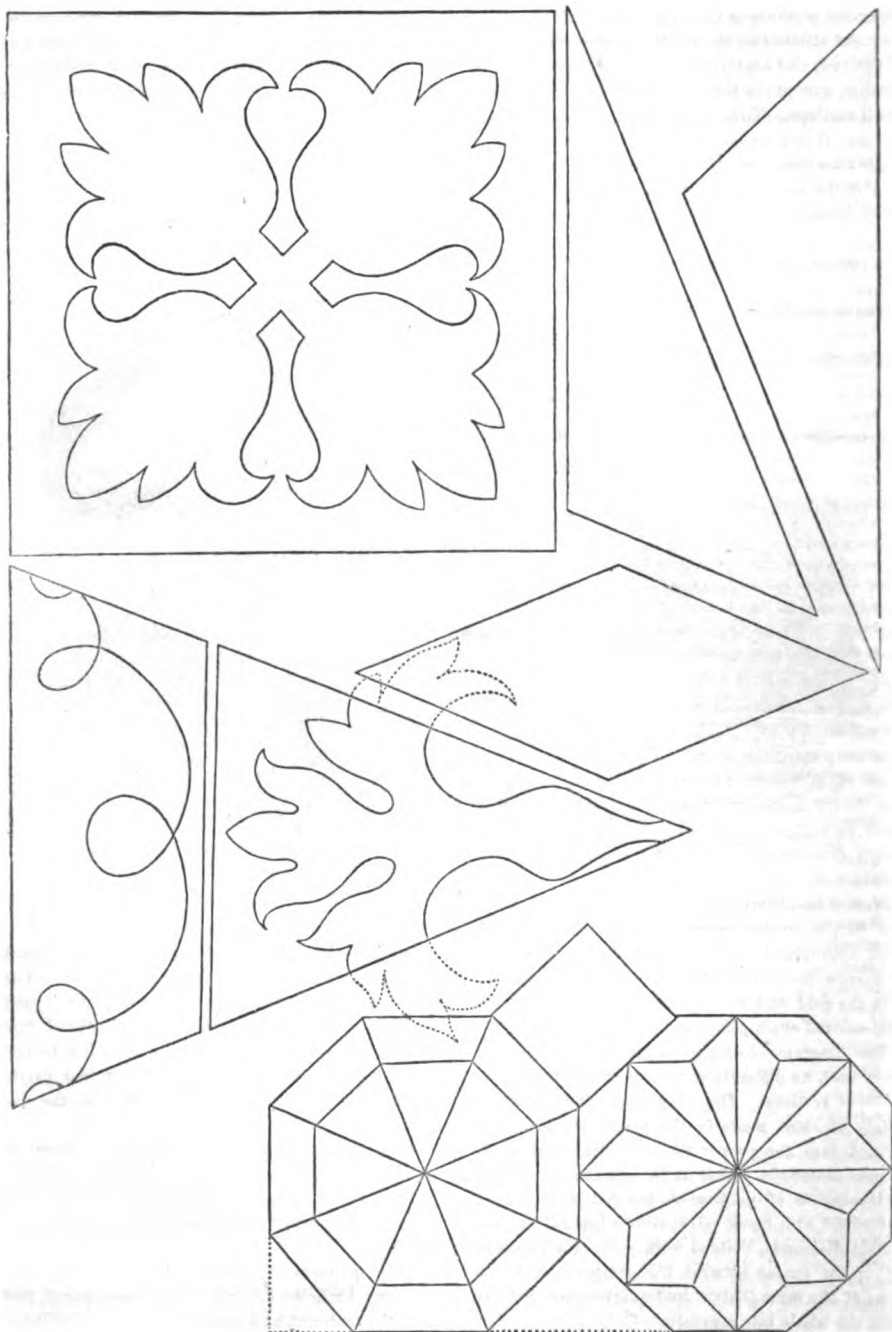
Four purple ditto.

Four diamonds.

Four diamond quarters, for corners.

Eight half-diamonds, for the sides.

The other side of the cushion may be of purple or gold merino, or black velvet. A trimming of chain gimp, and four handsome tassels, complete it.



## EDITORS' TABLE.

A GRAND missionary jubilee was celebrated in London on the 16th of June, as the completion of the third cycle of fifty years since the first Protestant missions to the heathen were begun. One hundred and fifty years! thus long have British Christians been engaged in disseminating the Gospel. It is only forty years since the first missionaries from our American churches were sent forth. Marked success has attended these efforts, particularly in the schools established for heathen children; these are chiefly instructed by the wives of missionaries, or other female teachers sent out for this purpose.

Throughout the heathen world the apparatus of Christianity, so to speak, is prepared. The Bible has been translated into the languages of the greater portion of the nations and tribes of Asia and Africa. Tracts and other books are translated; printing-presses are established; what is needed is to reach the fountain of life in those lands, and bring the healing stream of God's Word to purify the stagnant pools and sweeten the bitter waters of sin and ignorance that now diffuse only death to the souls of the people. This fountain of life is the mothers of the land: through female aid in teaching these and their children, daughters particularly, the truth only can be rendered effective. Good men, American Protestant Christians even, have hardly yet conceived what influence pious educated women might wield in this work. Yet, when we turn to the earliest annals of the true Church, we find this agency not only used, but openly acknowledged and commended. In St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans—his first on record—sent by Phebe, who certainly held an office in the church at Cenchrea, he names eight other female "laborers" as among his best helpers—Priscilla, Mary, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Persis, Julia, the mother of Rufus, and the sister of Nereus. "Phebe was a succorer of many:" so might missionary female physicians now become, and, through their agency, reach those whose conversion would, with Heaven's blessing, insure the speedy success of Christian missions.

In the "Medical Department" at Siam, as we learn from a late Report of the Presbyterian mission, much good had been effected. "Six days in the week, Dr. House spends two hours a day at the floating hospital, used as a dispensary, except when absent on missionary tours in the interior, and during the prevalence of the cholera. New cases only were recorded, amounting to 1371, making, in two and a half years since his arrival, 4488 patients." Very few of these were females; such cannot be reached by male practitioners, and must therefore suffer the agonies of bodily disease one of their own sex, if properly qualified, might relieve. In addition to all other miseries and deprivations imposed on women in the East. In Calcutta, so long ruled by the British, where their physicians are employed freely by rich Hindoo men, it is only in cases of extremity among the women that one is called to their aid, and then only permitted to see the patient, so covered and concealed, that only the tongue and wrist are exposed to view. As a measure of humanity only, the sending out qualified female physicians to those countries would be a great charity; but the aid such pious, intelligent ladies might give to the mission cause is incalculable. Very few men in this profession are willing to go out—very few have the faith and

zeal needed for the work; but the daughters of America are, like Phebe, ready to be sent, ready to become "succorers of many," were they only suitably educated, encouraged, and sustained.

COLPORTEURS IN AMERICA.—There is an important field of missionary labor in our own land, where women might be employed to great advantage, namely, as colporteurs, or distributors of tracts and books. The Boards of Publication now employ men only, whose services must be paid at a much higher rate than women would require. Except in the thinly settled portions of our country, where much travelling to reach the insulated settlers is necessary, the work of distributing publications might be done, and well done, by pious women, to whom a small stipend would be of much importance. There are widows who need this employment for support, and single women who need employment for health, and many women would like this way of doing good. Let a suitable number of such women be appointed in this city—say, by the Presbyterian Board of Publication (we name this because we have heard it was greatly in need of colporteurs or distributors, and could not obtain them)—to visit throughout Philadelphia, and dispose of their publications as the Board directs; and extend the same arrangement to every city, town, and village throughout our land. In every place women would be found suitable and willing to undertake this profession. It is one exactly suited to them. It enters into their domestic circle of feelings and pursuits; and "honorable women, not a few," would be found ready to engage in the work. A number of men would be needed to penetrate the wild places of our land; but, throughout all the settled portions, women would be the most effective agents. By this arrangement a double gain would be secured. The talents of pious women, now allowed to be wasted on trifles, would be employed in the cause of moral improvement, and those men who now give up their time, often at a great pecuniary sacrifice, to the colporteur's duty, would be at liberty to enter on other pursuits more beneficial to themselves and to society.

We do not propose any innovation on domestic life by this arrangement. The duties of HOME will ever be the great profession of woman; the most sacred, the most happy, the most honorable she can perform. But there is a large proportion of time now unemployed by the sex, or worse, devoted to novel-reading or frivolous pursuits. Such waste of time is severely censured by Christian moralists—men who teach what should not be done. But till these men provide suitable employments for the talents and time of their daughters as well as for their sons, the former will, of necessity, fall into indolence or frivolity. A greater diversity of honorable employments for women are needed. This, of distributing useful publications, augmenting good and preventing evil, would be in unison with their nature. Try the experiment, Christian men, you who have the power to order and arrange. We believe that success, almost beyond calculation, would crown the enterprise.

COMMON SCHOOLS IN OHIO.—"The system of public schools is rapidly spreading all over the country. The prosperous

and flourishing State of Ohio now boasts of 12,664 schools. Nearly \$300,000 was paid by Ohio for common schools in the year 1851."

Such is the record; but there must be some mistake in the figures. If the amount paid by the State be only \$300,000, divided among 12,664 schools, it would give but a fraction over *fifteen dollars* to each school. If the sum is, as we believe, nearly \$2,000,000, it would only make an average of about *one hundred and fifty-eight dollars* to each school. Is there any young man in our land, worthy of being employed as a teacher, who would serve as a school-master for \$158 per year? We may see from this how indispensable it is to the success of the common-school system, that the young women of our country should be qualified and chiefly employed as instructors of children and youth.

**THE MARRIAGE RELATION.**—Addison has left on record the following important sentence: "Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives."

**THE ROMAN WOMEN.**—A writer in a late review, speaking of the Roman women, and their influence during the existence of the kingdom, says: "From the time of the Sabines to Theodora's conquest of Justinian, women seem to have been at the bottom of almost all the memorable events of Roman history. Lucretia, Virginia, Veturia, Fabia, the wife of Licinius, who became, at her instigation, the first Plebeian Consul, are illustrious examples of this; and, whatever may be the changes of manners and opinions, as Hume has well remarked, all nations, with one accord, point for the ideal of a virtuous matron, to the daughter of Scipio, and the mother of the Gracchi." Who, then, will doubt the influence of women?

**THE MOTHER.**—It has been truly said: "The first being that rushes to the recollection of a soldier or a sailor, in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all the forgetfulness and hardship induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother, as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave; but she has left behind her influence that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and will do its office."

**WOMAN'S INTELLECT.**—Mr. Hume, in his "History of England," speaking of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, has this memorable passage: "She had received all her education with King Edward VI., and seemed to possess even a *greater facility* in acquiring every part of manly and classical literature." In the conduct of her education, the prejudices against the intellectual character of the sex seem to have been forgotten; and history, as it records the moral worth of this unfortunate lady, at the same time bears high testimony of her intellectual attainments.

In speaking also of Queen Elizabeth, a sovereign whose principal fault was her personal vanity—and great men are not always devoid of this weakness of vanity—the same historian uses the following language: "Her vigor, her constancy, her vigilance, penetration, and address, merit the highest praises. The wise ministers and able men that flourished during her reign, owed all of them their advancement to her choice, and, with all their en-

deavors, were never able to obtain an undue ascendancy over her." This last assertion casts some doubt on the truth of the commonly received opinion concerning the vanity of Elizabeth. All the flattery those men could offer her, never succeeded in misleading her judgment, or controlling her sense of the duties of her station.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The following articles are accepted: "Nebuchadnezzar's Dream," "Presentiment," "Lines," "To the Evening Star," "The Faded Flower," "The Departed," "To the Faithless," "Away with Care," "The Twins," "Evening Thoughts," "The Newly Married," "Alice Gray," "Love's Elysium," "The Miser," and "Memory's Dreams."

**Note.**—Will the editor who sent us the poem commencing—

"Where are the light and happy hearts?"

have the goodness to send us his address? We have lost his letter, and cannot return the poem till we hear from him.

"The Chase" and "Lines" are neither of them *quite* perfect. The pieces will do better for a newspaper than for the "Lady's Book." They will be returned.

The following are declined; several of these articles are worth publishing, if we had room: "The Rainbow," "Lines to a Friend," "Patience," "Bad Bargains," "The Return," "Twilight Musings," "The Widow's Prayer," "To H—," "A Secret hidden in my heart," "Hope," "Songs of Triumph," and "The Forsaken One."

Will F. E. F., of New York, please let us hear from her!

## OUR TREASURY.

### HOW TO MANAGE THE WORLD.

BY MRS. GORE.

WATERTON, the naturalist, who, like Mungo Park, and other bold adventurers into lands beyond the sea, passes for the fabricator of half the marvels he was the first to witness, asserts that, whenever he encountered an alligator *à la tête* in the wilderness, he used to leap on his back, and ride the beast to death. This feat, so much discredited by the stay-at-home critics, was an act of neither bravery nor braggartry, but of necessity. Either the man or the alligator must have had the upper hand. *Il a fallu opter.*

Just so are we situated with regard to the world. Either we must leap upon its back, strike our spur into its panting sides, and, in spite of its scaly defences, compel it to obey our glowing will, or the animal will mangle us with its ferocious jaws, and pursue its way towards its refuge in the cool waters, leaving us expiring in the dust. Either the world or the individual must obtain the upper hand. Happy he who hath the genius and presence of mind of a Waterton!

The greatest difficulty experienced nowadays in accomplishing the subjugation of the brute, is to get it on foot, with the view of mounting. Lazy and over-fed, it lies ruminating, half lost amid the springing grass of its fertile meadows, like a Cheshire cow, which, when roused by an occasional impulse of friskiness, goes combrously frolicking round the pastures, without aim or end, save that of its own cork-screwed tail, only to subside anew into the apathetic torpor of obesity. What is to be done with such a world? A prick less penetrating than that of a goad will not awaken it from its luxurious and self-sufficing ruminations; nay, a stunning blow between the horns is absolutely indispensable to overmaster its huge, heavy, and powerful organization.



Between the somnolence and selfishness of the applauding classes, celebrity has become a thing of yesterday! There is neither courage nor energy left in the world to engender a great reputation. As of old the gods deserted Greece, great men are deserting Great Britain.

### WHAT TO TEACH.

BY MRS. EMMA WILLARD.

WHAT is the best of all possible things to be taught? **MORAL GOODNESS.** That respects God and man; God first, and man second. To infuse into the mind of a child, therefore, love and fear towards God—the perfect—in wisdom, goodness, justice, and power—the Creator, Benefactor, and Saviour, the secret Witness and the Judge—this is of all teaching the very best. But it cannot be accomplished merely in set times and by set phrases; it should mingle in all the teacher's desires and actions. The child imbibes it when he sees that the instructor feels and acts on it himself. When the youth is untruthful, when he wounds his companion in body, in mind, in character, or in property, then show him that his offence is against God; that you are God's ministers to enforce his laws, and must do your duty. Be thus mindful in all sincerity, judge correctly, adopt no subterfuge, pretend not to think the child is better than he is, but deal plainly and truly, though lovingly, with him; then his moral approbation will go with you, though it should be against himself, and even if circumstances require you to punish him. The voice of conscience residing in his heart is as the voice of God; and, if you invariably interpret that voice with correctness and truth, the child will submit and obey you naturally and affectionately. But, if your government is unjust or capricious, if you punish one day what you pass over or approve another, the dissatisfied child will naturally rebel.

Next to moral goodness is **HEALTH AND STRENGTH, soundness of body and of mind.** This, like the former, is not what can be taught at set times, and in set phrases; but it must never be lost sight of. It must regulate the measure and the kind of exercise required of the child, both bodily and mental, as well as his diet, air, and accommodations. The regular routine of school duties consists in teaching acts for the practice of future life; or sciences in which the useful or ornamental arts find their first principles; and great skill is required of the teacher in assigning to each pupil an order of studies suitable to his age, and then selecting such books and modes of teaching as shall make a little time go far.

### ON THE SCHOOL COMPOSITIONS OF CHILDREN.

BY MISS PEABODY.

INSTRUCTORS are not, perhaps, aware how much the art of composition is kept from being developed in children by petty criticism. Children have a great deal to contend with in the attempt to express their thoughts. In the first place, they find it more difficult than better-trained minds do to preserve their thoughts in their memory. For the mechanical labor of holding the pen, of seeing to the spelling, of pointing, and all such details, interferes with the purely mental effort. And even when all this is mastered, and they express original thought, it is like putting out a part of themselves, and they are intensely alive to its reception in proportion to its real originality; and, if it is misunderstood, or its garb criticised, they shrink more than they would at a rude physical touch, and will be very much tempted to suppress their own thoughts on another occa-

sion, and only attempt the commonplaces, for which they have heard expressions.

For there seems to be, in all finely attuned spirits, a natural modesty, sometimes even a shrinking delicacy, which instinctively forbids exposure of the invisible exercises of the mind and heart, except to the eye of a generous liberality and a tender love: and it is only time for reflection and a fully realised faith, which gives the strength of mind that may separate the sense of personality from the expression of general truth and beauty, and make clear and possible to them the duty of reposing on the intrinsic worth of what is said, and at all events frankly to express themselves.

And is there not a beautiful cause for the modesty of childhood and genius? Is not the ideal, in these instances, more vivid, to which their own actual creation is so painful a contrast, that, if they are forced to attend to the discrepancy, they are discouraged? It has been remarked that the first essays of high genius are seldom in perfect taste, but exhibit "the disproportions of the ungrown giant." This can be easily explained. Genius is apt to feel most deeply the infinite, and, never losing sight of even those connections which it does not express, is unaware of the imperfections of what is seen by others, which is only a part of what is created in its own being. But, if left to a natural development, and unhindered by internal moral evil, the mind always works itself out to perfect forms: while premature criticism mildews the flower, and blasts the promised fruit.

This case of genius is not irrelevant. Intellectual education, as an art, is an embodiment of all those laws and means which the development of genius manifests to be the best atmosphere for the production of creative power. For all minds are to be cherished by the same means by which genius is developed. In the first place, we never know but we have genius to deal with among our pupils, and should therefore always make our plan with reference to it; knowing that the smallest degree of mind is also benefited in its due proportion by the discipline which brings out the highest, and is certainly quenched by those processes from which genius suffers. It would not perhaps be going too far to say, that the period of school education is too early a period for criticism on any original production. There is only one fault which may be excepted from this rule, and that is affectation, a style which proceeds from want of the sentiment of truth. Even this, however, should not be taken up as literary blunder, but as moral evil, of which it is an expression, quite as much as affectation of manners and want of veracity.

### LOVE.

BY P. J. BAILEY.

Ask not of me, love, what is love?  
Ask what is good of God above;  
Ask of the great sun what is light;  
Ask what is darkness of the night;  
Ask sin of what may be forgiven;  
Ask what is happiness of Heaven;  
Ask what is folly of the crowd;  
Ask what is fashion of the shroud;  
Ask what is sweetness of thy kiss;  
Ask of thyself what beauty is—  
And, if they each should answer "I"  
Let me, too, join them with a sigh.  
Oh, let me pray my life may prove,  
When thus with thee, that I am love!

## Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia:—

**LECTURES ON ANCIENT HISTORY, from the Earliest Times to the taking of Alexandria by Octavius.** *Comprising the History of the Asiatic Nations, the Egyptians, Greeks, Macedonians, and Carthaginians.* By B. G. Niebuhr. Translated from the German edition of Dr. Marcus Niebuhr, by Dr. Leonhard Schmits, F. R. S. E., Rector of the High School of Edinburgh. With additions and corrections from his own MS. notes. In three volumes. These lectures, which established a golden reputation for the author during his life, embrace some of the most important acquisitions that have been made to ancient history in our own times; proving, indeed, that much of the past still remains to be developed and authenticated through the zeal and industry of modern investigation. The title of the work, as we have transcribed it, will be sufficiently explicit to attract the attention, and to commend these volumes to the consideration of students of history, and to all such readers as love to search out and contemplate the motives and actions of men in the remote ages of the world.

**OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.** By Thomas B. Shaw, B. A., Professor of English Literature in the Imperial Alexander Lyceum of St. Petersburg. A new American edition. With sketches of American literature by Henry T. Tuckerman, author of "Characteristics of Literature," etc. This is a work which will naturally commend itself to the perusal of every person who desires to be well-informed in relation to the progress of English literature in Britain and in the United States.

**THE CLASSICAL MANUAL: an Epitome of Ancient Geography, Greek and Roman Mythology, Antiquities, and Chronology.** Chiefly intended for the use of schools. Compiled by James S. Baird, Trinity College, Dublin, Assistant Classical Master, King's School, Gloucester. The object of the author has been to elucidate the Greek and Roman authors usually read in the junior forms of our schools.

From C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—

**A NEW AND IMPROVED STANDARD FRENCH AND ENGLISH AND ENGLISH AND FRENCH DICTIONARY.** By A. G. Colloz. pp. 1324. We think this the most complete and thoroughly useful work of the kind ever published in our country. Such a one was needed. The long and successful experience of the author in teaching languages gives assurance that he has well studied the difficult subject he undertook; his great learning and persevering talents are estimated by the able manner in which he has performed it. Those who study French without a master, as many do, will find this dictionary an indispensable assistant; and, as a family reference, its good print and large type will insure it favor. The publishers have done their part liberally, and deserve, as does the author, the liberal patronage of the public.

**ÆSOP IN RHYME; or, Old Friends in a New Dress.** By Yarnmaduke Park. This very beautiful edition of the fables of the Phrygian dwarf is another proof of the power of genius. The wealth of Croesus has not left a trace of its possessor on earth; but the writings of his servant, Æsop, are now equal to gold in the hands of their publishers, and better than gold in those of their readers. The volume before us is a choice specimen of art for children, because the engravings are really good. A prettier gift book for the young will rarely be found.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg & Elliot), No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

**WAVELEY NOVELS.** Abbotsford Edition. Volume 2. "The Black Dwarf"

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia:—

**EXAMPLES OF LIFE AND DEATH,** by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, will be received by wise and tasteful readers as among the literary gems of our country. This book is not only historically instructive, but richly attractive, recommended by great beauty of style and purity of sentiment, and by the truth of its representations. The brief sketch of William Penn contained in these "Examples of Life and Death," affords us an exquisite summary of his remarkable character, sufficient of itself to give value to this volume in the estimation of our fellow-citizens. In the most condensed form, Mrs. Sigourney presents us with an undeniable refutation of Macaulay's calumnies of a man, the facts of whose whole life prove the sacrifice he made in attestation of the holiness of his practice and principles. We would particularly commend the beautiful outline of Monica's life to every mother.

From GEORGE P. PUTNAM, No. 10 Park Place, New York, through LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co., Philadelphia:—

**ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH; or, Life in Canada.** By Mrs. Moodie. Parts first and second. Price 25 cents each. These amusing volumes are uniform with "Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library for Travellers and the Fireside." It is but just to add, however, that the reader will find something more than amusement in these volumes. Mrs. Moodie is known as a lady of more than ordinary genius and attainments, as a writer of poetry as well as prose.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

**THE HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE.** By Alphonse De Lamartine, author of the "History of the Girondists." Volume 2. We have nothing to add to the general notice made of this work on the appearance of the first volume.

**MARCO PAUL'S VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.** By Jacob Abbott. Marco's travels in New York, on the Erie Canal, in Maine, in Vermont, in Boston, and his visit to Springfield Armory, are embraced in four neat little volumes, handsomely illustrated. They contain a great deal of information, in an agreeable form, for young readers.

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston, through W. B. ZIEBEN, Philadelphia:—

**CHAMBERS'S POCKET MISCELLANY.** Vol. 3. We are always sure that a work from the Messrs. Chambers will be instructive as well as interesting. This series now in course of publication keeps up the credit of the house, and does credit to the taste of those who prepare it for the American public.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZIEBEN, Philadelphia:—

**THE KNIGHTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND SCOTLAND.** By Henry William Herbert, author of "The Cavaliers of England." This volume contains twenty-four distinct stories, written in Mr. Herbert's animated and fascinating style, and descriptive of men and manners in a most interesting period of the world.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF FITZGREEN HALLECK.** A new and beautiful edition.

From BUNCE & BROTHERS, New York, through T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

WHITEFRIARS; or, *the Days of Charles the Second*. An historical romance. With original illustrations by Chapin. Complete in one volume. Price 50 cents. We have had no time to look into this book of 237 pages, but observe that it has been pronounced the best historical romance since "Waverley."

—  
From LONG & BROTHERS, New York:—

THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF HARRY RACKET SCAPEGRACE. This is a romance which will greatly interest the reader, from the fact that its pictures of real life are drawn with a master pen; and, although those pictures are not always pictures of virtue, they have blended with them such excellent moral contrasts as will render them salutary lessons to ingenuous minds. The name of "Harry Racket Scapegrace," we admit, is rather indicative of a work of low origin; but the most sensitive have nothing to apprehend on that score, for the language is chaste, and the sentiments inculcated by the author such as might be placed without danger before every class of readers, while the wild and exciting adventures of the hero are candidly and justly traced to their true sources. The work is published as a companion to "Frank Fairleigh." It has several illustrations. Price 50 cents.

BEN BRACE. By Captain Chamier, author of the "Life of a Sailor," etc. Illustrated. This work has been very fairly ranked with the best nautical works of Cooper and Marryatt, by those who are capable of judging of the truthfulness of life and its incidents on the ocean. Price 50 cents.

—  
THE ONWARD AGE: an *Anniversary Poem*, recited before the "Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati," in honor of its *Eighteenth Anniversary*. By T. Buchanan Read. This is a very beautiful and a very sensible poem on the subject of progress, by a gentleman who has, by his perseverance and industry, made great progress, not only as an artist, but as a poet. There are but few, indeed, of the readers of the Philadelphia periodicals who are not familiar with the name and works of the amiable poet and excellent artist, T. Buchanan Read.

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From JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston and Cambridge:—

A SELECTION OF ENGLISH SYNONYMS. First American edition, from the second London edition. Revised and enlarged. This work has received high praise from the British critics. The greatest fault found against it is its brevity. Is not this rather a merit? A great book can never become, as this may, the pocket companion of the scholar. And, what is of more importance in our country, men of business can spare time to study this treatise, and thus improve their precision in the use of language; and women will be inclined to perfect their knowledge of words, which it is their department to teach, in the first instance, to each "rising generation." We think the book will be found very useful.

THE OLD ENGAGEMENT. *A Spinster's Story*. By Julia Day. There are so many novels nowadays, that it is not very easy to find discriminating phrases to set forth their different style and air. But this is a simple story of domestic life, and those who are pleased with an easy, unpretending book will enjoy it.

THE UNIVERSITY SPEAKER: a *Collection of Pieces designed for College Exercises in Declamation and Recitation. With Suggestions on the Appropriate Elocution of Particular Passages*. By William Russell. Another of a series of Reading Books, &c. &c. There is little need of urging the claims of any work by this author on public attention.

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His high standing as a teacher of elocution gives him authority as a writer on the art. But the great variety of choice extracts here presented makes the book of interest for the family circle as well as for the college.

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From LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:—

REVIEW OF LORD MAHON'S HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. From the "North American Review" for July, 1852.

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From D. APPLETON & Co., New York:—

LITTLE PEDDLINGTON AND THE PEDDLINGTONIANS. By John Poole. As indicated by the name and authorship, these two volumes of the "Popular Library" are satirical sketches of life and society; but rarely do we find satire so well sustained, or so little poisoned with personal bitterness. Shooting "folly as it flies" seems the author's purpose, and the arrow is keen and glittering, and always reaches the mark. It is so full of good things, that we could quote the whole, page by page; but we must satisfy ourselves and our readers, if possible, after the fashion of little Jack Horner, extracting a plum here and there.

The chronicler of "Little Peddlington" had travelled; had exhausted nearly every place of summer resort, when the beauties of this delightful village were brought under his notice by the "Guide-Book of Felix Hoppy, Esq." and he as suddenly resolves to visit so Utopian a paradise, where illness, discontent, envy, and, indeed, every ill that flesh is heir to, would seem to be forever banished. But, alas! "Little Peddlington" proves to be an epitome of the great world! Social, literary, scientific, and artistic humbugging are rife. Take, for instance, the newly-discovered medicinal spring in the Vale of Henth, ye patrons of "acid water" and "cod-liver oil":—

"Taken to the extreme corner of the vale. A man busy planting trees and shrubs about a deep hole. Wondered what that was for. Informed by Hobbleday that Doctors Drench and Dralnum—their celebrated physicians, and the proprietors of that portion of the ground—had had the good fortune to discover there a mineral spring, of the nastiest water you ever put to your lips. 'I've tasted it,' continued Hobbleday; 'enough to poison a dog! So it will be the making of the place, as they say. But what is to become of Cheltenham, Harrowgate, Tunbridge Wells, and such places? However, poor devils, that's their affair!' Fancied I smelt something like the detestable odor of a tanyard. Peeped through the window of a small shed, the door of which was fastened by a strong padlock. Saw a box of sulphur, a couple of bags of iron filings, a pile of stale red-herrings, some raw-hide cut into strips, and a quantity of bark, such as the tanners use. Wondered what that was for."

The press has also its clever hits. The astonishing amiability of the family where,

"In order that things may be *toujours tranquille*,  
They seldom express themselves *just* as they feel,"

is only to be equalled by the peaceful spirit of the "Little Peddlington Weekly Observer," so pithily set forth in the motto—

"All parties to please, and all difference to smother  
What in one line we state, we retract in another;"

but that surely can have no reference to the advertised neutral prints of the day. And here are the advantages of taking a newspaper, set forth in a most unanswerable style:—

"And pray, Mr. Yawkins," said I, "which, in your opinion, is the greater actor of the two?"

"Why really, sir," said he, "that is a question which it is utterly impossible to answer. When I had but one paper to read—the "Observer"—I was convinced that Waddle was the better; but, since the "Dictator" has been established, and the preference given to Souxel, I am greatly perplexed."

"But have you no opinion of your own?" inquired I, with some degree of astonishment.

"An opinion of my own? Bless me, sir, what an extraordinary question! What is the use of reading a newspaper, if one is to be at the trouble of thinking for one's self after all?"

We commend the unquestioning faith of Mr. Yawkins to the reading public generally.

Here is a shot at the misnomers now becoming so frequent with us, as well as in England:—

"Why, then, does the gallant colonel call his place an abbey?" I inquired.

"First," gravely replied Hobbleday, "because it's the fashion; and, secondly, because it's a small, square, red-brick house, standing in a cabbage garden."

"The second, being as good a reason as is frequently to be found for nick-naming residences, of similar pretensions, manors, abbays, places, and castles, I was satisfied with it."

The drama has a large share of our author's notice; the fine arts, and the rivalry between the votaries of each, are capitally portrayed. We should like room for the portrait of the immortal Daubson, who requests a candid criticism of his pictures, whereupon the following feeling reflection is introduced:—

"Can a more agreeable task be assigned to you than that of delivering to an artist, an author, or, indeed, to anybody, a candid opinion of his productions, especially if, in the excess of your candor, you temper a hundred weight of praise with but one little grain of censure? Let mine enemy walk through the rooms of the Royal Academy even, in arm with an exhibitor, and try it, that's all."

But we have room only for an outline portrait of the present style of progress-women, which, we are quite sure, can give no offence to any who are our friends. The cant has made rapid strides since the portrait was penned, yet the chief characteristics are identical:—

"Masculine-minded creature!" exclaimed Hoppy, with a gesture of admiration.

"I think for herself on all points, moral, political, and social!" exclaimed Rummins.

"Not a prejudice remaining!" responded the M. C.; "and has no more religion than a horse!"

A STEP FROM THE NEW WORLD TO THE OLD, AND BACK AGAIN. *With Thoughts of the Good and Evil in Both.* By Henry P. Tappan. Since it has become but "a step from the New World to the Old," it is one which everybody feels bound to take, and to give the public the benefit of their observations. We welcome our friend, set down in Chestnut Street, eleven days from Liverpool. "Were you at Rome?" "Oh yes, certainly, four days!" Time was when four months was little time enough to devote to the Eternal City. Mr. Tappan has managed to "do" Europe almost as speedily, and does not hesitate to give us his individual opinion on all subjects; now moralising, and now predicting. But, having some freshness of thought and feeling, it is, in a measure, imparted to the familiar scenes which he describes, in the two elegantly printed volumes.

THE DAYS OF BRUCE. *A Story from Scottish History.* By Grace Aguilar. The death of this gifted girl has given to the public several posthumous publications, edited by her mother. We consider the "Days of Bruce" among the best. It is true to history; the stirring scenes of the Scot-

tish war being sketched with vigor, particularly the crowning of Bruce at Scone, the taking of Kildrummie Castle, and the ever-celebrated battle of Bannockburn. Through this runs a vein of romance, developing several beautiful imaginary characters, exceedingly well drawn. It will take the place of the "Scottish Chiefs" with the present generation.

TIME AND TIDE; or, *Strive and Win.* By A. S. Roe, author of "James Menjoy," etc. etc. We have a special word of commendation for this little volume, the more so that, remembering its sketchy, unartistic predecessors, we expected little from it. We congratulate the author on a rapid advance, both in management of plot and detail. The story is of American life, a natural, beautiful picture of the faith and feeling still remaining among men in the quiet of country life, while the tale of a city's trials and temptations for the young is warningly set forth. Many of the characters are well drawn, and the general moral is unexceptionable.

All the above publications of Messrs. Appleton reach us through Henderson of this city.

#### NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From Robert E. Peterson & Co., N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia: "The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans, with Biographical Sketches; containing upwards of one hundred and twenty engraved portraits of the most eminent persons who have occupied a place in the history of the United States." No. 1. Price 25 cents. Containing three portraits of General Washington, and one of Martha Washington.

From T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "The Illustrated Old St. Paul's: a Tale of the Plague and the Fire." By William Harrison Ainsworth. The only complete edition ever published.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsey & Blackiston, Philadelphia: "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." No. 25. Price 25 cents.—"The Bleak House." By Charles Dickens. No. 5. Price 12½ cents.—"The Mother at Home; or, the Principles of Maternal Duty familiarly Illustrated." By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The Child at Home," "Josephine," "Maria Antoinette," etc. Very greatly improved and enlarged, with numerous engravings.—"London Labor and London Poor." Part 20. Price 12½ cents.

#### Receipts, &c.

TO MAKE A FINE CUSTARD PUDDING, mix by degrees a pint of good milk with a large spoonful of flour, the yolks of five eggs, some orange-flower water, and a little pounded cinnamon. Butter a basin that will exactly hold it, pour the batter in, and tie a floured cloth over it; put in boiling water over the fire, and turn it about five minutes to prevent the egg going to one side. Half an hour will boil it.

TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR when it becomes thin, try the following: Eau de cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each ten drops.

TO CLEAN MOTHEE-O'-PEARL, wash in whiting and water. Soap destroys the brilliancy.

PREVIOUS to the reign of Charles VIII., the queens of France wore white upon the death of their husbands, and were thus called "*Reines blanches*." On the death of that monarch, the mourning was changed to black.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

Will our fair subscribers please notice that we have no collecting agents, and depend entirely upon their remitting directly to us that is, in anti-editorial language, to L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

We copy the following from the "Ohio Democratic Standard," as we think it defines our true position:—

"Godey has hit the nail on the head in giving articles of practical utility and useful knowledge; the poetry of the arts and sciences of practical life is much more substantial and useful than the ethereal notions of the old poetical dreamers, whose fancies were much more in place before the era of steam-engines and telegraphs than now, and Godey is just the man to appreciate and meet the demand of the times."

### LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

"TAKESWELL C. H., Va.

"MY DEAR GODEY: I shall be in Philadelphia on a visit some time during autumn. This country is so lovely at this season that I wish you could only see it. What with mountain, valley, and river—trees, cascades, dells, and dingles, with a thousand stories of Indian warfare and early foray, and the rude, but picturesque cabins of the settlers, the place affords a most delightful residence for the man of business desirous of relaxation, as well as an almost inexhaustible theme for the poet and romance-writer. This, you know, was at one time a part of 'the dark and bloody ground,' and abounds in Indian camps, battle-grounds, and spots of refuge.

"Hoping the 'Book' continues to flourish, and you as well, like a green bay-tree, and with a hope to see you in September, at the old 'den,' in Chestnut Street,

"I remain, as ever, yours truly, T. D. E."

HERE IS AN IDEA!—One of our contemporaries, speaking of the husband of Madame Alboni, says: "He is a count, and a very handsome, gay, dashing young fellow. A more elegantly-dressed man you never saw; but he is immensely aristocratic." A man / who depends upon his wife's exertions for his meals being "immensely aristocratic!" Pshaw!

BALTIMORE FEMALE COLLEGE.—We are happy to hear, from an old friend and contributor, that this institution is now fully established in the esteem and confidence of the public. The President of the College, Nathan C. Brooks, A. M., is a fine scholar, and a most amiable and worthy gentleman, and fully competent to preside over an institution established for the purpose of "developing the intellectual, social, and moral faculties of females; and, by imparting a thorough, practical, accomplished, and Christian education, fit the female for the discharge of those duties that await her in life." In connection with this subject, we have the pleasure of referring to the "Parthenian; or, Young Ladies' Magazine," the first number of which has been received. Its pages are filled with the contributions of the young ladies of the college, and, in its literary merits, embellishments, and letter-press, is highly creditable to the institution.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—This personage, as our readers well know, has been deservedly made the subject of much in-

dignant denunciation, as well as of ridicule and satire, by those who have condemned his usurpation and subsequent acts of tyranny. Of the latter class, is a work which we briefly referred to in our July number, entitled the "Poems of Napoleon." The hits aimed by the author of that work at the insincerity and treachery of the usurping President, generally strike home, and fall with great severity and justice, forming, at the same time, amusing contrasts in the life, actions, and professions of the brilliant imitator of his uncle. The following parody of "Poe's Raven," is said to be a pretty faithful picture of Napoleon's life in London:—

"Once in London—lone and dreary—as I pondered, slightly  
beery,  
Over many a small account and bill with which one's  
tradesmen bore,  
While I dreamt the bench of knapping, suddenly there  
came a tapping,  
As of some dun slyly rapping, rapping at my garret door.  
'Tis one of these same scamps,' I muttered, 'tapping at  
my garret door.

'Tis a most confounded bore.'

"In that drear and dull November often dreamt I, o'er the  
ember,  
Of a certain hook-nosed member of the Jewish creed, who  
bore  
A writ—which made me fear the morrow—vainly having  
tried to borrow;  
So I pined in fruitless sorrow, thinking of the Emperore—  
Of that hero who, if living, would be safe to swell my store,  
Than which I needed—nothing more.

"Feeling, therefore, quite reliant—I'd no tin to make him  
pliant—  
That, as I was there *confant*, he would ope the chamber  
door;  
Deep I pondered if on slim knee, I could clamber up the  
chimney;  
Thus escaping from his talons for a fortnight so or more;  
If indeed, I could not manage to attain another shore,  
Leaving Levi to deplore."

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE. IMPORTANT REDUCTION IN CLUB PRICES.—By reference to the cover of the "Lady's Book" for this month, will be found the prospectus for a new volume of "Arthur's Home Gazette," in which is announced a reduction of club prices to a rate so low, that subscribers in clubs of twenty can now procure the paper at one dollar each per annum.

This ably-conducted journal has now attained a high position among its literary contemporaries, and, indeed, from the peculiarity of that position, may be said to stand without a rival. In saying this, we conceive we do no injustice to any other of the Philadelphia weeklies—we certainly intend none—for they all have their peculiar excellences. But "Arthur's Home Gazette," being almost exclusively the reflex of the genius, the tact, and the industry of Mr. Arthur himself, may fairly claim a distinction which belongs to no other literary paper in the Union. As a writer of sound morals, the editor of the "Home Gazette" has probably effected more for the cause of virtue and hu-

manity than any other of our American writers. In his noble efforts for the amelioration of society, he has not confined himself to any one class, but has carried his benevolent warnings and instructions from the lowest and humblest fireplaces up to the loftiest dwellings of aristocracy and splendid misery, gently reproving all, but inspiring all to pursue the better path, with language of hope and friendship.

This, as it always has been, continues to be the peculiar course of the "Home Gazette," a course which must ever sustain it as a most pleasing, as well as a most valuable and necessary monitor and guide to the family circle. As such a paper, we now, as on former occasions, take pleasure in commending it to the readers of the "Lady's Book."

Hieretofore, the price of the "Home Gazette," in clubs, has been considerably higher than the literary weeklies of Philadelphia and New York. Even with this disadvantage, the paper, from the popularity of its editor, and the high character which he has given to it from the first, has at-

tained a circulation greater, with a single exception, than any other weekly of its class in Philadelphia; and this within the singularly brief period of two years. We are glad to see that the publishers have determined to give it a wider sphere of usefulness, by such a reduction of price as will place it within the reach of every one.

THE YANKEE BLADE.—We observe, by the prospectus of the ensuing volume of this sterling weekly, that numerous improvements are contemplated by the editor, which will add very greatly to the merits of the paper, if that be possible. Like all the really good periodicals of the day, the "Blade" occupies a position of its own, perfectly independent, and, we might say, perfectly original in all its features and departments. If, however, the industrious editor can improve, we know he will, and therefore take his word for the fact. We hope for his success with the public, having no doubt of his own success in whatever he proposes to do for its benefit.

## Centre-Table Gossip.

NEVER did a party of young girls pass a summer afternoon, or a winter evening together, that "love" was not at one time their theme. See it for yourselves, fair readers, if you think this is not so; and note, besides, how many under twenty years of age have the least perception of what the word implies. With some, its elements are flattering attentions, costly presents, a fine face, and good figure. Others have danced themselves into the belief that the best waltzer of the winter will make the best husband. A third is sure she must be in love, because she dotes on sentimental songs, and "somebody" pays soft and devoted attention when she sings them. Another has a heart so large that she can be engaged to two at once, or perhaps three, meanwhile weighing their respective merits. Most of the party have formed their notion of the emotion from the popular tales and novels of the day, where love at first sight is principally advocated. But few look at home, and see what preserves the altar-fire bright in the midst of the rude blasts of adversity, or the thousand trials that go to make up "the woes of this troublesome life." Differing from their thoughts or intents is the sentiment of the little poem we subjoin, which we commend not less for its gracefulness than its truth:—

### TRUE LOVE.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

'Twas not when early flowers were springing,  
When skies were shewn,  
And wheat was green,  
And birds of love were singing,  
That first I loved thee, or that thou  
Didst first the tender claim allow:

For when the silent woods had faded  
From green to yellow,  
When fields were fallow,  
And the changed skies o'ershadied,  
My love might then have shared decay,  
Or passed with summer's songs away.

'Twas winter: cares and clouds were round me,  
Instead of flowers,  
And sunny hours,  
When Love unguarded found me;

'Mid wintry scenes my passion grew,  
And wintry cares have proved it true.

Dear are the hours of summer weather,  
When all is bright,  
And hearts are light,  
And Love and Nature joy together:  
But stars from night their lustre borrow,  
And hearts are closer twined by sorrow.

### SELECTION OF PAPER HANGINGS.

Our housekeeping readers cannot fail to be interested in the following simple rules, on which the cheerfulness of home so much depends.

According to the taste or judgment with which the pattern is chosen, so will the appearance of the room, when papered, be agreeable or displeasing. Large patterns should, of course, be only used in large rooms. Dark-tinted papers are most suitable for light rooms, and light papers for dark rooms; many a dingy or gloomy apartment may be made to wear a cheerful aspect by attention to this particular. Stripes, whether on a lady's dress, or on the walls of a room, always give the effect of height; consequently a low room is improved by being hung with a striped paper. The effect is produced by a wavy stripe as well as a straight one, and, as curved lines are the most graceful, they should generally be preferred. Any pattern with lines crossed so as to form a square, is unsuitable for a low room; but, with the lines made sloping or diagonal, there is not the same objection. A diamond trellis pattern, with a small plant creeping over it, looks well in a small summer parlor. For a common sitting-room, a small geometrical pattern is very suitable; being well covered, it does not show accidental stains or bruises, and, in the constant repetition of the design, there is no one object to attract the eye more than another. These are sometimes called Elizabethan patterns; they are much used for staircases, halls, and passages, but they are not to be chosen at random. According to the height and dimensions of the passage or staircase, such should be the pattern. A large pattern on a narrow staircase, and in a passage not more than eight feet in height, has a very heavy and disagreeable effect. A light gray, or yellow marble, divided into

blocks by thin lines, and varnished, will be found suitable for most passages, if care be taken to adapt the size of the blocks to the place where they are to appear. A size that would look well in a hall twenty feet wide, would be altogether too large in one of only four or six feet. Many persons must have noticed, in their visits of business or pleasure, that some houses present a cheerful aspect as soon as the door is opened, while others look so dull that they make one low-spirited upon entering them. The difference is caused by the good or bad taste with which they have been papered and painted.

A safe rule with regard to paper-hangings, is to choose nothing that looks extravagant or unnatural. Regard should be had to the uses of an apartment; a drawing-room should be light and cheerful, a parlor should look warm and comfortable without being gloomy; bedroom papers should be cool and quiet, and generally of a small pattern, and of such colors as harmonize with bed-furniture and other fittings. It is worth while to consider the sort of pictures to be hung on a wall; gilt frames show best on a dark ground, and dark frames on a light ground; taking care, however, to avoid violent contrasts. Heavy borders are seldom used now; they make a room low, without being ornamental.

#### GOOD THINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE "Blithedale Romance" abounds, as may be supposed, in many a beautiful sentiment and lifelike landscape; but, to our eyes, there is not a more natural touch than the following:—

"At the window of the next story, two children, prettily dressed, were looking out. By and by, a middle-aged gentleman came softly behind them, kissed the little girl, and playfully pulled the little boy's ear. It was a papa, no doubt, just come in from his counting-room or office; and anon appeared mamma, stealing as softly behind papa as he had stolen behind the children, and laying her hand on his shoulder to surprise him. Then followed a kiss between papa and mamma, but a noiseless one, for the children did not turn their heads.

"I bless God for these good folks," thought I to myself. "I have not seen a prettier bit of nature in all my summer in the country, than they have shown me here in a rather stylish boarding-house."

The kisses of all papas and mammas in public are not noiseless, as we lately had occasion to notice on the deck of a steamboat, when the parting salute of an affectionate couple reverberated, we had almost said, above the hiss of steam. But here is an admirable description of the coming on of fever, which most of our readers can acknowledge from painful experience:—

"The night proved a feverish one. Through the greater part of it, I was in that vilest of states when a fixed idea remains in the mind, like the nail in Sisyra's brain, while innumerable other ideas go and come, and flutter to and fro, combining instant transition with intolerable sameness."

In the admirably sketched book of Mrs. Moodie, which displays so much of woman's best virtues, endurance and perseverance, we find the following homely, but valuable receipt for making coffee from the roots of the common dandelion:—

"I cut my roots into small pieces, the size of a kidney-bean, and roasted them on an iron baking-pan in the stove-oven, until they were as brown and crisp as coffee. I then ground and transferred a small cupful of the powder to the coffee-pot, pouring upon it scalding water, and boiling it

for a few minutes briskly over the fire. The result was beyond my expectations. The coffee proved excellent—far superior to the common coffee we procured at the stores.

"The time of gathering in the potato crop is the best suited for collecting and drying the roots of the dandelion; and, as they always abound in the same hills, both may be accomplished at the same time. Those who want to keep a quantity for winter use may wash and cut up the roots, and dry them on boards in the sun. They will keep for years, and can be roasted when required.

"Few of our colonists are acquainted with the many uses to which this neglected, but most valuable plant may be applied. I will point out a few which have come under my own observation, convinced as I am that the time will come when this hardy weed, with its golden flowers and curious seed-vessels, which form a constant plaything to the little children rolling about and luxuriating among the grass in the sunny month of May, will be transplanted into our gardens, and tended with due care. The dandelion, planted in trenches, and blanched to a beautiful cream-color with straw, makes an excellent salad, quite equal to endive, and is more hardy, and requires less care.

"In many parts of the United States, particularly in new districts where vegetables are scarce, it is used early in the spring, and boiled with pork as a substitute for cabbage. During our residence in the bush, we found it, in the early part of May, a great addition to the dinner-table. In the township of Dummer, the settlers boil the tops, and add hops to the liquor, which they ferment, and from which they obtain excellent beer. I have never tasted this simple beverage; but I have been told, by those who use it, that it is equal to the table-beer used at home."

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

So many are the queries which we, as a "Lady's Book," are expected to solve, that we have concluded to establish this well-known corner, to be devoted to any chance questions that our friends may wish responded to. We are certainly *always* most happy to give them any advice or information in our power.

ANNA—can procure the materials for making paper flowers at several of the stationery stores in the principal Atlantic cities. The stamens, leaves, etc., to finish the bouquet, are sold by the manufacturers of artificial flowers, readily to be found by any one who undertakes the commission. It is a fashion now somewhat out of vogue, from the bad taste exhibited by many who practised it, looking everywhere else but to nature for models; though we have seen bouquets and baskets very naturally and tastefully disposed. The most beautiful spray we ever recollect was shown us not long since, and composed of *parched corn*, with a few green leaves. Though this seems almost impossible at first, if our readers will notice the fantastic, and sometimes exquisite shapes into which the kernels expand, they will see that some are almost perfect roses, violets, etc., the petals being formed by the pure white. To form the stamens, bits of sewing-silk are dipped into wax, or ground rice, and then colored. The blossoms are naturally arranged upon stems, grouped, and fastened upon a sheet of white paper, or card-board, and are not only deceptive, but really beautiful.

E. M.—*Broiderie Anglaise* is a term applied to the heavy, open-worked cambric edging now so fashionable for undersleeves and under-clothing: it is simply "English embroidery." The pattern is formed entirely of a succession of holes, variously arranged and worked around. If desired, we will give directions in our next.

## Fashions.

### CHITCHAT FOR SEPTEMBER.

The continued warm weather forbidding a return to town, or any activity in the display of new fashions, we cannot interest our readers more than to quote for their benefit some *invaluable* hints on dresses, taken from the "London Quarterly." We wish we had space for the whole article; as it is, we know of very few ladies in city or country but may be benefited by the taste and common sense—a rare combination—which these extracts display.

The true object and importance of taste in dress few women understand. "Even if woman had been made as ugly as we," says the author, "she would still, no doubt, have been the object of our highest intellectual devotion; but woman was made 'exceedingly fair,' a creature not only fitted for all the deference and homage our minds could bestow, but obviously intended for the most elegant wardrobes and brilliant *broussous* our pockets could furnish. But, however we may fall short of our duty to the sex in this latter respect, let no woman therefore suppose that any man can be really indifferent to her appearance. The instinct may be deadened in his mind by a slatternly, negligent mother, or by plain maiden sisters; but she may be sure it is *there*, and, with a little adroitness, capable of revival. Of course, the immediate effect of a well-chosen feminine toilet operates differently in different minds. In some, it causes a sense of actual pleasure; in others, a consciousness of passive enjoyment. In some, it is intensely felt while it is present; in others, only missed when it is gone.

"Such being the case, the responsibility of a wife in this department is a very serious one. In point of fact, she dresses for two, and, in neglecting herself, virtually annoys her husband. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities; and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural course, deserves to see them break out on his own person.

"But, independent of the plain law of instinct, there is one for the promotion of dress among ladies, which may be plainer still to some—and this is the law of self-interest. Will Honeycomb says he can tell the humor a woman is in by the color of her hood. We go farther, and maintain that, to a proficient in the science, every woman walks about with a placard, on which her leading qualities are advertised.

"For instance, you meet one, no matter whether pale or rosy, fat or thin, who is always noticeable for something singular and *outré* in her dress; a hat with all the colors of the rainbow, or of a new color never imagined before; a gown so trimmed that she cannot lean back upon it; a cloak so cut that she cannot walk upright in it; a new kind of quilling which scratches her, and catches everybody else; a new pattern which blinds the eyes to look at; a *berthé* strung of beads from Nova Zembla; a boa woven of feathers from New Zealand; and if, further, she wears them with a piteous and dejected look, as if she were a martyr to the service, you may be sure this is a shy, timid, weak soul, who, while she is attracting all eyes to her costume, has no other thought than how she may best escape observation. This is a prize to milliners, whose insight into human nature through the gauze it wears is all for our argument, and who, seeing immediately that she has neither taste nor judgment of her own, can always persuade her to lead some forlorn hope, called 'the very last fashion,'

but a fashion in which no one else would have the courage to be first.

"Again, if, after the first unfortunate has passed on her way, you meet another equally extravagant in her style, only with this difference, that she has opinions of her own, and these of the most *pronounced* kind; if she wear the largest pattern and the gaudiest colors upon the most ordinary material, or the highest flounces upon the richest; if, being poor, she has a quantity of show lace, mock fur, or false jewelry, showing that her object is not economy, but display; or if, being rich, she mixes up the best together, pearls on head, cameos on neck, diamonds on stomacher; if she disposes her hair in inordinate long curls or extraordinarily curious braids; and if, beneath a skirt which covers an incredible circumference of ground, or beneath a body which hardly covers any space at all, you catch glimpses of substances neither neat, clean, nor fine—you may guess this is a vain, vulgar, and perhaps bold woman.

"Far different from those we have hitherto reviewed, are the dress doctrines of her who next follows, though not so well exemplified in details as in general. *Her first study seems to be the becoming, her second the good, her third the fashionable*, which, if it be both good and becoming, it always is, or may be. You see this lady turning a cold eye to the assurances of shopmen and the recommendations of milliners. She cares not how original a pattern may be, if it be ugly, or how recent a shape, if it be awkward. Whatever, therefore, fashion dictates, she follows laws of her own, and is never behind it. She wears very beautiful things, which people generally suppose to be fetched from Paris, or at least made by a French milliner; but which, as often as not, are bought at the nearest town, and made up by her own maid. Not that her costume is always either rich or new; on the contrary, she wears many a cheap dress, but it is always pretty; and many an old one, but it is always good. Not a scrap of tinsel or trumpery appears upon her. She puts no faith in velvet bands, or gilt buttons, or twisted cordings. She is quite aware, however, that the garnish is as important as the dress; all her inner borders and beadings are delicate and fresh, and should anything peep out which is not intended to be seen, the same scrupulous care is observable. After all, there is no great art either in her fashions or her materials. The secret simply consists in her knowing the three grand unities of dress—her own station, her own age, and her own points. And no woman can dress well who does not. After this, we need not say that whoever is attracted by the costume will not be disappointed in the wearer. She may not be handsome, nor accomplished, but we will answer for her being even-tempered, well informed, *thoroughly sensible*, and a complete lady.

"Upon the whole, a prudent and sensible man, desirous of 'looking before he leaps,' may safely predicate of the inner lining from the outer garment, and be thankful that he has this, at least, to go by. That there are such things as female pirates, who hang out false lights to entrap unwary travellers, we do not deny. It is only to be hoped that, sooner or later, they may catch a Tartar on their coats. For, of all the various denominations of swindlers who practise on the goodness or the weakness of mankind, that woman is the basest who is a *dandy* during courtship, and a *dowdy* after marriage.

"As regards an affection not unfrequent in the sex, that of apathy towards the affairs of the toilet, we can only assure them, for their own sakes, that there is not a worse kind of affection going. A woman, to be indifferent to her own appearance, must either be hardened to all female tastes and perceptions, or an immense heiress, or a first-rate beauty, or think herself one."

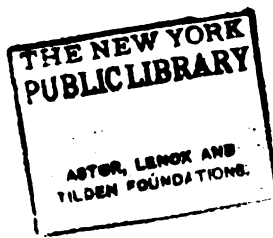


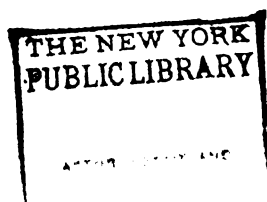


into human nature through  
 argument, and who, seeing immediately that one has  
 her taste nor judgment of her own, can always persuade  
 her to lead some forlorn hope, called 'the very last fashion,'

} nine times over,  
 first-rate beauty, or think herself one.









THE RED EAR.





CORN HUSKING

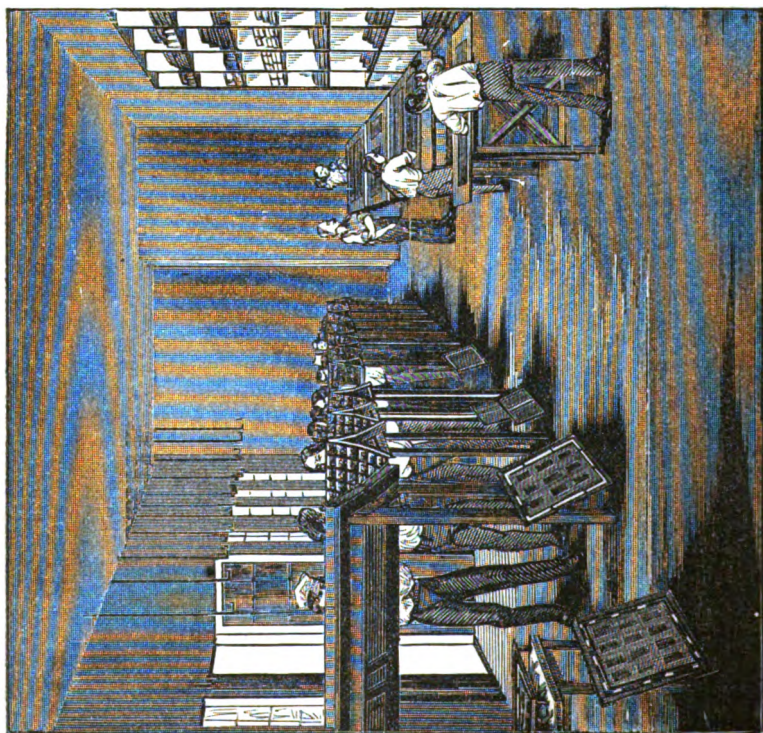




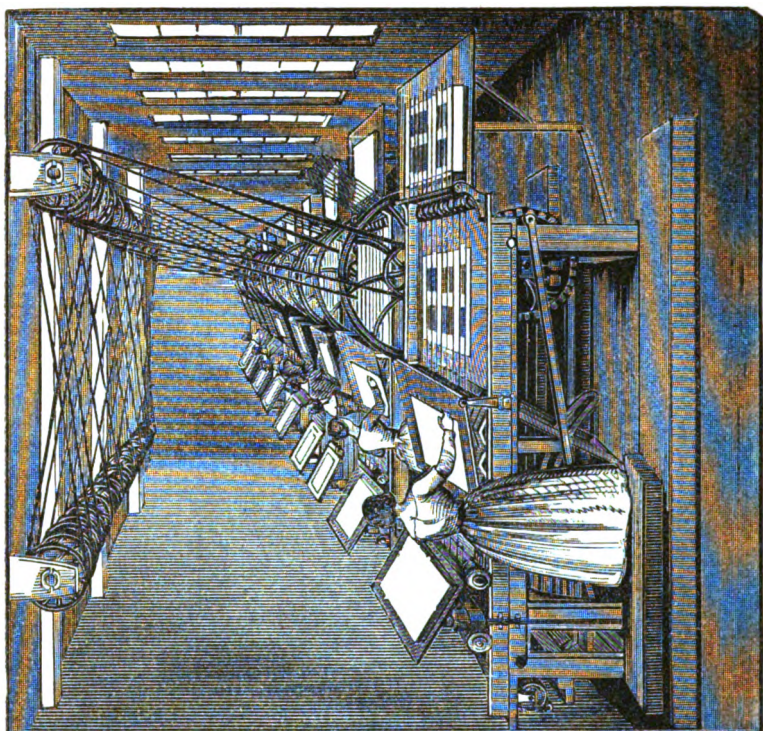


ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

SEE DESCRIPTION, PAGE 398.



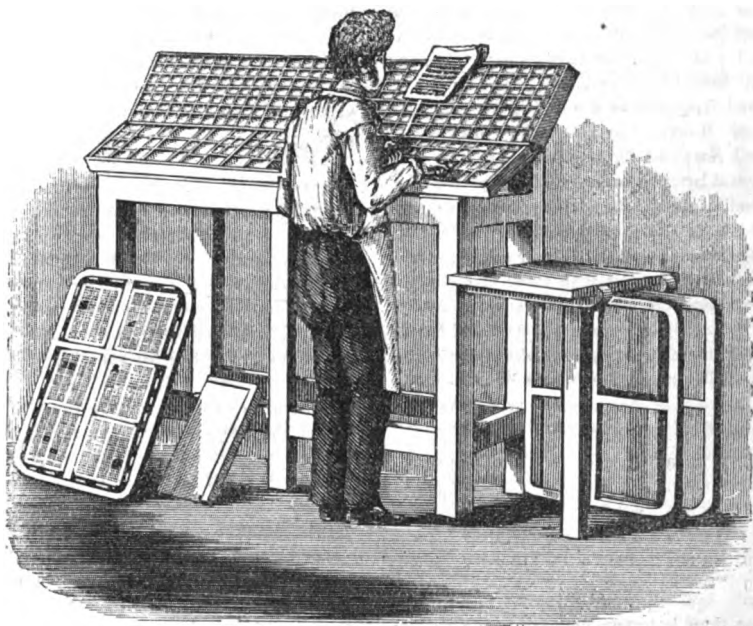
VIEW OF ONE OF THE COMPOSING-ROOMS.



VIEW OF ONE OF THE PRESS-ROOMS.

# GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1852.



EVERYDAY ACTUALITIES.—NO. V.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND GRAVER.

BY C. T. HINCKLEY.

## A DAY'S RAMBLE THROUGH THE MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE "LADY'S BOOK."

IN order to furnish our articles as much as possible from practical observation, we commence on what we think will be an interesting subject to the numerous thousand readers of the "Book"—a description of the labor which is required in furnishing the monthly amount of reading and instruction emanating from its office. There are doubtless many of its readers who are totally unacquainted, from their various positions in society, with the vast amount of capital and labor required in its publication, to whom an insight into its mechanical operations will

be a matter of some interest. They will then have a definite idea of the tact and enterprise which have been so successfully applied for the last twenty-three years by its indefatigable proprietor, who, we are glad to record, has received substantial evidences of the appreciation of his endeavors, by the reading public of the two worlds—for the "Lady's Book" numbers among its readers some thousands in Europe.

### TYPE-SETTING DEPARTMENT.

Premising that the manuscript, or "copy," as it is termed by the printer, after having been read and approved by the editors, has preceded us to the printing-office of Messrs. T. K. & P. G. Collins, we



invite the attention of our readers as we trace its progress through the various departments of their extensive establishment until a copy of a finished number of the "Lady's Book" is placed in their hands. The manuscript, on its arrival at the office, is placed in the care of the foreman of the "Lady's Book" department, who gives it out as it is required by the "compositors," or printers who set the types. The "composing-room," that is, the room in which the workmen who set the types are employed, is one of very large size, in the shape of a letter U, running back 140 feet, and having facilities for the accommodation of fifty-six printers, with their cases. The "cases," a representation of which is given in one of our illustrations, are boxes containing all the letters of the alphabet, punctuation-marks, &c., arranged in various sizes and situations to suit the number and frequency of use of the letters. The "upper case" is divided into ninety-eight partitions, all of equal size; and these partitions contain two sets of capital letters, the one called "capitals," the other "small capitals;" the marks of reference, and figures and dashes. The "lower case" is divided into partitions of four different sizes, some at the top and ends being a little smaller than those of the upper case; others near the centre being equal to two of the small divisions; others equal to four, and one to six. In all there are fifty-three divisions in the lower case. The proportions of the letters, as they apply to the English language, are as follows in a regular "fount" of letters:—

|          |         |         |         |         |
|----------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| a 8,500  | g 1,700 | l 4,000 | q 500   | v 1,200 |
| b 1,600  | h 6,400 | m 3,000 | r 6,200 | w 2,000 |
| c 3,000  | i 8,000 | n 8,000 | s 8,000 | x 400   |
| d 4,400  | j 400   | o 8,000 | t 9,000 | y 2,000 |
| e 12,000 | k 800   | p 1,700 | u 3,400 | z 200.  |
| f 2,500  |         |         |         |         |

In the case, these letters are not arranged in regular rotation; but such as are in most general use are placed together in the centre, where they are the easiest to be picked up, and the others in semi-alphabetical order around in the outside boxes. The inventor of this system of arrangement was a great benefactor to printers, as it enables them to accomplish a much larger amount of work than could be done were they in rotation. The facility which is displayed by a compositor in picking up types is a matter of much surprise to strangers to the art. The surprise is generally connected with an idea that the compositor would do his work more correctly if the boxes were labelled. So far from that being the case, it is a fact that in two or three days a boy can learn the exact situation of each letter.

But to return to our manuscript: after it is given into the compositor's charge, he places it upon his case, with a "guide," to keep it in its place. Standing before his pair of cases, he holds in his left hand what is called a "composing-stick." This is a little iron frame, one side of which is movable, so that it

may be adjusted to the required width of the page or column which he has to set up. It is made perfectly true and square; for without such accuracy the lines would be of unequal length. This little



instrument is represented in the cut above. The practised compositor takes in a line or two at a glance, always provided the author writes an intelligible hand, which virtue is by no means universal! One by one, then, he puts the letters of each word and sentence into his stick, securing each letter with the thumb of his left hand, which is therefore travelling on from the beginning to the end of each line. His right hand goes mechanically to the box which he requires; but his eye is ready to accompany its movements. In each letter there is a nick, or nicks, which indicate the bottom edge of the letter; and the nick must be placed outwards in his composing-stick. Further, the letter must also be placed with the face upwards, so that two right positions must be combined in the arrangement of the types. If the compositor were to pick up the letter at random, he would most probably have to turn it in his hand; and as it is important to save every unnecessary movement, his eye directs him to some one of the heap which lies in the right position, both as regards the face being upwards and the nick outwards. When he arrives at the end of the line, he has a task to perform in which the carefulness of the workman is greatly exhibited. Each type is of a constant thickness, so far as regards that particular letter, though all the letters are not of the same thickness. The adjustments, therefore, to complete the line with a word, or, at any rate, with a syllable, must be made by varying the thickness of the spaces between each word. A good compositor is distinguished by uniformity of spacing: he will not allow the words to be very close together in some instances, or with a large gap between them in others. When the workman has "filled his stick," as it is called—that is, set up as many lines as it will conveniently hold—he lifts them out into what is termed a "galley," by grasping them with the fingers of each hand, and thus taking them up as if they were a solid piece of metal. The facility with which some compositors can lift out what is termed a "handful" of movable types without deranging a single letter is very remarkable. This sort of skill can only be obtained by practice; and thus one of the severest mortifications a young printer can experience is to see his labor of an hour knocked to pieces, or into what is called "pie."

After the galleys have been filled with types, the foreman "makes them up" into pages by putting the "head line" with a sufficient blank beneath to

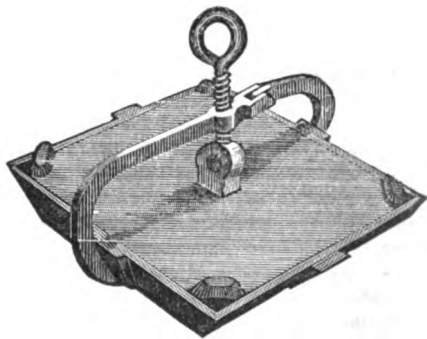
give it uniformity. He then lifts the number of lines required to fill out a column; then, placing a brass column rule (which makes the waved line seen between each column of a page) along-side of them, he lifts a like number of lines, and thus forms a page. The page is then "locked up" by placing it in a "chase," a small wrought-iron frame capable of holding two pages, and wedging it in by "quoins," which are small pieces of wood with a slight bevel on one side, which has the effect of making the pages tight according to the extent to which the quoins are driven up. When the pages are thus locked up, although each page contains about six thousand little pieces of metal or types, they can be handled the same as if they were a solid body of metal. After locking up, the pages are taken to the "proof-press," where impressions are taken upon paper, in order that the mistakes of the compositor can be rectified. The work of the "proof-reader," of which there are five in the Messrs. Collins's office, is one requiring great care and knowledge. The peculiar nature of the printing art is such that it is almost impossible for a compositor to set any amount of types without some errors creeping in. The ordinary process of proof-reading is for a boy to read the copy aloud, whilst the reader follows him on the proof impression. As he proceeds, the errors detected are marked upon the margin of the sheet, which, after it has been read, is given to the compositor for correction. This is called the *first* reading. After the page is corrected, another proof is taken, called a "revise," which is compared with the first proof to see if the errors are corrected; when, if the copy of the work be manuscript, the sheet is sent to the author for examination. If the errors detected by the author are sufficiently numerous, the sheet is again corrected, and another revise is taken. It is then carefully read once more by the proof-reader. This is designated the *second* reading; and the object of this reading is not simply to glean such typographical or literal errors as may have escaped notice on the first reading, but to detect errors in grammar and punctuation, and even in style, when the latter are so obvious as to be merely oversights of the author. Yet, in spite of all the pains taken both by author and proof-reader, the most provoking errors are sometimes found in works after they are published. When the sheet is finally corrected for the press, the compositor's work is for the time at an end; but when it is printed off, or when a stereotype cast has been taken, it is his business to return the types to the cases from which they were taken. This operation is called "distribution." It is a most beautiful process in the hands of an expert compositor, and probably no act which is partly mental and partly mechanical offers a more remarkable example of the dexterity to be acquired by long practice. The workman, holding a quantity of type in his left hand as it has been arranged in lines, keeping the face towards him, takes up one or two

words between the forefinger and thumb of his right hand, and drops the letters, each into its proper place, with almost inconceivable rapidity. His mind has to follow the order of the letters in the words, and to select the box into which each is to be dropped, while his fingers have to separate each letter from the other, taking care that not more than one is dropped at a time. This is a complicated act, and yet a good compositor will distribute three or four times as fast as he composes; that is, he will return to their proper places 50,000 letters in a day. The preceding engraving represents a compositor working at his case, with a "form" of the "Lady's Book" and a "galley" leaning against the left-hand side of it.

#### STEREOTYPE DEPARTMENT.

The pages having been carefully corrected, they are taken to the stereotype foundry, where we will follow them and explain the process which they have to undergo previous to being returned to the printing-office to be "worked off."

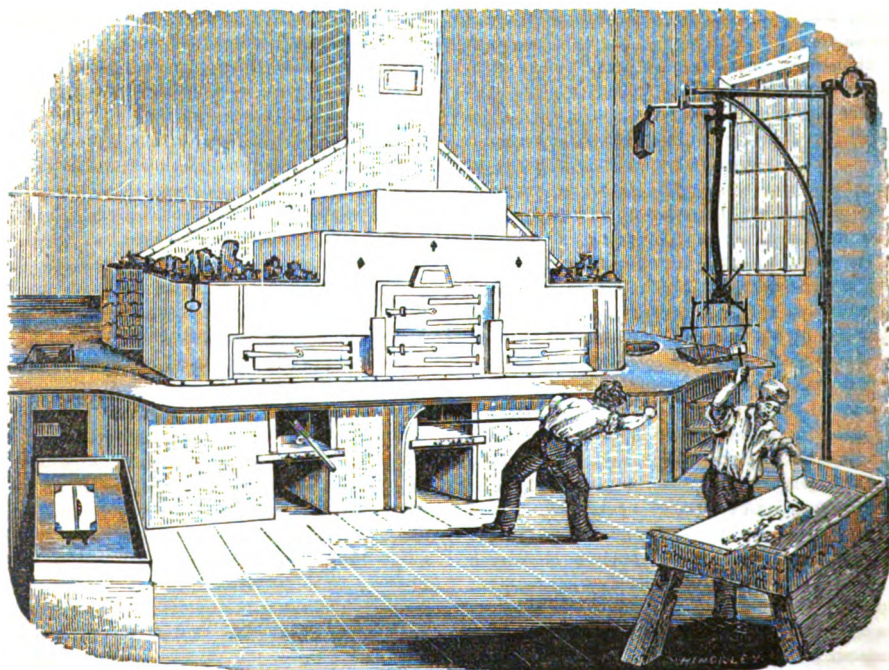
The first operation is that of taking a mould from each page of movable type. The pages are not arranged as they would be combined in a sheet and wedged up together in one iron frame or chase, but each page is put in a separate chase. It is essential that the face of the types should be perfectly clean and dry, that no particle of dirt or other substance should attach to the bottom of the types, so as to prevent them being completely level upon the surface. The page is now placed in the lower part of a moulding-frame. The upper part of the frame is somewhat larger than the page, and the margin of mould thus formed determines the thickness of the plate. The types being previously rubbed over with an oily composition, gypsum (plaster of Paris) is poured evenly over the whole surface. Almost every one knows that this substance, although moulded in a liquid state, sets very quickly, and soon becomes perfectly solid. There is a good deal of nicety required from the workmen, not only in forming the mould, but in removing it from the type: if any



part of the plaster adheres to the face of the type, the mould of course is imperfect, and the operation

must be gone over again. To prevent this, considerable care is required in the preparation of the gypsum, and much neatness of hand in separating the mould from the page. Having been removed and found perfect, it requires some dressing with a knife on its edges, and several notches are cut in the margin to allow the metal to enter the mould. It is now fit for baking. This process also requires a good deal of accurate knowledge. The oven, in which the moulds are placed upon the ledges, must be kept at a very regular temperature, for, if it be too hot, the moulds will warp. The process of casting begins when the moulds have been baked sufficiently long to be perfectly dry and hard. The casting-pan which contains the mould is represented in the preceding cut.

At the bottom of the pan is a movable plate of cast-iron called a floating-plate, and upon this plate, the face of which is perfectly accurate, the mould is placed with the face downwards. Upon the back of the mould the cover of the casting-pan, the inside face of whose lid is also perfectly true, is laid. The cover is held tightly down by a screw connected with two shackles, as shown in the cut on the preceding page; and also by two nippers belonging to the apparatus for plunging the pan into the metal-pit, as shown in the cut of the stereotype foundry. This apparatus, which is attached to a crane, is so constructed as to swing with a perfectly horizontal motion, and the casting-pan with the mould being thus suspended over the metal-pit, is gradually forced down into the molten mass, and there kept steady



INTERIOR OF A STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

by a lever and weight. The lid of the pan, it will be observed, is cut off at the corners, and it is through these spaces that the metal enters the box and insinuates itself into every hollow. When the box is plunged into the metal, a bubbling noise is heard, which is caused by the expulsion of the air within the box. After having remained immersed for about ten minutes, it is steadily lifted out by the crane and swung to a cooling-trough, in which the under side of the box is exposed to water. Being completely cooled, the caster proceeds to remove the mould from the casting-box. The plaster mould, the plate moulded, and the floating-plate are all solidly fixed up together. The metal, by its specific gravity, has

forced it under the floating-plate, which it has consequently driven tightly up against the ledges of the mould. The mould has in the same way been tightly forced up against the lid of the casting-pan. The notches in the ledge of the mould have at the same time admitted the metal into the minutest impression from the face of the types. The caster now breaks off the superfluous metal and the ledges of the mould with a wooden mallet, as shown in the wood-cut. The mould is of course destroyed, and if another plate is required, another mould must be taken from the types. After the superfluous metal and the plaster are removed, the stereotype plate comes out bright and well formed; but the plate is

not yet complete; its proper thickness cannot be determined by the mould alone, and the back is therefore shaved down in a peculiar kind of machine, which acts in the same manner as a plane, taking the back off perfectly smooth.

The very best casting cannot prevent occasional defects in the face of the plate. It requires, therefore, to be minutely examined by a workman called a picker. It is his business to remove the small globules of metal which occasionally fill up such letters as the *n*, and the *e*, to insert a new letter, which he can do by soldering if any one be broken; and what is a still more delicate operation, to remove with his graver any impurities which fill up the lines of a wood-cut. To execute this latter duty properly he ought to be in some degree an artist, and possess the keen eye and steady hand of an engraver.

The advantages of stereotyping for the advancement of literature are incalculable. It makes knowledge cheap, by giving publishers the power of issuing any number of editions of a work without the expense of resetting the type, which enables them to publish at lower rates. The inherent difficulty of the business of a publisher consists in the mistakes he may make in calculating the demand for any particular book. The demand for articles of physical necessity does not greatly vary. The demand for books depends in a certain degree upon fashion, and the prevailing current of public opinion. In books of a merely temporary interest, or which are addressed only to particular classes, or deal with particular modes of thought, a publisher often loses very considerably by over printing; but with the advantages of stereotyping, a small edition of any work can be worked off in a few days, and, as it is sold, the stock can be replenished. The investment of capital thus saved can be used in other works, and the mass of our literature cheapened and vastly extended.

#### PRESS-ROOM DEPARTMENT.

After the pages have been submitted to the skill of the stereotyper, they are again returned to the printing-office, there to receive the attention of the pressman and his fair assistants—the Messrs. Collins employing, besides a sufficient number of men, about twenty-five young women in this department of their office. This room is in the second story of the building, and is also in the shape of the letter *U*, and contains fourteen power-presses, which are worked by steam, and seven hand-presses. This room is an object of special attraction to those strangers who, through the courtesy of the proprietors, are allowed to inspect the operations of their extensive establishment. We cannot say whether the attraction is in the beautiful working of the machinery, or in the faces of the bevy of industrious working girls who attend there.

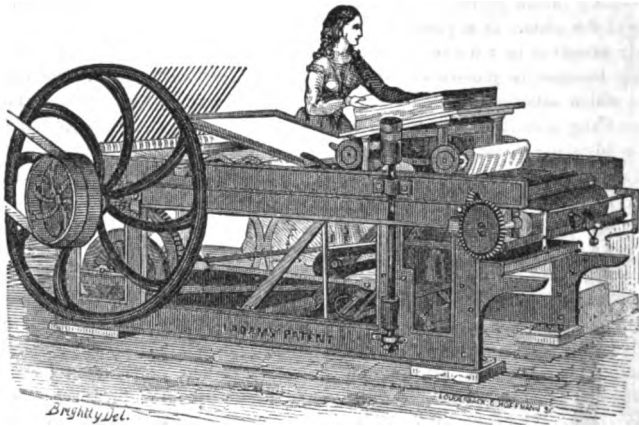
When the pages of any work are not stereotyped, the type is “imposed,” or arranged so that when

folded the pages will come in their proper places, upon a large “imposing-stone,” made of marble or cast-iron. After having been arranged correctly, strips of metal called “furniture,” of the requisite width to give the margin of white paper required, are placed around them, and, with the aid of iron bevelled “side” and “foot-sticks” running the width and length of one side only, they are “locked up” in a “chase,” with quoins. The chase is a wrought-iron frame about half an inch thick and an inch broad, and is made of different sizes to suit the different forms of pages required. The forms are of different sizes, the largest containing forty-eight pages, and the smallest four pages, or quarto. They are generally called after the number of pages used: as 12mo. twelve pages; 16mo. sixteen pages; 32mo. thirty-two pages; and octavo, or eight pages. The form of the “Lady’s Book” is a 12mo., or superroyal octavo, and the weight, when set in type, is about three hundred pounds. In order to facilitate the transmission of these heavy forms from the composing-room to the press-room, a large hoisting-machine is arranged which is worked by steam, and runs from the cellar to the garret, boxed completely in, with a door at each story. When the pages to be printed are stereotyped, a requisite number of blocks made for the purpose are locked up in a form in the same manner as if they were type. These blocks are an eighth of an inch less in height than type, so that when the stereotype plate is fastened upon them they will be of the exact height of type, which is very essential, as the heavy pressure of all presses is calculated for the type to be seven-eighths of an inch high, and any deviation from that height would prevent a correct impression being made. The edges of stereotype plates have a bevel, which is so made in order that they may be clamped on to the block by means of a set of two small clamps, which are attached to all blocks, for that purpose; so that the same blocks can answer for the pages of any book of the same size.

The form being locked up and sent by the hoisting-machine to the press-room, the foreman who has charge of the press-work of the “Lady’s Book” takes it in hand. We would here remark that much of the looks of a work depends upon the quality of the paper and ink used in its production, and it is not always a proof of a want of skill in the engraver or printer if the work should not look well, but is in most cases attributable to the quality of ink and paper used. The presses used by the Messrs. Collins are from the manufactories of Adams, and of Tufts, and are considered the best in use for book work. The following engraving will give an idea of one of these presses. The blank paper is placed upon a frame on the top of the press in front of the attendant, who takes a sheet and places it on the receiving-board; here it is caught by nippers constructed for that purpose, and carried to its position on the form between the bed and platen, where it

receives an impression. It then returns under the receiving-board, and, by the use of bellows, is raised and caught between tapes which are constantly in motion, and carried on the fly, which lays it over

on the table at the end of the press. Immediately upon the printed sheet leaving the face of the type, a set of ink-rollers pass over them and re-ink them, when another sheet passes over, and in this



manner the inking and printing go on as long as the press is kept in motion. These presses are capable of throwing off seven hundred and fifty printed sheets in an hour.

One of the most important inventions relating to speed in printing-presses is that of the "composition-roller." The old plan of inking a form was by two "balls," or large pads stuffed with wool and covered with chamois skin, which were used by an assistant, generally a man, as much strength was required. The mode of using them was necessarily a slow operation, as they were taken, one in each hand, somewhat after the manner of a mince-meat chopper, upon a surface covered with ink: they were then used in a similar manner upon the face of the types. The "composition" now in use is made of glue and molasses boiled to a certain consistency, and then cast in a round copper cylinder of the diameter required. In the centre of the cylinder is placed a "stock," which is a solid round piece of wood, in each end of which is inserted an iron pivot, in order that the roller, when finished, may be made to revolve on an axis, and therefore obtain an equal distribution of ink upon its surface. When the rollers are finished they are placed in an iron frame, in pairs generally, which frame has a handle long enough for the roller-boy to propel the rollers over the whole extent of the form of type. When drawn back from the operation of inking, the rollers rest upon a wooden cylinder six or eight times their diameter, which is turned around with the left hand of the roller-boy by a crank, the right hand being used in giving the rollers a side motion of about six inches. This operation secures to the face of the rollers an equal surface of ink, which gives a regu-

larity to the impression taken by the press. This mode is only used upon hand-presses; in power-presses, it is accomplished by mechanism. Some few years since an improvement was made even upon hand-presses, so that a beautiful mechanical contrivance, worked by steam-power, now supercedes the use of a roller-boy in many offices. All the hand-presses in the office of the Messrs. Collins are supplied with this patent "roller-boy," which is the idea of the elder Mr. Collins.

In the printing of colors the same process is required; with this difference, that all sheets printed in black require but one passage through the press, those in colors requiring just as many as there are colors. Experiments are now being made, however, and with some success, in which many colors can be impressed upon a sheet of paper at one time. For a specimen of the skill exercised in printing colors in this establishment, our readers are referred to the model cottages and other colored plates in the back numbers of the "Lady's Book."

#### DRYING DEPARTMENT.

After the sheets come from the hands of the pressman, they are taken by the warehouseman, who hangs them upon "racks" to dry. In this room, occupying the whole of the upper portion of the building, an immense number of sheets, the work of the twenty-one presses, are hung up daily. The racks are arranged two deep, and about two feet apart throughout the whole of the fourth story, and a part of the third. The sight of this room, with its thousands of sheets, strikes the beholder with astonishment at the vast amount of capital and labor required to conduct this extensive establishment.



From the drying-room the sheets are carried into another room, where they are put between press-boards and submitted to a heavy pressure, by hydraulic and other power, and are then sent to the binders to be made in numbers, from whence they are placed in the hands of the public.

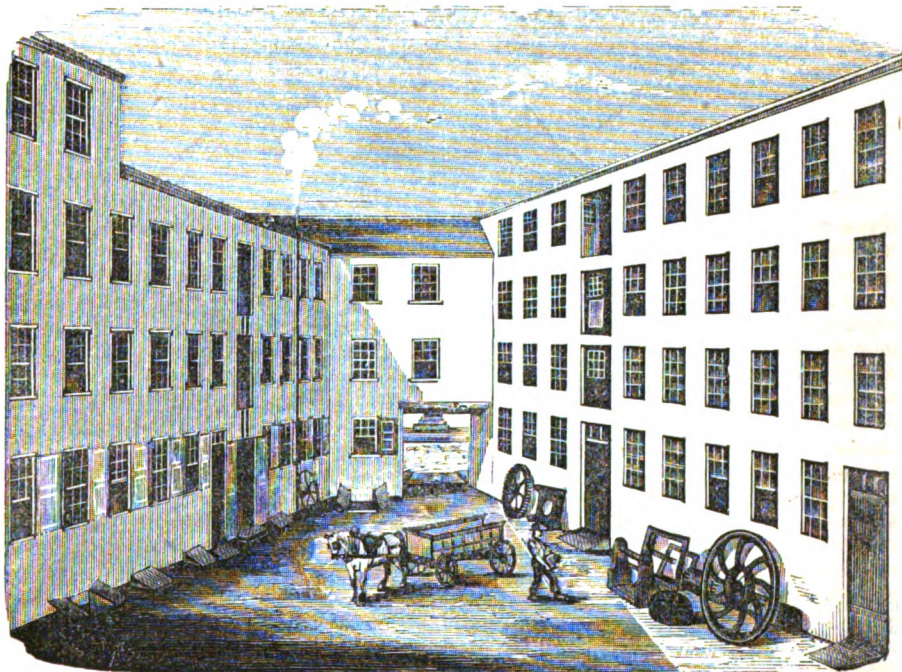
As an evidence of the amount of paper used in this establishment, we will state that about two thousand reams of white paper are the stock generally on hand, of the value of about \$10,000.

Editors of the country press, or subscribers to the "Book" who may be on a visit to the city, will find this office an object of great interest, and they are here, by authority of the proprietors, cordially in-

vited to visit it. It is situated in Lodge Alley, three or four doors above Seventh. Lodge Alley is the first cross street above Chestnut.

In the full page engraving of the interior of the office, only one-third of each department is given; owing to the peculiar shape of the rooms, they could not fully be represented in one view.

We will here remark that all the improvements of the day tending to facilitate business or personal comfort are adopted in this model printing-office. We are under many obligations to the proprietors and their assistants for many of the facts here collected, and we tender them our thanks for their attention and courtesy.



VIEW OF MESSRS. COLLINS'S OFFICE FROM THE INNER COURT.

In some future number we will give an extended history of the invention and progress of the art of printing, and the manufacture of paper.

As we have before stated, the office at which the composition and press-work of the "Lady's Book" are done, is the largest in the city, and one of the largest in the country, and belongs to the brothers Collins, two men who, in their character, habits, and friendship, are more like the "brothers Cheeryble" of Dickens than any two in this country. Kind and benevolent in their feelings, gentlemanly and affable in their manners, they are venerated by the hands in their employ, and respected by all who have the pleasure of their acquaintance. The round, good-humored countenance of the elder brother is a sure

index of goodness of heart, which his every action proves. The business portion of the labor of the office falling upon him, has rendered their establishment prosperous in the extreme, from his uniform attention and obliging disposition. Rising from the humblest walks of life into a position of wealth and influence, we feel that a short history of their lives would be interesting to their numerous friends, and acceptable to our readers. Their great-grandfather on the father's side was an Irishman, who emigrated to this country when it was a colony, and located himself in Rhode Island. The great-grandfather on the mother's side was a Welshman, and was a lawyer by profession, and resided on an island in the Delaware called White's Island, which he owned.

In returning to Wales, he was shipwrecked and lost. After his death, the island was taken possession of by those to whom it did not belong. The family not being able to prosecute a suit at law, it was never recovered by the rightful owners. The father of the brothers Collins was a native of Cranston, R. I., and was a sailor by occupation: the mother came from the neighborhood of Trenton, New Jersey. The father dying when the boys were quite young, the mother was left poor with them to struggle for.

The elder brother, **TILLINGHAST K. COLLINS**, was born on the 14th October, 1802, in the city of Philadelphia. At the age of thirteen, he became errand-boy for the late **MATHEW CAREY**, whose well-known benevolent qualities no doubt laid the foundation, by example and precept, of the eminent good qualities we have before spoken of in Mr. Collins. There is indeed a remarkable similarity in the habits of the two men; the one, whilst living, striving to be a benefit to his fellow-man, and the other now follow-

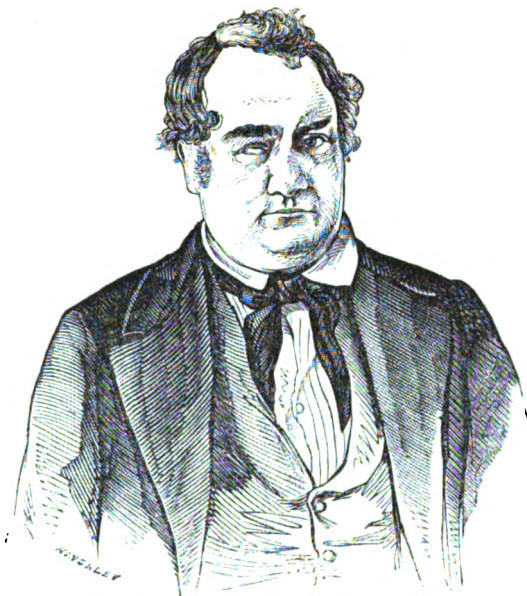


TILLINGHAST K. COLLINS. J

ing him in the same benevolent purpose. Mr. Carey was, during the latter part of his life, the proprietor of a large printing establishment, scattering the seeds of knowledge over the land, and Mr. Collins is now engaged in the same business, and for the same laudable purpose. After being some length of time with Mr. Carey, he went an apprentice to Mr. **JAMES MAXWELL**, one of the best printers of his day, and who then had one of the largest establishments in the city. Mr. T. K. Collins commenced in the wareroom, and progressed up gradually through the different branches of the business—compositor, pressman, &c.—and, when of age, was considered one of the best pressmen in the city. After his apprenticeship was over, he went to Washington and worked for Peter Force for some time. He then worked for Gales & Scaton, and afterwards for Duff Green. Whilst in the city of Washington, he became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which relation he has continued for twenty-five years. At the age of twenty-one he was married, and has since

reared a large family, who all partake of the sound qualities of the father. One of his sons is following the profession of his father, and another is a bookseller. In the year 1831, Mr. Collins commenced the printing business in a small way, having but one hand-press, and no capital but his own industry, perseverance, and integrity. The hardships which he had undergone in his youth taught him a lesson, which induced habits of frugality and economy, which have made him now the proprietor of an extensive office, having fourteen power and seven hand-presses, and employing in its various departments over one hundred hands.

Mr. **PHILIP G. COLLINS** was born in Philadelphia on the 9th of June, 1804, and also learned the printing business with James Maxwell, and was one of the best compositors in the city, and an excellent pressman. He married young, and has had but one child, a son. He was taken into partnership with his brother two years after he started business. The



PHILIP G. COLLINS. ✓

younger Mr. Collins having been confined more in the office, he is not personally so widely known as the other brother. He is less familiar in his manner, but, when enticed into conversation, the listener is surprised at the fund of information upon every subject which he has stored away in his brain. He

has a natural brusqueness of manner, which is only upon the outside, for he is at heart kind and generous, and is much respected by those who are intimately acquainted with him. His health has been much impaired of late, and he is now travelling for the benefit of it, and with some degree of success.

### Κυrie Ελεison.—LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US!

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

(See Plate.)

THE Great I AM from Sinai spake:  
I am the Lord thy God, alone;  
No graven image shalt thou make,  
No gods set up, before My Throne;  
No star in heaven's canopy,  
No creature of the earth or air,  
No idol of the nether sea,  
My jealous honors e'er may share.  
Have mercy on us, Lord! Incline  
Our hearts to keep Thy Law Divine!

The Heavenly Name on careless tongue  
Thou shalt not take, in utterance vain;  
For vengeance doth to Him belong  
On those His worship who disdain.  
To children's children shall descend  
The sentence of His broken law;  
While thousands shall his love attend,  
Who keep His word, in sacred awe.  
Have mercy on us, Lord! Incline  
Our hearts to keep Thy Law Divine!

Remember that His Sabbath day  
Thou sacred keep from servile toll;  
Pass not in sloth its hours away,  
Nor of true rest thy soul despoil.  
His altar in thy dwelling raise,  
Let home be happy in His fear;  
For He hath promised length of days  
To those their parents who revere.  
Have mercy on us, Lord! Incline  
Our hearts to keep Thy Law Divine!

Pursue no other to his death—  
No pleasure follow to thine own;  
Defraud not; nor with slanderous breath  
Breathe on thy neighbor's fair renown.  
Desire or covet no man's pelf,  
But rather of thine own impart;  
Love thou thy neighbor as thyself,  
And love thy God with all thy heart.  
Have mercy on us, Lord! Incline  
Our hearts to keep Thy Law Divine!

## MY AUNT SALLY.

BY KATE KENNARD.

My Aunt Sally was a belle and a beauty in her day—for know, fair maiden, that the terms are not synonymous. Many a beauty never was a belle, and there have been belles who were no beauties. But my Aunt Sally was both, and my happiest occupation in childhood was to rummage the top drawer of her old-fashioned bureau (where was deposited a vast collection of locketts, rings, fans, antiquated billets-doux, and other memorials of lovers and admirers, now passed away or changed into unromantic grandfathers or great uncles), while my Aunt Sally sat by my side and gave the history of each flirtation as it was recalled to her mind. But far more valuable, in a practical point of view, was the moral with which she would point each tale, and the shrewd lessons in feminine tactics which she drew from the stores of her experience.

"Depend upon it, my dear," said she, flirting in her still delicate hand a beautiful fan adorned with figures after Watteau, "depend upon it, my dear, there's no use in loving a man too much; it bewilders you, and is no *real* satisfaction to him; you lose your presence of mind, and cannot really judge what will please him: it's quite enough to have him comfortably in love with you. Now, this fan—it was given me by a young Frenchman, who came over with Count D'Estaing, that winter we were all shut up in Boston. I do believe he would have left his country and turned republican for my sake, all for the love of '*mes beaux yeux*;' but, child, do you think he would have offered to do such a thing if I had shown that I cared very much for him? Not he. Then it would have been quite enough for him to offer to take me off to France, to live in an old tumble-down chateau with his snuffy old father, the marquis, and his grand old mother, madame la marquise—and a pretty time I should have had of it, when the Revolution came. If I had got back to my own country at all, it would have been without my head, or, at least, with one fastened on with a broad black velvet ribbon, like the woman sitting under the guillotine, in the horrid German book you are so fond of reading. As it was, he only tore his hair, and gave me this beautiful fan when he left me; and how much better that was, for he soon got over it." "It don't hurt a man half so much as you young girls think, to be refused," she continued, taking up a queerly folded billet-doux, which commenced with "Most respected and admirable Miss Sally," and looked as though Sir Charles Grandison had written it for Miss Harriet Byron. "Now this note—it's very prettily worded—I don't think young men know how to write notes to young women nowadays,

they are so free and familiar; well, this note—it was from a Maryland planter, one of the Calverts, a *gentleman* indeed; you never see such young men now, so courtly and dignified; he never met me without bowing over my hand. He was the first man I ever refused; and do you know I was simple enough to cry all night about it? Of course I couldn't have him, for your grandfather, you know, was a Puritan, a Winslow, and would never hear of a daughter of his marrying a follower of 'the Scarlet Woman;' but I thought he would never get over it; he *said* he never would, and next month he was engaged to his cousin! I knew better, after that, what men meant by saying 'they'd never get over it.'" Here my aunt Sally unrolled a piece of silver paper, and drew from it a lock of beautiful chestnut hair. I knew its gloss directly; it was her own. She rolled it over her finger, and half sighed as she went on: "It's one thing to make a man fall in love with you, and another thing to *keep* him so. Any moderately pretty girl who has common sense can do the first, and many an ugly one too, if she has any kind of understanding of things; but most girls stop there, and let their lovers get into an everyday, matter-of-course way of loving. That's foolish: if a man isn't more in love with you at the end of the year than he was at the beginning, depend upon it you've made some mistake. It all depends on your not being too anxious about the matter yourself, for then you can be grave or gay, kind or cold, as you see best. I wonder what has become of the poor fellow who had this lock of hair! I let him keep it for a week. I suppose I ought not to have given it to him; but, dear me, I was always too good-natured, and it was the fashion just then to wear short curls. He came from the frontier—came in with the Continentals—such a noble-looking fellow, and so devoted—with such stories of forest life. I suppose he dreamed of taking me back to his cabin. It was well enough for him to dream, but we should have made each other very unhappy; so I took back my lock of hair, and he went to Ohio."

While my aunt Sally was, half sadly, calling to mind the young hunter and soldier of the Revolution, I had taken a silk bag from the back of the drawer, and was drawing from it a package of letters. She took them from my hand, and, as she put them back, looked me in the face; her lips quivered, and tears filled her fine eyes as she said—"After all, my dear niece, to a *true* woman's heart the happiness of loving is far greater than the vain pleasure of being loved."

## A CHAPTER ON PIGMENTS, PATCHES, MASKS, ETC

BY MRS. WHITE.

WE have reserved for the subject of this paper those artificial helps to beauty, to the use of which feminine vanity, and that still stronger feeling (to which it is the handmaid)—the wish to appear attractive in the eyes of man—have at all periods, and in all parts of the world, led. Unlike other superfluities, the offsprings of luxury and refinement, we find the aborigines of America and the Cape as fond of enhancing, after their fashion, their charms with charcoal and red earth, as French ladies of the last century were lavish of pearl-powder and rouge. The intention is the same, however the pigments of the artists may vary. Nor is the universality of the practice more curious than its antiquity. The prophet Jeremiah speaks of rending the eyes with paint; and the toilet of Jezebel, mentioned in the Second Book of Kings, differs little from that of a modern actress, who paints her face, and brightens and enlarges the appearance of her eyes, by an application nearly similar, except that the material is Indian ink, instead of the powder of lead or antimony, which ladies in the East still use for this purpose.

The semi-pagan writer Tertullian, attributes the discovery of rouge, and the black powder for the eyelashes, to the researches of the fallen angels, who out of their knowledge of the hidden things of earth, and their love for the daughters of men, drew from the inmost recesses of nature whatever could add to or embellish the beauty of their mortal favorites—an idea which gives an antediluvian antiquity to this part of our theme, and subjects the daughters-in-law of Noah to the imputation of bringing back to earth the meretricious arts of their forebearers. At any rate, the books of the Old Testament, to which we have alluded, prove that at a very primary period of written history women (if not men, which some authors incline to think) aided their complexions with fucus; and, like the Arabian dames of whom Russel speaks (Moore, by the way, has quoted him in verse)—

“Mixed the kohol’s jetty dye  
To give that long, dark languish to the eye.”

A practice which, from the proofs furnished us in the Egyptian gallery of the British Museum, appears to have been as popular with the beauties of Thebes and Memphis as with the stately daughters of the Twelve Tribes.

Shaw, in his travels, tells us that the mode of using the lead ore amongst Eastern ladies, is by dipping a wooden bodkin about the roundness of a

quill into the powder, and drawing it afterwards between the eyelashes over the ball of the eye—a process well expressed in the prophet’s phrase, “rending the eyes;” for this appears to be the ancient manner of using it, some of the vases and bottles which have contained *them*, as the Egyptians called the metallic color for the eyelids, having with them the pins, or styles, for laying on the pigment.

It was most probably from this people that those of ancient Greece and Rome borrowed their love of unguents and cosmetics, as well as their use of false hair and metal mirrors, and all the other artificial aids that luxury afterwards brought into vogue, as we find them on the buried toilets of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and which were as ordinary when Ovid wrote, as two hundred years after when Lucian described them.

From the Roman poet we learn that hair-dye was as much in demand in the city of the seven hills as in any modern metropolis we might mention; and that towers of false hair were worn by those to whom nature had been niggardly in this adornment, as well as false teeth, false eyebrows and eyelashes, and that pomatum, rouge, and *white point* were in constant requisition. This latter “Pharian varnish,” by the way, was procured from the entrails of crocodiles (numbers of which infested the island of Pharos, at the mouth of the Nile, from which its name was derived), and is said to have been excellent for taking off freckles and spots in the face, and for whitening the skin; but various herbal preparations were used for the same purpose.

Like the ancient Britons, who perhaps derived the taste from their conquerors, the Romans were great admirers of sunny or bright hair, the *flava coma*, which color they gave it artificially, as did the old inhabitants of our island, whose naturally fair locks were rendered brighter by the aid of a cosmetic.

Even in comparatively modern times, we find this admiration of golden hair existing; but the poetry of the phrase cannot conceal that the hue occasionally degenerated into the objectionable color, which Hentsner, with good hearty truthfulness, tells us Queen Elizabeth affected at sixty-seven. “She wore false red hair!” a fashion which doubtless other ladies of the time were fain to follow. At one period we read that fashion became so fanciful upon the matter, that the fair votaries who followed her wore their hair of different colors, alternated according to taste.

According to the chronologists, fans, muffs,

masks, and false hair, made their appearance in England almost simultaneously in 1572, having been imported from France, where they had found their way from Italy, under very questionable auspices. If this be correct, we may regard the "virgin queen" as the original patroness of the "invisible perukes," and "real heads of hair," which have never since fallen into desuetude, and according to the statements of their manufacturers, have just now attained to a perfection which in their modest phrase surpasses Nature herself. Powdering the hair is a comparatively recent innovation, and is said to have taken its rise from some of the ballad-singers at the fair of St. Germain, whitening their heads to make them look ridiculous.\* By what means it found its way from the fair-field to the court we know not; but that which began in buffoonery has since been made an appointment of the gravest offices, and though no longer tolerated by fashion, maintains its dignity as an appendage of the bishop's throne and the bar.

Twiss, who wrote his travels through Spain in 1773, remarks that the *Macaroni* ladies in Cadiz wore yellow powder in their hair, which to him was nauseous and disgusting. But he observes, with evident surprise at the omission, that though the habits of both sexes are entirely in the French fashion, they use neither paint nor patches. These last coquettish adjuncts, which in all probability first covered a blemish on the cheek or brow of beauty, appear to have come into request about the year 1672, when a book was published, entitled "New Instructions unto Youth for their Behavior, and also A Discourse against Powdering of Hair, Naked Breasts, Black Spots, and other unseemly customs." However Herbé, in his costumes, remarks that, in 1690, "*Les dames conservaient l'usage du fard, des mouches, et des masques.*" And Addison tells us that the French baby for 1712, exhibited by the milliners at the Seven Stars in King Street, Covent-Garden, and habited after the manner of the most eminent toasts in Paris, wore a small patch on her breast; and as we see in Hogarth's pictures, and the pages of the *Spectator*, even gentlemen resorted to the pretty affectation of wearing them. Sometimes they were placed upon the hand, to draw attention to its shape or whiteness; at others they served as notes of admiration to a dimple, or contrasted with the clear bright color of the cheek. At the court of Queen Anne, the fashion of wearing them appears to have reached its culminating point, but they lingered in the outskirts of fashion till within the child memory of our mothers.

Strutt tells us that the first mention he has found of the painting of the face in England, is in a very old manuscript of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Harleian library; but it would appear that

the exquisites of the opposite sex resorted to this effeminacy also; and during the regency of Katharine de Medici rouge was commonly worn by the gallants of the court. Even Henry the Third of France, at one time famous for his valor, fell into this unmanly delicacy; and while conspiracies were forming about him, felt only anxious to improve his complexion, for which purpose he covered his face at night with a cloth dipped in essences, though he painted over its effect in the day.

The editor of the "Court and Times of James the First," informs us that during this dissolute reign all the court ladies painted so exactly alike, that, with their hair frizzled and powdered, they could not be told one from another: and observes of the Countess of Bedford, who had returned to court (though in her sickness she in a manner vowed never to return there): "Marry, she is somewhat reformed in her attire, and forbears painting, which they say makes her look somewhat strangely among so many wizards, which, together with their frizzled, powdered hair, make them look all alike, so that you can scarcely know one from another at the first view."

Philtres were commonly sold by medical empirics in this reign (as they had been long before), for the improvement or restoration of beauty; and the old herbalists, from Dr. Turner downwards, abound with floral specifics for the purpose.

Cowslips, gathered with the dew on them, and made into an ointment, or used as a wash, were said to be of great effect, and not only restored beauty when lost, but took away wrinkles! White roses were also deemed effective as beautifiers; and lady lilies, which, as well as the young leaves and tendrils of the vine, are said to have been made use of by the Roman beauties in their baths.

The bath, by the way, has always been an indispensable adjunct of the toilet; but in an old MS. book of Prognostics, of the time of Richard II., ladies are advised, that "in the months of March and November they should not goe to the bathe for beautye." In the mean while, however, here is a recipe "to make a fayr face," by "putting together the milk of an ass and a black kow, poured on brimstone, of each a like quantity; then anoynte thy face, so thou shalt be fayr and white." Asses' milk appears to have been from a very early period considered of great effect as a cosmetic. Poppæa, the wife of Nero, who is said to have been the most delicate woman with regard to her person, kept for the supply of her bath a train of five hundred milch asses in constant attendance. It was this fastidious lady who first introduced the use of the mask (which had hitherto only been used for theatrical purposes), as a preservative of the complexion—a fashion which, like most Roman ones, probably had its type in the East; the Arabian women, according to Carrel, wearing black masks, with little clasps prettily ordered; a fashion that, judging from the tenacity with which Eastern nations cling to antique

custom even in their costumes, is not likely to have been a modern innovation.

Such were the masks that in this country, during the sixteenth, and till the commencement of the seventeenth century, it was the fashion for ladies to wear whenever they walked or rode abroad, or went to the play, or other public place of amusement—a fashion in the high tide of which the fair wearers were famed neither for their prudery nor prudence.

There must have been something amazingly piquant in the appearance of these silken visors, which in general covered only a part of the face, revealing a portion of the forehead, and reaching down to the bottom of the nose, so that the mouth and chin might be seen. This article appears to us to have been more coquettish than useful; it was not the true Poppæan instrument which the old Roman ladies wore over their faces in hot weather, to keep off the sun and wind, but a mischievous pretence, discovering more than it concealed, and enhancing by its pretty mystery the effect of whatever beauty lurked in red lips and rounded chin, or revealed itself in the brow.

In Shakespeare's time, this was not the only species in use; Autolycus, in the "Winter's Tale," in the list of his wares, sings of

"Masks for shoes, and for noses;"

a distinction which would lead us to suppose that the whole mask and the demi-visor were then equally in vogue.

In the reign of Charles I., this appendage was universally worn; and from the queen herself to the smallest *marchande de modes*, no aspirant to fashion appeared in public without it. Everywhere the mask—on the mall, in the mulberry gardens\* (the only place, as Evelyn tells us, for ladies of quality and their gallants to be exceedingly well cheated), at the play, the park, and the puppet show (for the Marionettes were even then in fashion)—everywhere the mask.

How curious a cavalcade does the following paragraph, a bit of court news in the days of the "nimble, quick, black-eyed, brown-haired," Henrietta Maria, as Dr. Mead calls the little French Queen of Charles I., how curious a cavalcade does it raise up in the imagination! "On Tuesday, the queen went by water to Blackwall, and then dined aboard the Earl of Warwick's fair ship called the Neptune; went thence by water to Greenwich; thence came on horseback to and through London; the Earl attending her Majesty to Somerset House, forty or fifty riding before bareheaded, save her four priests with black caps—herself and ladies in little black beaver hats, and masked, but her Majesty had a fair white feather in her hat!" This was in 1626; but

in 1712, and even later, the mask had not wholly disappeared.

Except in pictures, no remnant of this antique appendage to dress appears to have been discovered amongst the unburied homes of Pompeii and Herculaneum; its materials were too perishable; and while the cosmetics (which according to the belief of the fair artificers) assisted the beauty of the face it protected—the perfumed unguents, rouge, and other toilet furniture, survive—the mask itself has mouldered.

To us the few steps (if any) that modern art has taken in advance of the ancients in these particulars, is one of the fairest signs of actual refinement and civilization. After more than 1800 years, we find the dressing-room of a lady of ancient Magna Græcia, as rich in all the artificial necessities of the toilet as any Macaroni beauty's of the present time. The essence bottles, the vases of perfumes and oils, the pots for rouge and other paints, and vessels for collyriums of various kind, speak loudly for the Delcroixes and Atkinsons of that remote period, and prove that woman's vanity was at any rate as active a principle in the sex then as now.

Lucian, who lived in the reign of Trajan, has left his evidence, that the *lava-sealed* fate of these luxurious ladies by no means blunted the taste for endeavoring to improve natural beauty by art, but describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady of his period as furnished with all the adjuncts of a modern beauty's toilet, all the cosmetic array of powder, figments, lotions, &c. &c.† But we must not forget that most important appendage of the toilet, ancient and modern, and which at one period was absolutely a part of dress—the mirror.

Like the old Egyptians, both the Greeks and Romans made them of metal—small, and usually circular, with sometimes fancifully-shaped and elegantly-ornamented handles; a bronze one from Memphis, in the British Museum, has a handle in the shape of a lotus-sceptre, with the head of Athor, the Goddess of Beauty; and another equally appropriate, is formed in the shape of a tress of hair, with two hawks. Amongst the "Greek and Roman antiquities" in the same collection, we find one, the handle of which is formed by a Venus holding a dove!

Sometimes they were made of silver; and in a lane leading from the house of Sallust, in Pompeii, in which the skeleton of a lady, with those of three (supposed) attendants, were discovered, a silver mirror, such as the Roman and Grecian ladies always carried about them, was found near her.

Women in the East, we read, are never without them; and Shaw tells us, that in Barbary a looking-

\* The mulberry gardens occupied the present site of Buckingham Palace.

† Amongst the glass vessels found at Pompeii was one containing rouge similar to that worn at present.—*Mrs. Starke*.



glass is so favorite an appendage, that the feminine part of the inhabitants hang them at their breasts, and will not go without them, even when, after the drudgery of the day, they are obliged to go two or three miles with a pitcher or a goatskin to fetch water.

In other parts of Asia the ladies wear little mirrors on their thumbs; and those of the Harem not unusually have them set in the centre of their feather fans. In Spain, and anciently in England also, they might occasionally be seen flashing on the *panache*, or exterior ray of this instrument when folded.

In the days of Henry VIII., when the palace mirrors at Hampton Court were, as Strutt tells us, of steel, looking-glasses being very few, and very small, were then only used by ladies who kept them in cases, and being for the most part portable, car-

ried them in their pockets, or locked them up with other trinkets; so that even in this particular the analogy between the customs of the toilet in classic regions and times, and in the semi-barbaric ones of our own country, is more complete than on a cursory glance one would imagine.

Patches no longer point the eye to a dimple, nor masks affect modesty while provoking inquisitiveness; and though hair-dye and rouge, pearl powder and lotions, still figure on the catalogues of the perfumers, bearing evidence that somewhere they are in demand, few of the consumers but have the grace to keep their obligations to such aids as quiet as possible—a very decided proof, that as refinement progresses we grow ashamed of such empiricism, and that woman is daily learning to trust to higher charms than mere physical beauty to make her a helpmate for man.

## ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

"It appears to be a law of our nature, that recreation and amusement are as necessary to the mind as exercise is to the body."—CHAMBERS.

### MARY HOWITT.

THERE are some things," says a periodical critic, "which women do better than men; and of these, perhaps, novel-writing is one. Naturally endowed with greater delicacy of taste and feeling, with a moral sense not blunted and debased by those contaminations to which men are exposed, leading lives rather of observation than of action; with leisure to attend to the minutiae of conduct, and more subtle developments of character, they are peculiarly qualified for the task of exhibiting faithfully and pleasingly the various phases of domestic life, and those varieties which checker the surface of society. Women are less stilted in their style; they are more content to describe naturally what they have observed, without attempting the introduction of those extraneous ornaments which are sometimes sought at the expense of truth. They are less ambitious, and are, therefore, more just; they are far more exempt from that prevailing literary vice of the present day, exaggeration, and have not taken their stand among the feverish followers of what may be called the *intense* style of writing: a style much praised by those who inquire only if a work is calculated to make a strong impression, and omit entirely the more important question, whether that impression be founded on truth or on delusion.

To the dreamy rhapsodies and heated exhibition of stormy passions in which such writers indulge, Mary Howitt's works of fiction offer a very striking contrast; their perfectly truthful spirit finds a way at once to the heart, and succeeds in engaging our interest and in making us in love with human na-

ture in situations and under circumstances rarely penetrated so successfully by the light of imagination, and consequently the character, incident, dialogue have made her tales as popular as they are instructive.

As a writer for the young, Mary Howitt has been long eminently successful, and it is no mean subject of congratulation to us to know that she is decidedly not of the class of individuals who have taken to write children's books simply because they found themselves incapable of writing any other, and who yet consider their *childish* books, which require no mind at all, to be of the same importance as children's books, which exercise powers of mind of no common class. To distinguish the difference between the two classes, and to find the eminent success of the latter in their combined object of instruction and amusement, we need go no further than to the juvenile readers themselves. With them, books written by those possessed of a great share of natural talent are invariably found to be most popular; and as an evidence of this truth we may remark that we have frequently been struck, when in the nursery, at seeing the well-thumbed tales and poems of Mary Howitt, and the delight with which its occupants dwelt upon and committed to memory the stores provided for their entertainment, even when they reached to the length of *Madam Fortescue* and her cat, that captivating tale of domestic treachery and sorrow. We cannot but feel assured that such poems for children come from a heart overflowing with love and interest for them and for their pursuits, and that she truly and sincerely utters her pretty lines—



Blessings on them! they in me  
Move a kind of sympathy,  
With their wishes, hopes, and fears,  
With their laughter and their tears—  
With their wonder so intense,  
And their small experience!"

To a mind like hers the success of her laudable efforts for the young must be the best reward: still, others remain in store, and amongst them the gratitude of parents, and of all lovers and instructors of youth. The "Quarterly Review" offers on this point some clever remarks, from which we extract the following passage for the benefit of our readers, and because it so well coincides with our own opinions on a subject of such importance as the early culture of the human mind.

"Juvenile books are as necessary to children as juvenile companionship, though nothing can be worse than for them to be restricted exclusively to either. Doubtless, the imaginary exemption from the rules and ceremonials of general literature which little books as well as little folks enjoy, has fostered a host of works, from the simply unprofitable to the directly pernicious, which would otherwise not have seen the light. But neither this nor any other consideration should forbid the cultivation of a branch of literature which, properly understood, gives exercise to the highest powers, both of head and heart, or make us ungrateful to those writers by whom great powers have been so devoted. For children are not their only debtors; nor is the delight with which we take up one of the companions of our childhood entirely attributable to associations of days gone by, nor the assiduity with which we devour a new-comer solely ascribable to parental watchfulness; but it is with these as with some game which we join at first merely to try whether we can play as we once did, or with the view of keeping our little playmates out of mischief, but which we end by liking for its own sake, though we do not always say so.

We are happy to know that many of the exquisitely expressed emotions of parental tenderness which pervade the writings of Mary Howitt are drawn from her own domestic life, and that, in devoting her time and talents to the benefit of children, she has the blessing of being enabled to call some of these home treasures her own. One of her most attractive tales, "The Children's Year," was, in fact, written from closely observing and noting during a whole year the words and actions of two of her children, a boy and a girl, severally aged seven and five years and a half. A companion to this volume, "Our Cousins in Ohio," sets forth the doings of two English children, and is an artless journal of the duties and enjoyments attending a recently emigrated family; and this, with other works, is embellished with illustrations on steel, by Anna Mary Howitt, the talented daughter of talented parents.

Mary Howitt has always been distinguished for her happy imitation of the ancient ballad compositions; and their simplicity, earnestness, fancy, and womanly tenderness, have given them a permanent place in the poetry of England. "It is," as she remarks in the preface to her ballads and other poems, "perhaps, needless to say that I have been all my life a passionate admirer of ballad poetry. Brought up as a child in a picturesque, old-fashioned part of England, remote from books and from the world, and under circumstances of almost conventional seclusion, the echoes of this old traditional literature found their way to my ear and my heart. Few books, except those of a religious and somewhat mystical character, reached me; but an old domestic, with every requisite for a German *Märchen Frau*, who had a memory stored with ballads, old songs, and legends, inflamed my youthful imagination by her wild chants and recitations, and caused it to take very early flights into the regions of romance. When I married, under circumstances the most favorable for a young poetical spirit, the world of literature was at once opened before me; and, to mark the still prevailing character of my taste, I may say that the first book I read when I had my free choice in a large library, was 'Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry,' of which I had heard, but till then had never seen. The first fifteen years of my life were devoted to poetry. My husband and I published two joint volumes of poems within the first few years of our marriage, and then, giving freer vent to my own peculiar fancies, I again took to writing ballads, which were published in various periodicals of the day; and the favorable reception they met with gave me the utmost encouragement. The happiest period of my life, however, was, when gladdened by the praise of the public, and encouraged by my husband, on whose taste and judgment I had the greatest dependence, I resolved to put forth my whole strength into one effort, which should afford me free scope for working out character, and for dramatic effect, at which I had always aimed, even in the simplest ballad. My hopes were high, and I thought to achieve a name among the poets of my country. I accordingly wrote 'Seven Temptations,' a poem faulty in many respects, and different to what I would now do, but with which at that time I spared no pains. Authors will, therefore, understand my feelings, when I say that the first review I read of this work was so unfavorable, and that without giving a single quotation in proof of its opinion, that I was cut to the heart. I never experienced a sensation like that before, and I pray that I never may again. The book, however, had its share of praise, and made me many dear and valuable friends. But from that day I tremble at the name of critic, and feel a peculiar sensation of heart when public judgment is about to be passed upon me. I have somewhat of this feeling at this moment, because, although the critics have praised

my ballads, and many of them have called upon me to give them to the public in a collected form, still, I myself am not precisely the same person that I was ten or fifteen years ago, when the greater number were written. Life teaches many lessons in that time; the tastes and the feelings become matured, or perhaps greatly changed; and I also now require in poetry, to say nothing of its subject, a degree of polish and finish which, in my younger years, I cared little about. My next volume of poetry must be different in many respects from anything which I have yet done, though it must still retain that love of Christ, of the poor, and of little children, which always was and will be a ruling sentiment of my soul."

Undeterred by the unwarranted rebuff which this unscrupulous criticism gave to the production of Mary Howitt's poetical genius, she persevered in her intellectual efforts, and numerous have been the works of amusement and utility, both in poetry and prose, which have been thus added to our literary stores. To her knowledge of the German, Danish, and Swedish languages, we owe the acquisition of many "pearls of price," amongst them the *Improvisatore* of Hans Andersen. We are told that the modern Danish and Swedish are so much like English that some sentences of those languages, as uttered by a Dane or Swede, would be intelligible to an Englishman who might not have learnt them; but no language so closely resembles another, either in vocabulary or in construction, as not to require considerable skill and judgment in rendering the sense as the author intended it should be taken, without any appearance of constraint, any leaning to that patchwork style arising out of the use of

words unfamiliar in their own language, which force on the mind the fact that it is a translation we are reading. Such skill and such judgment are shown in all Mary Howitt's translations. They speak no "broken English." We feel that we are introduced to the real thoughts and sentiments of the writers as they themselves would have spoken them. We read the English book as an original, and thus pay the highest compliment to its translator.

This diffusion of foreign literature by means of English translations, which are daily increasing in number, has had the effect eloquently attributed by Canning to steam power, that of "creeping unexpected neighborhoods, and new combinations, of social relation. Foreign languages are no longer a bar to our knowledge of foreign works. The patience of the translator, like the magician's spell, flings wide the pages hitherto sealed from our eyes; interpreters have risen up between us and our fellow-workmen in the world's great Tower of Babel." And to none of them do we owe a larger debt of gratitude than to Mary Howitt, for her interpretation of works composed in the language in which Hamlet spoke and thought, "that melancholy Prince of Denmark, whose doubtful existence Shakspeare's glorious dream has taught us to look upon as a familiar reality." The study of this language has probably inspired a work, in which the literature and romance of Northern Europe are most ably treated and described. It is the joint production of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt; has just appeared; and we can confidently recommend it to the notice of our readers as one in which they will not fail to find the profit, interest, and amusement which may always be gathered from works bearing the name of Howitt.

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## NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.

BY WILLIAM E. SCREVEN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIANITY, AND ITS RELATIONS TO POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY."

How often is history read in a superficial and faithless spirit. The mere facts are marked upon the memory, as though written with a pen on senseless paper. The significant soul of the solemn and eventful Past enters not into the heart which has been deadened by the sceptical maxims of the Present.

Let us, in considering the touching episode of Nebuchadnezzar's Dream, escape for a brief space from the modern atmosphere of mockery and unbelief; that unbelief of the heart which often prevents us from realizing the impressive events of the miraculous epoch, even when we have given our intellectual assent to the certainty of their past occurrence.

And first let us remember, as a matter of indubitable truth, that there was once a miraculous epoch

in the history of our world; a time when God did veritably make himself manifest by signs and wonders, by dreams and miracles. It was an awful period; for how can imperfect man endure, without horror-struck emotions, a direct communication from his almighty and eternal Creator! That wonderful dispensation has passed away: we live under one of mercy and compassion, in which God, "remembering that we are dust, and pitying our infirmities," has veiled himself in the flesh, manifesting himself to us only through our gracious Mediator. But let us not forget, in the clearness and peace of this "later day," that there was once, in very truth, a miraculous and chaotic stage in the history of mankind, and let us receive the fragmentary relics of that portentous time with childlike simplicity of faith. Let us listen to the "low sad music of humanity" which comes

to us so solemnly out of the night of remote ages, and "be not faithless, but believing."

Nebuchadnezzar, king of Assyria, by his valor and enlarged policy, had extended the already vast kingdom inherited from his illustrious ancestors, into an empire whose boundless extent, in the expressive language of Scripture, embraced "all nations and all tongues." Among the latest of his conquests he had subdued Jerusalem, the Holy City; being the unconscious instrument, in the hands of God, of the fulfilment of the prophecy, made by the inspired Jeremiah, of the seventy years' captivity of the Jews. The king's heart had become enlarged: he viewed the wide extent of his empire; the effulgent glory of Babylon, his splendid capital, and the recent reduction of Jerusalem, the far-famed city of the Unknown God, with boundless pride. He had ordered that certain of the ill-fated children of Israel should be reared to become his astrologers and wise men, and the order of the king in those wild days was as the voice of fate. Among others of God's chosen people, Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were selected for this purpose, from the tribe of Judah.

A dream which had visited the king, and which Daniel alone of all the wise men could interpret, had set him up as second in Assyria only to the king himself. The wondrous miracle of the fiery furnace had established Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego at the head of the provinces. But, unhappily for Nebuchadnezzar, while acknowledging the inspired wisdom of Daniel, and convinced that his Jewish companions had been rescued from the fiery furnace only by the hand of the God of Israel, his heart was not subdued to the sovereign authority of the Supreme and Holy One. He still regarded himself, with oriental arrogance, as the King of kings and the Lord of lords. If he had recognized the supremacy of God, it was only in a moment of panic and awe: as soon as these transient emotions ceased, his heart was surrendered to its customary atmosphere of adulation and self-glory.

Nebuchadnezzar was not an ordinary man, and still less an ordinary prince. The selection of "certain of the children of Israel," "understanding science," to become his advisers; the unvarying favor with which he regarded Daniel, even when telling the most unpleasant truths, and the instant readiness of his acknowledgment of God's almighty hand in the miracle of the furnace, exhibit a sagacity and loftiness of mind altogether remarkable in the annals of paganism. Heaven had marked him out to be at once a monument of its miraculous power and boundless grace. He was about to pass through an ordeal, strange and wild beyond description, but of which he had not previously the faintest conception.

The king "saw a dream which made him afraid, and troubled him." He beheld, in the visions of the night, a tree, which was flourishing, and very luxuriant. While he gazed, "a watcher from hea-

ven" descended, and commanded that it should be hewn down. Nevertheless, the stump, and the vital roots, should be left, to the intent that, when "seven times" had passed over it, it should again grow and be strong.

The Chaldeans and magicians being called in, failed to interpret the dream. Finally, Daniel was consulted, who, being "astonished for one hour" by the overwhelming destiny of the unhappy monarch, declared that his empire should be taken from him, and that he should become as a beast of the field for seven years: that at the end of the appointed time his understanding and his sceptre should be restored to him, and he should then know that the God of Israel is the creator of man, and the ruler of kings.

Nebuchadnezzar was oppressed by strange and solemn thoughts. For many days, even in the midst of his splendid court, surrounded by all the pomp and adulation of that barbaric age, his visage wore a subdued and troubled expression. But, week after week, month after month, rolled away, and he still sat, undisturbed, on the magnificent throne of Babylon, worshipped as an idol, almost as a god, while nothing as yet indicated the fulfilment of Daniel's appalling prophecy.

As time thus passed, the king's heart waxed stronger and stronger, until, in the stoutness of his self-content, he felt that his empire was immovable, and that he was independent even of heaven itself.

"At the end of twelve months he walked in the palace of the kingdom of Babylon. The king spake and said, Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?"

"While the word was in the king's mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, O King Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken; the kingdom is departed from thee."

The king had risen from his couch fresh and radiant in the glory of his beauty and his might. It was as he passed, in the brightness of early morn, to his council-chamber, where his lords awaited him, that he had uttered the impious boast which called down the long-threatened vengeance of heaven. A change, loathsome and frightful beyond conception, came over the mighty monarch: his countenance ceased to be human: ferocity, mingled with vacant imbecility, usurped the place of intelligence: he fell prone upon his hands, and grovelled at the feet of his attendants. The counsellors assembled in an adjoining apartment were instantly summoned, and, crowding into the gallery, surrounded in speechless amazement the abject and shocking figure of the once regal Nebuchadnezzar. The recollection of the hitherto despised but now fulfilled prophecy of Daniel rushed across their minds, and their anointed king was borne away by their own hands to the gates of the city, and thrust forth to herd with the beasts of the field.

At the time of Nebuchadnezzar's debasement, Daniel occupied a position in the Assyrian government, as was before remarked, second only to that of royalty. To this post he had been raised by the king's edict, in consequence of his unerring interpretation of the monarch's frequent dreams, and doubtless also on account of the stern and unbending integrity of his character. His companions, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, it will be remembered, were at the same time filling the highest posts in the provincial departments. It was doubtless owing to this remarkable condition of the Assyrian government that Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom was preserved to him until his restoration to reason; otherwise, it were impossible to explain so singular a fact, when the cruel and unscrupulous ambition of those barbarous days is considered. The inference, however, is easy from the simple recital of facts in the Sacred Volume, that Daniel, from his supreme authority in the absence of the king, was enabled to preserve his empire for him in all its integrity during the awful interregnum. In this he was assisted by his Hebrew brethren, who, together with himself, were induced to make every necessary effort to that end, from their firm conviction, that the entire prophecy would be fulfilled, and the king restored, eventually, both to his reason and his empire. They therefore administered the Assyrian government, for seven years, with that wisdom and unblemished virtue for which they had become so renowned throughout the entire realm.

For years, the once princely Nebuchadnezzar had herded with the beasts of the field. With them he came forth at early dawn to the fat meadows of the Euphrates: with them he grazed the luxuriant grass, and with them retired to the fold at "dewy eve," or sought repose under the shelter of some neighboring copse. The change which had passed over him so suddenly in his palace had gradually increased: his entire aspect was transformed. His hair had grown like "eagles' feathers," and his nails like "birds' claws;" intelligence had retrograded into instinct, and as he grovelled in the muddy pools, or cropped the green herbage, there was no thought but for the present want, or the present enjoyment. His face had assumed the dull and staring fixedness of the "beast that perishes," and, even as he moved, the position of man was exchanged for that of the quadruped.

Behold him, as he feeds with the oxen, among the sedges, by the river's brink. The intense stillness of noon has hushed every sound, except the rippling of the sluggish stream, and the distinct cropping of the grass, at regular intervals, by the herd at their mid-day meal. A loud plash of the water breaks the silence. Some large fish has risen to the surface, and exultingly returned to his native depths, after waking the echoes for many a rood. The herd raise their heads in listening wonder: the cropping of the grass has given way to mute ex-

pectation. Among the dumb and intent faces, behold the once majestic countenance of Nebuchadnezzar, lifted above the sedges, full of vacant surprise and apprehension. His matted hair falls like a mass of coarse feathers over his broad and naked shoulders; his eyes gleam with intense fire, yet are inexpressive of the least spark of human intelligence, while his mouth closes upon the unchewed herbage just browsed from the meadow. Instinct suggests that there is nothing to fear, and he and his brute companions move leisurely on, as they feed through their accustomed range.

Strange, wonderful spectacle! but as true and certain once, as that God liveth always.

"Seven times" had passed over him: God had completed his terrible but gracious work: the king's heart was subdued: pride had taken its everlasting flight: meekness and love were enshrined forever in all its high places.

"And at the end of the days, I, Nebuchadnezzar, lifted up mine eyes unto Heaven, and mine understanding returned unto me, and I blessed the Most High, and I praised and honored Him that liveth forever, whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and His kingdom is from generation to generation:

"And all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing: and he doeth according to His will in the army of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?

"At the same time my reason returned unto me: and for the glory of my kingdom, mine honor and brightness returned unto me; and my counsellors and my lords sought unto me: and I was established in my kingdom, and excellent majesty was added unto me.

"Now, I, Nebuchadnezzar, praise, and extol, and honor the King of Heaven, all whose works are truth, and His ways judgment; and those that walk in pride He is able to abase."

## MY SISTER.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

In the springtime of her being,  
When her laugh was free and light,  
Was she called to leave this prison,  
And to wing her upward flight—  
When her heart knew naught of sorrow,  
And her soul was free from sin,  
Was she in her beauty gathered  
Underneath Jehovah's wing.

Off I think I see her standing,  
Clad in robes of spotless white,  
And a band of angels round her,  
With their crowns of glory bright  
Now I think I hear them singing—  
Singing songs of joy above—  
Ever round that happy throne  
Of our Saviour's endless love.

## COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE TOILET IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

IN Dr. Clarke's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Israelites," he says, that "the shape of their dress cannot be exactly known. There is every reason to suppose that it was similar to that of the ancient Egyptians, which consisted of a *tunic*,



a *palium* or cloak, and a girdle." All ancient nations seem to have had the same costume, formed of long garments, without much shape or ornament; and, as these were all much alike, they descended from father to son for many generations. The colors most valued among the ancients appear to have been purple, red, and violet; but white was the most used by the Israelites. Young people wore variegated clothes, like the coat of Joseph (Gen. xxxvii. 23). "And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph of his coat, his coat of many colors, that was on him."

Their garments, however, were richly ornamented with fringes, borders of color or embroidery, and jewels; and they were ordered to put borders on their robes, to remind them continually of the law of God. On their heads they wore a sort of tiara, like that of the Persians; for, among this people, to be bare-headed was a sign of mourning. Their hair was long, for shaving the head marked sorrow and affliction.

In the Scriptures, in various parts, we find descriptions of the manner in which the Jewish women attired themselves. We read in Ezekiel of the fine stuffs of different colors, a silken girdle, purple shoes, bracelets, a necklace, ear-rings, and a crown

or mitre; and in Isaiah iii. 18, &c., we have a long account of their costume in all its varieties, when the prophet reproaches the daughters of Sion for their vanity and corruption; and truly, at that time, the love of dress and ornament must have been very prevalent, as we find by the numerous accessories to their toilet enumerated by the prophet.

The dress of the Jewish women was splendid with gold and embroidery. The Queen of Judea was arrayed in a garment of wrought gold. "Thus," observes Fuller, "such gallantry was fashionable amongst the Jews long before any thereof was used in the western parts, or Rome itself; indeed, a mantle of cloth of gold we find mentioned by Pliny as a great novelty, though such a one had been worn by the Jewish queens a thousand years before."

Their trowsers and tunics were made of fine linen, and rich silks embroidered in gold and jewels; they wore also a veil, which fell over the whole person down to the feet. The anklets of gold or silver, often alluded to in Scripture, were very heavy, and made a ringing sound as the wearer walked. The pride and pleasure that the Jewish ladies took in making a tinkling with these ornaments are severely reproved by the prophet Isaiah. It is supposed that the *caul* alluded to by the prophet was intended to describe the peculiar manner of dressing the hair. It was at that time divided into tresses plaited with silk threads, gold ornaments, and golden coins.

Besides the anklets, the Jewish women wore ear-rings, nose-jewels, chains of silver and gold, and bracelets. The ear-rings probably contained a verse from the Scriptures, to serve as an amulet or charm, in which most Orientals place much faith, as they believe these amulets have power to avert evils and obtain blessings. They also wore from the waist boxes or bottles containing rich perfume; these they fastened to a chain and hung to their girdles. The Jewish women are still very fond of jewels and ornaments of every kind, and, wherever they dwell, are usually as much celebrated for the costliness and splendor of their dress as for their great beauty.

We must give the description of a court-dress, which is exactly according to the Jewish fashion, and is borrowed from the "Tale of Zillah," which, though a novel, abounds in interesting and faithful records of the manners, costumes, fashions, and many other details of the Holy City.

"She accordingly wore the parti-colored robe, which she had herself embroidered with flowers and gold thread, and of which the sleeves were of the

richest gauze, decorated with ribbons and facings, curiously sewed together. These were blue, which, being a celestial color, was in high favor, and much used for cuffs and trimmings; though it was not deemed decorous to have the whole apparel of this hue, since none more was used about the curtains and veils of the tabernacle. Her under-garment, of fine linen, reaching to the ankles, and bordered also with blue, had been decorated by her own skilful needle with clouded colors, which bore the name of feather-work. Across her bosom was a pectoral of byssus, a sort of silk of a golden yellow, formed from the tuft that grows on a large shell-fish of the mussel species, found on the coasts of the Mediterranean, for the great men of the earth had not then begun to rob the silkworm of its covering. Her sandals were of badger-skin leather, secured with golden clasps. Her head-dress was of simple, and, according to modern notions, of not very becoming form; for her black and luxuriant locks, being drawn behind the head, were divided into several tresses, their beauty consisting in their length and thickness, and the extremity of each being adorned with pearls and jewels, or ornaments of silver and gold, of which latter metal she also wore narrow, plain cirolels around her wrists and ankles."

In a work published in 1819, called "Letters from Palestine," we read: "The female costume of Palestine is not particularly graceful. The outward robe consists of a loose gown, the skirts of which appear as if hanging from the shoulder-blades; the arms, wrists, and ankles are bound with broad metal rings, and the waist is encircled by a belt, profusely studded with some shining substance, intended, probably, to resemble precious stones. The crown of the head is covered with a compact sort of network, interwrought with plates of gold and silver, so arranged as to conceal a part only of the hair, which flows in profuse ringlets over the neck and shoulders; yet even this natural ornament is much injured by a custom very prevalent, of interweaving the extremities with silk ribbons, that descend in twisted folds to the feet. The supplemental tresses would inevitably trail on the ground, were it not for the high clogs, or rather stilts, on which women of condition are always raised when they appear in public; many of these are of an extravagant altitude, and, if the decorations of the head were of correspondent dimensions, a lady's face would seem as if fixed in the centre of her figure. The impression made on a stranger by such an equipage is certainly very ludicrous. There is, indeed, a whimsical fantasy here, almost universal in its application, which seems utterly irreconcilable with all ideas of female delicacy. Not only are the cheeks plastered with vermillion, the teeth discolored, and the eyebrows dyed, but the lips and chin are tinged with a dark indelible composition, as if the fair proprietors were ambitious of the ornament of a beard."

The *katic* forms the principal garment of the modern inhabitants of Palestine. It is of different sizes and degrees of fineness, usually six yards long, and five or six yards broad, serving frequently for a garment by day, and a bed and covering by night. It is very troublesome to manage, often falling upon the ground; so that the person who wears it is every moment obliged to tuck it up, and fold it anew about the body.



Jewish females in the East do not wear stockings, and generally use slippers of a red color, embroidered in gold. They are very much addicted to the use of ornaments. From the lower part of the ears they suspend large gold ear-rings, and three small ones, set with pearls, on the upper part. They load their necks with beads, and their fingers with rings: their wrists and ankles also are adorned with bracelets and anklets of solid silver, and long gold chains hang from their girdles.

"The dress of the Arabs in Syria," says Dr. Clarke, "is simple and uniform. It consists of a blue shirt, descending below the knees, the legs and feet being exposed, or the latter sometimes covered with the ancient *cothurnus* or buskins."

Near Jerusalem the ancient sandal is frequently met with, exactly as it is seen on Grecian statues.

"A cloak," continues Dr. Clarke, "is worn, of very coarse and heavy camel's-hair cloth, almost universally decorated with broad black and white stripes, passing vertically down the back. This is of one square piece, with holes for the arms." In this we probably behold the form and material of our Saviour's garment, for which the soldiers cast lots, being without seam, woven from the top throughout. It was the most ancient dress of the inhabitants of this country.

The women of Syria do not veil their faces so closely as those of Palestine. They wear robes with

very long sleeves, hanging quite to the ground; this garment is frequently striped in gaudy colors.



The Druses, who inhabit part of Syria, wear a coarse woollen cloak, with white stripes, thrown over a waistcoat and breeches of the same stuff, tied round the waist by a sash. They cover the head with a turban, which is flat at the top, and swells out at the sides.

The women wear a coarse blue jacket and petticoat, but no stockings. Their hair is plaited, and hangs down in tails behind. They wear a singular shaped head-dress, called a *tantoor*. Page, in his "Travels," speaks of it as a silver cone, and says it is evidently the same as Judith's mitre. Dr. Hogg thus describes one: "In length it was, perhaps,



something more than a foot, but in shape had little resemblance to a horn, being a mere hollow tube, increasing in size from the diameter of an inch and a half at one extremity to three inches at the other, where it terminated like the mouth of a trumpet." This strange ornament, placed on a cushion, is

securely fixed to the upper part of the forehead by two silk cords, which, after surrounding the head, hang behind nearly to the ground, terminating in large tassels. The material of which it is made is silver, rudely embossed with flowers, stars, and other devices, and the tassels are often capped with silver. The *tantoor* of an unmarried female is generally made of stiff paper, or some similar material. On being married, it is the custom for the bridegroom to present his bride with one of silver, or silver tinsel. A veil is thrown over the smaller extremity of this head-dress, which descends nearly to the feet, and is drawn over the face when the wearer quits the seclusion of her home.

Tyre, once the "Queen of Nations," was formerly celebrated for the renowned purple dye, which is often mentioned by ancient writers, particularly by Homer and Virgil, who generally arrayed their heroes in vests and tunics of Tyrian purple, sometimes plain, at others ornamented. We read in the "*Æneid*" of

"The vests embroidered of the Tyrian dye;"

and, in another part—

"Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,  
Of purple woven, and with gold embossed,  
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,  
Which with her hand Sidonian Dido wrought."

This queen, so celebrated in olden time for being the supposed foundatress of the renowned city of Carthage, appears to have possessed the talents of her countrywomen in the use of the needle: for Virgil often alludes to her skill; and probably the scarf she presented to Æneas was the work of her own fair fingers. Her dress is thus described:—

"The queen at length appears; on either hand  
The brawny guards in martial order stand.  
A flowered cymarr, with golden fringe, she wore;  
And at her back a golden quiver bore:  
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains;  
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains."

## SONNET.—GENIUS.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

SUMMERS is thy capacity of thought,  
All-glorious Genius! smit with wondrous love  
Of true and beautiful around, above;  
Through earth, through ether hast thou ever sough  
To penetrate; thy earnest wish to grasp  
The comprehensive laws, which firmly bind  
The universe of things, with mystic mind  
In close relationship. Seek'st thou to clasp  
Finite and infinite within thy arms.  
Decisive, independent, daring, bold,  
Nor fear nor danger hath thy course controlled;  
But onward soaring, scorning all alarms;  
The Present, Future, and the mighty Past—  
One boundless theatre is thine at last.

## THE DEAF BEAUTY

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

MARIANNE WILLIS, when beheld in an attitude of meditation, was as beautiful a human being as imagination ever drew. Brow, cheek, lips, just such as a young poet would delight to describe, and burn to kiss; and her eyelash, with its long, dark fringe, shaded an eye that merited a whole Petrarch sonnet; and then her graceful form, rounded arm, and delicate hand, each deserved its eulogium. But a beauty who cannot speak, is no more to our intellectual beaux than a statue. And yet, where is the great advantage in having the faculty of speech, if it be only employed in lisping nonsense? Perhaps the subject has never been considered. I wish it might be proposed for a *theme*, at some of our colleges; it would doubtless elicit as many new ideas from the young students, as a "dissertation on the comparative advantages of Greek and Roman literature."

Marianne Willis was called the "deaf beauty," and she was the only beauty I ever knew who always turned a deaf ear to her own praises. Yet she was not insensible to the admiration she raised; the ardent, admiring gaze of those who, for the first time especially, beheld her, always called a deeper glow on her cheek, and she would cast down her bright eyes, and turn away, exhibiting that modesty of feeling which is so truly indicative of the purity of the female heart.

A person born blind raises, in the beholder, few emotions save pity. We feel, at a glance, the helplessness and hopelessness of the case. It is otherwise when we see those who are deaf. There is usually more animation—*eagerness*, perhaps, would better express what is meant—in the countenance of such an one, than in that of a person who can speak. There is, too, a hilarity in the smile of the deaf that seems to ask amusement, not sympathy. And then the oddity of their gestures, the quickness of their motions, the restlessness of their glances, are apt to inspire a corresponding vivacity in the mind of the beholder. In short, we feel that the spirit of the deaf one is awake, and can hold converse with ours, and thus it is much less painful to contemplate a deaf than a blind person.

But it was always a positive pleasure to look on Marianne, or rather to have her look on you; she was so lovely, and her features always so lighted up with mirth—it was not till she turned away, and you lost the inspiration of her soul-beaming smile, that the idea of the darkness in which that soul must be shrouded came over yours. The melancholy truth then fell so sorrowfully, that tears, even

from firm men, were often the tribute of grief for her misfortune. Tears—one glance from her laughing eyes in a moment dispelled them. She was as happy as she seemed, as happy as she was innocent: she had never known a single sorrow or privation. She had been tended and watched over from the hour of her birth, by the untiring, vigilant, and affectionate care of parents who loved her a thousand times better for the misfortune that made their watchfulness so necessary. They had taught her everything she could be made to comprehend concerning her duties, and scrupulously did she perform them; especially in adhering to *truth*, she was so strict that never, even in her gayest moments, did a sign or gesture, intended to deceive, escape her.

This charming creature, much more deserving the epithet *angelic* than the fine and fashionable belles to whom it is so often applied, lived in the retirement, then almost solitude, of one of the western counties in the State of New York. Till she was eighteen, she had never been out of sight of the house in which she was born. About that time, Marianne, to the oft-repeated and urgent request of her aunt, was permitted to visit her, and spend a few weeks in Albany. Her beauty, and the *aisé* of her air, were so exquisite, that Mrs. Drew, in the pride of her heart, could not resist the temptation of introducing the sweet girl to society, and accompanying her to places of amusement, although Mrs. Drew had promised she would do neither. Mrs. Willis had enjoined it on her sister not to indulge Marianne in pleasures, which, as she did not know existed, she did not require to make her happy: but, should she once taste them, the remembrance might give her a disrelish for those simple enjoyments that had hitherto made her bliss.

Perhaps it will be thought her parents did wrong to allow her to go to Albany, and visit in the family of a fashionable lady. They always blamed themselves. And yet, why should they? When people act from a sincere motive of doing what, on the whole, they deem right and expedient, and calculated to give happiness to others or themselves, should a disappointment of these expectations involve self-reproach? I think not. We may regret misfortune—we should feel remorse only for guilt.

Mrs. Drew should have felt remorse, for she was guilty of violating her word; but she always excused herself from all blame, saying, "Who would have thought just going to half a dozen parties, and a few balls, and once or twice to the theatre, could have been productive of evil consequences?"



At the theatre, Marianne attracted the notice of Captain Hall, a young naval officer, who was on a visit to some friends in Albany. He was astonished, almost annihilated, by the charms of the deaf girl, and determined to see her again. He was a gay and thoughtless man, but generous as well as warm-hearted; and the pity he felt for the misfortune of the fair girl whom he was pleased to style "divine," augmented his passion. Yet he never dreamed of marrying her—that was entirely out of the question; still he wanted to look upon her, to talk about her, and to engross, if possible, her attention. He was not acquainted with Mrs. Drew; but, as his relations were among the honorables of the city, an introduction to her was very easy. She was quite as much flattered by the bow and compliment he made her on his first visit, as he was by the blush and smile Marianne gave him. Thus they were mutually pleased, and he continued to call daily, and accompany them in their walks, and to their parties, always contriving to take the hand of Marianne, and who would suppose he could relinquish it without a pressure? The only way in which he could express a tender compliment.

Marianne did not, at first, seem at all pleased with his attentions; and to flatter her by the usual modes was impossible. She could listen to no praises of her beauty, taste, or mind; but she could feel gratitude for kindnesses; and, unfortunately, she ascribed to the kindness of Hall the opportunities she now so often enjoyed of visiting places of amusement, and she was thankful for his attentions; and it was not long before, when he pressed her hand, he felt the pressure returned.

Mrs. Drew could not but notice the change in her niece. From being constantly cheerful, and testifying pleasure and interest in all she saw, she began to droop and be melancholy, except in the presence of Captain Hall. She watched for him when absent, she met him with unrestrained joy; and yet she would blush, and be offended, if rallied concerning him. It seemed she had an idea that her love for him must be as secret as it was sacred. Mrs. Drew saw all this, and yet she took no measures to prevent Captain Hall from associating daily with her niece.

At the expiration of a month, Mr. Willis came for his daughter; but she refused to accompany him home, and the uneasiness she testified when he urged her to go, made him suspect something besides the attractions of her aunt's house induced her wish to tarry in Albany. After some inquiries, so pointed and particular Mrs. Drew could not evade them, the father discovered the cause of Marianne's tears and emotion. Mr. Willis was a plain farmer, but a man of good sense, and some acquaintance with the world; and, moreover, he had a thorough knowledge of his daughter's disposition. He knew if she could be convinced that there was no truth in the heart of the man she thought loved her, or, at

least, that he would pay the same attentions to any other girl whose beauty happened to please him, Marianne would renounce him at once. Mr. Willis, therefore, waited on Captain Hall, and frankly told him the mischief his thoughtless gallantry had caused, and asked of him, as a man of honor, to make the reparation of undeceiving Marianne.

"I admire your daughter's beauty and disposition," said the impassioned young man; "could she but speak, I should prefer her to any woman on earth."

"Yet, as she never will speak, you have no intention of marrying her," replied Mr. Willis, coolly. "I am not intending to upbraid you, sir, any more than myself and sister Drew. We have all been to blame, and now that dear, innocent child, who is as free from guile as an infant, must suffer. It is to shorten the term of her uneasiness that I ask you to undeceive her. The pang of knowing she has been deceived she must endure."

Captain Hall changed color so many times, and, in spite of his efforts, betrayed so much agitation, that Mr. Willis was convinced his daughter was not the only sufferer; yet, as he knew the young sailor would never marry Marianne—indeed, he would not have consented that he should—he deemed it his duty to insist that she should not be left in any doubt on the subject. Captain Hall, at length, agreed to what Mr. Willis proposed.

A party was made at the house of Mrs. Drew, and while Marianne watched, with a feverish restlessness, the entrance of every visitor, Captain Hall made his appearance, escorting two very fine ladies. He attended and talked to them all the evening, paying no attention, except by a distant bow, to Marianne. The next morning her eyes were swollen, and her cheeks pale, yet she insisted on starting for home. Her father consented. As they drove out of the city, they met Captain Hall in a carriage, with one of the ladies he escorted the evening before. Marianne hid her face as soon as she recognized him. He turned pale as he noticed the action, and stopped his chaise as if to speak. Mr. Willis, with a motion of the hand, and a look so determined, yet melancholy, that Hall dared not disregard it, bade him drive on. The carriages passed, and Captain Hall and Marianne never met again.

No allusion was ever made by Marianne concerning her lover; and her parents hoped she would again enjoy the simple pleasures of home, and forget the disappointment she had suffered. But the charm that had made life so pure and pleasant, the charm of thinking the professions of those who expressed affection and interest for her sincere, was departed. She had worshipped truth—she found the world false—her spirit was not formed to endure it; and she could not have recourse to the maxims of philosophy, or, what is far better, the promises of Christianity, to aid her to resign her hopes of

felicity here, and seek her portion in that world where truth is bliss. She appeared calm and resigned; but there was in her manner an apathy, almost a deadness of feeling, towards those objects and friends that seemed once to interest every faculty of her mind. She never complained of pain, but she evidently declined; her beauty did not

fade; she retained her angelic charms till the last; and, after her pure soul had departed, the clay it had once inhabited looked too holy to resign to corruption and the worm. She was buried beneath the shade of a broad sycamore, and the white rosebush planted at her head still droops over her grave.

## LE MÉLANGE.

### FRENCH NOVELS.

MISS EDGEWORTH, in a letter dated April 23d, 1838, thus expresses herself concerning French novels: "All the fashionable French novelists will soon be reduced to advertising for a NEW VICE, instead of, like the Roman Emperor, simply for a new pleasure. It seems to be with the Parisian novelists a first principle now, that there is no pleasure without vice, and no vice without pleasure; but that the old world vices having been exhausted, they must strain their genius to invent new; and so they do, in the most wonderful and approved bad manner, if I may judge from the few specimens I have looked at—M. de Balzac, for example, who certainly is a man of genius, and as certainly 'à de l'esprit comme un démon.' I should think that he had not the least idea of the difference between right and wrong, only that he does know the difference by his regularly preferring the *WRONG*, and crying up all the *Ladies of error*, as *Anges de tendresse*. His pathos has always, as the Anti-Jacobin so well said of certain German sentimentalists, and as the Duchess of Wellington aptly quoted to me, of a poetic genius of later days—his pathos has always

"A tear for poor guilt."

### CHARM OF A FAMILIAR OBJECT SEEN IN ITS HAPPIEST LIGHT.

MRS. CARTER, speaking of her journey home, in one of her letters to Mrs. Montagu, says, "I need not tell you, for I am sure you feel it, how much I longed for you to share with me in every view that pleased me; but there was one of such striking beauty, that I was half wild with impatience at your being so many miles distant. To be sure the wise people, and the gay people, and the silly people of this worky-day world, and for the matter of that, all the people but you and I, would laugh to hear that this object which I was so undone at your not seeing, was no other than a single honeysuckle. It grew in a shady lane, and was surrounded by the deepest verdure, while its own figure and coloring, which were quite perfect, were illuminated by a ray of sunshine. There are some common ob-

jects, sometimes placed in such a situation, viewed in such a light, and attended by such accompaniments, as to be seen but once in a whole life, and to give one a pleasure entirely new; and this was one of them."—Vol. i. p. 117.

### VALUE OF A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

"I HEARTILY condole with you on the loss of your housekeeper," Mrs. Carter says in a letter to Mrs. Montagu. "You deserved such a treasure as a faithful servant, by knowing how to set the proper value on it. There would be many more probably of the same character as you describe, if their superiors had generosity enough to consider them, as you do, in a proper light. One too often sees people act as if they thought the dependence was wholly on one side; and as if they had no idea that the several relations of life consist in a mutual aid and reciprocation of benefits."—Vol. i. p. 14.

### HUMAN NATURE OPPOSITELY ESTIMATED.

"FROM those that have searched into the state of human nature, we have sometimes received very different and incompatible accounts; as though the inquirers had not been so much learning, as fashioning the subject they had in hand; and that as arbitrarily as a heathen carver, that could make either a god or a tressel out of the same piece of wood. For some have cry'd down Nature into such a desperate impotency, as would render the grace of God ineffectual; and others, on the contrary, have invested her with such power and self-sufficiency, as would render the grace of God superfluous. The first of these opinions wrongs Nature in defect, by allowing her no strength, which in consequence must make men desperate. The second wrongs Nature in excess by imputing too much strength, which in effect must make men confident; and both of them do equally destroy the reason of our application to God for strength. For neither will the man that is well in conceit, nor yet the desperate, apply himself to a Physician; because the one cries there is no need, the other, there is no help."—DEAN YOUNG'S *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 4.

## MORAL IDOLATRY.

‘THE Soul of man, like common nature, admits no vacuum; if God be not there, Mammon must be; and it is as impossible to serve neither, as it is to serve both. And for this there is an essential reason in our constitution. For man is designed and born an indigent creature, full of wants and appetites, and a restless desire of happiness, which he can by no means find within himself; and this indispensably obliges him to seek for happiness abroad. Now if he seek his happiness from God, he answers the very intention of his frame, and has made a wise choice of an object that is adequate to all his wants and desires. But then if he does not seek his happiness from God, he must necessarily seek it somewhere else; for his appetites cannot hang long undetermined, they are eager, and must have their quarry: *If he forsake the Fountain of Living Waters, yet he cannot forsake his thirst*, and therefore he lies under the necessity of *hewing out broken cisterns to himself*; he must pursue, and at least promise himself satisfaction in other enjoyments. Thus when our hope, our trust, and our expectations abate towards God, they do not abate in themselves, but are only scattered among undue and inferior objects. And this makes the connection infallible between *Indevotion and Moral Idolatry*; that is, between the neglect of God’s worship, and worshipping the creature; for whatsoever share we abate towards God, we always place upon something else; and whatsoever thing else we prosecute with that share of love, desire, or complacency, which is due unto God, that is in effect our idol.”—DEAN YOUNG’S *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 19.

## EPITAPH IN PANCRAS CHURCHYARD.

UNDERNEETH this stone doth lye  
The body of Mr. Humphrie  
Jones who was of late  
By trade a tin plate  
Worker in Barbicanne  
Well known to be a goode man  
By all his friends and neighbors too  
And paid every bodie their due  
He died in the year 1737  
Aug. 4th aged 80 his soul we hopes in heaven.

## SECRET VIRTUE OF FLOWERS.

“I WAS seated one day,” says TADJAD-DIN AHMED (in his description of the Sanctuary of Jerusalem), “in a place covered with anemonies and camomils; near me was a poor man in rags, who smiled, and from time to time lifted up his voice to sing the praise and the greatness of God. He sang thus: Praise be to him who collects in thee, O holy city, all that is beautiful! who clothes thee with this magnificent robe, and who showers upon thee the treasures of this world and of the next. Sir, I made

answer, as to beauty, a man need only open his eyes and be satisfied; but where are these worldly treasures? He replied, there is not one among all the flowers which thou seest, that has not extraordinary virtues known well unto those who study them. Perhaps, I answered, you will show me something to convince me farther, and to make this conversation profitable. Then he took me by the hand, led me some steps towards the sanctuary, plucked up a handful of herbs, and said to me, hast thou a ring or a piece of money? Yes, I replied, giving him a piece of silver. He rubbed it with one herb, and it became yellow like a ducat; then he took another herb and rubbed it again, and it became as it had been before. See, quoth he, the secrets in which the treasures are contained. Praise be to God Almighty.”—*Fundgruben des Orients*, vol. ii. p. 94.

## ILL-GOTTEN GOLD.

“GOLD well gotten is bright and fair; but there is gold which rusts and cankers. The stores of the man who walks according to the will of God are under a special blessing; but the stores which have been unjustly gathered are accursed. ‘Your gold and your silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat up your flesh as fire.’ Far better have no gold at all, than gold with that curse upon it. Far better let cold pinch this frame, or hunger gnaw it, than that the rust of ill-gotten gold should eat it up as fire. Perhaps you may, once or twice in your life, have passed a person whose countenance struck you with painful amazement. It was the face of a man, with features as of flesh and blood, but all hue of flesh and blood was gone, and the whole visage was overspread with a dull silver gray, and a mysterious metallic gloss. You felt wonder, you felt curiosity: but a deep impression of the unnatural made pain the strongest feeling of all which the spectacle excited. You found it was a poor man, who, in disease, had taken mercury till it transfused itself through his skin, and glistened in his face. Now go where he will he exhibits the proof of his disorder, and of the large quantity of metal he has consumed. If you had an eye to see the souls that are about you, many would you see—alas! too many—who are just like that; they have swallowed doses of metal—ill-gotten, cankered, rusted metal—till all purity and beauty are destroyed. Of all poisons and plagues, the deadliest you can admit to your heart is gain which fraud has won. The curse of the Judge is in it; the curse of the Judge will never leave it; it is woe and withering, and death to you: it will eat you up as fire; it will witness against you: ay, were that poor soul of yours, at this precise moment, to pass into the presence of its Judge, the proof of its money-worship would be as clear on its visage, as the proof that the man we have described has taken mercury is strikingly plain upon him.”

# THE VOYAGER.

BY MISS E. S. NORTON.

MOONLIGHT upon the waters!  
A cold and sullen gleam.  
A shattered bark is floating  
Adown the turbid stream.

And gloomy cliffs are frowning  
On either side and steep,  
And o'er the dark waves casting  
Their shadows broad and deep.

The leafless trees are tossing  
Their huge arms to and fro—  
And like a gibbet creaking  
The moaning branches go.

Between the black trunks peering,  
Gaunt fearful beasts look forth—  
And now a chill and demon blast  
Comes stealing from the north.

A cold, unblest moonlight!  
With fitful gleam it shone,  
While in that boat was steering  
An old man pale and wan.

And onward as he glided  
Over the darksome wave,  
His course a moment pausing,  
A backward glance he gave.

What sees he in the distance  
Come floating down the stream?  
Doth not his sight deceive him?  
And is it not a dream?

Ah no! too well he knoweth,  
Though weary years have passed  
Since he, that sad and lonely man,  
Had looked upon them last.

The sweet hopes he had cherished  
In happy boyhood's time—  
And some that onward lured him  
In manhood's early prime.

And pale and lovely corpses,  
Mournful they swept him by:  
The old man gazed upon them  
With sad and tear-dimmed eye.

While dead, and yet so beautiful,  
The sweet hopes floated there,  
With that cold moonlight gleaming  
Upon the long wet hair.

As, one by one, they passed him,  
With pale and upturned face,

Of each so well remembered  
The features he might trace.

That spectral host swept by him,  
And he was left alone;  
No sound to break the stillness,  
Save the wind's sad mournful tone.

Hoarsely the billow roareth,  
And dark clouds veil the sky—  
And like an ice-bolt to his frame  
The bitter blast sweeps by.

Coldly the snow-flake falleth  
Upon his thin gray hair—  
Yet not of this he recketh,  
Wrapt in his deep despair.

For who shall give him back again  
The loved now passed away?  
What unto him remaineth,  
That lone old man and gray!

His eyes to Heaven he raiseth,  
Above that stormy air:  
Who, like a sunbeam smiling,  
Looks down upon him there?

Ah yes! serenely smiling,  
With eyes of love and truth,  
Still beckons on the sweetest hope  
That cheered him in his youth.

And joy his heart rekindled,  
And he wept with blissful tears,  
And cried, "Lead on, I follow thee,  
Star of my early years!"

"Amid the throng thou wert not  
That passed so sadly by;  
Though long thou wert forgotten,  
Still art thou ever nigh."

And on once more he steereth—  
His heart is firm and bold;  
He heedeth not the dashing wave,  
Nor winter's icy cold.

And as he hastened onward,  
To reach his haven far,  
That one blest hope above him  
Was still his guiding star,

Until, his journey ended,  
His toilsome voyage o'er,  
His little boat he anchored  
Upon a peaceful shore.

Charlestown, Mass.

## WOMAN IN HER SOCIAL RELATIONS.

BY HENRY R. WOODBURY.

To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,  
And sweeten all the toils of human life,  
This be the female dignity and praise.—THOMSON.

PROBABLY no age has been characterised by so many favorable auspices as that in which we live. The nineteenth century may be appropriately termed the "age of progress," for never before has the march of improvement in the arts and sciences, and the consequent amelioration of man's social and moral condition, been so strikingly progressive. When, aided by the ever-beaming light of history, we endeavor to compare the state of the present with that of past ages, do we not find a field for contemplation so boundless that the mind shrinks from it, conscious of its own inability to perform faithfully so comprehensive a task? But while a change so favorable to man has been going on, while empires have been subverted, the great principles of political liberty promulgated, and the very elements made humble ministers to the "lords of creation," there has been a principle developing itself which cannot fail to excite the warmest admiration of every benevolent heart, the principle which accords to the empire of Woman that degree of dignity and respect which it rightly deserves. Woman—at the mention of this name what associations crowd into the mind!—woman, as sister, wife, or mother, in each and all of these relations, the same gentle, confiding, affectionate, and devoted being, living not for herself, but for those "near and dear" to her. Would you know the depths of Woman's affections? Can you fathom the mighty ocean? Would you know the strength of her love? Can you twist the tough oak, that hath withstood the storms of a century, from its deep-rooted place? Would you comprehend the length and breadth of her sympathies? Can you embrace the world at a glance? Would you learn the scope of her patience? Can you count the sands upon the shore? Would you see the noblest elements of our nature fully developed? Would you behold the triumphs of love, affection, sympathy, and patience, in all their strength and beauty? Where can you find them so fairly exemplified as in

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command—  
And yet a spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel light."

In the first place, we shall take a brief view of woman in that relation in which she may exert an influence that will remain as long as life—woman as sister. What a beautiful sphere is here presented

for the exercise of all those delicate virtues that adorn her gentle nature! In this relation, what a responsibility rests upon her! How many little acts of kindness she may perform for the younger members of the family, that will tend to make them almost idolise her! What a pure, lovely, delightful influence she may shed about the consecrated shrine of home! With how much earnestness can she enter into the feelings of those around her, rejoicing with them in their happiness, and sympathising with them in their sorrows, cares, or disappointments!

We have never witnessed a more beautiful spectacle than that of a sister sacrificing her own comfort and happiness, to the end that she might gratify a brother whom she almost worshipped. There are elements in woman's nature that adapt her in a wonderful degree to sustain this beautiful relation. The strength of her affections, her fixedness of purpose, her invincible patience, and her native purity of heart—these qualities go far in making her what she should be in this capacity, the subject of our holiest aspirations, the object of our most devoted care. Truly a good sister is a treasure, the value of which we can never fully realise, until circumstances cause us to be separated from it. When in a land of strangers sorrow visits us, it is then we are taught indeed a sister's worth. When we miss the sweet accents of her tongue, pouring into the aching heart the heavenly balm of consolation, and the bright smile of hope playing upon her lip; when she is no longer present to be our guardian angel to cheer, soothe, advise, or bless us by her thousand little acts of kindness, then it is, and only then, that we can truly feel there is no treasure like a sister's love.

We have heard a sister appeal in all the force of natural eloquence to the feelings of a dissipated brother. We have seen the strong man moved to trembling; yes, unnerved by those sweet, earnest, and persuasive tones. And we have known him who was sunk in the lowest depths of degradation and misery to be "rescued as a brand from the burning," through the kind and timely influence which no one but a sister can well exert.

Such is the sister, a guardian angel, a precious treasure, a bright star in the constellation of home. Cherish her as such, and Heaven's richest blessings shall be thy reward! Let not her native gentleness and purity be contaminated by the rough blasts of

sorrow and of vice. Hers is a lofty sphere, and the influence she may exert over the younger members of the household will tend, in a great measure, to the promotion in them of all those exalted virtues which are the admiration and the pride of the lovely, pure, and good.

But there is another sphere in which we find woman exerting an important influence—that of wife. There is not probably in the whole life of woman an era so particularly interesting as that at which she assumes this high relation. Up to this period, she has been under the guidance and protection of those who felt the warmest interest in her welfare, and gratified her every wish, so far as was consistent with circumstances. But now she feels that she is about to leave the dear friends of her youth, and to place her unlimited confidence in one who is to prove himself her best friend, and to supply the place, in point of friendly counsel and sincere affection, of father, mother, sister, and brother, or who may act the baser part of the cool, heartless villain. Oh, what an experiment! a dangerous experiment is this, for the young lady of warm and generous feelings, surrounded by all of the best comforts of life, to make. She may be deceived. Thousands have been. She may be fortunate. Well may she rejoice if she is. But let her not forget that there is much depending on herself as regards this matter. In this exalted position, she has a weighty obligation to discharge. It is her peculiar duty in this sphere to make home happy. She will indeed be happy if she succeed in this, and happier by far will be the man who holds her love.

Do we hear you ask, How can woman do this? Wherein consists this grand secret of making home happy? We believe that the first great obstacle in the way of domestic happiness will be found, in the majority of cases, to result from a spirit of discontent. The good wife must possess that best of all qualities—a cheerful and contented spirit. This, in itself, is a source of continual bliss, for it robs life of more than half its cares. It gives a gentleness of manner and a happiness of look to her who possesses it. It sheds a halo of brightness around the holy altar of home, and fans continually the pure and lovely flame of affection. Contentment is, indeed, the sunlight of the soul, inspiring with fresh life and beauty everything which may come in its way. It shows us how to be philosophers, and teaches us to make the best of life, causing us to tread lightly on the thorns that may beset our path. By all means, then, should the wife cultivate a spirit of contentment in its broadest sense, combined with Christian resignation, amidst the most trying scenes of life. The story of the Eastern traveller is a happy illustration of the quality of which we speak. Arriving at the gates of a city late in the evening, he found them closed. Being fatigued, he prepared to take up with such quarters as the nature of the

place afforded. "It is God's will, and I am content," said he, as he fastened his horse to a tree. Lighting his lamp, he sat down to read awhile ere he retired for the night. Just then a gust of wind extinguished his light. "'Tis God's will," said the traveller; "he knows what is best." His horse next became restive, broke his fastening, and ran away. Alone, fatigued, and exposed to numberless dangers, the traveller's confidence was still unshaken. "I am content, for it is God's work." Committing himself to the protection of Providence, he soon fell asleep, and slept soundly till morning. On awaking, he found the city in ruins. A band of robbers had entered it during the night, and, after having plundered it and killed the inhabitants, had set it on fire. Then said the traveller, "Truly has the hand of God been outstretched to save me, for, had I reached the city before nightfall, I should have shared the fate of its unfortunate inhabitants. I am content. Blessed be his name who has so graciously preserved me!"

The same spirit of contentment and resignation manifested by the traveller should be an element in the character of her who would be a good wife. If it be an attribute of our nature that we must meet with disappointments and reverses, how much nobler it is in us to encounter them with a resolute and contented spirit, when come they will, than it is for us continually to brood over imaginary evils!

Franklin mentions an incident proving the value of a good wife. Several young mechanics were at work upon a house near his office. One of these always seemed very happy. However cold or disagreeable the day, a smile played upon his face, and he had a kind word for every one he met. Asking him the grand secret of his happiness, he replied, "I have one of the best of wives. When I enter the house after the labors of the day, she greets me with a kiss, then tea is ready, and she informs me of the numerous little acts of kindness she has been doing for my comfort during the day. Who could be otherwise than happy, in the possession of such a wife as mine?" The philosopher adds that he no longer wondered at the happiness of the young man, and enjoins upon wives that they follow the example of her who made home happy.

Let us consider woman in another sphere. If there be one word in our language that is associated more closely with the secret springs of our nature than any other—a word that is fairly enshrined in the heart of every individual, at the sound of which the blood circulates through the system with a freer flow, and the heart throbs with an accelerated speed—in short, if there be a word dearer than any other to the noble generous heart, is not that word *Mother*? The first accents of the child lisp it: should not the "child of larger growth" revere it? Who does not love its sound? Who does not almost idolize the name of her who gave him being, who watched over him during the hours of his helpless

infancy, and with heartfelt delight hailed the first development of his youthful powers, the first faint glimmerings of immortal mind. That ministering angel who regarded not only the physical, but also those nobler, more exalted requirements of her child—the moral and the intellectual—is she not worthy of the highest honor and purest affection that child can bestow? What a beautiful manifestation of filial affection was that exhibited by Napoleon when, after his successes, he was greeted as conqueror, and had assumed the imperial purple! Walking in the gardens of St. Cloud, he met his mother. Half earnestly, half seriously, he extended his hand that she might kiss it. Indignantly she flung it back, and, tendering her own, exclaimed, “C’est à vous à baiser la main de celle qui vous a donné la vie.” Napoleon immediately stooped over his mother’s hand, and affectionately kissed it. This simple act was worthy of the man, and speaks a volume in his favor. There cannot be a truer indication of a good heart than is found in the manifestation of gratitude and love to a mother. Passing through one of our loveliest cemeteries, my attention was attracted by a plain white marble shaft bearing only the inscription, “Our mother.” What a comprehensive epitaph! How plainly does it unfold the secret workings of the souls of those who reared it! What a tale of heartfelt gratitude and filial affection is embodied in that simple phrase, “Our mother!”

Of all the impressions made upon the youthful mind, none are so lasting as those received from a mother. While the rough finger of time may eradicate almost all others, these become, as it were, a part of our nature, controlling motives, exerting a powerful influence over us in all the affairs of life. And this fact is sustained by the evidence of many of the greatest men that have ever lived. Perhaps of all whom the world has honored with the appellation of great, more than one-half might, with the strictest propriety, inscribe on their escutcheons as the motto of their success, the simple word, “Mother.” Truly weighty then are the obligations devolving on woman in the discharge of her duties in this relation. The formation of character is hers. And may she not be in a great measure responsible for the future welfare or misery of her child, just in proportion as she discharges faithfully, or neglects to discharge, her obligations to him? The child is father of the man, and the seed sown in the moulding of youthful character must bring forth good or evil fruit in the harvest of mature age. Ay, its influence will be felt by future generations, and it remains with the mother whether those who in future time may be affected by the acts of her child, shall have reason to bless or curse the name of her who gave him being. So far does the influence exerted by the mother affect the character of the child that we may, with a considerable degree of confidence, make the assertion, Show us a good

mother, and we will show you a good son. Many a young man of warm sensibilities and fine intellectual acquirements has been obliged to attribute his want of success in the business of life to the false impressions received from a mother, whose errors (to her sorrow be it said) were errors of the head, not of the heart. In the almost faultless character of a Washington, we see written in lines of living light a true biography of her whose noble virtues were only reflected in the career of so distinguished a son. Let mothers emulate her in the training of their children, and the character of American women shall be placed upon a foundation which no spirit of detraction nor jealousy can ever undermine.

Tossed by the ever-varying blasts of life, the favorite of fortune, or the victim of adversity, man may change. But woman, resigned in the darkest hour, and cherishing hope under the most trying circumstances, still proves the same. Truly has it been said of her, “she *loves*, and *loves* forever.”

From yonder low casement issues a faint glimmer of light. ’Tis the lone hour of midnight. Let us for a moment intrude upon the quiet of that lowly dwelling. What is the scene that presents itself to our view? Behold before you the shattered wreck of one whose features, though deeply marked by lines of care and sorrow, prove that she was once no stranger to beauty. She has seen better days; but mark her now! Why does she ply so industriously the needle, and at this late hour? On that miserable pallet, behold those dearer to her than life. They must have bread, and it is for this that that poor woman is sacrificing those few, feeble sparks of vitality which still remain, to bind her broken spirit to its weary tenement of clay. Hard, hard indeed is her lot. Her husband is an inebriate sunk in the lowest depths of misery, and perhaps at this very hour is spending in the dram-shop the scanty earnings of that devoted mother and wife. Sad are the days of that poor woman, sadder still her nights, when, in silence and loneliness, she may brood over her gloomy lot. Many a pure prayer has ascended to the mercy-seat from the inmate of that humble cheerless dwelling; but the object of her heart’s affection remains the same, and she seems to be deserted not only by him who should have been her protector and supporter, but also by that Being who is the guardian and father of all. Dark, gloomy though her lot may be, methinks in a spirit of heavenly resignation she breathes, “Even so, father, for thus it seemed good in thy sight.”

And this is no picture of the imagination; ’tis but “an ower true tale.” Have we not found, in our own experience, instances of a like kind? Have we not seen the calm, resigned, confiding spirit of woman, opposed to the rougher, colder, more hardened nature of man? Have we not witnessed, over and over again, the struggles of earnest, true-hearted woman against that grim-visaged monster, poverty prompted by the noble sentiments she uttered, when

at the altar she committed her future destiny into the keeping of the man of her choice? Beautiful, indeed, are those virtues in the nature of woman that only shine the brighter when tested by the stern ordeal of affliction and neglect.

Woman by nature is admirably fitted for her sphere. Although her physical constitution is by far weaker than that of man, she possesses a strength of *will*, and an energy of purpose, that render her powers of endurance, under affliction or distress, much stronger than his. At the bedside of the sick, on the field of battle, in all the most trying events and accidents of life, we find innumerable proofs of this. Wherever we behold the direful visitations of misfortune, disease, or distress, there also we find the gentle influence of a ministering angel, in the guise of that being who was "last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre." The classic writer of Sunny Side,\* after having alluded to the fortitude with which women undergo misfortune and reverses, introduces the following beautiful simile: As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs, so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

Woman has been the theme of the poet and the novelist from the earliest times to the present. Some writers who have made her their subject have been more ready to censure than to praise, to ridicule than flatter. But for all such we must make due allowances. We find a Shakspeare, for example, expressing such sentiments as the following: "Frailty, thy name is woman." "Ay me, how weak a thing the heart of woman is!" "These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues." "There is never a fair woman has a true face." But should we not take into consideration the position occupied by woman at the time he wrote, the general laxity of manners that then prevailed, ere we rebuke too harshly the genius of a Shakspeare for having been thus severe with the fairer sex? If another has said,

"Oh, woman, woman, whether lean or fat,  
In face an angel, but in soul a cat,"

we can readily excuse so ungallant a rhyme, supposing, of course, this poor fellow to have wedded a fair shrew. A third has said,

"Women, like moths, are always caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might  
despair."

Jilted this one must have been, his *beast idéal* preferring the adoration of mammon to that of love. Thus if we proceeded, should we not find some good apology for every one? But opposed to such, we find many like these we now cite:—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou."

"There is that sweetness in a female's mind  
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find."

"The falling snow descends  
To prove her breast less fair—  
But, grieved to see itself surpassed,  
It melts into a tear."

"Woman, be fair; we must adore thee;  
Smile, and a world is weak before thee."

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild;  
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled."

"Without a smile from partial beauty won,  
Say, what were man? A world without a sun."

"Last, softly beautiful, as music's close,  
Angelic woman into being rose."

It is thus that authors of undoubted genius have portrayed woman. If some have been too severe in their criticisms, others have been too partial. If some have represented her in all her native purity of heart, as an angel of light, others have shown us how revolting she appears when, regardless of her own high destiny, she has buried, in infamy and disgrace, the existence which Heaven designed should reflect beams of cheerfulness and purity upon the broad-spread waste of life.

The inquiry, can woman approach man in an intellectual point of view? is often made. If we do not bring forward any new arguments to prove the affirmative of this question, we may at least be allowed to express our views in relation to it. The great majority of those who have considered this subject favor the negative. They assert that her reasoning powers may be quicker in their operations, and that her conclusions may be very accurate; but then she lacks that *real* vigor of thought, so *essential* to the attainment of intellectual greatness. They deem her *too weak and fickle* a being to excel in letters, and a knowledge of the arts and sciences. These, they say, do not belong to her sphere. We would by no means be considered an advocate for female rights societies, but deem it perfectly proper that woman in this relation should receive her full meed of praise. Let us for a moment glance at the catalogue of lady writers. Do we not find here the names of many who rank high indeed?—a Martineau, a More, a Hemans, a Hale, a Bremer, an Edgeworth, an Osgood, a Sigourney, a Willard, a Howitt, a Smith, a Forester, a Sherwood, a Landon, a Greenwood,\* have not these, with numerous others, performed a truly worthy part in the great world of literature? Then we would refer you to a De Stael,

\* Name of Irving's country-seat.

\* Miss Clarke.



whose gigantic intellect caused even the "Child of Destiny" to tremble at the powerful emanations from her pen. But if those who dissent from our views on this subject ask us where we find a second De Stael, or a second Hemans—viewing them only as grand exceptions to the general rule—we boldly ask in reply, where is your second Shakspeare? where your second Byron? The fact that woman *has* excelled in literature establishes sufficiently the principle that, under propitious circumstances, she may acquire intellectual greatness. Nor is it at all to be wondered at that she so seldom arrives to an eminence equal with man in this respect, if we consider how great a disparity there is in the early mental training of the two. Of the fact that the intellectual wants of woman are too little attended to in our own country—that the whole system of female education is sadly defective—there can be very little doubt; and when we behold *such* a reform as is really needed in this, then we may expect to see woman occupying the dignified position which her lofty destiny so richly entitles her to.

In advocating thus her peculiar claims and privileges, we do not demand *too much* for her. We would by no means have her introduced into a sphere that does not belong to her; nor would we have her whole attention engrossed by those prevailing excitements in the political world that influence

too much the public mind in our progressive age; but we would have her better fitted *intellectually* for the faithful performance of the lofty trust reposed in her, as the being who is to give an indelible stamp to the future character of *our country*, and the *world*. And we should find that this, so far from causing her to assume a false position, so far from making her desire to exercise prerogatives unbecoming to her, would give her a correct view of her own sphere, and of the relations she sustains in it to others. It is generally the case that those who are most enthusiastic in advocating their rights are the very persons who, had they been properly educated, would have plainly perceived the inconsistency and folly of the scheme they vindicate. The great policy of woman in the present age is, we believe, the correction of those errors in sentiment and education into which a few *ambitious* spirits have betrayed her; proving, by her contempt of everything like agitation or uncalled-for excitement, that her only proper hall of legislation is Home, and that she who makes the politics of home her peculiar study, discharges more faithfully her duty, enhances her own happiness, and that of those about her, adds much to the dignity of her position, and encircles, with an *amaranthine* wreath of purity and brightness, the cherished name of *Woman*.

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## SELF-MADE MEN.

### FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN was born on the 31st of March, 1732, at Rohran, a small town fifteen leagues from Vienna. His father was a cartwright, and his mother, before her marriage, had been cook in the family of Count Harrack, the lord of the village. The father of Haydn held also the office of parish sexton. He had a fine tenor voice, and was fond of music. Having occasion to visit Frankfort-on-the-Maine, he there learned to play upon the harp, and on holidays, and in the intervals of business, he used to amuse himself with this instrument, to which his wife joined the accompaniment of her voice. During these little domestic concerts, Haydn, almost as soon as he could go alone, used to stand between his parents with two pieces of wood in his hands, one of which served him as a violin, and the other as a bow, delighted with the idea that he contributed his share to the music; and such was the impression, even at this early age, which his mother's simple airs made upon his feelings, that to the latest period of his existence he often sang them with unabated pleasure, whilst his own sublime compositions were delighting all Europe.

One Sunday, a relation, whose name was Frank, came to see the cartwright. He was well acquainted with music, and was pleased with the performance which his cousin offered after church for his amusement; but, above all, he was so struck with the astonishing precision with which Haydn, then six years of age, beat time, that he offered to take him home with him, and teach him music.

This proposal was joyfully accepted by the parents; for Frank was respectfully fixed as a school-master at Hamburg, and they thought if, in addition to the general branches of education, their little Joseph could be taught music also, they might be enabled, at a future period, to get him into holy orders, to accomplish which was the summit of their parental ambition.

Haydn accordingly set off for Hamburg with his relation. The first proof he gave of his ability was by performing, on a tambourine, which he found in Frank's house soon after his arrival, an air—though the instrument itself is susceptible only of two tones—which attracted the attention of all who came to the school-house. Haydn found a sharp master in his cousin, and the benefit he reaped from his instructions was such as to enable him not only to play on the violin and harpsichord, but also to un-

derstand Latin, and to sing at the parish desk in a style which spread his reputation throughout the canton. Haydn had been two years with his cousin, when it happened that Reüter, the *maître de chapelle* of St. Stephen's, the cathedral church of Vienna, called at Frank's house in the course of a journey, which he was making for the purpose of seeking out children of musical talents wherewith to recruit his choir. Frank thought it a favorable opportunity to advance the interests of his little relative. He sent for him into the room, and Reüter gave him a canon to sing at sight. The precision, the spirit, the purity of tone with which the child executed it astonished him, and when he returned to Vienna he took Haydn with him, and enrolled him in the choir. From this time Haydn devoted himself to the art with an assiduity that has rarely been equalled—perhaps never excelled. Left entirely to his own guidance, and only obliged, by the rules of St. Stephen's, to practise two hours in the day, he yet regularly studied sixteen, and sometimes eighteen, hours out of the twenty-four. If he was at play with his young companions in the square near St. Stephen's, the moment he heard the organ he would leave them, and go into the church; and the sound of any musical instrument whatsoever was to him a gratification far beyond what he could find in any amusement that could be proposed to him.

When Haydn was thirteen years old, he composed a mass, which he showed to Reüter, who, with that sincerity which is the best proof of real friendship, pointed out to him the faults and inaccuracies with which it abounded; and Haydn, with the good sense and entire absence of vanity which characterized him throughout life, immediately saw and acknowledged the justice of the critique. He was sensible that, in order to avoid committing similar errors another time, a knowledge of counterpoint and the rules of harmony was necessary; but the attainment of such knowledge was attended with difficulties that to him, poor and friendless as he was, appeared almost insuperable. He had no money to pay any person for instructing him, and it was only by abridging himself of food that he was enabled to purchase a few second-hand books which treated of the theory of music, and by the aid of which he endeavored to find out the rules of composition. The life of Haydn was, at this period, an unrelenting scene of labor and privation. His father was so poor that he could with difficulty find bread, and the son being unfortunately robbed of his clothes, all that he could scrape together to refit his wardrobe for him scarcely amounted to eleven shillings. Small as this sum was, Haydn received it with a thankful heart, and a contented spirit. He lodged in a garret, where he could not, piercing as are the winters in Vienna, afford himself the comfort of a fire. The most important piece of furniture was an old harpsichord, falling to pieces in all parts, and

little worthy of the honor of expressing all his first thoughts and finest feelings. By the side of this wretched instrument he often pursued his studies until so late an hour of the night, that, benumbed with cold and faint with hunger, he would drop his head upon it, and lose in sleep all uneasy sensations. Yet morning constantly found him alert and happy.

Haydn was about eighteen years of age, when a noble Venetian, named Cornaro, came to Vienna as ambassador from the Republic. He had in his train a musician of the name of Porpora, a Neapolitan by birth, and one of the most celebrated composers of that time. Haydn longed to be acquainted with this man; and having fortunately obtained an introduction into the ambassador's family, in a musical capacity, he was taken by him, along with Porpora, to the baths of Manensdorff, which were the fashionable resort at that time. Neither fashion nor splendor, however, had any influence on the mind of Haydn. He was happy, not because he was in the train of the ambassador, but because he was under the same roof with a man of genius like Porpora, and from whom he hoped to receive instruction in the art to which he was so devotedly attached. To attain so desirable an object, he thought no assiduity wearisome—no offices degrading. He rose every morning earlier even than usual—for, with his ardor and industry, it is not necessary to say that he was always an early riser—in order that he might beat Porpora's coat, clean his shoes, adjust his periwig, and put everything in order for him by the time he should rise. Porpora was so crabbed in his temper, and so whimsical in his habits, that, for the first few days of his attendance upon him, Haydn had nothing but fault-finding and harsh epithets for his reward. It is not, however, in human nature to be otherwise than pleased and flattered with a succession of good offices, tendered with cheerfulness and humility. Porpora began gradually to like the services of Haydn, and the wish to make him some return for them soon followed. This return was of a description of all others to Haydn the most valuable. Porpora began by teaching him the principles and execution of some of his own airs, many of which were extremely difficult; and he then proceeded to initiate him into all the sweetness and expression which have so long rendered Italy unrivalled in vocal music. He also taught him to accompany himself on the piano-forte with spirit and correctness—an art far more difficult of attainment than is generally imagined. In short, Haydn found himself greatly improved, both in taste and knowledge, by the acquaintance he had so fortunately formed with Porpora; and the ambassador, astonished at the rapid progress which this young man, apparently so friendless and destitute, had made in his house, generously endeavored to alleviate the poverty which only made his genius appear the more remarkable; and, on his return to Vienna, allowed him a monthly pension of six sequins, or about three

pounds sterling, and admitted him to the tables of his secretaries.

This act of kindness on the part of the ambassador was the beginning of Haydn's future prosperity. He was enabled by it to provide himself with a suit of black sufficiently respectable to allow him to present himself in any society that it might be desirable for him to frequent, and to instruct a few pupils; invariably closing his industrious day by sitting a part of the night at the harpsichord.

Haydn's first productions were some sonatas for the piano-forte; he wrote also a few minuets, waltzes, and serenatas, and the music for an opera, at the request of Curtz, the director of one of the principal theatres, and himself a celebrated buffa performer. For this, including the *Tempest*, Haydn received about twelve pounds sterling.

In 1758, Haydn obtained a situation in the establishment of Count Mortzen, who had an orchestra of his own, and gave musical parties every evening. Prince Antony Esterhazy, an ardent amateur, happened to attend one of these concerts, which opened with a symphony of Haydn's. The prince was so charmed with this piece, that he requested Count Mortzen to give up Haydn to him, being desirous of making him second leader in his own orchestra. Count Mortzen very generously consented; but, unfortunately, Haydn had not been introduced to the prince, being prevented by indisposition from attending the concert the evening he was present; and he heard no more of his appointment. He had, however, a kind friend in Friedberg, one of Prince Antony's composers, who greatly admired his talents, and determined to take an opportunity of bringing him to the prince's recollection. Accordingly, he requested him to compose a symphony to be performed at Eisenstadt, where the prince resided. Friedberg fixed on the prince's birthday for the introduction of the piece. Scarcely had the performers got to the middle of the first allegro, when the prince, who was seated on his throne and surrounded by his court, interrupted them, and asked who was the author of that fine composition. "Haydn," replied Friedberg, making the trembling composer come forward at the same time. "What!" said the prince, "is it this man's music?" Poor Haydn's complexion was of a very sombre hue, and his countenance, when not lighted up with either genius or benevolence, wore an expression of corresponding gloom. It will be easily imagined that he did not appear to particular advantage on this remark. The prince, however, continued: "Well, Moor, henceforth you remain in my service. What is your name?" "Joseph Haydn." "Haydn! surely I remember that name; you are already engaged to me; how is it that I have not seen you before?" Haydn, abashed by the brilliant circle around him, could make no reply. The prince went on, with somewhat more encouragement in his manner—"Go, and dress yourself like a professor; do not let me see you any

more in this trim—your appearance is not worthy of you." Haydn kissed the prince's hand, and retired to one corner of the orchestra, to meditate upon the figure he should make in his new costume. The next morning he appeared in it at the prince's levee, and had the title of Second Professor of Music conferred upon him. The first use that Haydn made of the competence thus secured to him was to acquit himself of his debt of gratitude to a peruke-maker named Keller—who had given him an asylum when he was poor—by marrying his eldest daughter. The match, however, did not prove a happy one.

When Haydn had been in the service of Prince Antony twelve months, that nobleman died, and his title descended to Prince Nicholas, who was, if possible, a still more passionate lover of music. Attached to the services of a patron immensely rich, and fully capable of appreciating his talents; placed at the head of a grand orchestra, and possessing full leisure for study; Haydn now saw himself placed in that happy union of circumstances so rarely found, which at once excites the powers of genius and affords the opportunity of displaying them. From this time, his life was uniformly busy and tranquil.

We do not venture to enter into a critical account of Haydn's music. Its general character is that of romantic imagination. He has been compared to Ariosto or Shakspeare in poetry, and to Claude Lorraine in painting. Liberty and joy breathe throughout his works, the grateful exultation of a mind delighting in the innocent exercise of its exalted talents. He said himself that he was always most happy when he was at work. Haydn's most elaborate performance is the Oratorio of the *Creation*. He was sixty-three years of age when he began it, and employed two entire years upon it. Its success was in proportion to the pains he bestowed upon it. It was in England that Haydn composed some of his finest pieces.

The last time that Haydn appeared in public was at the palace of Prince Lobkowitz, at the performance of his own *Creation* by one hundred and sixty musicians, amidst a company of the most illustrious personages in Vienna, all assembled to do him honor. It was the proudest, the most affecting moment of his life; and he took his leave of that society, which he had so long delighted, with tears of gratitude, whilst the most heartfelt eulogiums were bestowed upon him in return. From this time he confined himself entirely to his house and small garden. The last spark of his original enthusiasm flamed forth when the French approached Vienna in 1809. He heard the cannonading of his beloved city. With the small remnant of voice that age had left him, he sang, *God preserve the Emperor!* It was the song of the swan. Whilst he was sitting at the piano, he fell, exhausted by his emotion, into a kind of stupor: and being taken to his bed, tranquilly breathed his last on the 31st of May, 1809, aged seventy-eight.

## THE STEREOSCOPE.

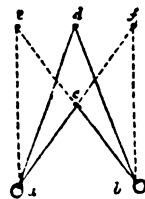
THE Stereoscope must rank amongst the most interesting and most marvellous of modern discoveries. With the aid of this instrument, we now possess the means of transmitting to posterity the exact image of all that is physically remarkable in the present day; at least so much as can be appreciated by the sense of vision.

Those who have not yet had an opportunity of witnessing the effect of photographic pictures in the Stereoscope, can form only a small idea of the amount of astonishment they have yet to experience. When Daguerreotype portraits are first seen with the Stereoscope, a feeling of regret is common to all that this discovery does not date from a more distant time. What would not be the value of a Stereoscope portrait-gallery of our greatest historical characters, including Shakspeare, presenting all the lifelike character, and resembling in every respect the reflection of the human face in a mirror. Unfortunately, the examples of past wonders, a sight of which we must now more than ever lament the loss of, are far too numerous; but now we do possess this astonishing power, it behoves us to think of the future, and not allow coming generations to accuse us of a selfish negligence in not leaving to them a legacy which science has placed at our disposal. It is to be hoped that galleries will be formed, containing all that is most remarkable in the animate and inanimate world of our own time, and that none of the great and beneficent characters of our day will pass away without leaving the light of their countenances for the admiration and laudable curiosity which real greatness must always create. To the generality of persons it must be inconceivable that the combination of two pictures nearly alike can produce such an extraordinary result; and, as the curiosity to know something of the "why and because" of this matter will be felt by all who know nothing of the laws by which the effect of solidity or distance is produced, I may, perhaps, not be trespassing on your valuable space in attempting a popular explanation of *how two perfectly flat pictures produce the effect of solidity*.

Like cause produces like effect; hence like effects result from similar causes: consequently, as pictures in the Stereoscope present the appearance of nature, it is reasonable to conclude results so nearly alike are produced by similar means. Before entering directly on the causes which produce the effect of solidity, it will be better to clearly understand the qualities of natural images or pictures in their relations to the organs and sense of vision. When a house or landscape is looked at, it is found to pos-

sess a quality which no copy on a flat surface by the hand of our greatest artists can produce. This is solidity or distance, and the appearance of objects standing immediately behind each other. In using this term solidity, it should be borne in mind that distance is the same thing; since solids are only made up of the relative distances of parts of a single object. To these qualities may be added another, which is the painting on the retina of each eye pictures of the same object, differing slightly in perspective. This last quality is peculiarly the property of natural pictures, and which distinguishes them especially from paintings. Distance or solidity only enables single objects to produce this curious effect, in which we shall see the resemblance in stereoscopic pictures; the latter, indeed, being only an imitation of the former. Another quality in natural pictures is the necessity of converging and diverging the axis of the eyes when regarding different parts of the picture; to this may also be added change of focus. This latter quality is familiar to all who have used a telescope or an opera-glass, and consists of the slight adaptation of the lenses for different parts of the natural picture. These effects of convergence and divergence of the eyes with focal change are also peculiar to solid objects. It will be readily understood that, as objects are more or less distant, the pupils of the eyes, when regarding them, converge or diverge towards or from each other; objects placed nearly in contact with the end of the nose compel the eyes to converge to the degree of squinting, whilst with distant objects they are nearly parallel.

The accompanying diagram will render this part of the subject quite clear. Suppose three objects in



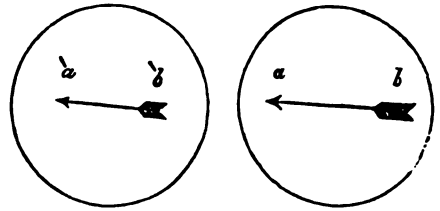
a direct line (*e, d, f*), and a third similar object in the position *c*: to the left eye (*a*) the object *f* would be invisible; and to the right eye (*b*) the object *e* would be also invisible, from the intervention of *c*; but *f* is always visible to the right eye, and *e* to the left eye; consequently, with a pair of eyes, these objects are never invisible. This is the simple explanation of the power possessed by two eyes to see

round and behind objects. The convergence and divergence of the eyes may be shown by the same diagram. The eyes, when directed on the object *c*, are more converged than when looking at *d*. In other words, *c* is seen at a much greater angle than *d*; the rays of light proceeding from *c* or *d* compelling the pupils of the eyes to approach or recede from each other. This opening and closing of the visual axis may be fitly compared to the same action in a pair of compasses, and it is by the quantity of this action going on with the eyes that we are enabled to estimate the relative distance of near objects. The eyes, then, may be simply considered as a pair of optical compasses, and the rays of light emanating from the object as the limbs of the compasses. The sensation or effect of distance results from the power which we possess with two eyes to see round and behind objects.

It has been fully explained, in the preceding diagram, how we are enabled to see distant objects, although other objects may intervene; and this is greatly assisted by the necessary change of focus which, whilst it makes the distant object clear and distinct, at the same time makes the near and intervening object less visible. The quality of focal change becomes of more value and importance in cases where the sight of one eye is lost. It may not be generally known that a person suddenly deprived of the use of one eye estimates with the greatest difficulty the distance of objects. It would be almost impossible to snuff a candle with one eye closed, or even to place the finger exactly on any fixed point. The single eye, like the single leg of a compass, cannot at first measure distance; but, after some time, experience teaches the one eye to estimate distance by the change of focus alone, whilst with both eyes we feel and measure distance by the convergence and divergence of the visual axis. The structure of the eye has at all times been quoted as one of the most beautiful illustrations of design and natural mechanism, and certainly the additional discoveries which we may expect to be disclosed by the Stereoscope will not diminish our wonders at the minute and beautiful arrangements by which external pictures are painted on the mirror of the mind. We have, then, arrived to this conclusion, that, to experience the effect of distance or solidity, certain circumstances must exist; to compel the opening and closing of the visual angle, in proportion as the eyes are directed to different parts of the same picture; but, as in an ordinary single picture, like the painting of a landscape, all parts of it are at the same relative distance from the eyes, it follows that the angle of vision is the same for all parts, and, consequently, the sense or feeling of distance cannot be experienced. It matters not whether we look at the foreground or background, there can be no mistake about its being on a flat surface; it gives rise to no feeling of distance; although the idea of nature may be skilfully repre-

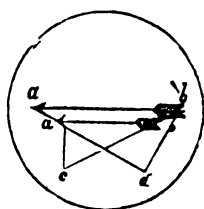
sented, the most art can do is to imitate the impression of one eye alone. To produce the effect of nature, we must do as nature does: two pictures must be painted, one for each eye, and combined, to produce the sensation of one. This is effected by the Stereoscope, the compound image having all the qualities of the natural picture, each part of it compelling the eye to converge and diverge, as it appears more or less distant. This is the most remarkable part of the Stereoscope discovery, that two pictures on a perfectly flat surface, when combined, should necessitate the same opening and closing of the visual axis as is occasioned by a natural picture where the parts which constitute it are separated by actual measurable space.

We will now proceed to examine the construction of the compound Stereoscope picture. It has already been explained that it is constituted of two pictures, each taken from a different point of sight corresponding with the two eyes; take, for example, *a*, the simplest form of picture—an arrow standing in a vertical direction through a circle—it would appear to each eye like the diagram. These two designs being all that is necessary to produce, with

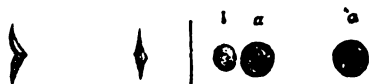


the aid of the Stereoscope, the effect of one arrow standing through a single circle, with the barbed end uppermost, it now remains to explain how this effect is produced. It is important to know that, in looking at natural objects, both eyes are invariably directed, or converge on the same point, and can only regard a single point at the same time, whilst the Stereoscope enables each eye to look at the corresponding points of two separate pictures. This is, indeed, the whole secret of this instrument, which, by bending the rays of light coming from each picture towards each other, enables each eye to regard a different image at the same time. In the diagram of the arrows, *a a* and *b b* are corresponding points, the parts *b b* being separated by a wider space than *a a*: consequently, the eyes being each directed on the parts *b b* will be wider apart, or will have a greater divergence than when looking at *a a*; and, as parts of the same object in nature give the effect of greater or less distance in proportion as they cause the eyes to converge and diverge, it follows, according to this law, *b b* should appear at a greater distance than *a a*; in other words, the barbed part of the arrow should appear uppermost. The annexed diagram may assist the explanation: here the arrows are supposed to be

combined, or stand over each other; the eyes ( $c d$ ) being directed on the corresponding points ( $a a$ ), the visual angle will be represented by  $a c d$ ; and when directed on  $b b$ , the angle will be  $e c d$ ; but



$e c d$  is a much smaller angle than  $a c d$ ; consequently,  $a a$ , or the barbed part of the arrow, must appear the nearest; that such is the fact may be proved by experiment. When this law is understood, the most curious effects may be produced by equally simple means; the addition of a mere dot, or a single line, to a diagram, will be all that is necessary to make it stand out from the surface on which it is drawn. The following are illustrations of some of the simplest forms of stereoscopic pictures: the first is intended to produce the effect of

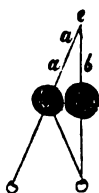


one ball standing before the other; the second, the effect of the barb of an arrow pointing towards the



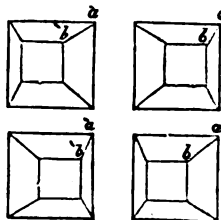
observer; the third, two lines; and the fourth, a nail.

An explanation of the construction of the first image will suffice for the remainder. The balls are supposed to be in a direct line with the left eye; consequently, the left image will be represented by one ball, and the right image by two. This diagram will also serve to show more forcibly how divergence



and convergence of the eyes are produced by stereoscopic pictures: the combined pictures of the balls are represented in this diagram. The left eye, being in a direct line, can only see the ball  $a$ , and remains fixed on this point when the right eye is

directed to  $b$ : a comparison of the angles will at once show that  $b$  must appear in the background from the increased divergence of the eyes. The singular part of this case is, that only the right eye moves, whilst the left eye is stationary. A mere glance at any geometric stereoscopic pictures will at once show which parts should be in the foreground, and which in the background. All that is necessary is to measure the space between corresponding points of both pictures; those which are widest apart will appear behind those parts which are nearer to each other. In this diagram, the pair



of pictures produce opposite effects to each other; the part which stands out in one is behind in the other. The law just mentioned will explain it. In the upper pair,  $a$  is nearer to  $a$  than  $b$  is to  $b$ ; hence the part  $a$  will appear nearest, and *vice versa* in the lower pair of pictures. We cannot, from vision alone, have the idea of distance; it is only when combined with the actual experience of touch or measurement that we can say one part is nearer than another. Nothing can be more subject to deception than vision: as an example, the reflection of a natural picture in a mirror presents all the effects of distance; yet we know from experience every part of this picture is reflected from a plane surface. Again, the recently-discovered pseudoscope has the effect of making objects exactly the opposite of what they really are: solids look hollow, objects on the right appear on the left, the most distant objects look the nearest, objects approaching have the effect of receding, &c. A natural picture may, then, simply be considered as a picture containing effects which cannot be rendered on a flat surface; all the ideas associated with it, of distance, &c., are the result of a knowledge or experience which is quite independent of the picture itself, although they assist most materially in giving a character to the impression made on the brain. Color also assists in giving an idea of the form of irregular images, and, in a certain degree, may indicate distance by its force or tone. The chief function of color, by which is meant light and shade, is to assist in exhibiting the shape of objects when there is an absence of direct lines. A globe is an illustration of this; without light and shade, it would look like a flat circle.

A few words, in conclusion, on the advancement of photography. The commercial or public appli-

cation of photographic science in this country has been, in a great measure, confined to the action of light on metallic plates, although most beautiful effects may be produced on a more convenient and cheaper material, and it is probable that this branch of the subject will be more than ever investigated, since stereoscope pictures on metal, from their weight, cost, and other inconveniences, will not be so largely employed as camera pictures on paper.

In the course of this inquiry, many matters have been left untouched, through fear of confusing the

subject; the chief object being to show the analogy between the stereoscopic and natural pictures in their relation to the organs and sense of vision. To the scientific man, many of the foregoing explanations will appear unnecessarily explicit and tedious; but we trust, to the great bulk of our readers, we may have succeeded in making this beautiful and remarkable discovery intelligible: in that case, we shall not have failed in proving, in this particular instance, like effects result from like causes.

## THE RED EAR; OR, THE HUSKING FROLIC.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(See Plate.)

IN rural districts, the merrymakings have a natural heartiness about them never seen in cities, towns, nor villages. Overweening self-respect has not come in to fetter the motions of the body, nor to smother the laugh in its free utterance. Feeling and action are in close relationship. You come nearer to nature, untrammelled by custom and unaffected by art.

A merrymaking *par excellence* is a New England husking frolic. The husking frolic at the South is a different affair altogether. There, it is a congregation of negroes from the various plantations near at hand, who, while they work, make the air vocal almost for miles around with their rude melodies, a few of which have been rendered familiar to ears polite by the "Serenaders" who have so highly amused the public during the past two or three years. But, at the North, the "husking," like the "quilting," draws together the gentle maidens and loving swains of a neighborhood, who meet to enjoy themselves in their own way. And such enjoyment as they have, in kind and degree, is not to be met with every day. In former times, the "husking" was a wilder affair than at present. Straight-laced conventionality is gradually finding its way beyond the city limits, and binding the free spirits of our country maidens. They meet oftener with the "city folks," gradually falling more and more into their habits as they partake more and more of their spirit; and, when they assemble for enjoyment, they check their impulses, restrain their movements, and hush almost into silence the merry laughter that seeks to leap forth like the singing waters of the fountain. No; "huskings" are not what they were. Instead of seeing on the threshing-floor a troop of young men and maidens, stripping from the bright ears of grain their leafy coverings, amid laughter, music, and the mingling of sweet voices, as of old, mere "labor" comes in too often to perform the

service, and silently and coldly does its work. Yet, here and there, a farmer, who cannot forget the pleasant times when he was young, sends forth his annual summons after the maize harvest is gathered, and then comes a merrymaking for old and young that is enjoyed in a way never to be forgotten.

Old Ephraim Bradley was a man of this school. If his head grew white under the falling snows of many winters, the grass was fresh and green, and the flowers ever blooming on his heart. With him, the annual "husking" was never omitted. It was like Christmas and Thanksgiving, almost a sacred thing, half involving sin in the omission.

Kate Mayflower, a wild romp of a girl from Boston—at least some in the city regarded her as such—was spending a few weeks in D—, when invitations came to attend a husking party at Ephraim Bradley's. The old man lived some three miles from the village. Kate had heard about husking parties, and her young spirits leaped up when the announcement was made that one was to be held in the neighborhood, and that she was invited to be present. It was a frolic that, from all she had heard, would just suit her temperament, and she set off, when the time came, to make one of the party, in the merriest possible mood.

Evening had closed in on the arrival of the party from D—, who quickly joined some score or two of young people in the large kitchen, where lay heaped up in the centre a huge pile of Indian corn.

"All that to be husked?" whispered Kate, as she entered the room.

"Oh yes; all that and more, perhaps," was the smiling reply. "We have come to work, you know."

"Now, gals," said old Mr. Bradley, who stood looking on as the young folks gathered, with bright faces, around the golden grain, "now for a good old-fashioned time. If there are not half a dozen

weddings between this and Christmas, I shall say there is no virtue in red ears."

As he ceased, down dropped, amid gay voices and laughter, the whole company upon the floor, in all graceful and ungraceful positions, in a circle around the pile of corn. Kate alone remained standing, for the movement was so sudden that she could not act with it.

"Here's room for you, Kate," cried one of the girls who had come with her, making a place by her side; and down sank Kate, feeling, for the first time, a little awkward and confused. Beside her was a stout, rough country youth, whose face was all merriment, and whose eyes were dancing with anticipated pleasure. The city girl eyed his rough, brown hands, coarse garments, and unpolished face, with a slight feeling of repulsion, and drew a little from him towards her friend.

"Oh, plenty of room, miss! Plenty of room," said he, turning broadly around, and addressing her with a familiar leer. "The tighter we fit in, the better. Lay the brands close, if you want a good fire."

Kate could not help laughing at this. As she laughed, he added—

"All free and easy here." He had grasped an ear of corn, and was already stripping down the husk. "A red ear, by jingo!" suddenly burst from his lips, in a tone of triumph; and, as he spoke, he sprang towards, or rather upon Kate, with the grace of a young bear, and kissed her with a "smack" that might have been heard a dozen rooms off. Ere she had time to recover from the surprise, and, it must be admitted, indignation, occasioned by this unexpected assault upon her lips, the hero of the first "red ear" was half around the circle of struggling girls, kissing both right and left with a skill and heartiness that awoke shouts of applause from the young "fellers," who envied his good fortune.

That was a new phase of life to Kate. She had heard of kissing as an amusement among young folks, and had often thought that the custom was too good to have become obsolete; but a practical view, and a personal participation like this, was a thing that her imagination had, in none of its vagaries, conceived. An old-fashioned, straight-backed, flag-bottomed chair stood near, and, unwilling to trust herself again upon the floor, Kate drew that into the circle, and seated herself close to the pile of corn just as the young man had completed his task of kissing every girl in the room.

"First-rate that!" said he, smacking his lips, as he threw himself at her feet. "Wasn't I lucky?"

Kate's indignation had, by this time, all melted away under a lively sense of the ludicrous, and she could not help laughing with the merriest. Soon another red ear was announced, and then the kissing commenced again. Such struggling, wrestling, screaming, and laughing, Kate had never heard nor seen. The young man who held the prize had all

the nerve required to go through with his part, as Kate clearly proved when it came to her turn to receive a salute. Springing from her chair, she fled into the next room; but this only increased his eagerness to touch the lips of "the beautiful girl from Boston," and he soon had his arms around her and his hands upon her cheeks. The struggle was long and well sustained on the part of the maiden; but her fate was to be kissed, and kissed by a rough young countryman whom she had never met before. The deed was done, and then the blushing, panting girl was led back in triumph to the room from which she had escaped.

Red ears were in plenty that evening. It was shrewdly guessed that every young man had come with at least two in his pockets, for all the girls avowed that never before had farmer Bradley's field of corn produced so many. As for Kate, she was kissed and kissed, until making, as she alleged to her friend, a virtue of necessity, she submitted with the kindest grace imaginable; and, if the truth must be told, enjoyed the frolic with as lively a zest as any one present.

At length, the great pile of corn disappeared, and the company arranged themselves for dancing; but they had hardly been on the floor half an hour, when supper was announced—and such a supper as that was! No pyramids of ice-cream or candied oranges. No mock nor real turtle; nor oysters in a dozen styles. Turkeys there were, but not scientifically "boned." No; there were none of the fashionable city delicacies; but, instead, "a gigantic round of beef in the centre of the table was flanked on either side with vegetables. A bouncing junk of corned beef was at one end, and a big chicken-pie at the other. An Indian pudding, of ample dimensions, stood forth between the middle and end of the end dishes, and a giant pot of beans loomed up on the other side; whilst pumpkin-pies, apple-sauce, and a host of other 'fixings' filled up the spaces."

This was the bill of fare for the evening, and our city belle looked on with a new surprise, as she saw the articles disappearing one after another like frost work on window-panes at sunrise. If the good wife did not say on this, as was said on a similar occasion, "Lay hold, and help yourselves, gals—make a long arm; and let the men folks take keer of themselves. If any on you likes turnips *squat* and buttered, *squat* and butter 'em to suit yourselves"—at least as hearty and primitive an invitation to go to work on the good things was extended, and no one could complain that it was not acted upon. What followed is best given in the language of one who has already described a similar scene:—

"The guests seemed to do ample justice to the viands; mirth and festivity reigned around the board. Jokes, witticisms, and flashes of fun would occasionally 'set the table in a roar.' All appeared



determined to enjoy themselves at the 'top of their bent.'

"Soon as supper was over, all the girls lent a hand, and the table was cleared away in a jiffy. Blindman's buff was then introduced; the company now was uproarious! Dancing was the next consideration. Amos Bunker screwed up his viol, rosined the bow, and 'did up' the toe and heel-inspiring notes of Fisher's Hornpipe; whilst a number of the party, who were somewhat skilled in the terpsichorean art, put in the 'double shuffle rigadon.' Presently the lookers-on caught the enthusiasm, and the whole company, old and young,

adepts and novices, took the floor and did their utmost:

'Twas right and left, and down outside, six round and back to back:

Harum-scarum, helter-skelter, bump together, whack!"

"And thus was the husking kept up till the old clock, which stood in one corner of the kitchen, beat out twelve; then broke up this jolly gathering."

So it was at old farmer Bradley's. When Kate went back to Boston, she was free to own that she had enjoyed a new kind of merrymaking, and avowed her purpose to be at old Ephraim Bradley's when the next "husking" came off.

## CORN SHUCKING IN THE OLD DOMINION.

(See Plate.)

THE following is by the gentleman who kindly furnished us with the drawing of "Corn Shucking in the Old Dominion."

"I send you a pen and ink sketch, which, though familiar to all from the 'sunny South,' may be a novelty to those residing at the North. It represents corn shucking in the Old Dominion. This is the season of merrymaking among the blacks, who assemble for miles around; and, for a supper of 'hog meat and hominy,' and as much whiskey as will make them merry, will, in a single night, husk the product of a large plantation. The labor of husking is made light by songs, and sometimes the music of a banjo. One man, who is celebrated for his wit and his facility in rhyming, mounts the pile, and treats his sable brethren to a recitative song, describing their joys and sorrows, their loves and their hardships, 'in soul-moving poesy;' at the end of each line the chorus is caught up by those around the pile, and for miles their songs are borne on the still night air, lulling to rest all who are within reach of its soothing influence. The party does not break up till near day, and many find great difficulty in getting home, on account of their seeing double from their night debauch. P. H. C."

The following we extract from "Bryant's Letters from the South:—

"A CORN SHUCKING.—But you must hear of the corn shucking. The one at which I was present was given on purpose that I might witness the humors of the Carolina negroes. A huge fire of *light-wood* was made near the corn-house. Light-wood is the wood of the long-leaved pine, and is so called, not because it is light, for it is almost the heaviest wood in the world, but because it gives more light than any other fuel. In clearing lands, the pines are girdled and suffered to stand; the outer portion of the wood decays and falls off; the inner part, which is saturated with turpentine, remains upright

for years, and constitutes the planter's provision of fuel. When a supply is wanted, one of these dead trunks is felled by the axe. The abundance of light-wood is one of the boasts of South Carolina. Wherever you are, if you happen to be chilly, you may have a fire extempore; a bit of light-wood and a coal give you a bright blaze and a strong heat in an instant. The negroes make fires of it in the fields where they work, and, when the mornings are wet and chilly, in the pens where they are milking the cows. At a plantation where I passed a frosty night, I saw fires in a small inclosure, and was told by the lady of the house that she had ordered them to be made to warm the cattle.

"The light-wood fire was made, and the negroes dropped in from the neighboring plantations, singing as they came. The driver of the plantation, a colored man, brought out baskets of corn in the husk, and piled it in a heap; and the negroes began to strip the husks from the ears, singing with great glee as they worked, keeping time to the music, and now and then throwing in a joke and an extravagant burst of laughter. The songs were generally of a comic character.

"When the work of the evening was over, the negroes adjourned to a spacious kitchen. One of them took his place as musician, whistling and beating time with two sticks upon the floor. Several of the men came forward and executed various dances, capering, prancing, and drumming with heel and toe upon the floor, with astonishing agility and perseverance, though all of them had performed their daily tasks, and had worked all the evening, and some had walked from four to seven miles to attend the corn shucking. From the dances a transition was made to a mock military parade, a sort of burlesque of our militia trainings, in which the words of command and the evolutions were extremely ludicrous. It became necessary for the

commander to make a speech, and, confessing his incapacity for public speaking, he called upon a huge black man, named Toby, to address the company in his stead. Toby, a man of powerful frame, six feet high, his face ornamented with a beard of fashionable cut, had hitherto stood leaning against the wall, looking upon the frolic with an air of superiority. He consented, came forward, and demanded a bit of paper to hold in his hand, and harangued the soldiery. It was evident that Toby had

listened to stump-speeches in his day. He spoke of 'de majority of Sous Carolina,' 'de interests of de State,' 'de honor of ole Ba'nwell district,' and these phrases he connected by various expletives, and sounds of which we could make nothing. At length he began to falter, when the captain, with admirable presence of mind, came to his relief, and interrupted and closed the harangue with an hurrah from the company. Toby was allowed by all the spectators, black and white, to have made an excellent speech."

## VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

It has been proved that plants are composed of a number of cells united together into a definite shape, and developing according to fixed natural laws. But, if plants are formed by the union and growth of cells, then differences in their size, form, and duration are simply the result of different degrees of cell-evolution. Hence it is not by abrupt transitions, but by a beautiful series of gradations, that nature passes from one vegetable form to another.

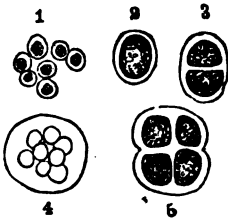
In forest trees, the evolution of new cells goes on for centuries, and the cells, as they increase in number, become specialized, or arrange themselves into definite parts, such as root, stem, and leaves, each having distinct offices to fulfil in the vegetable economy. In shrubs and herbaceous plants, these parts become successively less and less evolved; the size of such plants being consequently reduced, and the duration of their life proportionably shortened. In the hyacinth and *Convallaria magalis*, or lily of the valley, the internodes, or naked intervals of stem between the leaves, are non-developed, and the leaves are crowded together, forming a bulb, or rather subterranean bud; some of these leaves retain their rudimentary scalelike character as a protecting envelope, whilst the others rise in a tuft directly from the earth, the flower-stalk springing from their centre. In the *Cycadaceæ* and *Coniferae*, those beautiful and highly ornamental whorls of leaves, the calyx and the corolla are absent, and the flower is reduced to the last degree of simplicity, whilst in the ferns it disappears altogether, and in its place we have a collection of mere dustlike spots or lines, arranged, however, with great beauty and regularity on the under surface of the frond. The same plan of structure, or distinction of parts into root, stem, and leaves, is still visible in the minute, but exquisitely beautiful mosses, although the root no longer springs from one extremity of the axis of growth, but from every part of it. In the liverworts, the leaves are reduced to mere imbricated scales, and in the lower forms become blended to-

gether into a continuous expansion of vegetable matter called a frond. Finally, in the lichens and algae, root, stem, and leaves disappear, and the whole plant is reduced to a mere plane of cells called a thallus—to a mere row of cells strung end to end, or even to a single cell. Now, as the plan of structure in the more highly organized and complex plants can only be understood by studying the operations of nature in detail, as exemplified in the simpler vegetable forms, we shall commence with these first, this being plainly the most natural and philosophical method of investigation. Let us begin, then, with

**PLANTS COMPOSED OF A SINGLE CELL.**—The lower forms of the algae afford us several examples of plants thus organically simple. In these plants, vegetation is reduced to its simplest terms. The plant and cell are identical. Here we have the starting-point of vegetation, the beginning of the formation of those vegetable elements which, in their future development, shall clothe the earth's surface with the richest forms of life and beauty. These plants are especially interesting, as furnishing the simplest indications of those processes of cell-growth and reproduction, on an accurate knowledge of which rest the very foundations of all vegetable physiology.

The plant-cell, as it is termed by Schleiden, constitutes an entire vegetable without organs, imbibing food by endosmosis through every part of its exterior surface, which it converts into the materials of its own enlargement or growth, and finally into new cells, which constitute its progeny. Being without lateral compression of any kind, the plant-cell necessarily takes a globular form. But, even when her vegetative productions are thus organically simple, nature is by no means restricted to one uniform pattern; on the contrary, this family of plants presents almost every variety of color, and external appearances so marked and varied as to justify naturalists in regarding them as distinct species.

We select, as an illustration of the plant-cell, the *Protococcus nivalis*, or red snow-plant, found in the arctic regions, and which also occurs on damp ground in much lower latitudes. In Fig. 1, we have

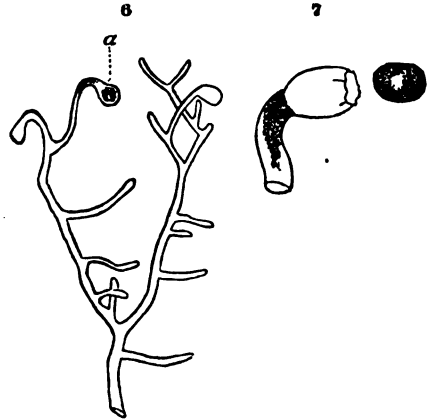


several individuals of this plant slightly magnified, to show the nature of the reproductive process. New cells are seen to originate in the interior of each plant-cell, which gradually take their place, and the new generation thus produced enlarge and give rise to a new progeny in their interior as before. In this manner, this simple vegetation grows on from age to age. Fig. 4 represents a more highly magnified individual of the *Protococcus nivalis*, showing more distinctly the new cells forming in its interior. The green pulverulent matter which appears on old walls, and on the bark of trees, consists of an unformed mass of free globular cells, which grow and reproduce in this simple manner.

In other species of plant-cells, the mode of reproduction is somewhat different. In *Chroococcus rufescens* (Fig. 2), the plant-cell takes an oval form, and (Fig. 3) a partition then appears across the cavity of the cell, dividing it into two cells. These two cells are again subdivided by the formation of another septum at right angles to the first partition,

as is seen in Fig. 5. The four cells thus formed enlarge and ultimately separate, constituting four new individuals, which propagate in like manner.

In *Oscillaria*, the plant-cell becomes elongated, or it may become elongated and branched, as is the case with the species *Vaucheria*, which forms one kind of those delicate and flossy green threads abounding in fresh water, and which are popularly known in some places as brook silk. Fig. 6 is a



magnified view of *Vaucheria clavata*, which consists of a single cell of unbroken caliber, furnished with branches. In one of these branches, at *a*, a spore is forming. Fig. 7 represents the end of the branch more magnified, with the spore escaped from its burst apex. In this instance, the ramifications of the cell foreshadow, as it were, the stem and branches of more highly organized plants.

## ADDISON.

MACAULAY tells us that the Lord-Treasurer Godolphin, though not habitually a reading man, was mortified by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honor of the battle of Blenheim. It was expedient, if not necessary, to the political dignity of the administration, that the victory should be celebrated in better verses than had appeared, and this was the foundation of Addison's introduction to fortune and to fame. Addison occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. So says Macaulay; but how he found out, and satisfied himself of the fact, that Addison's apartment was so high in the world, he does not tell us. In his humble lodging, he was surprised one morning by a visit from no less a person than the Right Hon. Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carle-

ton. This high-born minister, says our historian, had been sent by the Lord-Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. The result was the poem of the "Campaign," and Addison was instantly appointed to a commissionership. In our days, it belongs to the fitness of things that an English commissioner must be endowed with £1200 a year; with £300 more, if he has the trouble of writing "chief" before his name when he describes himself. In Addison's time, a commissionership signified only £200 a year; but the habits of English life were, in Queen Anne's time, less expensive. Four years afterwards, Addison became a member of the House of Commons for Malmesbury, and attained, finally, the rank of Secretary of State. The Whigs, it must be admitted, have generally been more ready to notice and promote literary ability than the Tories have been.

## A LEGEND OF THE SECOND CRUSADE IN THE HOLY LAND.

### THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF HÁSAN SÁBÁH.

BY MRS. S. H. WADDELL.

(Concluded from page 238.)

#### CHAPTER V.

THE encampment was in itself a considerable town. Nineteen different languages were spoken, and all of the various noisy transactions witnessed in cities abounded here, only increased tenfold. Huts and stables, with inclosures for horses and cattle, dotted the valleys as far as the eye could reach; and the bell, summoning the Crusaders to mass, matins, and vespers, was as regularly heard as the muezzin from the minaret of the mosque.

I returned home with the Christians and spies of Antioch, and recounted to my father and Al Alpo the dreadful scene I had witnessed. My preceptor raised his hands above his venerable head, as he said—

"What a Sodom! What a Gomorrah! May the crescent yet be their Asphaltites! Never did the neighboring groves of Daphne, in the early days of Antioch, echo such ribaldry when they, Greek-like, invoked Apollo and Diana, as this we see and hear from the camp of these miserable Franks. Ye poor followers of Mohammed, not only executed, but roasted and eaten by those ravening wolves! Heard we ever before of such deeds? Oh, Prophet, who journeyed to the moon in one night, rescue us! How beautiful was the death of thy followers! They flinched not from the axe of thy enemies. And even thy gardens, oh Antioch, which they cut down and doomed to render them ignoble, in their own hands returned them homage by wafting their souls into the fifth heaven in clouds of perfumes. Oh, miserable Al Alpo, that thy gray head should see this day!"

As the imaum ceased, I heard the halting gait of the renegade, and presently saw him come in and sit down by my father. He appeared fatigued, and drew a cushion from the wall;\* his eyes were blood-shot, and the expression of them worse than usual.

"Isamo discovered," he said to my father, "a measure of those Franks for the future protection of their foragers; but I shall be even with them, and am now on my way to inform the governor of

Isamo's discovery, and to suggest the plan which kept me all night awake; my mind was at work, and sleep is the enemy of thought, you know. See yonder; they have commenced their operations already—tying boats together, and placing planks and sods upon them. I must be off." He rose hastily, and disappeared.

The imaum shook his head triumphantly, and remarked—

"The *El-aari*, or rebel, was not anciently given to the Orontes for its sluggishness, but rapid and ungovernable current. I think its swift and wayward tide will combat the Franks more successfully than any thought of thine, Phirous, my brother."

"I understand," said my father, "that Isamo is unwilling to return to the camp of the infidels, saying he was too pious to endure the pollution of being roasted and eaten by the emissaries of Eblis; that, if he must die, let him be turned towards Mecca, and not on a spit before the fire of the enemies of Mohammed."

When I visited Valfrino again, I said to him—

"Valfrino, I am attached to you; curiosity induced me first to visit you, and, from apprehension of being put to death or imprisoned, I borrowed an Armenian dress. So far I was culpable, though I designed no injury to cross or crescent, and do not now, for I am neuter in these difficulties; and, should I find temptation to depart from this position, I would take leave of you forever. My mother's first lesson to me was to be true and faithful."

Valfrino looked at me for some time, as if bewildered; he then took both of my hands within his, and said—

"Hásan, if you are a true man, I will ever feel as an elder brother towards you. I cannot suspect one so young of such fiendlike treachery. No, it cannot be; thy nature must be pure and noble, or, by St. Cyprian, thou couldst neither look nor speak in such manner. See, let us make a mutual vow: Should my dear Lord Tancred and myself fall into the hands of the Antiochians, thou wilt befriend us, as I will, by St. Cyprian, thee, should the reverse take place."

We ate salt from the same salver, and I kissed his forehead and cheeks. My heart was now light, and free from oppression for the first time since the capture of Tarsus.

It was some time after this that I was rather late in returning to the city, for Valfrino had been en-

\* The Turks build their apartments with an elevation on one or both sides, of a foot in height, next the wall. It is padded and carpeted, or covered with damask; leaning against the walls are square cushions of different sizes, for the accommodation of those who may require a change of position.

tertaining me with all manner of amusing reminiscences, and he was the best mimic in the world; moreover, I was now his pupil in the game of chess. As I stepped along, thinking I might incur some punishment at home for being so late, and then saying to myself, "No, it cannot be; my father knows how much Valfrino loves me, and that our intercourse is innocent; my mother says, moreover, but for the nature of our acquaintance, I should never leave the walls," two figures appeared before me. They were wrapped up so that I could not distinguish them, and their backs were turned towards me. Presently, I heard one speak in a whisper to the other, and I instantly knew the voice to be the renegade's. He said—

"My lord of Tarentum, you say, when I open the gate and surrender the town to you, you will place my person in safety, and pay over to me one hundred purses,\* and bestow also a lucrative office upon me for the remainder of my life. But listen, Prince of Tarentum, give me now the pledge, for I trust no man."

Bohemond drew a parchment from his pouch; I saw a ribbon and seal hanging from it, and saw the renegade turn it towards the light of the moon. He appeared satisfied, and added—

"If you hear one stone fall, move not; if two, come instantly. Remember, the hour is midnight."

As he turned from the prince, he encountered me, and saw, moreover, that I was sufficiently near to have heard all that passed.

"Stand, at your peril!" he said, in an agitated whisper.

I did not move; and, in a moment's time, found myself grasped by the shoulder.

"I must poniard him!" said the renegade, drawing his weapon from the scabbard.

"Stay," said the prince; "he will hardly die without a struggle; and see, he is but a boy. I will imprison him where he will be quite safe until after the capture of the city."

I was led to the encampment, and handed over to the very executioner I had seen under such memorable circumstances. "Hold him fast, Bartemus," was all the introduction I had to this beast of a man.

I now felt all of the horrors of my situation. I begged the executioner to send for Prince Tancred's squire, and allow me to speak, in his hearing, one word to him; but he took no notice of me, and commenced singing—

"A headsman I've been a merry long time,  
And many have gone over Styx by my hand,  
And many to the fields of Elysium I've sent."

"Cease, old Cerberus," said a sentinel. "Thy song is of Satan's own making, and enough to sing one by the very hearing."

He led me to his tent, and, after showing me into it, set himself down in the door-way. I looked around and shuddered. His tent was of the coarsest canvas, filled with implements of his profession; and the very hacked and stained block I saw him place on the sand for the execution of the Turkish prisoners now answered him as a tent-table, on which a dirty iron lamp burned dimly; sometimes it would flicker and nearly leave us in darkness, then blaze with a lurid light and sink again. I was melancholy personified. I had seen enough to know that the renegade had turned traitor as well as apostate, and that Antioch was now to be surrendered into the hands of the Crusaders. I thought of my home, of the murder of my parents and friends, and no form of relief presented itself to my mind. In this state of distraction, I was tormented by the incessant repetition of the headsman's song—

"A headsman I've been a merry long time,  
And many have gone over Styx by my hand,  
And many to the fields of Elysium I've sent."

I observed that the executioner nodded sometimes, and a thought of jumping over his head and running occurred to me; but I saw that it would be immediate death, and gave it up in despair. Midnight was rapidly advancing, and I listened with agony to every sound.

At length, as if to torment me, he rose, but was too wary to leave the door-way without binding me; so, reaching a cord from the beam which supported his tent, he made fast my arms, and led me to the block. I did not know now but that the order, "Hold him fast, Bartemus," meant that I should be executed; but he only snuffed the wick of his lamp as he said—

"You may think, youngster, that you will catch me napping; but never you mind those signs; I was broad awake all the time. You would never have been given to Bartemus, but for his skill in keeping prisoners. Why, lad, I could tell thee—but he stopped short, and began his song—

"A headsman I've been a merry long time,  
And many have gone over Styx by my hand,  
And many to the fields of Elysium I've sent."

I replied by saying—

"I have no idea of escape, for I see no way by which I could effect it. I will tell you what; we will make a bargain."

"Oh ho!" he answered, grinning hideously; "so young, and about to bribe! None of that, my lad. If bribery would do any good to those who offer it, Bartemus would never have been trusted with thee, lad."

"You do not hear me, Bartemus," I said. "I have no wish to corrupt you, and only design proposing that you should take me to Prince Tancred's squire; you shall be by my side and hear every word I say, and I will return with you. For this favor, I will reward you by a purse of gold."

\* A purse is four hundred dollars.

"How shall I know that you will pay it?" he surlyly remarked.

"I will swear before Valfrino, by the holy Caaba, to give you one of my father's whiskers, should I fail placing in your hand the sum I promise."

"Well," he replied, "that will do. I have heard you people never break an oath bound by a whisker or beard."

I was all anxiety to hurry forward; but Bartemus was too great a tyrant to allow me to walk fast, when he saw that I desired to do so, and moved forward as slowly as a snail. When near the pavilion, I heard the stone fall, and involuntarily started forward, when he, construing this into a disposition to run from him, stopped me instantly, saying—

"So you think to be off, do you? Suppose we return."

And he jerked me around, and was returning, when I said—

"Oh, Bartemus, I did not intend to run from you!"

Before he had time to reply, Valfrino called to him—

"Stop, Bartemus; a word with you."

As he advanced towards us, tears came to my relief. I wept bitterly. He whispered something to the executioner which I could not understand, and I saw him walk off with an air of perfect indifference.

Valfrino cut the cord which bound me, and inquired, hastily, how I came in the hands of the executioner. I had barely time to inform him, and to beseech him to remember our vows and inquire for Zenghi, the Guzel, when men, clashing in armor and arms, rushed by; and presently I heard the dreadful shouts of the capturers of Antioch rend the air in every direction.

I fled through the gate of the city, which was now wide open, and ran to my father's residence. As I entered the gallery, all was as quiet as death; the heavens were refulgently lit with stars, and the moonbeams danced on the *rebel* waters of the Orontes.

I knocked loudly, and soon saw my father open the door. I hastily recounted all that had passed, and was relieved of the misery I apprehended lest Valfrino should not discover my father's residence, or be killed before he reached it, when I heard his voice calling out—

"Do you say that Zenghi, the Guzel, lives here?"

"Yes, beloved brother," I answered; "here, here!"

He stepped in the gallery, and, in a moment, a bloody cross was fastened securely to the door. He darted off, and my father drew me in and closed the door.

I saw crowds of armed men pass us after pointing at the cross on the door, and thus we escaped death by the very crimson cross I had so often heard denied by my parents, and all who professed an opposite religion.

It was heart-rending to see the city, so recently the theatre of splendor and gayety, now, in a few hours, converted into the abode of wretchedness, murder, and death; the streets literally ran blood, and the wounded and dead formed a pavement of flesh for every part of Antioch.

I wept for joy when I found that Valfrino had escaped even being wounded. At midday, he paid us a visit, and granted my mother a flag to enter the governor's palace in safety. I went with her.

## CHAPTER VI.

WHEN we arrived at the emir's palace, we found all of the gates wide open; courts, galleries, and passages were strewed with dead bodies; the "*Salon of Perfumes*" alone escaped mutilation and death, being protected by a secret door which opened on an antechamber. With a noiseless touch, my mother withdrew the wainscot, and never before or since have my eyes beheld a scene so gloriously beautiful, so absorbingly enchanting. The apartment was very large, and surrounded by gilded sashes, some of which were half open, and peeping through were the most fragrant and healthy roses, honeysuckles, and delicately-blooming *asocias*; the ceiling was arched, and inimitably painted to represent flowers showered from gilded baskets; two fountains of fine marble poured fragrant water into vases, in the form of shells; the floor was covered with a Turkish carpet, composed of the wool of the shawl-goat mixed with silk, and woven to represent the plumage of the pea-fowl, and bird of Paradise; a deep fringe of gold thread surrounded this, and on each side were divans, covered with embroidered white satin, fringed with gold, and piled with cushions of the same.

As my eyes wandered over this abode of elegance, the "Startled Fawn of Cashmere" bounded wildly from the fountain, behind which she had hid herself, and sprang, full of terror, in my mother's arms. She was a child of twelve years, of magnificent beauty, and the full, dark eye of the fawn was lustrous with terror. My mother sank on a cushion, and drew her by her side; her dress of pink satin, confined by a girdle of diamonds, quivered from the quick beating of her heart, and she breathed with so much difficulty that I snatched a golden cup, which I observed by one of the fountains, and handed it full of water, that my mother might bathe her forehead and temples with it.

I looked for some of her attendants; but she was the only animated being in the apartment.

As the child revived, my mother said, while she parted her fine black tresses—

"Una, dear, compose thyself; I have brought a flag for thy protection, and will take thee home with me."

She held up her snowy hands and clasped them, while tears of gratitude fell on her cheeks, now as colorless as a mound of snow.

It was just at this time that we heard advancing rapidly towards us heavy tramping, interspersed with eager and rough voices. I called to my mother to give me the flag, and saw her look about her, rise hurriedly, and sink as rapidly, as she said, in an agonizing voice—

"Oh Allah, it is lost! It is gone!"

"Up, Una," said I—"up, Una, and assist me to find it. It has a red cross. See beneath those cushions, while I look here."

I was hurrying out, but it was too late; for the door was forced open, and crowds of armed men rushed in.

"Where is Prince Bohemond?" said the foremost man, while high in the air he held a human head.

I looked as he spoke, and recognized the Emir Baghi Seyan. His magnificent turban was still looped with the rarest jewel of the Indian realms, which flashed and gleamed above the straining, unexpressive eyes, and features all stiffened and purple in the writhing distortions of a sudden and violent death. The long, white beard flowed so as to hide entirely the hand which grasped it, and was dyed and streaming with blood. I turned in horror as the soldier repeated—

"Where is Prince Bohemond? By the snaky head of Medusa, I will have my reward! Here is the head of the Governor of Antioch!"

"I am for plunder!" said fifty voices at once.

I saw my mother and Una surrounded; I heard the rattle of scabbards, as swords were unsheathed. All recollection faded before me, and I fell prostrate on the floor.

I must have had a long and protracted fit of illness, accompanied with mental alienation, the result of overwrought feeling; for, when my consciousness returned, I found myself with my parents, Una, and the imaum, seated beneath the long shadow of one of the pyramids of Memphis, on the Lybian side of the Nile.

I can hardly describe my sensations as I woke to life again. My faculties, bewildered and struggling with the dreadful malady which had chained and imprisoned them, recalled to my memory the flickering of an exhausted lamp, and the new scenes by which I was surrounded, known alone to my mind's eye, had been buried in darkness as the vivid paintings discoverable only by torchlight on the subterranean chambers of this ancient country. So slept my memory, until the *light of reason* suddenly reflected its bright torch upon the imaged chambers of my mind.

I called my father—for the last scenes of consciousness crowded before me, and I wished to apprise him of what I believed him ignorant, and what I knew he would regard as a circumstance of the greatest importance. He rose hastily, and, with

a countenance full of anxiety, came to me; and, taking both of my hands within his, sat down by me as he said—

"What will the beloved of my soul have?"

I answered—

"Oh, my father, may Allah give thee life forever! Do you know that Phirouz, the renegade, betrayed Antioch into the hands of the Christians?"

I saw a tear, for the first time in my life, swell, sparkle, and fall from his eyes, as he turned off and remarked to the imaum—

"Hâsan raves yet. Oh, that the hand of Allah would cease to touch so heavily my Hâsan, my only child!"

"Brother," said the imaum, Al Alpso, "there is hope for thee, even from the leech who awaits thy return at Memphis. He is greater in his skill than the Chaldean, even from the Euphrates to Irak Araby."

I called my father again.

"Father, I am not raving; and you shall see that I am not by what I shall say and do. But the renegade, Phirouz, did betray Antioch."

He tore his beard, and covered his face with his robe.

"See," said I, again, "my father, that I am rational; for I recollect the instructions of our imaum, and I know, from what he has taught me, that these pyramids must be the three near Memphis; this, beneath which we are seated, is the largest, and is called 'Cheops.' We are on the western side of the Nile, which, in Sanscrit, the base of so many languages, signifies blue. The inhabitants of this country are supposed to be the descendants of Ham, a son of Noah; and the worship of the Egyptians, the ship of Isis and Osiris, are symbolical of the deluge."

My father and the imaum turned towards Mecca, and fell upon their faces; after which they came towards me, and, each lifting me, placed me in a species of palanquin borne on the back of a camel. My mother and the little girl were next assisted to their seats, and I heard my father say to my mother—

"As soon as we can do so, we must make a pilgrimage to Mecca, and repeat the 'cow';\* for Hâsan is recovering. He is demented now only on one subject. Oh, Allah, make us grateful, for Hâsan lives again!"

We journeyed on, followed by the imaum and my father; and, as we crossed several canals which separated Memphis from the pyramids, my dear old preceptor whipped up his mule, and drawing him up by our side, inquired how I now was. I thanked him, and answered that I felt much improved. He raised his turban, as he said—

"Then thanks and praises be forever to Allah! Child of my soul, instruction is never so profitable

\* From the Koran.

as when given upon the spot where the event transpired. Here are the identical canals, drawing their waters from the Nile, which furnished the Greeks with the idea of Coccytus, Acheron, and Lethe. You observe, they were designed to separate the cemeteries from the mighty city of Memphis; and you will remember, my son, that those pyramids, whose summits reach even to the first heaven, serve but as a beacon to warn us of our mortality and insignificance. The kings who built these stupendous monuments were hated for their cruelty and heavy exactions; and, when they died, their bodies were hidden and buried in obscurity, to prevent the indignities which they would have suffered from a roused and revengeful populace. Their labor and designs are left to conjecture, and the real kings who projected them are to this day consigned to the mazes of doubt. In this great work, one hundred thousand men were laboriously employed, to be relieved every three months by the same number. Ten years were spent in hewing the stones, and twenty in building. As an evidence of the amount necessary for the support of the workmen, there is now hieroglyphicized on one of the pyramids, the sum of one thousand six hundred talents in silver,\* for leeks, onions, and garlic: from this single example, we may form a correct idea of the extent of oppression and taxation at that period. Age after age has left records of this wonder of centuries, and speculations as to the purposes for which they were reared invited the attention of the learned and wise. The opinion of some has been that they were intended for scientific purposes, such as establishing the proper length of the cubit, of which they contain, in breadth and height, a certain number of multiples, and that they gave evidence of a considerable progress in astronomy, from their sides being adapted to the four cardinal points, and the leading passages in these pyramids preserving the same inclination of 26° to the horizon, being always directed to the polar star; their obliquity also is so adjusted as to make the north side coincide with the obliquity of the sun's rays at the summer solstice.

"Again, son of my soul, the learned say that the ancient Egyptians connected astronomy with their funeral and religious ceremonies, and that zodiacs are found even in their tombs. The pyramids, they argue, must have then been originally designed as mausoleums, on a scale of magnificence, grandeur, and durability far beyond any other that ever was or could be invented. Think, Hâsan, that a stone sarcophagus, in a spacious chamber of these noble monuments, was opened, and behold the mouldering bones of the god Apis, or the ox, and beneath him human skeletons; then grope your way through passages and chambers of different dimensions, and lo! embalmed with skilful care, in innumerable

sealed jars, another god, the Ibis, or Egyptian stork! What a satire in granite on man!"

We had now passed a large portion of the ruins of old Misr, or Memphis, for they covered three square leagues, and, in all, probably extended even to a greater distance. My mind was deeply impressed with the melancholy grandeur with which Time slowly but inevitably touched with decay the masterworks of man, and I was relieved when we reached a caravansary, surrounded by every Egyptian feature, and yet inhabited by Mohammedans, and kept in the Saracen style.

I recovered rapidly while residing in Memphis, and was strictly enjoined never to mention the renegade even remotely. I pursued my studies as usual, and every evening, while with my mother, I taught Una such lessons as she had leisure to study. The ruins were almost uninhabited, and the caravansary appeared, from several circumstances, to be only a temporary shelter for itinerants. It was very rare that any one called or passed, and we lived in quiet seclusion, associating but little with the two Saracens who were the proprietors of the establishment. My father appeared to be well acquainted with them; but he never permitted me to inquire as to who or what they were.

One day, I was standing before one of those enormous statues of red granite, glaired with varnish of the same color, deeply absorbed in thought, and wondering at its proportions, as it stood forty-five feet above its pedestal, with a breadth, from shoulder to shoulder, of fifteen feet, when I heard, from its opposite side, the following discourse:—

"I tell thee, Phirous Beni Zerri, that sum will not answer. I have a liking myself for the Fawn; she is, indeed, a houri. I know your infamous plan of taking her off, and selling her for a heavy purse; and look, you offer me a paltry sum to betray one who has eaten salt with me, to surrender an orphan into your pitiless hand, the child of Zenghi's soul,\* one I have heard him say he loved tenderly, and for whom he felt a father's affection, as she had now no living relation or friend but himself, and that he was training her for his son, Hâsan, who he intended should marry her in two or three years. No, man, I will not agree to your terms. No price should induce such an act in me."

"Well," answered the renegade, "I always thought thee, Marari, only fit to sing songs and tell stories. Thou hast none of the man about thee; thou art cowardly, and a fool!"

Marari, with perfect self-command, replied by a contemptuous laugh, as he said—

"Call me what thou choosest; thy abuse is good fame to any man; and I retort only on my equals, surely never on such as thou."

I saw the tall form of the poet glide off, and I

\* £25,000 sterling.

\* Adopted children are called by this appellation in the East.



watched him, as he stepped over broken columns and chiselled fragments, until overshadowed by the statue of Sesostris, and next by the ragged and falling walls of the Temple of Vulcan.

The renegade must have been occupied in the same manner as myself, for he remained immovable until the shadow even of Marari's figure entirely faded from the portal of the temple. He now stepped forward, and, as he suddenly encountered me, he appeared convulsed by the effects of surprise and anger. He ran his hand hurriedly in his bosom, as he said—

"By all the fiends, thou shalt tell no more tales! But for thy brain fever, my life would have been taken long since."

He rushed at me, and I shouted—

"Murder! help! Marari!"

The renegade stood calmly by my side, and when the poet came, breathless from the rapidity of the bounds he made to reach the spot, Phirous smilingly remarked—

"Take him to the caravansary to Zenghi, for he is raving again. He says I am going to murder him. Come, I will go along with you."

Marari looked alternately at each of us, and shook his head. I could not say one word, so astonished was I at the ready villany of the man.

We returned to the caravansary, and the renegade immediately sought my father, and, in my presence, informed him of my having accused him of designing to murder me, adding expressions of sorrow for the obstinate continuance of my brain fever, decanting on its horrible effects upon my imagination.

"Brother," answered my father, "I have, in Cairo, pressing business, and so hast thou. Suppose we hasten to my boat on the Nile? And, as Hâsan's malady is always aggravated by thy presence, we had better be off as soon as possible."

Phirous readily assented, protesting "that he avoided appearing at the house on my account, and that, had he supposed I would have been abroad, he would have kept a watch for me until his business was transacted in Memphis, being only desirous to see a certain statue in the ruins which he had never seen; and, designing a journey to Persia, he wished to look at it previous to leaving the country."

I went immediately to my mother, and stated to her my discovery of another act of villany on the part of the renegade. How shall I describe my feelings, when I saw that the only impression the relation of this circumstance made on her was but a renewal of her fears for my sanity!

"Una, sweet fawn," said I, in the multitude of my fears and distresses, "thou wilt not think Hâsan wild?"

The tears of grief and perplexity swelled and trembled in her full, dark eyes, and she turned and looked at me so submissively and sorrowfully that I could only add—

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"Do this then, Una, for miserable Hâsan: beware at all times of being alone. Take this"—I handed her a small whistle made of a conch—"blow it never but when you need assistance."

Time passed on from days to months, and from months to years, without my ever seeing or hearing of the renegade. During this time, I had ample room to become acquainted with Una, and her piety and noble nature so won and captivated my heart, that I thought a life of seclusion with her, my parents, and the now infirm imaum, the happiest this world afforded.

During my illness and convalescence, Jerusalem had been taken by the Crusaders, and Godfrey of Bouillon crowned king; and, since our residence at Memphis, I heard of his death, and of the establishment of his brother, Baldwin of Flanders, on the throne. But what proved of great importance to us was a discovery I accidentally made, in the fact of the proprietors of the caravansary being *Assassins*. I was prudently silent on this point, and they were profoundly ignorant of my knowledge of their tenets and political associations. Their residence in Egypt was for political purposes, and they were deeply concerned in the existing measures of the divan and country for subduing the disaffected and placing the young sultan on the throne of his father. Mostali Billah, the Egyptian Caliph, had recently died, and his son, Amer Bihamillah, who was but five years of age, succeeded him. Afdal, who had been vizier in the last reign, was continued in office, and ruled the country in the minority of the young sultan; soon, however, civil dissensions commenced, for Borar, the uncle of Amer, attempted to dethrone him, and seize the government in his own hands. While this was going forward, there was carried on every species of intrigue, and the Assassins were not only concerned in the political compacts of Egypt, but of Syria, Arabia, and Persia. They were employed by crowned heads, statesmen, and, indeed, by factious artisans.

## CHAPTER VII.

My father saved but little from sword and fire in Syria. And here it may be appropriate to remark that he never allowed any of the family to revert to the siege of Antioch, and to this day I am ignorant of their manner of rescue from the palace of Baghi Seyan. I have always believed it to have proceeded from the same dear friend who bound, with the magnetic chains of gratitude, this stricken heart. Yes, so long as its feeblest pulsations remain, Valfrino will be found mosaicied there with love, gratitude, confidence, and admiration.

By industry and economy, while living at Memphis, my father added sufficient to his capital to make occasional voyages with merchandise; and,

on these occasions, he established my mother and Una comfortably and securely at Cairo, taking me sometimes with him, and returning, on his arrival, to our home the caravansary. My life there was innocent and happy; and, by close study, I now completed my education, and my parents were preparing presents for my marriage day. During this period, I had gone one day, accompanied by the imaum and the two Saracens, to examine the Pyramids, and the whole day was spent by us in excavating and wandering over their subterraneous chambers, passages, and wells; my father had been a week absent on the borders of the Delta, seeking a lucrative situation for us after our nuptials, and there was no one at the caravansary but my mother, Una, and a domestic my father had purchased as an attendant for them. We returned by the red light of the setting sun, covered with dust and much fatigued, and I quickly sought my mother's apartment, with the pleasing idea of rest on her comfortable mats and cushions.

Oh, what awaited me there! The glad and happy countenances, the light of my life, where were they? I looked hurriedly around; the room was in the greatest confusion; furniture in heaps, broken, and turned upside down—and, stretched at full length, with a gagged and bleeding mouth, all covered with a network of cords, lay my mother's servant. This was at once a revelation to me. I had almost forgotten for five years the renegade, and the scene, with the immediate association, had nearly destroyed me. I uttered a piercing shriek, which brought the Saracens and the poor old imaum, rushing one over the other, into my presence. I fell on the floor, and tossed in the agony of my suffering, and now as suddenly bounded up, calling my companions to my assistance. We cut asunder the cords, and withdrew the gag from the poor woman's mouth.

"Oh, speak, Mona, speak!" said I. "Where are they? Where is?"

She replied, as she sobbed violently, "That she could not imagine where they were. A cross-eyed, crippled man led others; they bound her before they left the apartment, and she knew nothing more."

The imaum was too much affected to be in possession of his judgment, and sat weeping and wringing his withered hands. I grew calm from desperation.

"Brothers," said I, "will you assist me?"

They stood perfectly silent.

"Only say what I can do for you in return?" I repeated.

"By the point of my dagger," the elder man answered, "it would be a difficult step just now for us."

I had no wealth to bestow, and I thought of one alternative. Stepping up to them, I whispered my accidental discovery of their tenets and political

compact, adding that I had never breathed one word of the subject to a human being.

"Now, brothers, assist me, and unite the strength of some of your tribe with us. And hear me: I will solemnly lend myself to become one of you; my body and mind shall be yours; it is all I possess in this world, and I freely give it—oh, gladly, to redeem those I hold dearer than liberty or life!"

The Assassins left me for a short time, and returned dressed in travelling robes. They withdrew with me until we were alone. The elder Saracen now glided from his bosom a slender dagger, on which I was solemnly sworn, in the name of the Prophet, to abide by the laws of their compact to the last hours of my life. Having finished this ceremony, he next made a slight gash on my arm, in which he stained with blood the dirk, and, holding its bloody point to my breast, pronounced these words—

"Thou art now an Assassin. Shouldst thou ever forsake, or betray us, in law, word, or deed, this sinks into thy heart, to be stained, as the point now is, to the hilt with thy life's blood."

He withdrew it, and, holding it over my head with both of his hands, snapped it into fragments.

"Now, brother," continued the elder Saracen, "thou needest but this"—he placed in my girdle a dagger. "By and by, thou wilt understand the meaning of the inscription on the handle; and, when it is withdrawn from its scabbard, thou wilt find it true steel. It cannot be broken as yonder fragments; such as these are made only for our ceremonies."

The next gave me a robe, of the same fashion and material as his own, saying—

"We must be off as soon as possible. We must endeavor to reach Cairo in as short a time as can be compassed; there we must leave the feeble imaum and thy mother's domestic."

We hurried to our saddles, with a feeling of torpor on my part, interrupted only by the care which oppressed me for the safety of my dear old preceptor. I rode by his side, and led by the bridle the mule on which he was mounted.

All who have ever heard of Egypt have also heard of its pellucid and azure sky. It was now without a cloud, blazing with planets and refulgently set with stars. The moon was full, and sailed in the very zenith of the heavens; while far before us, in perspective, were dotted groves of palmas, and, leading from the desert, was stretched the white and granular sparkle of sands, ending at the gates of Cairo.

As we journeyed near enough to see the domes and minarets rise above the walls of the city, my poor old friend, from long habit, burst forth in tremulous intentions—

"What, beloved of my soul, is man? An ephemeral, who mingles with the dust are the works of his hands, and the devices of his mind in stone and

lime, even in wood and upon tablets, remain untouched by time. Yonder, quiver in brilliancy the emanations of El Moazz's mind. He was the founder and builder of *El Cahi*, or Cairo. Where now even can be found the skeleton of that head which designed the plan and reared the city? A handful of brown dust is all that exists of it; yet that inanimate matter has braved, uninjured, the vicissitudes of centuries. Man's consequence, his pride, his laborious ambition, is, as the poet sings, 'but a troubled and fleeting dream.'

"How many empires have been founded and overthrown on the very sands beneath our feet! There is old *Mier*, the great *Memphis* of the Pharaohs, now mouldering beneath the oblivious tide of centuries, and bearing the fractured marks, in its mutilations, of the devastations of Nebuchadnezzar. Once a capital, to be succeeded by *Alexandria* of the Delta—the commercial key of the 'Macedonian madman.' This, too, must have its day of prosperity, and its day of decay; for the Moslems came, and *Forat* was the capital, and here are we, my son, now standing at the gate of its successor, *Cairo*."

We paid our way through a lodge on the wall of the city, and were led by the elder Assassin to a bazaar in the centre of Cairo, the property of a Jew. We found him standing in the door-way when we halted, where he remained until we were all dismounted. The Assassin stepped from his mule to the spot where he was standing; something imperceptible to me passed between them, when the Jew raised his Tartar cap, opened the door, and invited us in. He led us into a large and handsomely furnished apartment; inquired whether we would partake of some cold pelau, or whether we desired repose and refreshment afterwards.

The elder Saracen made all necessary arrangements with him, and, turning to me, said—

"Here, Hâsan, thou canst leave the imaum and domestic in perfect safety."

He now addressed the Jew—

"See, Hadad, we may not meet with Zenghi, the Guzel; thou must say to him, so soon as he returns to the city, that his wife and the child of his soul have been stolen, and that Ali Adam and his son, accompanied by Hâsan, are in pursuit of them." He turned on his heel, followed by his son, and disappeared.

As the day dawned, I saw a dervise enter the chamber and walk directly to my side, where he stood examining me attentively. I felt perplexed, but remained silent, and only placed my hand securely on my dirk, when Ali Adam stopped me by saying—

"Thou must learn to look carefully ere the steel be withdrawn from the scabbard. Come, lay aside thy travelling robe, and, in its stead, dress thyself as a dervise; we go to the Isle of Pharos, near Alexandria. I have seen some of my brethren, and they assure me—for thou wast correct in thy suspicions

—that the renegade committed the act, and that he has gone to Pharos."

I need not say with what alacrity I hurried on my disguise, or how my spirits and energy rose as the Assassin divulged this information to me.

After taking an affectionate leave of the imaum and my mother's domestic, we set forth for the Nile, and, in three days, arrived at Alexandria. There was here enough to interest my poor old friend, had he been with us; and, as I passed the great street, two thousand feet broad, commanding so extensive a view of the Mediterranean and Mareotic Lake, I thought of all he would have to say of the designs of the great conqueror in locating the city where it was, and of the former antiquity of the spot, as we passed the baths of Cleopatra, and other places which I could not think of, in the anxious and unhappy state of my mind.

In a few hours, we were in sight of the tower of Pharos, known in ancient days as the Lantern of Ptolemy. We rode parallel to its base, and, from the fire which was kindled on its summit, I could plainly read the inscription of the architect: "Sostratus, the Cnidian, son of Dexiphanes, to the protecting deities, for the usage of seafaring people." Lucian says that the architect coated the marble with plaster, on which one of less durability was placed, to the honor of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who directed its erection, and expended on the tower eight hundred talents.\* I observed that there were several residents on, or near the island, and, among others, there was one pointed out to us of a Copt, of immense wealth and influence; he was a Mohammedan in his faith, and had built on his premises a mosque.

We halted at a fisherman's hut, who, supposing us dervises, entertained us with the greatest respect. Ali Adam, while refreshing himself with a mess of fried fish, informed the fisherman that, on the next morning, he would, with his son, perform in the mosque the celebrated religious dance; he also inquired of him as to the visitors and strangers who had arrived during the last week or ten days; but, beyond casting his net, attending the mosque, and rigidly observing the Ramadan, he knew nothing.

We went to the mosque on the third hour of the following day; and I shall never forget the sensations I experienced when, raising my eyes from the marble pavement to the pulpit, a single name, inscribed on a wall richly incrustured with devices in olive-wood, mother-of-pearl, and the finest china, arrested my attention: it was "Allah"—the "still small voice" succeeding storms and whirlwinds. The dress of the dervises is of coarse, white cloth, leaving the legs and arms bare; they perform their fantastic rites every Tuesday and Friday. We were not standing long, before the Imaum of Pharos commenced reading from the Koran; this was succeeded

\* 800,000 crowns.

by the melancholy music of a pipe, of which I was musician. The Assassins girded tightly their full robes, and commenced whirling around first slowly, then with incredible rapidity, keeping all the while exact time to the pipe. They would occasionally stop and shout, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." During this dance, they never raise their eyes; but I saw the Assassins scrutinize the whole congregation by side glances; and, from their whirling in one part of the mosque particularly, and only occasionally wandering over and about it, I was satisfied that they had discovered some one of interest to us.

It was on the second day after our attendance at the mosque that I saw, near the borders of the island, a crowd collected, and, from their gestures, I was led to suppose the scene one of great excitement. I hastened to the place, and saw, stretched on the sand, the headless body of a man; his dress was such as men of fortune usually wore, and the girdle which bound his pelisse was set with rich and valuable jewels. I also saw, sitting humbly by his side, with folded arms and downcast eyes, the elder Assassin. He appeared not to notice any one; and, when there was a cessation of clamor, he would repeat passage after passage from the Koran.

He saw me join the mob, and, as usual, receive the deference which, in the East, is always extended to dervises; but he appeared absorbed in funeral and pious prayers, and sat for some time quietly. Presently, he rose, as if about to arrange the corpse for burial, and, elevating his voice, commenced his recitations again, stretching the arms by the side, and placing the feet together, when, most unthought of by me, I saw, for the first time, the short and deformed foot of the renegade. The Assassin again folded his naked arms, bent his eyes to the earth, and walked slowly and composedly to the hut of the fisherman.

I saw nothing of Ali Adam until midnight, when he visited me with a small iron lamp in his hand. Looking around the apartment carefully, he set it down, and secured the door and a small aperture which answered for a window; then, sitting by my side, he said, gravely and composedly—

"Hâsan, what wouldst thou say were I to tell thee that thy bitter enemy, the renegade, whom thou didst lately see stretched on the sand, had endeavored insidiously to poison, by the hand of a stranger, thy father? He dreaded his vengeance, and feared, after the detection of his traitorous act, that he would not be enabled to escape from his pursuit. Three days ago, he sold, to 'the man of the mosque,' as the Copt is called, thy mother and the Fawn, the former as her nurse. 'Gird up now thy loins like a man,' and hear firmly what I shall reveal to thee. The black wing of Azriel has overshadowed the child of Zenghi's soul; spasm after spasm, from her capture until her death, knew but a few hours' interval, and she must have had incessant delirium, for she would

say not a word, but constantly endeavored to sound a small conch which she had chained around her neck."

As Ali Adam concluded, I sprang on my feet; large beads of cold dew gathered on my brow, and the hot blood gushed from my nostrils. The Assassin placed his finger on his lip, in token of silence.

"See here, Hâsan," he whispered, unrolling a turban stained with blood, which he had concealed beneath his robe. "See how Phirous has dearly paid for his detestable baseness to those who never injured, but loved and confided in him."

He held, by the gory beard, the head of the renegade. I sickened and turned away from the hideous and fiendlike countenance, which glared, with its glazed and crossed eyes, upon me.

I will now conclude by adding that Ali Adam assisted me in ransoming my mother; but, ere two years elapsed, I was, as I now am, without one living being who could call me kindred or relative.

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### "T H E N—N O W."

BY H. MERRAN PARKS.

WE parted—not when the evening stars  
Hung in the ambient air—  
When peace had covered the earth with wings,  
And rest was everywhere;  
Not when the summer sunlit  
Hung o'er the purple rill,  
When the cooling ringdove sought her nest  
'Mong the shadows upon the hill;  
Not in the glory of morning,  
When the earth rang jubilee,  
When music was going up to heaven  
From woodland, vale, and lea:

But when the chilling snow-flakes  
Rushed from the bursting clouds,  
And danced about the timid flower,  
Winding it close in shrouds;  
When the wind went moaning along the street  
Seeking for children poor,  
And found a home in a hovel low  
Of a widow, upon the moor;  
We stood alone 'neath the roofless trees,  
With the snow-flakes falling through,  
Falling and freezing upon my heart  
As I bade the loved adieu;  
We two were there—a moment more,  
And the worshipped one was gone:  
I turned me and crept to the garden gate  
With my frozen heart alone.

Long months have passed, and a pleasant light  
Is creeping softly across the hill—  
And brighter flowers and other birds  
Bathe in the purple rill—  
And the wind breathes low and wooingly  
To the bird on the swinging bough,  
For the summer of earth is come again,  
And nature is joyful now;  
And the shadows lie gently among the trees  
Where we stood on that fearful day—  
And the icy crust that covered my heart  
The Father hath broken away.

## MY COUNTRY COUSIN.

BY MISS MARY E. THROPP.

### CHAPTER I.

Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow  
Nature had written "gentleman."—BROWN.

"News, ladies, news!" said Frank Foster, putting his head into my parlor window, where a bevy of the young girls of the village had collected, one pleasant June morning, to discuss the events of the little party I had given them the evening before.

"What is it, Frank; what is it?" cried all in a breath. (Don't be shocked, my young fashionables, at this want of ceremony; remember, the young people of our village grew up together.)

"Why, there came a letter by mail, this morning, directed to ———, the distinguished American poet, at this place: besides, I heard through my cousin, Fred. Foster, formerly his college chum, now his correspondent, that he intended spending a month in our village, a week ago; so you see we may expect him certainly—scarcely this week, as it is now Saturday, but soon, as he is already supposed to be here. Now, ladies, I happen to know that he is young, single, good-looking, amiable; and, if I were not disposable myself (a prize, as you all know, well worth securing), I should advise you to 'set your caps,' one and all, without delay."

"Come in, Frank, *do*, and tell us all about him."

"Not for the universe; I have but half a second left to reach the cars; I shall miss them if I remain here another moment. Oh, *les femmes! les femmes!* he who lingers is lost: let me resist temptation immediately. *Au revoir, ladies, au revoir;*" and, bowing gracefully, the gay young man turned away and walked on down the street.

"Oh, Aunt Debbie," said little Nell Thompson, "what a pity we had our party so soon! If he had only come this week, instead of next!"

"Never mind, my dear; I will give you another."

"You will! Oh, girls! did you hear *that*? Aunt Debbie is going to give us another party."

"Is she? Are you, Aunt Debbie? Oh, you darling woman! Thank you! thank you!" and they crowded round in their glee, thanking and caressing me.

"There, there, my children, that will do: Nelly, my specks, dear, if you please; there, on that table. Thank you. Lucy, will you gather up my sewing? you have overturned my work-basket. See what you have done, Maggie; you have drawn the needles out of my stocking."

"Oh, pardon, pardon, Aunt Debbie; but when shall we have the party?"

"When? week after next; we will decide on the evening between this and that time."

"You will invite the poet?"

"Oh, of course."

"Let me see: I'll wear my salmon-colored silk, it is so becoming to me," said the handsome Helen Houston.

"I'll wear my blue barege," said little blonde Lucy Nelson; "it's so delicate, it suits my complexion exactly."

"We will order new dresses of pale pink satin," said the elder of the two proud Sherwood sisters, "and brother Tom will make the poet's acquaintance, and invite him home to dinner."

"And what will the little Annie wear?" said I, bending down to the sweet but silent girl on the footstool at my feet; "you will wish to captivate also?"

"As for clothes, my worldly effects are something like Ishabod Crane's, portable in a pocket-handkerchief; and, as I have no means of enhancing their value at present, I must e'en make the best of matters: but as to captivating the poet, Aunt Debbie, would you have me try?"

"I would have you try to fulfil your promise to spend a few weeks with me, now that I shall have this party to get up; besides, I have a country cousin coming to visit me next week, whom I should like you to help me entertain."

"Oh, with pleasure; and I can come very well, now that my aunt is staying with us. Mother will not miss me while Aunt Ellison is with her."

"That's a dear obliging girl! Now don't disappoint me; I shall depend on you."

Soon after, the girls left, and after arranging the room, I set about taking up the dropped stitches of my unfortunate stocking, thinking the while of Annie Logan. You shall know more about her, my reader; but first I must premise that, although all the young folks of the village call me Aunt Debbie, I have no earthly right to that title, as I was an only child, and am now a "maiden lady," so far advanced in years that I do not like to publish them. I have a cousin, however, a young cousin, who is "a host in himself." Excuse me, my reader, that neither you nor my young friends in the village are to know more about him at present. I never boast, my reader, either of relations or acquaintances, never! knowing that where boasting is used, it is needed; though I confess to being somewhat egotistical just now: so let me return from the snow of age to the bloom of youth; to one elegant in manner, culti-

vated in intellect, noble in principle, and beautiful in thought, feeling, and expression—my little favorite, Annie Logan. She was poor, in the estimation of the world, being the only daughter of a widowed mother, who was obliged to keep a boarding-house, and having to teach music for her own maintenance; nevertheless, in all that makes a woman intrinsically valuable, she was rich, abundantly wealthy.

I had taken up all the stitches, folded up my nearly finished stocking, and run the needles through the ball of yarn, when I heard the long, shrill warning whistle of the returning cars. It reminded me of Mr. Cutter's "Song of Steam," and, as I sat repeating to myself that most beautiful lyric, I felt a slight tap on my shoulder, and, turning quickly round, beheld my cousin, carpet-bag in hand. My only living relation! Did he ever appear as handsome to any one as he did to me that morning, when, the first greeting over, I had time to observe him! to watch the ever-varying expression of his fine eyes, and to admire the rich chestnut hair waving over the white, magnificently-developed forehead! I had not seen him since my removal from the country to this village ten years ago, and he was then a quiet, diffident youth, preparing for college. Now, as I sat talking with him, I could not help mentally exclaiming, again and again—How much improved he is! and what a splendid specimen of manhood!

That evening, after he had drawn my easy-chair to the centre-table and placed a footstool under my feet, he seated himself opposite, remarking how homelike and peaceful my little parlor seemed, with its bright light and cheerful fire, to him, who had so long been deprived of the blessings and comforts of home. I sent for my knitting, and we spent a pleasant evening together, my cousin and I, enjoying a conversation frank in character, cheering in tone, and rich in old memories.

## CHAPTER II.

She to higher hopes  
Was destined. AKENHEAD

"DEBORAH," said my aristocratic old friend, Mrs. Featherstonaugh, at the conclusion of her last long letter, "I have determined to let Florence remain one more winter at the north, in order to perfect herself in music and the languages; and, as it is neither pleasant nor desirable that she should come so far south in midsummer for a few weeks, I should like to have her spend her vacation with you. You will take good care of my daughter, my true friend, and will be a watchful guardian, I trust. I do not wish to have her make any new acquaintances. You know well that, although an American, I am no lover of democracy, and I particularly dislike the present levelling system of society. Besides, I

have bestowed so much care and expense on Florence that I anticipate a brilliant *début* for her next winter in our own city. I am confident that she will be the belle of the season. Pardon a mother's ambition, dear Deborah, and forgive me my 'illiberal views,' as you used to do in 'auld lang syne.' If, as Bulwer asserts, our opinions are the angel part of our nature, I fear you will not give much for mine. Nevertheless, I feel assured that, for the sake of our old friendship, you will regard the trust and value the attachment of

Your sincere friend,  
FRANCES FEATHERSTONAUGH.

"P. S. Please insist upon Florence's wearing a large sun-bonnet whenever she goes out."

"Poor Fanny!" thought I, as I refolded the letter; "as narrow-minded and conservative as ever." But there are excuses for her, my reader: though an American, as she says, by birth, she was of English parentage and education, and had married a wealthy friend and countryman of her father's, who was as strenuous a royalist as himself. I could not help smiling at the postscript: Did she wish the sun-bonnet to protect her daughter's fair face from the sun, or from the admiring gaze of our village beaux?

This letter was soon followed by Miss Featherstonaugh, who came a few days after my cousin's arrival. I had never seen her before, and when she threw back the long thick green veil that almost enveloped her whole person, I could not but acknowledge that her appearance justified her mother's worldly expectations. She was tall, slender, and stately in figure; *distinguished*, and at the same time fascinating in manner: but when she removed the close travelling bonnet, and I saw the whole contour of her most perfect Grecian features, her large lustrous eyes, and her magnificent wealth of dark hair, parted smoothly on the centre of her forehead, brushed back, and gathered into soft shining folds at the back of her head, I stood looking at her like one entranced. Never in my life had I seen any one so beautiful, so superb! Recovering myself, I led the way to the apartment prepared for her, and, as she employed herself in various little matters, I could not help following her with my eyes. I was charmed. Well might her proud fond mother say, "My Florence moves like a queen!" Miss Featherstonaugh was somewhat fatigued with her journey, and I left her to rest awhile previous to preparing for dinner. My cousin was out rambling in the woods when she came, but I had the pleasure of presenting him at dinner. I saw by his animated manner that he was as much pleased as myself with this new and delightful acquisition to our family.

Miss Featherstonaugh was rather reserved during the first and second days of her visit; but, owing partly to the simple unceremonious customs of my household, and much more to the really polite and

engaging deportment of my cousin, she began to unbend, and soon accommodated herself to our mode of living perfectly. Towards the close of the second evening I opened the piano, and requested her to play. She complied immediately, and played skillfully and well, with taste, beauty, and feeling. She sang too; and, as the fine full tones of her voice floated through the apartment, my cousin joined in, and I, charmed and thrown off my guard by the softening influence of the music, commenced also; but as my poor old cracked voice did anything but add to the melody, I soon desisted, not a little discomfited. But my kind thoughtful cousin insisted upon my singing "Home, Sweet Home" with them, and one or two other old tunes, before we retired.

Next morning, as I had an engagement, my cousin proposed a ride on horseback to Miss Featherstonaugh, which she accepted with pleasure, and soon made her appearance in an elegant blue riding-habit, black velvet cap, and white plumes. Miss Featherstonaugh certainly understood the art of dressing well: she could not have selected a more becoming costume. I saw my cousin regard her with evident admiration when he entered to say that all was in readiness. I watched them mount from the piazza, and, as they rode off, gracefully bowing their adieux, I could not help building an "air-castle" for them entirely at variance with friend Fanny's injunctions. During their absence, to my great delight, Annie Logan arrived. The sweet girl! there is such an undefinable charm about her that her presence is always desirable. I took great pleasure in presenting Miss Featherstonaugh and my cousin to my little favorite when they returned. While the girls were changing their dresses, my cousin embraced the opportunity to ask me a few questions concerning Annie, adding that he did not care how many more ladies came, if they were all as charming and agreeable as Miss Featherstonaugh. I was about to sound him farther when the door opened, and Annie and Miss Featherstonaugh entered. My cousin arose and offered chairs; but, before they had time to accept, the dinner-bell rang. Never was there a pleasanter dinner party, and never was there a happier household than mine during the week following. The girls drew or embroidered while my cousin read to them, in the mornings; after dinner, we walked, rode, or sailed; and in the evenings we had music, conversation, games, and very often, visitors. I felt almost young again; my heart warmed and expanded in the genial spring-like influence around me, and there came back over the waste of my existence a breath from the far-off morning-time.

## CHAPTER III.

Here was the brow in trials unperplexed,  
That cheered the sad, and tranquillised the vexed.  
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild  
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise.

CAMPBELL.

AFTER breakfast one morning, when I had sent my cousin to arrange a little matter of business for me, left Miss Featherstonaugh promenading in the piazza, and seen Annie seated in the parlor at her drawing, I went up to my room to write a letter. The windows were all open; and, as I sat at my desk in the corner between a front and side window, collecting and arranging my thoughts, my eyes resting at intervals on the lovely landscape below, and the blue river winding its solitary way afar off, I heard little feet ascending the steps of the piazza, and then a childish voice supplicating in pitiful tones for a few pennies to buy some bread.

"Run away," said Miss Featherstonaugh, "run off home, little ragamuffin; no one encourages beggars here."

I hastened to the window to see who it was, for I knew, from the boy's earnest sorrowful tone, that he was in distress; and I knew, also, that nothing but real necessity would induce any one to beg in our village; but he was gone. Just then I heard the side door open, and, going to the other window, I saw Annie come out and go to the child, who was crouching down close to the side of the house crying bitterly.

"There, there, my little man, don't cry so: here's a shilling to buy some bread; run off and get it as fast as you can. But wait: does not your mother live in the little cottage by the old mill?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And how is it that you are in need of bread?"

"Cos daddy got drunk, and Mr. Miller wouldn't give him any more work, and mother was so sick she couldn't do any more washin'."

"What's your name, my man?"

"Tommy Dale."

"Very well, Tommy; run away now and get the bread, and take it home to your mother."

Poor Fanny, thought I, as I ruminated over this incident, I fear she has thought more of the external than the internal, in forming her child's character. I was sorry that this affair had occurred. To be sure, it was trifling in itself, and Florence was recently from a large city, where there are so many mendicants. Nevertheless, such a want of charity in one so young impressed me unfavorably. I finished my letter and went down stairs. Miss Featherstonaugh and my cousin were engaged in an animated argument on the propriety and impropriety of acting from impulse when I entered the parlor, but Annie was absent. Some time after, she came in, and I knew, from the radiant expression of her ingenuous face, that Annie had been acting from the impulse

of her own good heart, and that the family by the "old mill" had been relieved and comforted. Towards evening, as we wandered through the cool shaded walks of my beautiful garden (I am very proud of my garden, reader, and with reason), Miss Featherstonough praised its plan, admired the arrangement of the beds, arbors, and shrubbery in her own peculiarly happy and graphic manner, which lent a charm to everything described not entirely its own, till I was quite delighted, and I felt heartily ashamed of myself for having harbored a thought detrimental to the beautiful being before me. My cousin listened approvingly while he busied himself in gathering and arranging bouquets for us. I noticed in the one he gave to Annie white roses, violets, heart's-ease, and forget-me-nots; but in Miss Featherstonough's I saw, among other symbolical flowers, myrtle, heliotrope, and red roses. As the evening was so charming, and it wanted still an hour of tea-time, we concluded to extend our walk, Annie and I leading the way towards the river, my cousin and Miss Featherstonough following. Indeed it always happened, I scarcely knew how, that my cousin was Miss Featherstonough's companion, whether in riding, sailing, or walking. As we sauntered slowly along the banks of the river, enjoying the refreshing breeze and admiring the sunset, we saw at a short distance in front of us two little boys, the one fishing and the other watching him. They were standing with their backs toward us, and, as we neared them, every word they uttered sounded distinctly over the still water.

"Oh, Harry," said the little watcher, "if I only had a line like that, I'd be happy!"

"Well, Jim, why don't you get one? I only give a sixpence for this at Smith's."

"How can I, when I haint got the money? I've been at mother to git me one for weeks, and she says she haint got the money to spare."

"Won't your father?"

"He don't come back from work at farmer Ripley's till Saturday night; but I don't believe he'd give it to me if he was home. I must jist go without. I never git anything I want, anyhow."

"Come hither, my boy," said Miss Featherstonough.

The child turned quickly round, somewhat startled at the presence of strangers, blushed, and obeyed confusedly.

"Will you get me some of those white flowers on the bank there?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The little fellow ran to comply, and in a few minutes returned with a quantity of the flowers indicated. Miss Featherstonough took them, and put the desired sixpence in his hand.

"Oh, thankee! thankee, ma'am!" and the delighted boy bounded away to his companion to show his treasure.

"How easy it is to give happiness to a child!"

said Miss Featherstonough, her beautiful face reflecting the pleasure she had bestowed; "would it were as easy to obtain it for ourselves!"

The lovely girl, how I had wronged her! I gave her my hand, contrived to get her away from my cousin, walked with her, talked my best to her; but when I turned round to see why she answered Yes instead of No so often, I found her intently regarding my cousin, who was carefully putting the flower she had given him into one of the buttonholes of his coat. Simpleton! I might have known better: was it natural that she should prefer the society of an old woman to that of a young man? I repaired my error, of course. On our way home, we met Laura and Eleanor Sherwood, who invited us to a party at their house for the evening after next. Ah! this reminds me that I had forgotten to mention that the evening for our party came and went by unsignaled some time ago, as the poet had not made his appearance.

As the girls and myself were sitting alone in the parlor early next morning, we heard the ever-welcome postman's ring. Annie flew to the hall, and in a few minutes returned with a couple of letters, which she held high above her head, playfully exclaiming—

"Here they are, Miss Featherstonough, bearing the motto of thine own true knight, 'God and my faire ladye.'"

Miss Featherstonough sprang eagerly forward and snatched them from her hand; but, on glancing at the superscriptions, and seeing that neither was for her, her brow darkened, and with a sudden burst of passion she dashed them on the floor; then, turning to the startled Annie, with anger glowing in every lineament of her face, exclaimed—

"Do you consider that a joke, Miss? If you do, let me tell you that I consider it an insult."

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons! I assure you I did not mean to offend; I only did it in fun." But without heeding, Miss Featherstonough brushed past her and left the room.

"Oh, Aunt Debbie," said the distressed girl, "what have I done?"

"Nothing, my dear; at least, nothing to merit such an ebullition as that: think no more about it."

"Oh yes, Aunt Debbie, it certainly was very wrong in me, very; I must go and tell her how sorry I am."

"Not now, my dear; do not go now; it will not avail: besides, I have a commission for you to attend to immediately, if you will, so that you may be back in time for breakfast."

What that commission was, my reader, poor old bedridden Nancy Brown, who lives in the cot in the opening at the head of the glen, may tell you herself, if she chooses; it is enough, for the present, to know that it diverted Annie's mind from the contemplation of a disagreeable subject, pleased Nancy, and left me to ponder uninterrupted over Miss Featherstonough's sudden and surprising manifestation of



ill-temper, which I regretted, especially as my cousin's eyes and manner had of late evinced something more than friendliness when directed towards her, and, unless my old eyes and specs deceived me, that something was reciprocated too. If a lasting attachment should spring up between them—Oh! I could not think of it: my cousin, with his simple domestic habits and warm heart, could never be happy with a woman reared and educated solely for the world of fashion, even though her temper were serene and changeless as a summer sky. Had I better make him the warder on the watchtower of his own heart, by narrating to him the incident of the letters when he came in? No, I could not do that. I had learned Pope's verse—

"Teach me to hide the fault I see," &c.,

too thoroughly in my youth to be able to violate its precepts in my old age. Right or wrong, I must let things take their course. But then such a thing might not occur again until it was too late. My poor cousin—he certainly was far too good for Florence Featherstonaugh. Too good for Florence Featherstonaugh! My country cousin! I almost fancied the spirit of the proud mother before me in the loftiness of its avenging wrath. Rest tranquil in thy ignorance of the fact, Fanny—secure in thy fancied elevation. Be assured thou art not alone in thy error. I have met many another in my walk through life who, like thee, chose to assume a superiority over men who, in their calm pride, would not condescend to notice thee or thy airs, save by a quiet smile of pity.

A quarter of an hour later, when we all met at breakfast, Annie was conciliating to Miss Featherstonaugh, and Miss F. was in return—shall I say it?—sulky. My cousin soon perceived that something was wrong, and with a tact and delicacy that I could not but admire, introduced such interesting topics of conversation, and in spite of monosyllabic answers at first, maintained so perfectly his own even, kind, and agreeable manner, that we soon yielded to its influence, and the delightful tone of our intercourse, so rudely dashed aside for the moment, flowed back into its accustomed channel again.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"Trifles make the sum of life."

"WHAT a beautiful rose-colored tissue!" said Miss Featherstonaugh, stopping to look in at Turner's window, on our return from a shopping expedition an hour later the same morning. On examination, we found it to be of such delicate texture and exquisite coloring, that Miss Featherstonaugh concluded to purchase a dress for the Sherwood party. I urged Annie to get one also, but Miss Featherstonaugh thought it would not be becoming to her.

"Let me try, Annie," said I; and I gathered it into folds and threw it over her shoulder. I thought the effect beautiful over her white dress, and appealed to my cousin.

"What do you think, my cousin?"

"That anything would be becoming to Miss Logan."

A bright blush suffused Annie's face and neck with fine effect, and she looked lovelier than ever in her embarrassment, as she hastily removed the tissue. I turned triumphantly to Miss Featherstonaugh. What a look! Could it be possible she was still angry? I rubbed my specs and looked again, but the hateful expression was gone; she was looking at some fine blonde lace. It might have been merely a contraction of the brow caused by a sudden pain, or, I might have been mistaken, possibly; dim eyes with spectacles before them are by no means infallible. After buying another dress, and some blonde lace to trim both, we returned home. Never was Miss Featherstonaugh more fascinating than during the remainder of that day: she read to us, played, sang for us, obliged us in everything: in a word, was all we could desire, and the hours flew by on "golden wings." The next day, in like manner, passed delightfully away until seven o'clock in the evening, the time fixed upon for the dresses to be sent home, and they were not forthcoming. Half-past seven struck, and still no dresses. Then the girls went up stairs, at my suggestion, to get themselves in perfect readiness, so that they might not be detained when they did come. Eight struck, and I sat down to dispatch a note to the mantua-maker, when a loud ring was heard, and the next minute a young woman entered the parlor in great haste with the dresses.

"Sit down, my good girl, and rest," said I. "Jane, go up to the young ladies and ask them to step down here and put on their dresses, so that they can have the advantage of the large mirrors. Tell them my cousin is in his room writing, and they need not fear interruption."

In a few minutes the girls came down. To draw off their wrappers and put on the dresses was the work of a moment; but the hooking was another matter, as I found to my cost when I tried, and pulled, and tried again to hook Miss Featherstonaugh's, but without success. In the midst of my exertions, I was surprised by a merry, uncontrollable burst of laughter from Annie, and, looking round, I saw her in front of a mirror regarding her image with a half-vexed, half-amused expression: then, catching my eye, she burst out laughing again. No wonder! there she stood with sleeves so tight she could not move, her arms hanging out from her side as if they did not belong to her, and her round slender waist magnified by the loose, awkward-looking body almost to the size of mine, fitting, as Jane said, like a "shirt on a beanpole."

"Why, Annie!" exclaimed I, forgetting my own

task in my astonishment, and going towards her, "what in the world's the matter? there must be some mistake here; surely Miss Flinn could never have made such a blunder as this; this body must have been made for some one else. Did Miss Flinn make any other dress of this material?" said I to the young woman, who had taken my place, and was endeavoring to fasten Miss Featherstonough's dress.

"Yes, ma'am; she had one to make for Miss Hall; but Miss Flinn has been too sick to see to the work herself these two days, and I'm afraid the parts of the dresses must have got mixed."

Probable enough, thought I, for Miss Hall was anything but a sylph. All this while the young woman was tugging away at Miss Featherstonough's dress. After incredible exertions, and by dint of superior strength, she succeeded in hooking it at last. Miss Featherstonough went to the opposite mirror to see how it fitted.

"Oh, very nicely indeed! it was a *little* too tight, certainly; but then it would stretch: true, it was rather wanting in length, but she did not mind that;" and she glanced down at her small feet, in satin boots, which were visible, even to the pearl anklets, with considerable complacency. Just then she reached up her arms to readjust a braid which had fallen from its place, when rip, rip, rip, away went the hooks, one after another, all the way up the back. Miss Featherstonough stood still a moment, as if stupefied; then, tearing off the dress with such violence as to make great rents in the gossamer-like fabric, she crumpled it together between her hands, and dashed it at the poor girl, exclaiming passionately—

"Take that thing back to your mistress, and tell her to make the best of it, for it's all the payment she will ever get from me."

The poor girl looked shocked, confused, and gathered up the dress, irresolute whether to take it or not.

"Do you hear me? Take it back, I say, and tell her what I have told you!" and, with flashing eyes and head erect, she swept out of the room.

"Never mind," said Annie, coming to the young woman's relief, "leave it; it can easily be altered: mine will do very well, too, with a little taking in under the arms—(a little!!!)—do not say anything about it to Miss Flinn; and as to the payment, that will be all right."

"Annie, my dear," said I, "do go up stairs and get ready; put on something as soon as you can, for we shall be late. I will attend to everything here."

After effectually comforting the young woman, I sent her away, and seated myself to wait for the girls, when my cousin joined me, exclaiming—

"What a pity, Cousin Debbie! Oh! what a pity!"

"Why, where were you?"

"Just outside, on the piazza; so near that I could not but hear all perfectly. I did not know what was going on until it was too late to make my escape

without being seen from the window near which Annie stood, so I remained quietly where I was."

"But I thought I left you up stairs, writing?"

"So you did; but, thinking it must be time to go, I lighted my cigar and went down to the lawn, so as to be near when the young ladies were ready. After walking to and fro some time, I came and seated myself in the piazza, and soon became so lost in thought that I heard nothing until Annie's laughing arrested my attention. But such passion in one so beautiful, so exceedingly attractive, isn't it deplorable?"

"Very." After a few minutes' pause, he continued—

"Do you know that I had serious intentions of trying to induce her to become your cousin?"

"Heaven forbid!" said I, with more emphasis than I intended: "whatever you do, study well the character of my future cousin before you make her your wife."

"I will, I must; but oh! Cousin Debbie, would you have believed—could you have dreamed of such temper in Miss Featherstonough? Did she not seem nearer perfection to you than any other human being?"

"Whatever she may have seemed hitherto, we now know what she is: let us profit by this lesson, and look beyond mere beauty henceforth, so that we may not be disappointed. But I must go and see after the girls; it is nine now; we shall be even more than fashionably late if we do not hasten."

"There will be no going to Sherwood's to-night, I imagine."

"Oh yes, we must go—some of us, at least—or we should offend irremediably. I will go instantly and see what can be effected."

To my surprise and pleasure, I found Miss Featherstonough completely dressed in a superb light-blue silk, embroidered with white flowers and trimmed with pearls; while Annie, in her wrapper, was arranging some jewels in her hair.

"Fly and get ready yourself, Annie."

"Yes, in an instant; as soon as I fasten this braid."

"What will you wear?"

"Oh, I have a spotted muslin that will do very well; I shall soon be ready."

And in a few minutes she did make her appearance in the spotted muslin, without a single ornament of any kind, except a few natural flowers wreathed through her hair, adorning the crown of beautiful curls God had given her.

"The dahlia and the lily of the valley," whispered my cousin to me as they joined us in the parlor a few minutes after. We were soon at Sherwood's, and Miss Featherstonough, in her rich dress and peerless beauty, shone pre-eminently the belle of the evening. The beaux of the village vied with each other in rendering homage to the elegant stranger. She was in her element; all smiles, all sweetness; and no one, in looking at her, would

have dreamed for a moment of the storm that had so lately ruffled the harmony of that angelic countenance. The magnificent creature! she sparkled like a diamond among pearls. My cousin, too, I am proud to say, came in for his share of admiration; he was quite a lion among the ladies. I observed with pleasure that he went about talking with neglected young ladies, and sending partners to the wall-flowers decorating the room. I did not see him go near Miss Featherstonough but once during the evening: it was unnecessary; she was surrounded by admirers. Annie, in her usual self-sacrificing spirit, played most of the evening for the dancers, and would in all probability have remained at the piano all the evening, had not my careful cousin called my attention to the matter by asking me if I knew of no one who would take her place. I soon found a substitute, and it was well that I did so, for I saw, when I came up with my reinforcement, that poor Annie was almost ready to faint with weariness in the close air of the excessively warm room. I led her to a window; my cousin brought some refreshment, and we lingered near it talking together some time. While there, Miss Featherstonough approached us, leaning on Fred. Foster's arm. She chatted gayly with Annie and me, but I observed that she did not once address my cousin. My cousin smiled as he noticed Fred's evident delight at her graciousness, and, as they passed on, whispered, half sorrowfully I thought, "Would that she were as lovely as she seems!"

Before leaving, I persuaded the young folks to fix upon a time for our own party. After some consultation, the evening of Friday week was agreed upon. On starting for home, Miss Featherstonough came and took my arm instead of my cousin's. This was something new. Was she resentful? Next morning Miss Featherstonough was quite cool to my cousin, who left, immediately after breakfast, to go to the city on business. He did not get home in the evening, as he expected, but remained till the close of the next day. How lonely we were without him, and how much we missed his cheerful face and pleasant voice! Miss Featherstonough did nothing but yawn and exclaim against the stupidity of a female coterie. On the evening of the second day, Miss Featherstonough espied my cousin returning, from the piazza, and she even condescended to go half-way down the steps to meet him. Annie, who had been her own sweet obliging self during his absence, remained where she was, just inside the parlor window, reading, until, after having greeted us both, he inquired eagerly after Miss Logan. Then she stepped out, smiling, but blushing a little, as he hastened towards her, his fine frank eyes glowing with pleasure. My cousin had not forgotten us in his absence, as some books which he brought for Miss Featherstonough, some music for Annie, and some fine exotics for myself, amply testified. That was a delightful evening we spent together on my

cousin's return, and it would have passed without a shade of unpleasant feeling to mar its harmony but for the visit of a couple of ladies from the village, who, when Annie and Miss Featherstonough played for them, lauded the performance of the former greatly, without evincing the slightest admiration for that of the latter. The truth was, they preferred Annie's playing because they were more accustomed to her style, and comprehended it better than Miss Featherstonough's, which was the result of so much science and skill. Miss Featherstonough was displeased, and then, while under the influence of the "green-eyed monster," spoke disparagingly to my cousin, not only of Annie's music, but of Annie herself. This was the finishing-stroke. My cousin recoiled from this manifestation of moral meanness even with its extenuating circumstances "staring him in the face," and Miss Featherstonough lost irretrievably the last hold of the ascendancy she had once possessed over him. Ah! if we could only impress the truth on our minds that good policy alone, if not principle, requires us to speak well of our fellows, how much evil we might prevent in the world! Blessings on the one who has written—

"Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word  
Can never leave a sting behind;  
And oh! to breathe each tale we've heard  
Is far beneath a noble mind."

Let us promulgate it, one and all, for it is worthy.

Pardon this little digression, dear reader, and forgive my moralising, in consideration of my age and experience.

The next morning my cousin, who is an uncommonly excellent reader, read to us from "Hyperion," and I noticed then for the first time, and often afterwards, that, whenever he read anything touching or beautiful, it was to Annie's expressive face that his eloquent eyes glanced for sympathy. I saw him more than once, when Miss Featherstonough called him to accompany her in our daily excursions, direct a lingering look to the modest girl at my side. He even manœuvred, and occasionally with success, to secure her for a companion. Miss Featherstonough was quick to notice the change, and I saw with pain that she visited her chagrin and mortification on the unoffending Annie. She chose to consider her an inferior, and assumed a superciliousness of manner towards her that was as inexcusable as it was unmerited. Without being positively rude, she managed to annoy and grieve her in various ways. Annie endured patiently and quietly, but she seemed to feel deeply. I tried to restore peace for awhile, but finding it impossible, and remembering that Miss Featherstonough's visit was nearly over, I contented myself with screening Annie as much as I could, while my kind-hearted cousin redoubled his attentions.

Meantime, the evening for the long-deferred, long-expected party arrived. Everybody came, and

everybody seemed happy. Miss Featherstonaugh was splendidly attired in lace, satin, and jewels; while Annie, in her simple becoming dress, looked lovely—the very embodiment of youth, grace, and purity. I had procured a musician for the evening, so that my little modest floweret might not bloom unseen in the crowd; and I was rewarded, for I saw many an admiring eye follow the light graceful young figure, and rest on the sweet truthful face of my favorite with evident pleasure. After supper, the young people who had fatigued themselves with dancing returned to the front parlor and stood talking in groups about the room. Miss Featherstonaugh reclined languidly in a fauteuil near the piano, which stood invitingly open, talking with her brother-in-law, who had called, on his return from Niagara, to conduct her back to the city, as the summer vacation was over. Annie stood opposite, talking with little Nell Thompson, while my cousin, leaning against a pillar behind them, seemed to be quietly observing all. As I approached them, I heard Miss Featherstonaugh's companion entreating her to play.

"No," said she, loudly and haughtily, "I am fatigued. Ask that person (indicating Annie); she will oblige you; she is a music-teacher."

I glanced at my cousin. He remained perfectly motionless, but I saw the indignant blood mount to his forehead. "Annie, my dear," said I, determined that she should not play, and wishing to relieve her from her embarrassing position, "will you walk with me in the piazza?"

She accepted my offered arm gratefully, and we went into the piazza, where my cousin soon joined us, begging, as he separated us, and drew an arm of each within his own, to be allowed to insert himself between those he admired most and loved best. I took a turn or two with them, and then excused myself, as I had to return to my guests, who soon after separated for the night. The next week Annie returned home, Miss Featherstonaugh went back to the city, my cousin left, and I was alone again.

#### CHAPTER IV.

So beautiful thou wert in life!  
Thou art lovely even now,  
With thy pale sweet face, and shining hair  
Smooth parted on thy brow.—M. E. T.

A YEAR has gone by since "the party," my reader, a whole year, with its moral and atmospherical changes. Summer is again abroad upon the earth, with its cloudless skies, its sparkling streams, green waving fields, and magnificent forests; beautiful, glorious summer! My home is here unchanged; but where are the young footsteps that echoed, a twelvemonth ago, through its silent apartments? Some will never bound there again! The gay, the

admired, the queenly Florence Featherstonaugh has gone down to the grave. In the springtime, when her friends were preparing a joyous reception, she was borne back to her southern home in her coffin. The proud, stately old mother bowed down over the still white features of her dead child, subdued—crushed. Ah! the great, great leveller, Death! I have just received the sad intelligence; hold the letter, with its black seal, in my hand. It is from Florence's teacher. It speaks of a gay winter, of balls and parties, of admirers, of their dresses, of colds, sickness, and death. The old story, and the old result. With her, "life's fitful fever" was soon over. She sleeps well! But the mother—the poor old broken-hearted mother! Ah! Fanny, my oldest, earliest friend! and was it for this thou hadst waited and hoped, watched and yearned with a mother's impatience and a mother's tenderness? How shall I write to thee? What shall I say to thee in thy bereavement? How can I point upward while the sky lowers above, from which the sun of thy existence has gone down forever? God help thee!

I must wipe my specs; they are not damp, reader, only dusty. I have yet another letter by this morning's mail. It is sealed with red wax, and stamped with my cousin's initials. Yes, it is from my cousin. Let us read:—

"Ever since the suns and showers of April, my cousin, I have been endeavoring to escape from my numerous and absorbing duties, to the quiet and repose of your peaceful home. I hope to succeed, in the course of another week; and now, that the time is so near, I can scarcely wait; my impatient feet are almost willing to wend their way back of themselves.

"I have been very busy and very fortunate since I last saw you; fortunate beyond my most sanguine expectations; and I now feel for the first time, after years of toil and struggle, that I am secure in my elevation.

"I have thought of the events of last summer's visit often, oftener than I can tell you. I sometimes take pleasure, when alone in my room at night, in imagining myself sitting opposite a kind, benevolent old lady with smooth gray hair and spectacles, who knits industriously, ever and anon lifting her mild eyes to my face with such a serene, benignant expression, that I am proud to call her my cousin.

"I am a social, companionable mortal, Cousin Debbie, and I confess to you that the peace and comfort pervading your home penetrated my heart, and made it long for a similar atmosphere. You will not wonder, then, when I tell you that I have built for myself a house in —; one after your own plan, my cousin; and I am surrounding it with a garden after your own heart, which I hope to see you enjoy often. Altogether, it will be a beautiful cage for a *stray bird*, Cousin Debbie, especially for such a one as I have in view. 'Where?' you ask. It may be

singing now, for aught I know, away up among your own pleasant bowers, where I first heard its tuneful voice. I know this much, my cousin, that the little enchantress will come with me to the home I have prepared early in autumn. I have hastened to secure my beautiful captive, and she will soon fold her white wings and nestle close to my heart. Yes, dear cousin, I hope to have the pleasure of presenting to you, before leaving your village, as my bride,

and your cousin, the gentle, excellent, and beloved Annie Logan."

Annie Logan! Only think of it! Well done, Annie; well done, my darling! thou hast won a high heart, and a noble name; one that is ringing from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and a heart whose sublime emanations will go sounding down the "tide of time," till time is lost in eternity.

## LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

### THE FORMATION OF THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

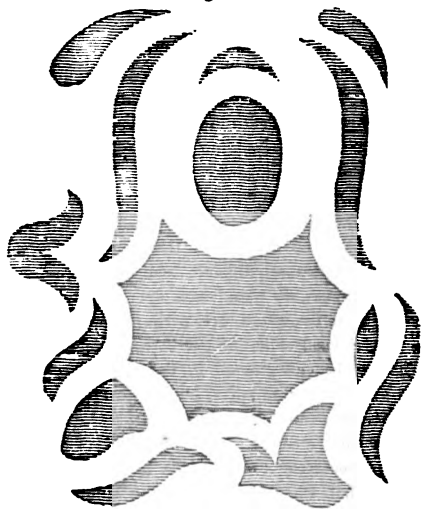
(Continued.)

*Laying out the area.* This is the most difficult part of the business, and is not to be excelled in without a considerable degree of taste and experience. In laying out the area of the kitchen-garden, its destination, being utility, affords in all cases a safe and fixed guide; but the flower-garden is a matter of fancy and taste, and, where these are wavering and unsettled, the work will be found to go on at random. As flower-gardens are objects of pleasure, the principle which must serve as a guide in laying them out must be taste. Now, in flower-gardens, as in other objects, there are different kinds of tastes; these, embodied, are called styles or characters; and the great art of the designer is, having fixed on a style, to follow it out unmixed with other styles, or with any deviation which would interfere with the kind of taste or impression which that style is calculated to produce. Style, therefore, is the leading principle in laying out flower-gardens, as utility is in laying out the culinary-garden. As subjects of fancy and taste, the styles of flower-gardens are various. The modern style is a collection of irregular groups and masses, placed about the house as a medium, uniting it with the open lawn. The ancient geometric style, in place of irregular groups, employed symmetrical forms; in France, adding statues and fountains; in Holland, cut trees and grassy slopes; and in Italy, stone walls, walled terraces, and flights of steps. In some situations, these characteristics of parterres may with propriety be added to, or used instead of, the modern sort, especially in flat situations, such as are inclosed by high walls in towns, or where the principal building or object is in a style of architecture which will not render these appendages incongruous. There are other characters of gardens, such as Chinese, which are not widely different from the modern; the Indian, which consists chiefly of walks under shade, in squares of grass, &c.; the Turkish, which abounds in shady retreats, boudoirs of roses and aromatic herbs; and the Spanish, which

is distinguished by trellis-work and fountains: but these gardens are not generally adapted to this climate; though, from contemplating and selecting what is beautiful or suitable in each, a style of decoration for the immediate vicinity of mansions might be composed, preferable to anything now in use. We recommend the reader to peruse certain passages in Cowper's "Task," book iii.: "To deck the shapely knoll," &c.

Masaroni, in the "Gardener's Magazine," vol. ix. p. 60, strongly recommends connection or unison between the several beds or borders of a flower-garden. "Where the shape of any individual bed," he says, "can be changed at pleasure, without injuring or altering the general effect, the flower-garden cannot be considered as approaching to perfection, notwithstanding any sum which extravagance may have been pleased to throw away upon it." He gives, as an example, Fig. 1.

Fig. 1.



Abercrombie, Nicol, and most practical gardeners, seem not to understand the subject of style, and their rules amount to little more than that of subdi-

riding the area by paths in different directions. The former author says: "If a piece of ground be set apart for the cultivation of flowers, in what style should it be laid out? This may vary with the quantity of surface, and the object of the cultivator. In the first place, carry a border round the garden, nowhere narrower than three or four feet, unless it may be proper to contract its breadth under the windows of the house; or unless there be a green hedge, on any side, rooted in the level of the garden, which might be expected either to draw the earth, or to encroach on the small plants, in which case flowering shrubs in little slips of mould would do better than dwarf-stemmed flowers. In contact with the surrounding border may be either a grass-plot or a gravel walk. The latter is most convenient for approach at all seasons. If the ground be at all dilated, handsome walks crossing or leading to the centre will be also requisite: let the principal walks be five or six feet in breadth. The interior of the garden is usually laid out in oblong beds, three or four feet wide, with intervening alleys two feet wide, or from that down to twelve inches, when it is intended to abstract as little space as possible from the cultivation of the flowers; or the same end may be obtained by circular or oval beds, with smaller compartments between, of such a form as will leave the alleys of one regular width."

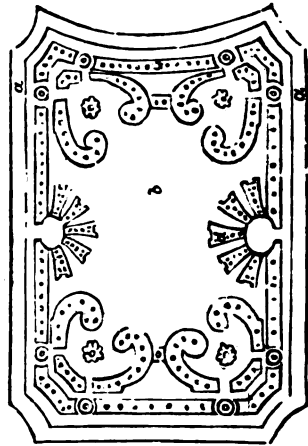
According to Nicol, the laying out of flower-gardens is a "matter very much of fancy. Too many gravelled alleys offend the eye, especially if they be much twisted or run across; as it comprehends the whole at once. Their breadths should be proportioned to that of the beds; nor should they be much sunk; seldom more than an inch; otherwise they have a bad effect, and look rather like furrows than alleys. They may be edged with box, with daisies, with violets, gentianella, or thrift, according to fancy. But the edging, whatever it be, should be kept low, thin, and neat. It should seldom be allowed to rise two inches high, or spread two inches wide. A linear box-edging always pleases, if kept quite close and connected."

The author of the "*Florist's Manual*," though she confines her directions to one style, has much more correct ideas on the subject than our practical authors. "It is more difficult," she says, "than may at first appear, to plan, even upon a small scale, such a piece of ground, nor, perhaps, would any but an experienced scientific eye be aware of the difficulties to be encountered in the disposal of a few shaped borders interspersed with turf; the nicety consists in arranging the different parts so as to form a connected glow of color, to effect which, it will be necessary to place the borders in such a manner that, when viewed from the windows of the house, or from the principal entrance into the garden, one border shall not intercept the beauties of another, nor, in avoiding that error, produce one still greater, that of vacancies betwixt the borders,

forming small avenues, by which the whole is separated into broken parts, and the general effect lost. Another point to be attended to is the just proportion of green turf, which, without nice observation, will be too much or too little for the color with which it is blended; and, lastly, the breadth of the flower-borders should not be greater than what will place the roots within reach of the gardener's arm without the necessity of treading upon the soil, the mark of footsteps being a deformity wherever it appears amongst flowers."

The materials which form the surface of flower-gardens (Figs. 2, 3, and 4) are gravel (a), turf (b),

Fig. 2.

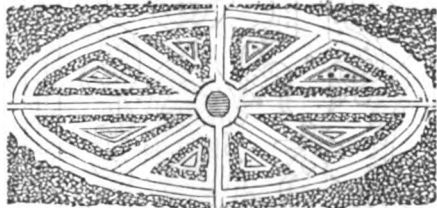


and dug borders (c), patches (d), or compartments (e), and water (f); but a variety of other objects and materials may be introduced as receptacles for plants, or on the surfaces of walks; as grotesque roots, rocks, flints, spar, shells, scorie in conglomerated lumps, sand and gravel of different colors; besides works of art introduced as decorations, such as baskets, vases, boxes, &c., of plain or rustic work; or tonelle performances, when the old French style is imitated.

**Rockworks.** The author of the "*Florist's Manual*" observes, on this subject, that "fragments of stone may be made use of, planted with such roots as flourish among rocks, and to which it might not be difficult to give a natural appearance, by suiting the kind of stone to the plant which grows naturally among its *débris*. The present fashion of introducing into flower-gardens this kind of rockwork requires the hand of taste to assimilate it to our flower-borders, the massive fabric of the rock being liable to render the lighter assemblage of the borders diminutive and meagre: on this point caution only can be given, the execution must be left to the elegant eye of taste, which, thus warned, will quickly perceive such deformity. We must venture to disapprove of the extended manner in which this mixture of stones and plants is sometimes intro-

duced, not having been able to reconcile our eye, even in gardens planned and cultivated with every advantage which elegant ingenuity can give them, to the unnatural appearance of artificial crags of rock and other stones interspersed with delicate plants, to the culture of which the fertile and sheltered border is evidently necessary, being decided that nothing of the kind should be admitted into the simple parterre that is not manifestly of use to the growth of some of the species therein exhibited. In pleasure-grounds or flower-gardens on an exten-

Fig. 3.



sive scale, where we meet with fountains and statuary, the greater kinds of garden rockwork might probably be well introduced; but to such a magnificent display of art we feel our taste and knowledge wholly incompetent." "Where neither expense nor trouble," the same author adds, "opposes their prohibitory barrier, many of the vegetable tribe may be cultivated to greater perfection, if we appropriate different gardens to the growth of different species; as, although it is essential to the completion of our garden to introduce, on account of their scent and beauty, some of the more hardy species of the flowers termed annuals, in that situation room cannot be afforded them sufficient to their production in that full luxuriance which they will exhibit when not crowded and overshadowed by herbaceous vegetables; and hence becomes desirable that which may be called the annual flower-garden, into which no other kind of flower is admitted besides that fugacious order, and under which is contained so great a variety of beauty and elegance, as one well calculated to form a garden, vying in brilliancy with the finest collection of hardy perennials. Also, the plants comprised under the bulbous division of vegetables, although equally essential to the perfection of the mingled flower-garden, lose much of their peculiar beauty when not cultivated by themselves, and will well repay the trouble of an assiduous care to give to each species the soil and aspect best suited to its nature. Two kinds of garden may be formed from the extensive and beautiful variety of bulbous-rooted flowers; the first, wherein they should be planted in distinct compartments, each kind having a border appropriated to itself, thus forming, in the Eastern taste, not only the 'garden of hyacinths,' but a garden of each species of bulb which is capable of being brought to perfection without the fostering shelter of a conservatory. The

second bulbous garden might be formed from a collection of the almost infinite variety of this lovely tribe, the intermixture of which might produce the most beautiful effect, and a succession of bloom to continue throughout the early months of summer. A similar extension of pleasure might be derived from a similar division of all kinds of flowers, and here the taste for borders planted with distinct tribes may be properly exercised, and, as most of the kinds of bulbs best suited to this disposition have finished their bloom before the usual time at which annuals disclose their beauties, the annual and the bulbous gardens might be so united that, at the period when the bloom of the latter has disappeared, the opening buds of the former might supply its place, and continue the gayety of the borders."

*The greenhouse or conservatory is generally placed in the flower-garden, provided these structures are not appended to the house. In laying out the area, a fit situation must be allotted for this department of floriculture, and the principles of guidance laid down in treating of the situation of the culinary hothouses require here also to be applied. Some recommend the distribution of the botanic hothouses throughout the flower-garden or pleasure-ground; but we are decidedly of opinion that much the best effect is produced when they are connected together in one scene. By the other mode they may form objects agreeable enough to look at externally; but, to derive the full effect of their internal beauties, it appears to us that they must be examined in succession and without interruption. No arrangement can be better, in our opinion, than to connect the whole of the botanic hothouses with the mansion as an introductory scene to the flower-garden.*

According to Neill, a greenhouse, conservatory, and stove should form prominent objects in the different parts of the flower-garden. The author of the "Florist's Manual" recommends a spring-conservatory, annexed to the house, consisting of borders sheltered by glass, and heated only to the degree that will produce a temperature under which all the flowers that would naturally bloom betwixt the months of February and May might be collected, and thence be enabled to expand their beauties with vigor.

According to Nicol, "the most proper situation for the greenhouse and conservatory, in an extensive and well laid out place, is certainly in the shrubbery or flower-garden; and not, as they are very generally to be found, in the kitchen-garden, combined with the forcing-houses. In smaller places, no doubt, they must be situated so as to suit other conveniences; and we often find them connected with the dwelling-house. In this latter way they may be very convenient, especially in the winter season, and may answer for keeping many of the hardy kinds of exotics; but it is seldom they can be so placed and constructed, on account of their connection with the building, as to suit the

culture of the finer sorts, and bring them to a flowering state. Such may rather be termed green-rooms, as being connected with the house."

Abercrombie says: "A greenhouse may be made a very ornamental object as a structure: its situation is, therefore, usually in a conspicuous part of the pleasure-ground, contiguous to the family residence. The front of the building should stand directly to the south, and the ends have an open aspect to the east and west."

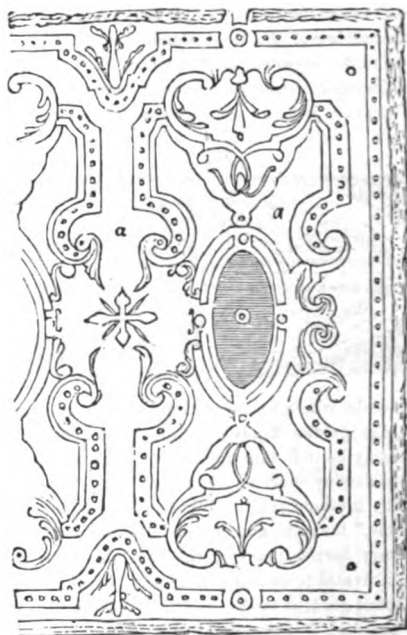
*Flower-nursery, and pits for forcing flowers.* To every complete flower-garden and shrubbery, a piece of ground should be set apart in a convenient and concealed situation, as a reserve-ground, or nursery of flowering plants and shrubs. The situation should, if practicable, be behind and near to the range of hothouses, and it may, at the same time, include the pits for forcing flowers, and the hotbed department of the flower-garden. Here plants may be originated from seed, cuttings, pipings, and a proper stock kept up, partly in beds, and partly in pots, for more easy removal, to supply blanks, and, in the more select scenes, to replace such as have done flowering. No flower-garden can be kept in complete order without a nursery of this description; nor could the management of some sorts of florists' flowers, as the auricula, during the latter part of summer and winter, the carnation, &c., be well carried on without it. Here they may be grown, and, when in bloom, exhibited in proper stages in the main garden.

*Walks.* In most styles of parterres, these are formed of gravel; but, in the modern sort, which consist of turf, varied by wavy dug beds, and surrounded by shrubbery, they are sometimes dispensed with. Such a flower-garden is recommended by the author of the "*Florist's Manual*," as suitable for the "midst of pleasure-ground," and the beds "peculiarly adapted to the advantageous exhibition of flowers." The general length of the beds she recommends to be "from twenty-three to twenty-five feet, and the width, in the broadest part, about four feet; the grass to be five or six feet wide between the beds, that it may be conveniently mown and rolled: all the beds a good deal raised."

In *extensive and irregular parterres*, one gravel-walk, accompanied by broad margins of turf, to serve as walks for such as prefer that material, should be so contrived as to form a tour for the display of the whole garden. There should also be other secondary interesting walks of the same width, of gravel, and smaller walks for displaying particular details. The main walk, however, ought to be easily distinguishable from the others by its broad margins of fine turf. In general, the gravel is of uniform breadth throughout the whole length of the walk; but in that sort of French parterres which they call parterres of embroidery (Fig. 4), the breadth of the gravelled part (a) varies like that of the turf. Such figures, when correctly executed,

carefully planted, judiciously intermixed with basket-work, shells, party-colored gravels, &c., and kept in perfect order, are highly ornamental; but very few gardeners enter into the spirit of this depart-

Fig. 4.



ment of their art. The French and Dutch have long greatly excelled us in the formation of small gardens and the display of flowers; and whoever wishes to succeed in this department ought to visit Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, and Paris; and consult the old French works of Mallet, Boyceau, Le Blond, D'Argenville, &c.

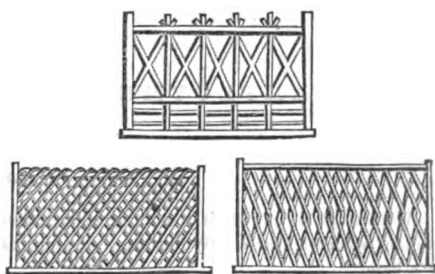
*Edgings.* In parterres where turf is not used as a ground or basis out of which to cut the beds and walks, the gravel of the latter is disparted from the dug ground of the former by edgings or rows of low-growing plants, as in the kitchen-garden. Various plants have been used for this purpose; but, as Neill observes, the best for extensive use is the dwarfish Dutch box, kept low, and free from blanks. Abercrombie says: "Thrift is the neatest evergreen, next to box. In other parts, the daisy, pink, London-pride, primrose, violet, gentian, and periwinkle may be employed as edgings. Lastly, the limits between the gravel-walks and the dug-work may sometimes be marked by running verges of grass, kept close and neat. Whatever edgings are employed, they should be formed previous to laying the gravel."

*Basket-edgings.* Small groups near the eye, and whether on grass or gravel, may be very neatly inclosed by a worked fence of basket-willows from



six inches to one foot high. These wickerwork frames may be used with or without verdant edgings; they give a finished and an enriched appearance to highly-polished scenery; enhance the value of what is within, and help to keep off small dogs, children, &c. Abercrombie scarcely approves of them. He says: "Where round or oval parterres stand on a ground of lawn, it is a prevailing fashion to surround them with what are termed baskets. These are commonly made either of wood or cast-iron; those of the latter material, of course, are durable; and the others, if painted, and removed under shelter in winter, will last ten or twelve years."

We present a few more forms of rustic fences,



made in the manner described in our August number.

## THE DEAD DOVE.

BY FLORENCE MACDONALD.

"It is only a bird, Ada," said the young lover of the gentle girl; "why should you grieve over its death?"

"If the song sparrow had died, or the little wren, or even the robin," replied Ada, sadly, "my heart would not have felt the pain that now oppresses it; but to look upon a dead dove touches my feelings deeply."

"But why should you feel more pain because a dove has died? Its life is the same as the life of a robin, a sparrow, or a wren."

"No, not the same, Henry."

"Wherein lies the difference?"

"Are not their bodies different?"

"Oh yes."

"It is because their lives are different that their bodies vary in appearance: each is a form of affection; the sparrow of one affection, and the dove of another. And this is the reason why, in looking upon one, we are affected differently from what we are when we look at another."

"A strange doctrine, Ada, is it not?"

"Oh no. What makes the wolf differ from the lamb? Is it not his affection, of which his body is the repulsive form? The wolf is embodied cruelty, and the lamb is embodied innocence. And how good is our all-wise and merciful Creator in thus placing before our eyes, in this world, embodied affections, that we may the more fully understand their evil or good qualities! When we look upon a cruel beast, we have a more perfect idea of the direful nature of those affections in our hearts which originate in self-love; and when we look at an innocent lamb, or a gentle dove, we perceive the beauty of good affections."

"Yours is a beautiful theory, Ada; and, if true, how full of life! With what new eyes would I look around me on the visible forms of nature, if I could believe as you believe."

"I cannot believe otherwise," said Ada, as she lifted her eyes from the bird in her hand, and looked tenderly at her lover.

"And this dove—to what affection does it correspond, and why are you so deeply touched by its death?"

"Need you ask, Henry? Is it not the embodied form of a pure, confiding love—such love as only a woman's heart can feel? And do you wonder that I am pained to see the death of such a love? Can I help thinking of woman's trusting heart betrayed? of affection trampled out under the foot of neglect and wrong?" And tears came into the eyes of the pure-hearted girl.

"Dear Ada!" said the young man, earnestly, "why will you let such painful thoughts come into your mind? They have no business there: your heart will never know betrayal; your affection will never be trampled out under the crushing foot of neglect."

"I did not think of myself," returned Ada, quickly; "I thought only of others."

The young man pressed his lips to hers, and then their eyes drooped from each other's, and rested upon the form of the dead dove.

"Never shall her heart feel the pangs of neglect; never, no, never!" said the lover, in earnest self-communion.

May his words prove a true prophecy: and if, in after life, his heart swerve, even for an instant, from its affection, may the form of the dead dove present itself, and warn him of the ruin his infidelity would occasion!

## EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN IN CITIES.

### NO. III.—SHOPKEEPING.

BY ALICE B. WHAL.

We are apt to consider it something of an affection, when we hear a lady denounce shopping as "a bore."

One may dislike trouble of any kind, but, when the exertion is made, and the keen pursuit commences, the patterns begin to gather in the hand, and the parcels to accumulate on the counter, it is not in the feminine heart to say that "this is a disagreeable occupation." Like any other talent, and like all accomplishments, "shopping" is to be cultivated; nay, the whole thing has been reduced to a science, and we have ladies on our list of acquaintances that might readily become professors, enlivening their lectures by many choice bits of experience, and the result of long and careful observation.

And so we will imagine, by way of passing a pleasant morning, that one of these indefatigable ladies has invited us to accompany her on a shopping expedition; for you, dear ladies, are strangers in Philadelphia, and as for us, we are supposed, by virtue of our habitual pen and ink pursuits, to know very little of "the poms and vanities." Therefore we place ourselves, in all humility, under the conduct of the brisk little lady, who, armed by parasol, purse, and a list of corresponding length, is about to commence her "fall shopping."

I always commence in good season," Mrs. Jenkins prattles forth; "for the people have more time to attend to you; and when I shop, I shop."

Emphatic Mrs. Jenkins! you are certain that she speaks "words of truth and soberness," by the way she goes over her list, arranging the miscellaneous items under their proper heads, as the carriage drives down towards the business part of the town. Her own wardrobe and the nursery come under one item; the store and linen closets form another; a seamstress is to be looked up; an opening of millinery to be attended. You look on in dismay, wondering how all this is to be accomplished: it might prove more than a day's work to one less experienced than our guide. Now her hand is on the check-string, her list and pencil in the other; she has arranged the "line of march."

"John, you may drive to Tyndale's first, then to Levy's. From Levy's we will go to Second Street," she says, turning to us with the same business-like air; "from there to Eighth; then up to Tenth, for some plain work; and, by that time, you will want a luncheon."

We think we shall. The prospect is fatiguing enough to make the conclusion a pleasant anticipation.

You have just paid your first visit to New York, coming from there to our quieter city, and have been introduced to the wonders of Stewart's marble palace, and the elegances of Beck's; you remember the smiles, and bows, and politeness of the perfumed and bewhiskered young gentlemen who unfolded the muslins, and rolled up the ribbons, and sorted the gloves for you. Did it not strike you as an exceedingly noble and manly employment, so befitting masculine strength and energy?—one that a woman could never have the quickness, or grace, or taste to fill?—that it was therefore given up to the sterner sex, who had adapted themselves so harmoniously to what was evidently intended by Providence as their *sphere*? We are sure it must have forced itself upon your consideration.

But we are at Tyndale's. You have heard of the establishment before; for it has even a European reputation for the exquisite taste in the selection and arrangement of the glass and china with which it is filled. And yet a woman founded this reputation by her energy, her tact, and industry; a woman planned the elegant hall, with its artistic arrangements, and gathered together the large capital necessary to its construction, and the scale of the business conducted here; where, instead of being received by a careless or obsequious clerk, a young girl comes forward, as a lady would receive in her own parlor, to know our commands. There are others behind the long counters arranging the vases that have just arrived in the steamer, or comparing the patterns of glass, or showing a new dinner-set to some favorite customer. It is a novelty to you, and you look to see how a woman in so exposed a position bears herself. With the strictest propriety and grace; for she has been here a long time, and knows exactly what will suit her customers: that one must be talked into purchasing, and another sale might be spoiled by a word of comment. She has grown to be a physiognomist, and can tell in a moment that the lady in the flounced *barège* wishes some pattern for her dinner-table that will attract notice by the variety and brilliancy of the coloring. That exquisite Sevres set, with a different mythological design on each of the three hundred pieces, would be entirely lost on her; although that plainly dressed woman who came in last understands the

value of every plate, the classical beauty of even the sauce-boats in shape and ornament. Our lady of the flounces chooses the heaviest glass, of the most elaborate pattern; the face of the other lights up with admiration at the pure crystal water-goblet, so thin that a touch would almost shiver it, the graceful stem rising as if to hold the cup of a flower. And the attendant knows this at once, and thus saves herself and her customer time and patience. Yet this tact is essentially a feminine quality, cultivated by patient observation and a long experience.

"Save the bookkeepers, perched upon their high stools, and the proprietors of the establishment, there seem to be only women in attendance," you say, as we resume our seats in the carriage, while Mrs. Jenkins "hands in" the tumblers she has matched, the fruit-dish she has coveted so long for her dessert-service, and a tea-set in miniature for the nursery doll-house.

"Oh no," she returns. "I suppose it seemed strange to you; but I never think of it, except to say how nice it is. I am always in a fever when I see a man handling china; men are so awkward! A waiter man will break twice as much in a year as a girl, if you ever noticed it.—(No, not there, boy; put those plates on to the front seat—here, by me. Now hand up the rest.)—As I was saying, girls handle things so much more carefully—(Levy's, John)—and then I hate to have a man following me about the store, as if I didn't know what I wanted to see. A woman knows when to hold her tongue sometimes; but, if a man talks at all, he talks you to death, and, if not, he's so sulky that you hate to ask him to show you anything."

"That's just what I should feel in being waited on by women," you modestly suggest. "I don't like to have one of my own sex feel as if they were inferior to me, especially such ladylike-looking girls. I never saw women who seemed better bred, not even in visiting."

"And so it is"—for our active little lady seems to have had a large share of good sense and right feeling—"they are well bred; and so you see none of that cringing servility I so hate in a shopman, or the rudeness that is equally disagreeable. Such a woman never could feel herself your inferior, when she is quietly attending to her business to the best of her capacity; nor is she, my dear madam."

"I grant the latter, and own it troubled me to see such ladylike-looking girls exposed to such public observation, and perhaps impertinence. It does not seem to me a woman's place to come so in open contact with all kinds of people"—for you have been brought up carefully in the seclusion of home yourself, and are thoroughly opposed to female president-making, or having ships of the line called "Women-of-war," as some of your sex will doubtless soon petition.

"It would seem so, perhaps," Mrs. Jenkins an-

swers, thoughtfully, consulting her list to see what comes next in order. "But think of it for a moment. What woman ever trifles with a shopman, or allows him to bandy words with her? The same dignity of character can be, and is preserved by our shopwomen; for, in Philadelphia, more than half our stores are managed by them. Some are very beautiful, too, and as well dressed as you or I. Wait till we get to Levy's, and all along from there up to Tenth and Chestnut, in every fashionable shop. They have an opportunity to purchase their dress cheaply, and time and good taste to make it up. Besides, they are in the very centre of fashion, and it would be strange if they did not avail themselves of it."

And this reminds us of a Southern gentleman introduced to us in travelling last summer. "Madam," he said, "Philadelphia is a beautiful place. You have some of the prettiest women there I ever saw. In your shops, I mean. I went into one, as I came on, to buy a pair of gloves; there was a splendid creature behind the counter, a perfect Juno! Such teeth! such eyes! such a figure! I'd give anything to see her on my horse Archer! She wouldn't be afraid of anything, I venture to say. I felt as if I was insulting her when I asked the price of these gloves. I felt much more like offering her my hand and heart than the gold piece I gave for them. I did not wait for change: the idea of four-pences counted out by such a creature!"

"Your friend was an enthusiast," Mrs. Jenkins says, smiling. "There is a great deal of the romance of shopkeeping, no doubt, if we only knew it, enough for a two-volume novel. It was only last winter that the head of one of our best firms married one of the young ladies who had been in the store several years. She was of a very good family, reduced in circumstances, and thus restored to comfort and affluence again; nor is this a solitary instance. But here is Levy's."

As you are well aware, this is our Stewart's, save that there is less display. The habitual customers are, as at Tyndale's, among our most fashionable people, and, of course, those who desire to be so considered are always to be seen thronging the counters. Many a woman has helped herself into Uppertendom through her purchases, and the accidental associations of Levy's and Miss Wharton's; and many another of greater pretensions has only confirmed her vulgarity by her lavish and ill-judged expenditure. It is here she has received the keenest slights from persons she would give her last new bracelet to bow to; here she has incurred the never-ending displeasure of the fashionable Mrs. Jones or Thompson, by ordering a dress from the same piece, and having it made from the same pattern, while Mrs. Jones is tall and thin, and her copyist is short and rosy. But it was the demure-looking girl behind the counter who told her of Mrs. Jones's purchase, to confirm her wavering fancy; for she, shrewd

looker-on in Vienna, knew the instant effect such information would produce.

She and her friend at the next counter are well aware of the unsuccessful struggles Mrs. McAdo persists in. She saw Mrs. Jones turn her back upon the approach, and the chillingly-distant stare with which Mrs. Thompson resigned to her the silk on which her ill-breeding laid violent hands. She knows that the Thompsons are living beyond their means, and that a crash is inevitable; but that is not her affair, so long as Mrs. Thompson trims her caps with Honiton lace at five dollars a yard, and she is instructed to trust her. But think you that, for all their fine dresses and fine furniture, she would change places with either of them? No; she has taken far-reaching views into the social world from her station at Levy's counter. She knows the real value of the costly goods passing through her hands, and that she folds the rich cashmere shawl for her customers over many an aching heart, and tempts in vain a drooping spirit with those rich laces. Care, and passion, and sorrow visit the proudest homes, and hers is bright and happy, and she feels that her own industry and self-denial have helped to make it so, and that love and contentment are not to be purchased with "gold that perisheth." Ah no, the cringing, fawning neophyte, the careworn woman of fashion, might well envy her womanly independence of spirit, and the strength of her character.

Hers is a pleasant and varied employment. There is no stagnation of thought or compression of the frame. All occupations have their disadvantages, and their own share of weariness; but hers has constantly changing interest, new faces, new traits of character, never-ending incident. And here, more especially, the departments are so divided that the actual labor is very light. The book of patterns retained on the counter saves many a wearisome folding and unfolding; and, being appointed to one style of goods, she necessarily understands exactly what is required of her. In the dull season, there is plenty of time for chat; and vacations of a day, or a week, are at her own discretion. There is many a bright and agreeable face in the twenty or thirty girls who line the long counters, aided, as Mrs. Jenkins had before suggested, by neat and tasteful dress.

"And what is the salary?" you inquire, as we leave the store, partially converted to the new "nation of shopkeepers." "Can they afford to look as nicely as they do? or are they obliged to spend all their earnings in keeping up appearances?"

"I asked once myself," replies our friend, busily bestowing packages, so that they may not be polking backwards and forwards with the motion of the carriage. "None of them receive under four dollars a week, and some have seven or eight, according to their experience or real usefulness. I can remember some of the faces at Levy's for years, and, of

course, they must be well paid. Now confess that you don't see anything in the least unwomanly in the occupation; though I don't go quite so far as Mr. —, who dined with us last Thursday. He has looked into these matters considerably, and proposes a petition for a law to send all men who are found behind a counter of dry-goods to the penitentiary! Though I declare it would be a good thing to go in force all over the country, until they bestirred themselves to find other things for women to do. There wouldn't be half the want, or sin either, in the world, if there was a wider scope for the employment of active, intelligent females.

"For," she continues, quite entering into the spirit of the subject, "just see how many young girls are growing up dependent on their brothers or fathers, and wasting their own time, or making foolish, unhappy matches, when they might much better be usefully employed. And look at the widows, worn down by dependence and grudging charity, seeing their children neglected or ill used, when their hearts are aching to do something for themselves, and to make a home for these helpless little ones. If I was a widow, I'd soon find something to do, you may depend."

"But you could teach."

"Not in Philadelphia, where there are more boarding-schools now than can get supported. Many a poor soul is struggling on in difficulties and embarrassments who would be glad to work with her hands, if she could only find something to do, and I guess it's so all over."

"But there is *always* plain sewing," you suggest, readily.

"Do you know what women get for plain sewing?" Mrs. Jenkins abruptly asks; "because I have had occasion to know something about that, too. I can give you, almost word for word, the answer of a dealer in wholesale clothing, who had been twenty years in the business. I went accidentally to his shop to make an inquiry, and it occurred to me to ask if he could give employment to some poor woman I was just then interested in.

"We give the highest prices, ma'am, and calculate to have all our work well done. Now we have given as high as eighty-seven cents a piece for fine shirts."

"Eighty-seven cents! Why, I always pay a dollar and a quarter."

"Oh, we couldn't stand that no way, ma'am. It wouldn't pay at all. Why, in these cheap clothing stores, none of 'em give over a levy and three fips, and ten cents for Canton flannel. We don't pay a great deal on that; but these are mostly made by old women, who can't see so very well, and don't depend on it for a living, so they can afford to work cheap."

"But a woman who *does* depend on her needle, how much can she make?"

"Why, a right steady hand can earn as high as

two, and two and a half, and three dollars, by sitting to it all the time. A vest-maker can do that, if she's good at button-holes. You see, I just cut out half a dozen satin vests at once, and give them. A pantaloons-maker can't do so well, unless she has customer-work, or is uncommonly smart. Some don't make over a dollar, or a dollar and a half, if they don't bring in good work. You see, they don't stay long enough at their trade to learn. They can't afford to pay their board, and so they don't stay more than three months before they must begin to earn for themselves. That makes a great many bad hands. I pity the poor things, and get along with them the best I can. Sometimes I try to show them myself; but I have to turn them off at last; though, I must say, it goes rather hard," said the worthy man, "because I know half the time they haven't got money to pay their board, and dear knows what becomes of them! And those that do well, you see, they have to sit so steady to make their three dollars, and then their board has to come out of that, and they don't have much light or good air, and they mostly get sick, and just live along."

"That's almost word for word what he told me, and, I declare, it gave me such a heartache I could not enjoy my own comfort. He was, no doubt, a liberal and humane employer. Think how many are a great deal worse off. I've no patience with people who are everlastingly preaching up the needle. If the sword has its thousand victims, the needle has its ten thousands, small and inoffensive as it seems, because we women know how intolerably irksome the unvaried labor must be. I like sewing, and should not know what to do with myself often without it; but to sew only one morning without stopping *always* gives me a pain in my side."

We all can certainly testify to the truth of this.

"Some of my Sunday-school girls," continues the good woman, whom we have never before suspected of knowing anything more of social economy than appertained to the management of her own household, "when I used to teach—that was the first I ever thought about the matter: they were quite large girls: I had a kind of Bible class; and nearly all earned their own living. It was very easy for me to go round in my silk dress and white kid gloves, and preach up self-denial and industry to them, out of our Sunday's lesson, and they practising it all the time, in those little dark filthy alleys, swarming with pigs and children. One of them sewed straw bonnets;—no wonder they can sell them so cheap, when they only give ten cents apiece for them!—others worked in crowded milliner shops from Monday morning till Saturday night, for a dollar and a half, mixing with good and bad—the Monday's talk with their comrades undoing all the good of Sunday's lessons. I soon found that out. A young girl could hardly have a worse moral atmosphere than one of those work-rooms; they themselves, and their mo-

thers, have told me so many a time. I always had a heart-ache while I taught those girls: it was the first thing that made me think of what a woman ought to be, or might be, in the way of influencing society—her own sex in particular—without any public gatherings, or speech-makings either."

Mrs. Jenkins has certainly spoken very energetically in all those intervals of our shopping in Second street, where we have still been waited upon by our own sex as well as though the hands that displayed the ribbons and muslins had been twice as large and coarse; and now we are driven to Eighth Street, to be fitted for a pair of gaiters—still by a woman—and here the comfort and propriety are self-evident; there is no need of soiling your own gloves, or ruffling your temper in bending over a refractory lacing.

Eighth Street is the paradise of cheap shopping, as we all know; but it is remarkable for one other feature: so many of these little stores are not only kept, but owned by women, many of whom have accumulated a sufficient sum to retire upon comfortably, when they shall choose. This we are told from the lips of one of them, a bright, tidy little body, who shakes back her black curls, and snips a little bit of paper with her scissors as she talks.

"You have been here some time, Mrs. White," says Mrs. Jenkins, choosing a sague for her youngest boy.

"Yes, ma'am; eight years now. I came when there were very few stores along in this square, and I have made my own business, as you may say, and a great deal for other people. I've been a widow now fifteen years," (she scarcely looks old enough for this, so round, so comely are her face and figure,) "and I was left without anything; and now I've got enough to live on the rest of my days, if I choose; but I know I couldn't be satisfied to sit still, after such an active life. I bought my goods myself, and sewed, and 'tended the shop, and saved, and I knew all I was making was for myself. My rent was always ready when rent-day came, and I never had to ask the favor of security from anybody, though this house and store is seven hundred a year. Please God, I'm quite independent now." And yet withal she is as womanly a little body as one could wish to see.

But we must not neglect to sketch the three sisters that we find next door, dispensing their pins and tapes, and polite sayings over their little counter. Mrs. Jenkins commends them to our especial notice; but this is not necessary, we have made their acquaintance before. They are always dressed precisely alike, it seems to us, in subdued half mourning black dresses and lead-colored ribbons, and each with a mourning brooch, their only ornament. We cannot tell them apart yet, although it is three years since we first chanced to notice the neat shop windows, with their collars and cuffs, and ribbons, and such beautifully shaped combs and

brushes. They are all tall, with full fine figures, appear to be the same age, or certainly very near it. They have kindly dark eyes, and black hair neatly arranged, and speak in a soft, measured voice; they seem to have one voice as well as one mind. Many an errand we have made there, for a moment's glance at so much quiet goodness and content.

"Pins, Miss?" Perhaps our feminine vanity is conciliated by this, for they have never recognised our claim to the dignity of madamship. "Which sort, if you please? Oh, English pins; quite small, I recollect; they do not tear one's collars so, and though they cost a little more, are better in the end. Lovely day, Miss; quite cool after the shower yesterday. Yes, ten cents for those; this size are a levy. Was there anything else? Combs? I suppose you would like them well finished. Sister, will you be so good as to show this young lady some tucking combs? At the other counter, Miss;" and we turn to the other counter to find the ditto of the first speaker, in appearance, voice, and manner.

"Wore your last comb two years? That's the fault of our goods, though," (with a low mellow laugh;) "all our customers say so; they last too long for our profit. But then we always have the best, as you say the best is the cheapest in the end. Yes, Miss, that's a beautiful pattern; we had a great deal of trouble to get it again. The street is quite lively this morning. A great many people are out of town though. This one, did you say? Eighty-seven cents, if you please. We would just as soon change a five dollar piece as not. Thank you, Miss; sometimes we have a heavy payment to make, and it is all the better. This is the change, I believe; all but five cents. I'm sorry to keep you waiting. Sister, could you give this young lady five cents? Good morning; good morning, Miss." And both sisters bow and smile as pleasantly as if we had expended ten dollars instead of one.

We have often longed to know something of their history, there is such an air of placid content and innate refinement about them and their little shop; their very ribbons rustle, with an old-style gentility, as they are folded and unfolded in their soft white hands.

And now the carriage rolls beyond what we have always considered the business part of the town, down Tenth Street, to a range of low frame houses, each with its narrow window of cheap muslins, and tawdry ornaments; shops, as the author of the "Charcoal Sketches" has said, "which bring a sensation of dreariness over the mind, and which cause a sinking of the heart, before you have time to ask why you are saddened; frail and feeble barriers they seem against penury and famine, to yield at the first approach of the gaunt enemy. Look at one of them closely. There is no aspect of business about it; it compels you to think of distracting for rent, of broken hearts, of sickness, suffering, and death.

"It is a shop, moreover, we have all seen the like,

with a bell to it, which rings out an announcement as we open the door, that few and far between there has been an arrival in the way of a customer, though it may be that the bell, with all its untuned sharpness, fails to triumph over the din of domestic affairs in the little dark room, that serves for parlor, and kitchen, and hall, and proves unavailing to spread the news against the turbulent clamor of noisy children. The owner is one of those women you may recognize in the street by their look of premature age, anxious, hollow-eyed, and worn to shadows. There is a whole history in every line of their faces, which tells of unceasing trouble; and their hard quick movement, as they press onward, regardless of all that begets their way, indicates those who have no thoughts to spare, from their own immediate necessities, for comment on the gay flaunting world. Little does ostentation know, as it flashes by in satiated arrogance and jeweled pride, of the sorrow it may jostle from its path; and perhaps it is happy for us, as we move along in smiles and pleasantries, not to comprehend that the glance which meets our own comes from the bleakness of a withered heart, withered by penury's unceasing presence."

Ay, it is too true a picture to spare one tint, one shade of the sombre coloring, for such is the worn face that tries to smile—such a wintry gleam!—as we are welcomed, though there is scarcely room to stand, outside the narrow empty counter. And why has industry failed in its reward? "It is those fairs," the woman tells us—speaking bitterly, poor soul! and what wonder?—"that kills all our business. Some ladies won't pay a fair price when they can get things there so much less, and even think they are giving to charity besides. It's poor charity, to my thinking, ma'am, that takes the bread out of our mouths, and works our hands to the bone. And then they come here, and bring their work, and we must do it for next to nothing, because we can't starve, and they know it. Some ladies don't seem to have no conscience, ma'am."

But Mrs. Jenkins is not of these; she has come far out of her way to give out this bundle of plain sewing, and she will pay a fair price for it, too. "I know it won't be done quite so well," she says to us confidentially, "but it will wear quite as long, and nobody will look at the stitches. That poor soul used to sew beautifully when she was first a widow, but she set up a little shop for muslins and trimmings, as you see, and sunk all she had, because ladies *will* buy where they can get things under price, without looking at the justice of the thing. Now she *has* to slight her work; but I never say a word. I see just how things go."

Reader, thus far we have spoken under the guise of a pleasant morning's talk; but we have given you no fancy sketches. What we have related are studies in a life school, vouched for by our own actual

experience and observation; and yet the task we have set for ourselves seems so feebly executed that we could almost lay down our pen despairingly, when we think of the hundreds of our own sex, everywhere around us, wasting life and energy in idleness, or ill-paid and wasting labor. And we have our own share in the wrong—those of us, at least, who allow the weakness or poverty of our sisters to minister to our own luxury and selfishness. "The laborer is not unworthy of her hire;" and when, by trifling self-denial of ostentatious luxuries, the needlewoman has her just and equitable recompense, hers will cease to be the wearisome and dreaded task it has now become. But this cannot be, so long as

it is the *only* avenue open to our sex. It is a principle of our social economy that the price shall be equal to the demand; and where so many are forced into competition, justice cannot be rendered. But we have said what we could, with deep and earnest feeling, and must leave, for a time, a subject so full of interest to us all, believing, with Frederika Bremer, that—

"He who points out a new field for the employment of female industry ought to be regarded as a public benefactor; and any means by which such a field becomes accessible to woman recommends itself to society as an important agent in the civilization of the future."

## INFLUENCE OF EXTERNAL NATURE ON MAN.

BY J. J. BAKER.

In casting our eyes over the earth, our attention is first arrested by the great variety of scenery, and the different degrees of fertility that characterize its surface. The contrasts are remarkable and striking. In the polar regions, we have an aspect of perpetual desolation; while, in tropical countries, sunshine and verdure everywhere greet our eyes. The poet of the "Seasons" thus describes the former regions—

"For relentless months, continual night  
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.  
There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,  
Barred by the hand of Nature from escape,  
Wilde roams the Russian exile. Naught around  
Strikes his sad eye but deserts lost in snow,  
And heavy loaded groves; and solid floods  
That stretch athwart the solitary waste,  
Their icy horrors to the frozen main."

Such is a truthful and beautiful description of those regions of the earth roamed by the Laplander, the Siberian, the northern Russian, and Greenland.

Now let us turn to the shores of the Mediterranean, and the islands of the Grecian Archipelago, and refresh our vision among the scenes celebrated in classic verse. Here, the mantle of snow gives place to robes of green, decorated with Nature's most gorgeous colors; here, the rivers and brooks flow unfettered and free along their courses; here, all is radiant with light, where bird and beast find a congenial home, and mankind, sympathizing with the scenes around them, exult in universal happiness. The same contrasts may be observed in a single country, as in Switzerland, or in two contiguous countries, as in England and Scotland. In the former case, one part of the population live "embowered in vales where the happy Grisons dwell;" while another part "force the stubborn soil" of the mountain for bread: one part are shepherds repos-

ing in the grateful climate of the valleys, while another part are clad in furs, and shod with snow-shoes, adapted to their cold, bleak, mountain home. Equally diversified are the scenes of the two contiguous countries referred to, but too familiar to need a description.

We may consider the various aspects of the earth as so many changes in the countenance of great Nature, with which we are affected as with the smiles and tears, joys and sorrows of a dear friend. In her mountains and hills, she assumes the pomp and majesty of a king, aweing us into silence and admiration; from the beetling cliff, rugged and barren in its aspect, she frowns upon us with the eye of a despot, sending a thrill of horror through all our frame; along the sunny vale, she assumes a sprightly air, her eyes beaming joy, and her face wrinkled with laughter; on the quiet lake, embowered among hills, a placid, serene smile sits upon her countenance, tranquillizing our thoughts and hushing our passions into peace. Again, we behold her in the heaving and swelling ocean, when the tempest goes forth upon its bosom, agitated, as it were, by some monster passion, foaming with rage and uttering a wrathful voice; and anon she sits on the desert, desolate and sad, with the dishevelled look, the weeping eye, and accent of woe.

These remarks have been made with a view to introduce the question as to how far human character is modified and moulded by the aspects of external nature. Without intending a full discussion of the subject, we shall produce a few illustrations showing this influence to be undoubtedly great. In reference to English character, a favorite poet thus writes:—

"They take, perhaps, a well-directed aim,  
Who seek it in his climate and his frame.  
Liberal in all things else, yet Nature here,  
With stern severity, deals out the year.

Winter invades the Spring, and often pours  
A chilling flood on Summer's drooping flowers;  
Unwelcome vapors quench autumnal beams,  
Un genial blasts attending curl the streams:  
The peasants urge their harvests, ply the fork  
With double toil, and shiver at their work:  
Thus, with a vigor for his good designed,  
She rears her favorite man of all mankind."

Though this is poetry, yet poetry utters a great many truths; and it is a very curious and suggestive fact that English climate and character so entirely coincide. John Bull is a blustering fellow, just like his winds, and, if his climate is fickle and sudden in its changes, so is he moody and his tempers uncertain. Are his winters frosty, and his summers genial? So are his likes and his dislikes, his loves and his hates; he has much winter and not a little sunshine mingled in his character.

Now, if we turn to France, we shall find a people of very different character, and an equally diverse climate. The atmosphere is soft and transparent, and the temperature uniform and genial. Every breeze is freighted with the odor of flowers, and every grove is vocal with the song of birds. Now, though we would not ascribe everything to climate, yet how strikingly do French manners coincide with the aspects of nature around them!

"The Frenchman, easy, *debonair*, and brisk,  
Give him his lasso, his fiddle, and his frisk,  
Is always happy, reign whoever may,  
And laughs the sense of misery away."

In Italy, the same correspondences exist between the face of the country and the character of the people; for, though it be true that idleness and sensuality have debased the Italian character, and brought down its high aspirations, yet such is the magic of their sunny clime that, despite the most adverse moral influences, it still, chameleon-like, reflects the hues of the scenes amid which it is nursed.

We shall find a further confirmation of our idea by a reference to barbarous nations. The life of the poor Esquimaux is peculiarly dreary, rendered so as much by their modes of life as by their climate. Captain Parry says they are dull and gloomy, living together like swine in snow-houses and dark caves, and that they are scarcely ever seen to laugh or heard to joke. All the circumstances of their lives conduce to these results. A poet has embodied these ideas in the following beautiful lines:—

"Half enlivened by the distant sun,  
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,  
Here, human nature wears its rudest form.  
Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,  
Here, by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
They waste the tedious gloom. Immersed in furs,  
Dose the gross race. Nor sprightly jest nor song,  
Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life  
Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without."

It may be said that the vices of these people have blunted their sensibilities, and rendered them brutal and dull. If we but turn our eyes to the islands of the Southern Pacific, we shall see a people more degraded, equally destitute of education, and, so far as we know, equally low in natural endowments. But do we find the same dullness, grossness, stupidity, and gloominess that characterize the Esquimaux? Here, the sun shines in all his glory, gilding the mountains and trees and waters with his radiance, and making the earth beautiful to look upon; here, flowers bloom, birds sing, and warm and soft breezes blow. Can man be gloomy here? Can he resist the spirit of gladness that breathes around? These islanders are expert and elegant dancers. Unlike their northern brethren, they rejoice in a rude music, and take pleasure in social assemblages and personal display. Dancing is generally regarded as an indication of hilarity, and of some degree of exhilaration of animal spirits, though, in promiscuous assemblies, certainly attended with a deterioration of manners; yet, so far as it is the expression of gayety in these islanders, it shows a correspondence between their climate and character. No such amusement obtains in rude climes and on inhospitable shores.

These observations might be extended to all the countries of the earth. Wherever extremes in climate and striking characteristics of natural scenery obtain, we are certain to find corresponding developments of character in the people. Certainly, the instances are not all equally striking or manifest, yet are we never without some signal proof of the facts in question. As before observed, we do not refer all the peculiarities of character that distinguish one nation from another to the influences of external nature; on the contrary, we believe that Nature lays the foundation of many of them, and some may be traced to the influences of other nations, to traditional and religious observances, and other causes.

If our facts and observations have established the proposition that the aspect of external nature exerts a very important influence in moulding the character of man, we think the fact itself cannot be devoid of interest as a matter of curious information, or barren of instruction in matters of higher moment. If it is the law of man's nature that he becomes assimilated to the things around him, it becomes important for him to bestow some attention upon the architecture of his dwellings and places of constant resort, and upon the aspect of their position and adornments. We know that this law of our nature has been taken advantage of in bygone ages to nurse the worst superstitions, and even now resort is had to the same measures for impressions to bolster up decaying systems of error.

The law of assimilation is peculiarly active in associations between moral and intelligent beings. We are told, in the Scriptures, that "we all with



open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." What a glorious assimilation is this! With what gratitude should we reflect on the fact that God has given us natures susceptible of such glorious trans-

formations, and capable of such high attainments in the scale of being!

Scripture exhortations to cheerfulness have a reference to the same law. "A sad countenance" seems to be the peculiar characteristic of the hypocrite, and is always a premonition of moral blight.

## POETRY.

## A SABBATH MORNING IN OCTOBER.

BY HENRY SETMOUR CHASE.

SEVERELY wakes the morn;  
Her cloud-fringed eyelids glow with silver light,  
From that bright orb they guard.

The azure depth  
Of heaven's calm bosom holds one little cloud,  
Star-lit, which feels the first warm kiss of Day,  
And blushes. Then over the emerald hills,  
With glory, flushes the ruddy light  
From her soft-beaming eyes, and autumn woods,  
Clothed in bright rainbow-dyes, in one sweet concord  
Sing out a hymn to God.

Like maiden coy,  
 wooing the glance of him she loves, the Quechee,  
When she sees the Day King out his glowing  
Bath of beauty step, dripping with glory  
O'er the pavement of the skies, doth gently  
Cast aside her veil of mist, and murmurs  
Back soft "Amen."

Mountain, plain, and glen,  
Through night's cold tears of glistening dew, oft shed  
For absent daylight, smile.

In grateful praise,  
All Nature worships God.

This lofty mount,  
Whose rugged bosom feels the power that  
Thunders in the storm, and rocks the eagle  
In her dizzy nest, and yonder fruitful  
Hills, whose lowing herds enjoy the genial  
Sun, the universal concert join.

The  
Wood-embosomed lake, whose calm blue eye, in  
Its clear depth, reflects the fairy shores around,  
Sends up its note of joy, and heavenly look  
Of love.

Sweet-smelling herbs, and fragrant buds,  
Pure incense offer, too. My rose, within  
The casement, feels the inspiration of  
The hour, and heavenward breathes its rich perfume.  
Hushed is the sound of daily toll. Man goes  
Not forth to-day, to sweat for cursed gain,  
But to praise and pray.

Behold the Sabbath!  
O sacred morn, that saw the rock-closed tomb  
Where Jesus lay, by shining angels oped!  
O blessed Christ! roll thou away the stone  
From this cold heart, where lie entombed good  
Resolves. Breathe strength once more their stiffened joints  
Within, and bid them rise, come forth, and live.  
The church-bells chime; to weary souls how sweet  
The sounds harmonious. Through the bracing air  
Their pleasant voices ring; invading, with  
Their call to prayer, each quiet nook and dell.

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Mount Tom, with joy, the merry peal receives  
Amid its cavern'd rocks, and, dwelling there,  
The fairy, echo, flings it gayly back  
O'er distant hills.

The farmer's wife looks glad  
When faintly falls upon her listening ear  
The far-off worship-call.

Each humble cot,  
And prouder mansion, send the op'ning buds  
Of youth, the ripen'd fruit of manhood's prime,  
And wither'd leaves of cane-supporting age,  
To form an off'ring meet for God's own house  
Of praise. In by-paths through the solemn woods—  
Through meadows, dressed in autumn's later green—  
Beside the brooks where truant school-boys rove—  
And down the dusty road, they flocking come.  
Around the church-door gathered, friendship grasps  
Th' extended hand, and greets, in tones and smiles  
Subdued, the motley throng around. This past,  
With humble mien they walk the sacred aisles.  
Bend low your heads and hearts, ye pious souls,  
For God's own presence fills this sacred place,  
And opens the narrow gate that leads to heaven.

With careful steps, across the village green,  
See yonder couple take their customary way.  
Each Sabbath morn, an aged mother, blind  
With age, doth lean upon a gray-haired son's  
Most willing arm. With love and duty strong  
Imbued, he leads where she may praise in God's  
Own temple. After "service," ere the hours  
Of twilight pass, once more with cheerful steps  
He goes, and reads to that old mother, blind  
And poor, sweet words of truth and grace, from that  
Illumined page where Mercy pardon breathes  
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O fragrant flowers  
Of human hearts! there do ye meekly dwell,  
And bless, with summer's bloom, the wintry soul  
Of dying age.

## THE SILENT MULTITUDE OF THE DEAD.

O MIGHTY city of the dead! what numerous hosts are here:  
And yet all motionless they lie, unmoy'd by sorrow's tear.  
Or by the mourner's wailing grief, who weeping stands  
above  
This temple fill'd with pulseless hearts of lost and buried  
love.

Though gladsome rays of morning come to gild the hal-  
lowed spot,  
Unnoticed all their glories shine; the sleepers heed them  
not:

Through radiant beams of noontide fall with clear, effulgent light,  
Yet to that silent multitude 'tis one long dreamless night.

The evening sunshine kindly stays to throw its influence there,  
And twilight's plying dews descend to weep the gentle tear;  
That hour so full of holy thought, to sweet communion given,  
When the spirits of the loved below commune with those in Heaven.

But beauty all of earth and air, of sky and boundless sea—  
The glorious face that nature wears, all glad and bright and free—

Charm not the sleepers resting here, nor cause one throb of joy:

O Death, insatiate conqueror! thou 'rt mighty to destroy.

The husband here in calmness lies, and resting at his side  
Is she, his heart's young chosen one, his fond and trusting bride:

He cares not that she there reclines in quiet by him now,  
For Death's unfeeling touch has chilled that fair and polished brow.

The tender buds of hope and love, that came with morning's bloom,  
The frosts of death have blighted now, and laid them in the tomb:

The lovely form of youth is here, the beautiful and pure—  
Alas, thou mighty conqueror! thine aim is ever sure.

Here, all unmoved, the mother's heart lies pulseless, cold, and still;

That heart so constant, warm, and true—so firm through good and ill:

The dirging grief of stricken ones cannot avail them now,  
Nor cause one ray of tenderness to light that pallid brow.

But oh! a new unclouded dawn, a glorious morn shall rise,  
A morning of celestial birth—a herald from the skies—  
When pealing through the trembling air the trumpet's sound shall come,

To wake the silent multitude that slumber in the tomb.

The wicked, ah! their fearful doom—no mighty One to save;

Far better to have slumbered on within the gloomy grave:  
Not so the faithful and the good—with joy they 'll quit the tomb,

And rise to life and light again, and youth's redoubled bloom.

Then heart shall meet with kindred heart, and anthems loud shall rise,

And rapturous notes of harmony shall echo through the skies:

"All hail, thou great Deliverer!" the ransomed ones shall sing,

"O Grave, where is thy victory! O Death, where is thy sting!"

*Ashville, N. C.*

### THE TREASURE-TROVE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

'Twas in that season of the year  
When, here and there, a crimson leaf  
Among the pleasant foliage seems  
A harbinger of grief—

When, with the sunset's tearful gleam,  
A chill wind wasteth the green bowers,  
And Mind perforce with Nature mourns,  
Each for its summer flowers—

When all the birds of varied note,  
And scented vine and slender tree,  
Are flown or fading, and the woods  
Have voices like the sea—

I met a maiden in my walk,  
A blossom that was scarcely blown,  
With summer folded in her heart,  
And fragrant in her tone.

And soon came to her shaded eyes  
A joy which none before had taught her—  
A light soft as the mirrored star,  
When dusk is on the water.

It was a look that met not mine,  
But from it ever sought to rove;  
And yet in this anxiety,  
Was eloquent of love.

A stolen look, which, when I saw,  
A sudden, tremulous tinge of rose  
Suffused her virgin cheek, and seemed  
To break her heart's repose.

What could I do? the spring was gone;  
The summer, too, was ebbing low;  
And mounted autumn rides so fast  
Toward the hills of snow!

I whispered! while her cheeks o'erflowed,  
Deeper than rose or twilight stream;  
And since, our mutual life has been  
A reverie—a dream!

The leaf may fall, the blossom blow—  
I have no season but her eyes;  
And they are of the changeless hue  
Of the blue summer skies.

### THE FADED FLOWER.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

I Laid her in her beauty down  
In the lone forest dell,  
When the deep shades of eventide  
Around my pathway fell.

And not a single sunbeam pressed  
The heavy clouds apart;  
A shade was resting on the earth,  
A deeper on my heart!

I watched long with a growing pride  
Her beauty's radiant glow,  
For death had set his awful seal  
In beauty on her brow.

Her eyes were glorious with the light  
Of brighter worlds than ours;  
She faded slowly from the earth,  
From young life's fairest flowers.

And now I sit alone, beneath  
The weight of changeless sorrow:  
This is no passing cloud of grief,  
'Tis night without a morrow.

## THE YOUTHFUL BARD.

BY NORMAN W. BRIDGE.

Ah! those he loved away have passed,  
The ardent friends of early years,  
On whose cold brows he looked his last,  
With eyes suffused with burning tears.

Yes, many a cherished form is gone—  
Laid low beneath the grassy sward;  
And feeble weary, dark, and lone,  
The spirit of the youthful bard.

Sad feels his heart as mem'ry ope  
To view bright dreams of days gone by;  
Sad 'tis to think his golden hopes  
In youth were doomed to fade and die!

Each promised joy has come to naught,  
And sickness now his strength is stealing;  
His brain is steeped in anxious thought—  
His form in pains of keenest feeling.

His cheek has lost its radiant hue—  
His eye and brow are growing dim;  
And dearest friends, once fond and true,  
Have lost the love they felt for him.

He misses many a smiling lip—  
A loving eye, a voice of truth—  
And all the sweet companionship  
With genial souls of kindred youth.

And now his heart has such a thirst  
For early friendship's smile and tone,  
It seems as though with grief 'twould burst,  
When brooding o'er those treasures flown.

With bitterest pangs his soul is stirred,  
To learn, in dark misfortune's hour,  
But few could love a drooping bird—  
A withered leaf—a faded flower.

Long has he drank of sorrow's cup;  
Deep is the gloom his features wear:  
There's naught can cheer his spirits up,  
So filled his breast with dark despair.

And oft he feels, when none are nigh,  
A smothered woe so full and deep;  
'Tis sweet relief to breathe the sigh,  
And melancholy bliss to weep.

Ah! life to him has lost its charms:  
Sweet health is gone—youth's joys are fled;  
No earthly hope his bosom warms—  
He longs to slumber with the dead!

And feebly now his breast's core beats—  
The vital thread Fate soon will sever;  
Ere many morns his spirit greets,  
His eyes may close, and close forever!

And when his form shall pulseless lie,  
Outstretched beneath the coffin-lid;  
Ah! who think you from Sorrow's eye  
Will o'er his urn one tear-drop shed?

Who'll seek his grave at twilight hours,  
When earth is robed in vernal bloom,  
And o'er it strew those fragrant flowers  
That speak of hope beyond the tomb.

Ah! none may mourn that he is gone—  
No hand with flowers adorn the sward  
Where dreamless sleeps, all cold and lone,  
The casket of the youthful bard:

Nor glance from longing eyes o'er fall  
Upon his lonely turf-clad cell;  
Nor those he knew fond thoughts recall  
Of him who loved all friendships well:

But dewy skies will o'er him weep,  
And sighing winds lament his doom,  
And stars he loved will nightly keep  
Fond watch o'er his unfriended tomb.

## IN EXTENUATION.

BY BERTHA BRAINERD

The sweetest bird that ever raised  
Its morning song of praise to heaven,  
Though soaring often to the skies,  
Hath still most vainly striven  
To live without the aid of earth,  
Her berries ripe, her waters clear;  
Though loud its song, and bold its flight,  
Its nestling-place is here.

The fairest flower that ever shed  
Its blessed fragrance on the air,  
Though still by showers and sunbeams fed,  
Had perished in their care,  
Had not its roots still fondly clung  
About the spot which gave them birth;  
Though lovingly it looks above,  
Its resting-place is earth.

If things as purely beautiful  
As singing-birds, and perfumed flowers,  
Cling still to earth, though softly wooed  
By genial suns and showers,  
Then I, more earthly far than they,  
May for my frailty be forgiven,  
Though for a human love I raise  
My fervent prayers to heaven.

## TO THE WEAK.

BY JANVIER.

Oh aching hearts, by care oppressed,  
Oh weeping ones, that know no rest;  
Oh mourners, that have suffered long;  
Oh ye, the faint of heart, be strong!

Ye drooping ones, your sorrows bear;  
Steel your weak breasts, repel despair;  
For they who buffet with their fate,  
And brave its anguish, shall be great!

Sorrow is power, and when ye bow,  
And wild thoughts thrill the rending brow,  
Look to the living skies, and see—  
Fit emblem of your destiny—

Some struggling star, that, freed at length,  
Bursts into brilliancy and strength,  
And leaves the clouds, that clogged it so,  
Alone to grovel on below.

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

[Written on seeing the "Soldier's Dream of Home," in the March number of "Godey's Lady's Book."]

BY J. L. SWAN.

THE soldier now is resting on  
The bank, at eventide;  
His gun is leaning at his head,  
His cap is by his side.

The lurid watchfires burn around  
With an unsteady glare;  
His soldier-comrades, bending low,  
The evening meal prepare.

Slow rising up, the silver moon  
Is dimmed by azure clouds;  
A single star is shining bright  
Amid the misty shrouds.

His gaze is upward, and his head  
Is pillowed on his arm;  
But Mem'ry, busy with the past,  
Has sought another charm.

He sleeps! and dreams of home and love  
Come flitting softly there,  
Of her he made his youthful bride—  
His baby-boy so fair.

Once more within his Highland home  
He treads his native heath;  
And every breeze that passes by  
Is laden with its breath.

As dear, familiar objects meet  
His anxious, tearful eye,  
With beating heart, he seeks the home  
Where all his treasures lie.

The goats upon the mountains browse;  
The shepherd's song is heard:  
At last he stands within his home,  
Nor breathes a single word.

An ear has caught his weary tread—  
An eye, his well-known face;  
One moment more, his Jeannie's clasped  
Within his warm embrace.

As, leaning o'er her sinking form,  
"My father!" greets his ear,  
A little Jean is bounding forth  
To meet her father dear.

His eye sweeps in, with rapid glance,  
Each object of his joy;  
His Donald flies with outstretched arms—  
No more his baby-boy.

His neighbors, joyous, hasten down  
To meet their coming friend;  
And in his welcome back to home  
Their happy voices blend.

He starts! a shot is fired near—  
Another follows now:  
Too late! the fatal messenger  
Has smote upon his brow.

And as the life-blood gushes forth  
Upon the thirsty loam,  
The soldier's dream is past for aye—  
"The soldier's dream of home!"

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM OF HOME.

[From a Picture.]

BY FANNY FALES.

TEARS! tears! they gather as I gaze—  
The soldier dreams of home—  
The moon shines on his upturned face,  
While blessed visions come:  
But oh! the heart's light beams o'er all—  
He hears his wife and children call.

He sees anear the humble cot—  
The harvest sheaves around—  
The pet goats browsing on the hill  
With purple heather crowned;  
The shouts of welcome reach the plain—  
The soldier is at home again.

They fly to meet him—to his breast  
He folds again his own;  
His Jeannie's soft and loving arms  
Around his neck are thrown:  
Her bright lips to her own are pressed;  
In dreams, the weary soldier's blest.

The pretty bird, his little "Jean,"  
Born since he left the nest,  
Stands, tiptoe, dimpling by his side,  
And waits to be caressed:  
With outstretched arms, wee Donald flies;  
"Thank God for this!" the soldier cries.

Faded!—and was it but a dream?  
Did not his spirit meet  
The darlings by his mountain home,  
And list their welcome sweet?  
Oh! when the last long sleep came o'er,  
Did not he clasp them as of yore?

## PAUSE NOT.

BY H. COLMAN PAIGE.

PAUSE not! thou'lt reach the goal at last;  
Thy scenes of toll and sorrow past  
Will seem like dreams to thee:  
And when thou'st gained the darling prize—  
When vision's hope shall reach the skies—  
Thrice happy then thou'lt be.

Pause not! whate'er the case may be,  
"Faint heart ne'er yet won fair ladye,"  
For despair sheds a chill  
That leaves a dark'ning course behind,  
And conquers all the powers of mind,  
How strong soe'er thy will.

Pause not! the feeble arm is strong  
When first is felt the hand of wrong;  
Only vengeance can repay  
The debt—but pass these by—  
For fairer clouds will fill the sky,  
And cause a brighter day.

Pause not! but battle earnestly;  
Thy watchword e'er be "Liberty,"  
And God will aid the Right;  
For joyful hours will still be thine,  
When hope and happiness combine,  
And day succeeds the night.

## LET ME DIE IN THE AUTUMN-TIME.

BY "MARY NEAL."

Let me die in the autumn-time,  
When the winds are round me sighing;  
When gone is summer's golden prime,  
And her flowers are dead and dying:  
Yes, then, when all things bright decay,  
Let my spirit gently pass away.

Let me die 'neath the forest trees,  
While their branches wave above me;  
While my cheek is fanned by the cooling breeze,  
And around are those who love me:  
There, 'neath the broad blue dome of heaven,  
Let my last farewell to earth be given.

Let me die at the sunset hour,  
When the shadows fall around me;  
When my heart is filled with its soothing power,  
Let the chords be loosed that bound me:  
When my last bright day on earth is done,  
Let my soul depart with its setting sun.

'Tis a time I have ever loved,  
The autumn sunset hour;  
When my heart, by Nature's glories moved,  
Hath knelt to her magic power:  
When my soul hath sent forth to God above  
Its meed of praise for this priceless love.

Then, loved ones left behind,  
Lay my ashes gently there;  
Let my dirge be sung by the autumn wind,  
That once floated through my hair:  
Let the leaves that once waved o'er me rest  
Calmly and sweetly on my breast.

Then raise no costly tomb  
My forest bed to trace;  
But I'd have ye mark, by the wild flower's bloom,  
My peaceful resting-place:  
And plant one pure white rose, to shed  
Its sweetest fragrance o'er my head.

And then, at sunset hour,  
I would have ye sometimes come,  
And pluck from thence a remembrance flower,  
To bear in your bosom home:  
And sometimes drop, while standing there—  
'Tis all I ask—affection's tear.

## LOVE AND TRUTH.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

Love sought for Truth: a charming form drew near,  
Arrayed in robes most fair; a form divine,  
Upon whose brow was joy, whose eyes shone clear,  
And many graces here seemed to combine:  
I heard the music of a sweet-toned voice,  
And thought that Love might surely here reside—  
Where all was Truth—and evermore rejoice,  
Without a cloud to darken or divide.  
But when Love ventured to lift up his eyes,  
He saw that he might linger there in vain,  
For all that seemed so fair was flattering lies—  
And then he fell to earth in grief and pain.  
"Why should I hope!" said Love; "Truth is not there!"  
And I was left to weep at Love's despair.

## THE TWINS.

BY REV. B. T. F. CAKE.

'Twas a soft and mellow evening,  
In the leafy month of June,  
When summer bowers first opened  
Their roseate blushing bloom,  
That angel wings bore to me,  
In the stillness of the night,  
Heaven's blessing in a treasure  
That ravished sense and sight.

Two innocent immortals  
Was their angelic care;  
Gems of a regal diadem,  
They seemed the lovely pair;  
Twin-born in time and feature,  
In beauty and in grace,  
Each seemed a very mirror  
For his brother's form and face.

O Infinite! who formed them,  
How perfect was thy touch!  
How rich thy heavenly dower!  
Could mortal crave so much?  
That sense, nor limb, nor feature,  
Should lack thy holy care—  
That they in each, in everything,  
Might God's own image bear.

I thank thee, O our Father,  
Maker of worlds and men,  
Thou'st given so rich a treasure  
To give thee back again:  
Oh, grant their hearts, with ours,  
The grace, when life is done,  
To be *twin stars* forever  
In thy eternal crown!

## THE HEART OF MAN IS LIKE A HARP.

BY JOHN A. CHAPMAN.

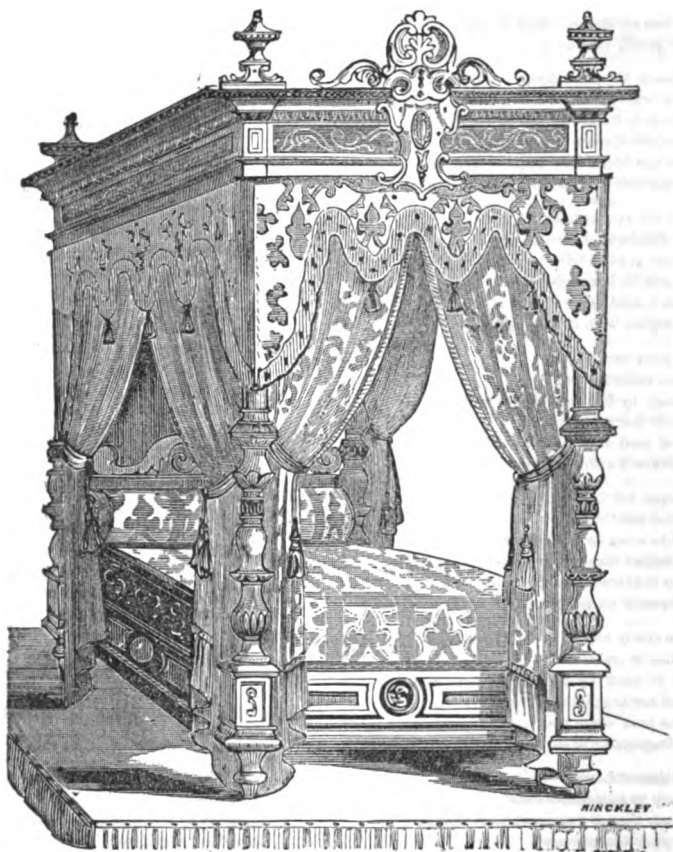
THE heart of man is like a harp  
Of many thousand strings;  
Touched by a skillful hand, a tone  
Breathes from it sweet, or low, or sharp,  
Or plaintive as a fairy's own,  
When broken are its wings.

Oh! many are the notes that ring  
From this poor heart of mine;  
Sometimes 'tis like a joyous bird,  
When at the first warm days of spring,  
The fountain of all love is stirred,  
Moved by a hand divine.

But then again sad tones of woe  
Come from each trembling string;  
Sad as the childless mother's heart,  
When all she loved is laid below,  
And the hot tears unbidden start  
From her heart withering.

Deal gently with this wondrous harp—  
Breathe on it soft and low;  
Let every trembling note be free,  
Whether of sweet, or low, or sharp,  
That e'en the saddest tones may be  
A melody in woe.

BED DRAPERIES.  
(DESIGN FURNISHED BY CARRYL.)



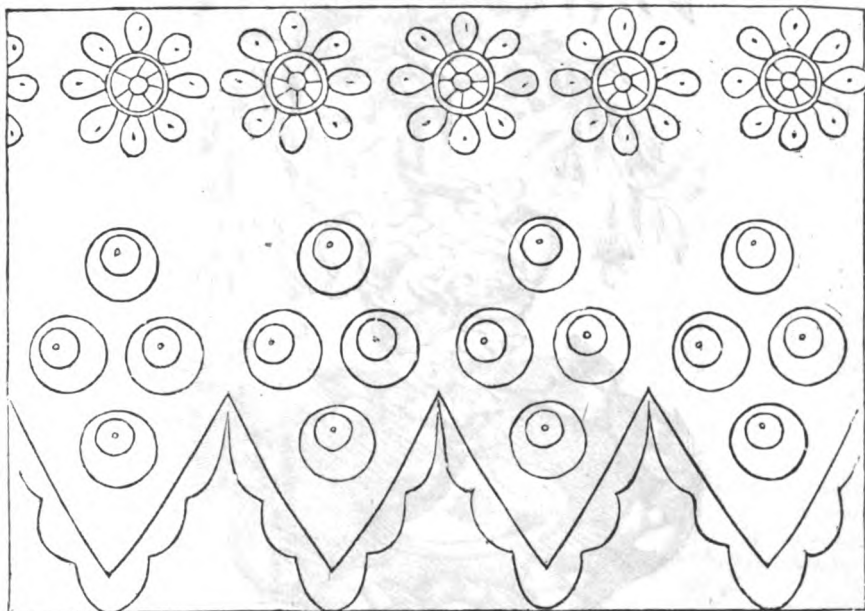
THERE are two styles of chamber furniture now in vogue, which have almost equal claims to taste and fashion. At the North, where curtains are not indispensable, housekeepers seem to incline to the low French or couch bedsteads, with dressing-bureau and light cane-seated chairs to correspond. Further South, where mosquito-bars become a necessity, heavier furniture is more frequently found, the high posts being finely carved, and supporting a cornice of corresponding workmanship, as in the design given above. This is, perhaps, unusually rich, the lower cornice having a centre-piece, and the posts being surmounted by urns, in the style of our grandmothers. Who cannot recollect the heavy, time-worn furniture of some fine old country-house, where the wood is darkened by the passing of many years, and the tapestried coverings, with their antique stories, have faded from their once brilliant hues?

FOLLOWING upon the oaken sleeping closets, whose massive doors shut out alike sound and intrusion, they suited the lofty rooms for which they were originally designed, and now, in the rage for the furniture, as well as the customs of the Middle Ages, they have been revived with the improvement of lowering the bed itself within a more moderate and convenient distance of the floor. From the cornice, it will be noticed, depends a lambrequin of brocatelle, damask, or satin laine, as in window drapery, edged with a heavy frill of fringe, and having tassels dependent from the central points: the same may be placed at the deep scollop of the lambrequin upon the post. Beneath this are suspended the draperies, which are usually festooned with a heavy silk cord and tassel matching those upon the lambrequin. These draperies are sometimes of damask, etc., with lace curtains beneath, or simply lined with some

pale or deep-tinted shade of silk: but more generally only the lace or muslin curtains are used, as it is well known that physicians do not now consider heavy curtains healthful. Mr. Carryl, whose undoubted taste in all such matters makes his judgment unquestioned, is an authority in all points of elegant upholstery. It is now quite the fashion to have the counterpane or bed-cover of some rich damask or satin laine, as in the cut, thus saving

housekeepers much trouble, as they do not readily soil. Mr. Carryl has also imported cheap and tasteful embroidered muslin and lace curtains for French bedsteads, used by being drawn through a ring, or falling from a canopy suspended from the wall—the most graceful of all chamber adornments: in fine, his new stock comprises every article relating to bed draperies, of the plainer as well as more elegant styles.

ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.



HAVING promised our readers a description of this trimming, now so fashionable, we have selected a pattern suitable for underclothes, which is translated by the following explicit directions:—

To prepare this work, select a good and fine jaconet or French muslin, and tear off strips for the length required, allowing each to be at least one inch wider than the extreme width of the pattern. The strips must, of course, be torn on the width of the muslin, and the object of separating them is to secure a regularity in marking the design, as it is much more difficult to draw the pattern perfectly straight on a large piece of muslin.

Draw the design on good writing-paper, from the section given in the engraving, and ink it clearly; when it is dry, lay it under the muslin, put weights to keep it down, and trace the pattern on the material with a mixture of stone-blue dissolved in very thin gum-water, or white sugar and water, using a

fine sable brush, or soft quill pen. When one length of the paper is marked over, move it along to the next piece of plain muslin, taking care that there are no breaks or defects in the pattern.

TO WORK THE BRODERIE.—With fine scissors, cut out all the holes of a small piece of the pattern—not at the marks, but *within* them, to allow a little for turning in, in working them round. For working, turn in the edge, by rolling it slightly with the thumb, as is done in common whipping, and sew it closely round. To pass from one hole to another, slip the needle on the wrong side.

The border is finished with the button-hole stitch, the outline having previously been traced in cotton. The holes, being so small, are not cut out, but made by piercing the muslin with a stiletto.

The materials for this work are very fine jaconet muslin, and Evans's embroidery cotton, No. 50.

## TULIP-WREATH FLOWER-VASE MAT.



12 shades of amber, 7 shades of lilac, 4 shades of green, all 4 thread Berlin wool—4 skeins of each. 5 steel needles, No. 14. Cardboard foundation, covered with white or amber cambric, 8 inches in diameter.

## FOR THE MAT.

*Knit 4 rounds of each shade of amber, beginning with the lightest.* Cast on 2 stitches on each of 4 needles; bring the wool forward, knit half the stitches on the first needle; thread forward and knit the other half; repeat the same on each of the other 3 needles; knit the next round plain; repeat these two rounds until there are 48 stitches on each needle; then cast off, and sew this on to the covered cardboard foundation.

## FOR THE TULIPS.

5 tulips to be knitted in 7 shades of amber, and 5°

in 7 shades of lilac; 4 rounds to be knitted of each shade; 4 needles. Cast on 2 stitches on each of 3 needles; thread forward at the commencement of each needle; knit 1 plain round; purl a round, increasing at commencement of each needle. Repeat these two rounds, till there are 11 stitches on each of the 3 needles; then 1st, knit 3, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 3; turn the work back, and purl the 9 stitches.

3d.—Knit 2, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 2.

4th.—Turn back and purl.

5th.—Knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

6th.—Turn back and purl.

7th.—Knit 1, knit 3 together, knit 1.

8th.—Purl.

9th.—Knit 3 together. 20 tulips will be required.



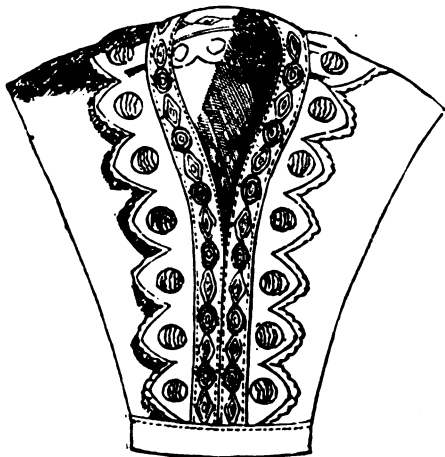
## THE LEAVES (TEN OF WHICH WILL BE NECESSARY).

4 shades of green, 12 rows of each; 2 needles. Cast on 3 stitches; knit plain, till before the centre stitch; thread forward, knit the centre stitch; thread forward, knit the remainder plain; purl the next row; repeat these two rows, till there are 12 open stitches up the vein of the leaf; then \*knit 1, knit 2 together, knit plain till 2 from the centre stitch; then knit 2 together, thread forward, knit 1, thread

forward, knit 2 together, knit plain, till 3 from the end; then knit 2 together, knit 1; purl the next row; repeat from \* till there are 8 more open stitches, that is, 20 rows from the beginning; then knit 2 together at the beginning and end of every other row, till the leaf ends in a point. Now sew the leaves round the mat by the part where the stem should be; then sew the tulips on as in engraving, sewing the leaf about 6 rows from the point on to the stem of the tulip.

## CHEMISETTES.

No. 1.

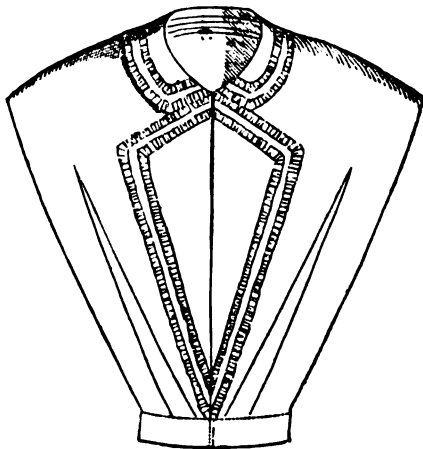


We give two styles of chemisettes, plainer than those usually engraved; but, at the same time, neat and ladylike.

No. 1 is composed of cambric muslin, an insertion extending around the throat, which is left open quite low. To this is attached a collar, turning back, of thick English cambric embroidery, in deep scallops. This chemisette is most suitable for merinos, or dark, plain silks.

No. 2 has a front of an entirely new style, in the shape of an elongated diamond, double, and edged with two narrow quillions, also of Swiss muslin, of

No. 2.



which the whole chemisette is made. A double collar, in the same style, may be fastened by a brooch or a ribbon. It is quite suitable for mourning, being perfectly neat and plain, and, at the same time, relieving the sombre sameness of the garb.

For those ladies who do not care to go to much expense in their muslins, there is a saving of time, trouble, and material, to have the chemisette made like an ordinary "dickey," the collar falling over it at the throat, and the edges concealed beneath the dress. Chemisettes will be worn more or less through the winter.

## PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



This is intended for a continuous pattern, the pattern to be continued by uniting the ends.

## KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

## HEART'S-EASE.

THIS flower requires five petals to form it, two violet and three yellow; one of the latter must be larger than the rest, and of a deeper color. All the wool must be split.

For the violet petals, cast on ten stitches on two needles, five on each; fold the two needles so as to bring the last stitch behind the first, and *double knit* a piece of rather more than half an inch in length, taking one stitch from one needle, and one from the other throughout each row. When you take the needles out, run the wool through them with a rug needle, and pass a piece of double wire through the little bag which the knitting has formed, catch it at the top and sides to keep it in form, draw up the other end, and twist the wires together after having shaped the wire to the form of the petal. The yellow petals are knitted in the same way, the largest requires twelve stitches, and the last four or six rows must be done with violet wool, to form the dark spot at the top. The two smaller yellow petals only require eight stitches, with two or four rows of violet at the top; twist the wires of the five petals together, and cover the stem with green wool; a cross stitch, like herring-bone, should be made with green wool, where the petals join in the middle of the flower.

## FOR THE CALYX,

Thread a needle with whole green wool, fasten this on the stem, at the back of the flower, and take a herring stitch at the back of each petal, making the stitch rather long, and leaving the wool loose. The bud is formed by making a little tuft of yellow, violet, and green wool, mixed together; fix it on a piece of wire by crossing the wool over, and twisting the wire very tight, turn the ends of the wool down the wire, and fasten them at about a quarter of an inch down, by twisting some green split wool round, with which the little stem must be also covered.

## LEAVES.

Cast on three stitches.

Knit one row, purl one row, then

1st row.—Make one, knit one throughout the row.

2d.—Make one, purl the row.

3d.—Make one, knit three, make one, knit one, make one, knit two.

4th.—Make one, purl the row.

5th.—Make one, knit five, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

6th.—Make one, purl the row.

7th.—Cast off, or fasten off, three stitches, knit three, make one, knit one.

8th.—Cast off three stitches, purl the row.

9th.—Make one, knit five, make one, knit one, make one, knit four.

10th.—Make one, purl the row.

11th.—Make one, knit seven, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

12th.—Make one, purl the row.

13th.—Fasten off three stitches, knit the remainder.

14th.—Fasten off three stitches, purl the rest.

15th.—Knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

16th.—Purl the row.

17th.—Knit seven, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

18th.—Purl the row.

19th.—Fasten off three stitches, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit seven.

20th.—Cast off three stitches, purl the row.

21st.—Knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit five.

22d.—Purl the row.

23d.—Knit seven, make one, knit one, make one, knit six.

24th.—Purl the row.

25th.—Cast off three stitches, knit remainder.

26th.—Cast off three stitches, purl remainder.

27th.—Knit row plain.

28th.—Purl the row plain.

29th.—Knit row plain.

30th.—Purl row plain.

31st.—Cast off two, knit remainder.

32d.—Cast off two, purl remainder.

33d.—Knit row plain.

34th.—Purl row.

35th.—Knit row plain.

36th.—Purl row plain.

37th.—Cast off two, knit remainder.

38th.—Cast off two, purl remainder.

Fasten off the two last stitches.

It is on this principle that all kinds of indented leaves are made; by knitting more rows with increase between the castings off, they are made broader; by working more rows between the castings off, they are made longer; and by casting off more stitches at a time, the indentations are made deeper; so that the endless variety of natural leaves may be copied without difficulty.

Having completed the leaves, some wire must be sewn neatly round, following the turnings of the leaf exactly; and for the larger ones, it will be better to sew a double wire in the centre of the leaf at the back, which will conceal the openings left by the increase of stitches.

One or two flowers, with a bud, and two or three leaves, are sufficient for a small branch.

## FUCHSIA.

If knitted in good size China silk, it does well to ornament caps or bonnets.

## CALYX.

Four calyx are required for each flower; cast on eight stitches with crimson *split wool*.

1st row.—Knit plain. 2d.—Purl.

3d.—Knit plain. 4th.—Purl.

5th.—Make one, knit two; repeat to the end of row.

6th.—Purl. | 7th.—Knit plain.

8th.—Purl. 9th.—Knit plain.

10th.—Purl. 11th.—Knit plain.

12th.—Purl.

13th.—Make one, knit three; repeat to the end of row.

14th.—Purl.

15th.—Make one, knit four; repeat.

16th.—Purl.

17th.—Make one, knit five to the end of row.

18th.—Knit six stitches, turn back and purl the same (leaving the rest of the stitches on the needle). Continue knitting and purling the six stitches until you have six small rows; then decrease one stitch, knit four; next row, decrease one, purl three, knit a row plain; then decrease one, purl two; lastly slip one, knit two together, turn the slipped stitch over, fasten the wool by putting it through the last stitch. This completes one division of the calyx. Break off the wool, leaving about a yard on the work, in order neatly to carry down the wool to the stitches, which are still on the needle. Then, with the same wool, knit six more stitches, which must be done especially as the first, forming the second division, and with the same wool knit the third and fourth, which finishes the calyx.

Sew a bit of fine wire (with the same split wool) round the end of each division, and the ends of the wire must be sown two by two on the inside of the flower before it is sown up.

## COROLLA.

The corolla is small in the Fuchsia, and less apparent than the calyx. The color of the wool must be either purple or dark puce.

Cast on eight stitches.

1st row.—Knit plain.

2d.—Purl.

3d.—Make one, knit two; repeat throughout the row.

4th.—Purl.

5th.—Knit plain.

6th.—Purl.

7th.—Make one, knit three; throughout the row.

8th.—Purl.

9th.—Knit plain.

10th.—Purl.

11th.—Knit four stitches, turn back, decrease one, purl two, and finish by slipping one, knitting two together, turning the slipped stitch over, and putting the wool through the loop; bring the wool down the edge in the same way as for the calyx, and knit the second, third, and fourth divisions like the first. Sew a bit of wire round the edge, following the sinuosities of the work, and sew the two edges together.

The pistil and stamen can be made like the lily, but very much finer and smaller; but a simpler and easier method is, to stiffen some pale green, or white sewing cotton, with gum, and cut eight pieces of it, of about five or six inches long, for the stamen, and one bit rather longer for the pistil; tie them together, and dip the longest in gum, and then in some green powder, or wool cut as fine as powder, and the rest, first in gum, and then immediately in yellow powder, or wool cut as fine, which will answer quite as well for the purpose. Mount your flower, by placing the stamens and pistil inside the corolla, and that too within the calyx, sufficiently low to show the corolla slightly; sew the open side of the calyx, and twist all the stalks together, covering the little stem with green wool.

## BUDS.

Cast on four stitches, knit one row plain, purl one row.

3d row.—Make one stitch, knit one throughout the row.

4th.—Purl.

5th.—Knit plain.

6th.—Purl.

7th.—Make one, knit two throughout the row.

8th.—Purl.

9th.—Knit plain.

10th.—Purl.

Then gather all the stitches with a rug needle, make a little ball of red wool, put a bit of wire across it, fold over, and twist the wire quite tight, cover the little ball with the piece just knitted, sew the opening neatly, and gather up the stitches at the stem, which must be covered with crimson wool.

## LEAF.

Cast on three stitches, knit, and purl alternate rows, increasing one stitch at the beginning of each row until the leaf is of the breadth desired (about seven stitches for the smallest, and fourteen or sixteen stitches for the largest); then knit and purl four rows without increase, and begin to decrease in every row, until you have but three stitches left, which knit as one, and fasten off. Sew a fine wire round the leaves, leaving a small bit at the end as a stalk, and also a fine wire doubled, at the back of the leaf, in the centre, which will keep it in shape.

Several shades and sizes of leaves are required, as also several buds and flowers, to form a handsome branch.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"Festivals, when duly observed, attach men to the civil and religious institutions of their country; it is an evil, therefore, when they fall into disuse. Who is there who does not recollect their effect upon himself in early life?"—SOUTHEY.

THE American people have two peculiar festivals, each connected with their history, and therefore of great importance in giving power and distinctness to their nationality.

THE FOURTH OF JULY is the exponent of independence and civil freedom. THANKSGIVING DAY is the national pledge of Christian faith in God, acknowledging him as the dispenser of blessings. These two festivals should be joyfully and universally observed throughout our whole country, and thus incorporated in our habits of thought as inseparable from American life.

Our Independence Day is thus celebrated. Wherever an American is found, the Fourth of July is a festival; and those nations who sit in chains and darkness feel that there is hope even for them, when the American flag is raised in the triumph of freedom. Would not the light of liberty be dimmed were this observance to cease?

Thanksgiving Day is a festival of ancient date in New England, being established there soon after the settlement of Boston. The observance has been gradually extending; and, for a few years past, efforts have been made to have a fixed day, which shall be universally observed throughout our whole country. The "Lady's Book" was the pioneer in this endeavor to give unity to the idea of Thanksgiving Day, and thus make it a national observance.

The last Thursday in November was selected as the day, on the whole, most appropriate. Last year, twenty-nine States, and all the Territories, united in the festival. This year, we trust that Virginia and Vermont will come into this arrangement, and that the Governors of each and all the States and Territories will appoint *Thursday, the 26th of November, as the Day of Thanksgiving.*

The year 1852 would thus be an era from which to date the establishment of this national festival; and henceforth, wherever an American is found, the last Thursday in November would be the Thanksgiving Day. Families may be separated so widely that personal reunion would be impossible; still this festival, like the Fourth of July, will bring every American heart into harmony with his home and his country. The influence of such an American festival on foreigners would also be salutary, by showing them that our people acknowledge the Lord as our God. In our own wide land, from the St. John's to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, every heart would, on one day in each year, beat in unison of enjoyment and thankfulness.

Therefore, we hope to witness this year the first of these national festivals.

DUSSONS.—It is a mortifying fact that people love to be deceived. Many choose to live in darkness when the light is all around them: it would seem impossible they should be thus blind, did we not have the evidence of their folly before us. How any sane person can put faith in spirit rappings, and the manifestations made by the cunning speculators in this new way of divination, is a greater mar-

vel than any the *mediums* have pretended to set forth. But there is one consolation. The folly and wickedness of these delusions are harmless and weak compared with those that resulted from the witchcraft mania of 1602.

During that sad year, the delusion had its beginning and ending, so far as the tragic drama was enacted. "It opened in the following manner: Near the close of the month of February, 1602, two little girls in the family of the Rev. Mr. Parris, Elizabeth, his daughter, aged nine, and Abigail Williams, his niece, about twelve years of age, together with a young girl of the neighborhood, named Ann Putnam, began to act in a strange and unaccountable manner. They would creep into holes, and under benches and chairs, and put themselves into odd postures, make antic gestures, and utter loud outcries, and ridiculous, incoherent, and unintelligible expressions. The attention of the family was arrested. No account or explanation of the conduct of the children could be given, and so physicians were called in and consulted. One of these sapient men gave it as his opinion that the children were bewitched! From this encouragement, the delusion went on gathering strength and power in its frightful course, till the lives of twenty innocent persons, accused of witchcraft, had been sacrificed, a number of others condemned, and over three hundred had suffered, more or less severely, from imprisonment, or by fleeing from their homes.

Such scenes cannot be re-enacted. The rappers may take money from their dupes; they cannot touch those who refuse to be deluded by their mummeries. Thus we find our people have made sensible progress during the last one hundred and sixty years. Still the tendency of mind, which puts faith in marvels of human invention, while rejecting God's Word as the only rule of moral and spiritual enlightenment, is still witnessed; and the selfishness which uses this weakness for its own wicked purposes of gaining power and money is now manifested in a most disgusting form. The following is taken from the "Boston Courier," a paper of high repute in that city:—

"A CONVENTION OF 'SPIRITUALISTS.'—A convention of professed believers in 'spiritual manifestations'—men and women—assembled in Washingtonian Hall, Bromfield Street, yesterday morning (August 6th). It was a singular collection of dupes and fanatics, resembling more a congregation of lunatics than a company of rational creatures. In fact, we have never seen the like outside the walls of a mad-house."

We cannot enter into the details of this revolting spectacle, where men and women seemed striving to outdo each other in fanatical fooleries. But though the rappings, like the witchcraft delusion, were originated by females, we find the deception encouraged and systematized by men for their own advantage, in a far greater degree than by our sex. The officers and chief actors in this "Spiritualists' Convention" were men.

Our readers have no sympathy with these insane movements, and our only reason for noticing the subject is that, when our "Book," a century hence, is referred to as a specimen of the literature of the nineteenth century, it may be apparent we did not, even by silence, assent to the *humbug*—to use a vulgar, but for this folly a most appropriate name—of "spirit rappers."

**WOMEN NEED EMPLOYMENT.**—Yes, women need a wider sphere of employments for their tastes, talents, and the affections. Then they would not invent delusions. Give them something to do which men consider important, and, if the education of the women has been at all judicious, see if their work be not well done. The Institution of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, has been alluded to in our pages both by Mrs. Hill and Miss Bremer. We have now before us a pamphlet, published in London, giving a full description of the manner in which the good Pastor Fliedner has succeeded in training female students to take charge of the sick and the poor, and superintend hospitals, infant and industrial schools, and, in short, to be the educators and preservers of humanity. He gives to those he sends out the title of *Deaconesses*. The English writer thus urges the revival of that order of women in every Protestant country:—

"The want of necessary occupation among English girls must have struck every one. How usual it is to see families of five or six daughters at home, in the higher ranks, with no other occupation in life but a class in a Sunday school. And what is that? A chapter of the Bible is opened at random, and the spiritual doctor, with no more idea of her patient's spiritual anatomy than she has plan for improving it, explains at random.

"In the middle classes, how many there are who feel themselves burdensome to their fathers, or brothers, but who, not finding husbands, and not having the education to be governesses, do not know what to do with themselves.

"Intellectual education is, however, as before said, not what we want to supply. Is intellect enough for the being who was sent here, like her great Master, to 'finish' her Father's 'work'? There was a woman once, who said that she was the 'handmaid of the Lord.' She was not the first, nor will she be the last, who has felt that this was really woman's only business on earth.

"If, then, there are many women who live unmarried, and many more who pass the third of the usual term of life unmarried, and if intellectual occupation is not meant to be their end in life, what are they to do with that thirst for action, useful action, which every woman feels who is not diseased in mind or body? God planted it there. God, who has created nothing in vain. What were His intentions with regard to 'unmarried women and widows'? How did He mean to employ them, to satisfy them?

"For every want we can always find a divine supply. And accordingly, we see, in the very first times of Christianity, an apostolical institution for the employment of woman's powers directly in the service of God. We find them engaged as 'servants of the Church.' We read, in the Epistle to the Romans, of a 'Deaconess,' as in the Acts of the Apostles, of 'Deacons.' Not only men were employed in the service of the sick and poor, but also women. In the fourth century, St. Chrysostom speaks of forty Deaconesses at Constantinople. We find them in the Western Church as late as the eighth, in the Eastern, as the twelfth century. When the Waldenses, and the Bohemian and Moravian brothers began to arise out of the night of the Middle Ages, we find in these communities, formed after the model of the apostolical institutions, the office of Deaconesses, who were called *Presbyteræ*, established in 1457. 'Many chose,' it is said, 'the single state, not because they expected thereby to reach a supereminent degree of holiness, but that they might be the better able to care for the sick and the young.'

"Luther complains how few, in his neighborhood, are found to fill the office of Deacons, saying that he must wait 'till our Lord God makes Christians,' and further adds, that 'women have especial grace to alleviate woe, and the

words of women move the human being more than those of men.' In the sixteenth century, it is well known how Robert von der Mark, Prince of Sedan in the Netherlands, revived the institution of Protestant Sisters of Charity, and, instead of appropriating the revenues of the suppressed monasteries in his domains, devoted them to this purpose. In the first General Synod of the Evangelical Church of the Lower Rhine and the Netherlands, at Weel, 1668, we find the office of Deaconesses recommended, and, in the Classical Synod, of 1680, expressly established. In England, they were not wanting. Among the Non-Conformists, under Elizabeth, 1576, Deaconesses were instituted during divine service, and received amidst the general prayer of the community. The Pilgrim Fathers of 1602—1626, who were driven first to Amsterdam and Leyden, then to North America, carried their Deaconesses with them. In Amsterdam, we read how 'the Deaconess sat in her place at church with a little birchen rod in her hand, to correct the children,' and 'how she called upon the young maidens for their services, when there were sick,' and how 'she was obeyed like a mother in Israel.'

"It thus appears that, long previous to the establishment of the Order of Sisters of Mercy, by S. Vincent de Paulo, in 1633, the importance of the office of Deaconess had been recognized by all divisions of Christians; and they accordingly existed.

"We see, therefore, that God has not implanted an impulse in the hearts of women, without preparing a way for them to obey it.

"Why did not the Institution spread and flourish further? Perhaps this may be sufficiently explained by the fact that there were no nursery-grounds—preparatory schools for Deaconesses, so that fitness for their office was, so to speak, accidental. This want is now supplied.

"In Prussia, the system for the practical training of Deaconesses has spread in all directions.

"In Paris, Strasburg, Echallens (in Switzerland), Utrecht, and England, the institution exists. Whether the blessing be greater to the class from which the laborers are taken, or to that among which they labor, it is hard to say."

In our next number, we will give the history of the Institution of Kaiserswerth.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The following articles are accepted: "To my Mother," "The Zephyr's Message," and "The Periwinkle."

Not accepted: "The Tide of Life."

We have a mass of manuscripts on hand not yet read. The warm weather has induced the editress to take a trip. Upon her return, she will give immediate attention to the contributions.

"Lines to Mrs. Hale" have been received. They are gratefully acknowledged by the publisher, and will be submitted with the manuscripts.

In answer to our correspondent from Cleveland, Ohio, we do not know a writer by that name.

"Mary," Salem, Mass., is informed that she must make a new mesh for the Instep. We have a work on knitting for the nursery. We will also give instructions for knitting several other kinds of fruit.

"Anna." We have destroyed the MSS. agreeably to your request. We published, in the August number, for 1850, under the title of "A Glean of Moonshine," an article very similar.

Persons asking advice, or writing upon business of their own, where an answer is required, must inclose a post-office stamp, or we shall neglect paying postage on the answer.

## Literary Notices.

From LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co. (successors to Grigg & Elliot), No. 14 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia:—

TALES OF MY LANDLORD. Second Series. "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" and "The Bride of Lammermoor." Vols. 3 and 4. We would appear somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of our readers, were we, at this late day, to attempt to eulogize the "Waverley Novels." But we may be permitted, in all truthfulness, to call their attention to the beautiful edition now in progress through the press of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of this city. This edition embraces the author's latest corrections, notes, &c. It is printed upon fine paper, new and beautiful type, with illustrations, and neatly bound in cloth, for twelve dollars; or, if taken in parts, in paper, fifty cents a volume. It will be comprised in twelve volumes, each volume, or part, to contain a complete novel. The best edition now publishing.

THE MORMONS, OR LATTER-DAY SAINTS, in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. A History of their Rise and Progress, Peculiar Doctrines, Present Condition, and Prospects, derived from Personal Observation, during a Residence among them. By Lieutenant J. Gunnison, of the Topographical Engineers. As this politico-religious sect is daily growing in numbers and importance, in a moral as well as in a national view, we conceive that the author of this work has performed a high public duty in presenting us with an impartial account of their faith and its tendencies. His object has not been to ridicule the folly or the glaring absurdities of their faith, but merely to state what it is, leaving his readers to infer, from the facts stated, its irrational and unscriptural pretensions. He tells us that their priests are the civil officers, and they go so far as to say that our Saviour had three wives, Mary and Martha, and the other Mary, whom Jesus loved, all married at the wedding in Canaan of Galilee. That a people, formed into a State under such a civil and religious code, can be tolerated even under the liberal constitution of the United States, is a question which remains to be decided. It is one which involves the existence and the force, not only of our country's nationality, but of those principles of the common law which have heretofore been considered of universal application.

From A. HART (late Carey & Hart), corner of Fourth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

The third and fourth volumes of Hart's cheap edition of the WAVERLEY NOVELS. Embracing the "Antiquary" and "Rob Roy," each complete in one volume. Price 25 cents. This is a very beautiful edition of the favorite author's works.

LECTURES ON THE RESULTS OF THE EXHIBITION, Delivered before the Society of Arts, and Manufactures, and Commerce, at the suggestion of H. R. H. Prince Albert, President of the Society. These lectures are twelve in number, and embrace every branch of the sciences and arts, manufactures and mechanics; specimens of which were produced at the late exhibition of art and industry in London. A most desirable set of books.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLACKISTON, Philadelphia:—

PIERRE; OR, THE AMBIGUITIES. By Herman Melville. We really have nothing to add to the severity of the critical notices which have already appeared in respect to this elegantly printed volume; for, in all truth, all the notices which we have seen have been severe enough to satisfy the author, as well as the public, that he has

strangely mistaken his own powers and the patience of his friends in presuming to leave his native element, the ocean, and his original business of harpooning whales, for the mysteries and "ambiguities" of metaphysics, love, and romance. It may be, however, that the heretofore intelligible and popular author has merely assumed his present transcendental metamorphosis, in order that he may have range and scope enough to satirize the ridiculous pretensions of some of our modern literati. Under the supposition that such has been his intention, we submit the following notice of his book, as the very best off-hand effort we could make in imitation of his style: Melodiously breathing an inane mysteriousness, into the impalpable airiness of our unsearchable sanctum, this wonderful creation of its ineffable author's sublime-winged imagination has been fluttering its snow-like-invested pinions upon our multitudinous table. Mysteriously breathing an inane melody, it has been beautifying the innermost recesses of our visual organs with the luscious purpleness and superb goldness of its exterior adornment. We have listened to its outbreathing of sweet-swarming sounds, and their melodious, mournful, wonderful, and unintelligible melodiousness has "dropped like pendulous, glittering icicles," with soft-ringing silveriness, upon our never-to-be-delighted-sufficiently organs of hearing; and, in the insignificant significances of that deftly-stealing and wonderfully-serpentine melodiousness, we have found an infinite, unbounded, inexpressible mysteriousness of nothingness.

MYSTERIES, AND GLIMPSES OF THE SUPERNATURAL: containing Accounts of the Salem Witchcraft, the Cocklane Ghost, the Rochester Rappings, the Stratford Mysteries, Oracles, Astrology, Dreams, Demons, Ghosts, Spectres, &c. &c. By Charles Wyllis Elliott. The author of this book deserves great credit for the pains he has taken to arm the credulous with arguments and facts against the impositions which are continually practised upon them by impious pretenders to divine and supernatural powers. If there are any features in the mental developments of the present age which lead us to doubt its superiority over the past, it is the evidences which are daily brought under our consideration of the ready submission paid to a class of pretenders, such as would not have been tolerated even in the dark ages. To enlighten the ignorant, and to sustain the weak-minded, who are now, as they were in former periods, the unresisting dupes of knaves and hypocrites, is a work of humanity which deserves the approbation and encouragement of every member of society. And this approbation, without endorsing all his sentiments, we willingly extend to the author of "Mysteries," for his efforts in behalf of truth, and in opposition to superstition, falsehood, and folly.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, from the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the end of the Sixteenth Congress. By Richard Hildreth. Volume 3. Madison and Monroe. We have favorably noticed the preceding volumes of this able national work. We are aware that there is much in the volume before us, as happened to be the case in the two former volumes, which will not prove to be entirely palatable, either in regard to men or measures, to the surviving party politicians of either of the two "old schools." It will probably be conceded, however, even by the old partisans, that their views in respect to the men and measures of the exciting period to which the volume before us particularly refers, have long since undergone a radical change of sentiment. And, by the younger class of readers and politicians, who have assumed the places of the former, it will perhaps be acknowledged that the work is susceptible of furnishing facts, and of establishing views of political events, and of the actors who participated in those events, very different

from the facts and impressions which they had previously received, traditionally, or through the mere partisan records of the times in which the events happened, and in which the actors lived. Judging, however, from our own remembrance and limited knowledge of the events as they transpired, and as they are recorded in the volume before us, we cannot hesitate to say that the author has performed his task, so far, with scrupulous impartiality and justice, and that he is therefore worthy of the respect and confidence of the American reader.

**A LATIN-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-LATIN DICTIONARY, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.** Chiefly from the Lexicons of Freund, Georges, and Kaldischmidt. By Charles Anthon, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, Rector of the Grammar School, etc. Part 1. Latin-English. This work has been prepared with great care from a translation by Mr. Riddle of Dr. Freund's "Gesamptwörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache," and is designed to supply a deficiency that has long existed in our educational books for younger students of the Latin language.

**LOTUS-EATING.** *A Summer Book.* By Charles William Curtis, author of "Nile Notes," etc. The sketches in this work will greatly interest northern travellers, particularly such as intend loitering awhile at Niagara, and the mountain and sea-shore watering-places.

**THE CHILD AT HOME; or, the Principles of Filial Duty Familiarly Illustrated.** By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The Mother at Home." Very greatly improved and enlarged, with engravings. An excellent book to place in the hands of young readers.

From TICKNOR, REED, & FIELDS, Boston, through W. P. HAZARD, Philadelphia:—

**THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE.** By Nathaniel Hawthorne. The author of this romance has risen rapidly in favor as a writer of fiction, both at home and abroad, within the few years past. We can recollect, it is true, when Nathaniel Hawthorne was comparatively in obscurity, and when scarcely any one who had the least regard for his own literary pretensions, unless he was a very independent thinker, would venture to speak favorably of his genius or talents. But men's minds have changed, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, if he does not make one of those mistakes so common to great minds and sudden favorites with the public, is bound to maintain his position as quietly and triumphantly as he attained it. The works of this author are now ranked with the highest literary efforts of his countrymen. "Blithedale" seems to be one of those serious lessons on the mental follies and philosophic or philanthropic extravagancies of the times, which may, in some measure, be relied upon for its influence in checking the exuberance of "new ideas," and in bringing back bewildered, but well-meaning people to the usages and requirements of common sense.

From G. P. PUTNAM, New York, through W. B. ZIEGLER, Philadelphia:—

**SCENES AND THOUGHTS IN EUROPE.** By George H. Calvert. Second Series. There are many reflections in this book which will attract and merit the attention of the general reader. In regard to the author's theological opinions, however, we question very much whether they will prove any more satisfactory to Protestants than to Catholics. He seems, indeed, to think that Christianity was a failure, even from the time of the Apostles; for he says, "Only in Jesus himself burnt purely the light of his revelation. The Apostles, his agents, were tainted with Judaism. And soon the spirit of priestcraft, which had crucified Jesus, took possession of his doctrine and soiled

it." In a previous sentence, the author makes an avowal of his thoughts, which we apprehend will be conclusive in regard to his "Rationalism," the new system which, particularly in Germany, is making war upon the common faith of Protestants and Catholics. These are his words: "But deeper and stronger than either Catholicism, than Protestantism, both perishable, is the imperishable Christian principle of liberty, the quenchless longing for absolute mental freedom." The fact is, that his thrusts at that which he considers the most odious of the two Christian systems are made so vigorously and thoroughly, they pierce the vital principles of both alike.

**POPULAR AND PRACTICAL SCIENCE.** *The Laws of Life, with especial reference to the Physical Education of Girls.* By Elizabeth Bakewell, M. D. The author of these lectures was the first of her sex to open the way, in this country at least, to the attainment of medical knowledge, and to practice the science professionally. We can all recollect the obloquy and ridicule against which she had to struggle, and we have all witnessed her noble triumph, alike honorable to herself and to her country, and proving to the world that the female mind is susceptible of as high a state of vigorous mental cultivation as has heretofore been exclusively claimed as fit only for the minds of men. In her brief dedication to American women, we are told that these lectures were delivered to a class of ladies during the past spring; that they are presented as outlines of truth, and ideas of the right method of education, rather than as a full discussion of the subject. The outlines are, in our opinion, correctly and scientifically drawn, and the ideas beautifully and glowingly expressed. The volume is in a cheap form, but very handsomely printed, and contains more practical information for the female mind than could be found in twenty novels, each of the same number of pages. Price 25 cents.

From REDDING & Co., Boston:—

**SPECIMENS OF NEWSPAPER LITERATURE: with Personal Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences.** By Joseph T. Buckingham. In two volumes. We have examined the contents of these volumes with unusual interest, and feel assured that "all printers and conductors of the newspaper press," to whom they have been particularly dedicated by the author, will find in them abundant matter for reflection, as well as of caution and advice. It is too plain, however, from the record before us, that, with all the progress we are presumed to have made in morality and general intelligence, in literature and in the arts and sciences, the character of the newspaper and political press has made but little, if any improvement. And, that there has been any improvement, only a few, perhaps, will be found willing to admit; for it has, indeed, grown into a habit with us to denounce the licentiousness and the vulgar vituperation of the public press in our times, as unprecedented for its reckless boldness in the annals of "newspaper literature." It is certainly true, that we have continually at command some "specimens," which, to say the least of them, are bad enough. But, bad as they may be, we believe that nothing of the kind can be produced in our day more personal, more vindictive, malicious, or aggravating, than the "specimens" of newspaper controversy, rivalry, and jealousy which the author has here produced in this collection of "newspaper literature," and as "specimens" of its career from the very first establishment of the press on this continent. Nevertheless, we hope none of our newspaper contemporaries of the present day will attempt to profit by the examples or "specimens" introduced by the author of this book, so as to extenuate their conduct in regard to the evils which are at this day apparent in a free press. In looking over the memoir of

Benjamin Russell, we can applaud his zeal in behalf of liberty and the rights of his country, and we can now forgive his impassioned, and sometimes unfair attacks upon his political opponents in the first days of the republic; but, after all, when we see his newspaper and himself, as it were, dying in the arms of a party on whom he had poured out the vials of his wrath for years, we should all of us be admonished of the end. These volumes, therefore, as we said at the commencement, are good for advice, for reproof, and worthy of the calm reflection of all who attempt to control the independent press of a free country. As we often receive admonitions from our newspaper friends in regard to "pictures" and "fashions," we hope we do not intrude in admonishing them of some of the merits of Mr. Buckingham's "specimens."

#### NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution." No. 25. Price 25 cents.—"London Labor and London Poor." Part 21. Price 25 cents.

From Robert E. Peterson & Co., N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia: "The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans, with Biographical Sketches: containing upwards of one hundred and twenty engraved Portraits of the most Eminent Persons who have occupied a place in the History of the United States." Nos. 2 and 3. Price 25 cents. The second number contains the portraits of Jefferson, Hancock, and Carroll; the third, those of Scott, Wayne, and McDonough. This work richly merits the approbation of the American public.

From Hermann J. Meyer, 164 William Street, New York: Nos. 2, 3, and 4 of "Meyer's Universum." Price 25 cents each part. The engravings in these numbers are very beau-

tiful, and the letter-press descriptions highly interesting. Welk & Wiek, 195 Chestnut Street, are the sole agents for Philadelphia.

From Gould & Lincoln, Boston, through W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia: "Chambers's Pocket Miscellany." Vol. 4. Price 25 cents.

From Stringer & Townsend, New York, through W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia: "The Upper Ten Thousand: Sketches of American Society." By C. Astor Bristed. A new edition. The contents of this book were originally published in parts, in Fraser's (London) Magazine. It is understood, however, that the characters and the scenes introduced by the author are all from real life, and represent truly the social system as it exists among the aristocratic leaders of fashion and folly in New York.

From A. Hart (late Carey & Hart): "The Discarded Daughter; or, the Children of the Isle." A Tale of the Chesapeake. By Emma D. E. Nevitt Southworth. In two volumes. Price 75 cents. A very interesting tale.

From T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "Life in the South." A companion of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." By C. H. Wiley, of North Carolina.—"The Necromancer; or, the Mysteries of the Court of Henry the Eighth." Vol. 2. By G. W. M. Reynolds.

From Stringer & Townsend, New York, through T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "The Heirs of Randolph Abbey." One of the best novels of the day, and, as the "London Literary Gazette" says, "The most brilliant production since 'Jane Eyre.'" The call for this novel is so great, that the publishers find some difficulty in supplying the demand.

Stringer & Townsend, of New York, advertise a splendid catalogue of books, among which will be found a complete edition of "Cooper's Novels"—uniform periodical edition—in all, sixty-five volumes, in paper covers, at twenty-five cents each. The cheapest edition of the works of this great novelist ever published.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

Four full page engravings again, and we mean to keep it up. We may challenge all previous efforts to eclipse the two leading plates in this number. Our reading matter is also of a very superior order.

As we do not wish to bore our subscribers with the "opinions of the press," though they sound sweetly to us, we ask attention, if they choose to give it, to the notices on our cover. As Sheridan says, "When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful."

"THE SORROWS OF A WEALTHY CITIZEN," published in our July number, seems to have created a great sensation in the city. Everybody says, "That is just my case;" "I wish you published it; but it is not quite strong enough." It has been very extensively copied.

We are now able to supply the orders for "Godey's Gallery of Splendid Engravings," having printed a new supply, which we think will last us at least a month. The demand for them is very great. The "Independent Democrat," of Concord, N. H., says:—

"GODEY'S GALLERY OF SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS.—Godey, of the 'Lady's Book,' has commenced a serial of engravings, with the above title, which promises to possess many at-

tractions, especially for the ladies. The first number has thirty plates, mostly steel and mezzotint, and many of them very beautiful and finely executed."

PARTICULAR attention is called to the paragraph in the advertisement of "Arthur's Home Gazette" on our cover, giving a list of the contents of his paper. This is now the best, while it is one of the cheapest, weekly papers published; and, to meet this spirit on the part of the proprietor, we have agreed to club with him on the following low terms: "Godey's Lady's Book" and "Arthur's Home Gazette" each sent one year for \$3 50. These are certainly the most reasonable terms on which two first class works can be obtained. Only fifty cents more than the price of the "Lady's Book" will procure the best of the Philadelphia weekly papers. The money must be remitted at one time.

THE biographies of the elder Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. Madison will be continued in the November and succeeding numbers.

WE copy the following, as it is particularly suitable to a class of persons who come under the head of "slow" subscribers. The truth is homely, but not the less forcible:—

"NON-PAYING SUBSCRIBERS.—Wagons cannot run without



wheels, boats without steam, bull-frogs jump without legs, or a newspaper be carried on, an everlasting time, no more than a dog can wag his tail when he has none. Our subscribers are all good; but what good does a man's goodness do when it don't do you any good? We have no doubt every one thinks that all have paid except him, and, as we are a clever fellow, and his is a little matter, it will make no difference. It would not, if it were only confined to a dozen or a hundred cases; but when the *slow fever* seizes most all, the complaint is altogether too general. As the bull-frog said, 'It's fun for you; but it's death to us.'

**SIGNIFICANT SIGN.**—A clockmaker in New York has the sign of a clock, on the face of which a boy is represented as undergoing a flagellation from his master for coming too late to school. His excuse is, "Mother has no clock." As clocks and watches are merely the representatives of passing time, as at present constructed, it has appeared to us that the ingenious device of the New York clockmaker might be extended so as to remind others of "larger growth" than the school-boy, of some of their more important moral and social duties. We could point out many maxims, had we the leisure at this time, which would be of universal application, and which would be likely to produce a great moral reform. But, as we have not the leisure at this time, owing to the fact that "time is money," and that money is the means by which we live, and amuse and hope to instruct our readers, we can only, and briefly, mention one device which the whole fraternity of editors throughout the country would like to see engraven on all the clocks in the houses, and on all the watches at the sides of all the ladies and in the fobs of all the gentlemen, the simple words, "PAY THE PRINTER!" Oh, conscience, conscience, how could you evade such emphatic admonitions made to you hourly by the records of time, dunning you incessantly for the fulfilment of your promises!

We call attention to the advertisement of Dr. Ayer's medicines, published on the cover of this number.

We have received a card printed at the office of the "Minden (La.) Herald." Some of our job printers in this city would like to know how such neat work is done. It is really one of the prettiest business cards we ever saw, and a credit to any office.

**EDITORIAL DUTIES.**—We find the following paragraph in the "Life of Lord Jeffrey," recently published in Philadelphia by Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. We commend it to the consideration of our literary readers, and especially to such as may have adopted the erroneous idea that any person having the advantages of genius and a warm imagination, and who can write with ease and facility, is fully capable of performing all the duties required of an able editor. Alas! but few of those who have never experienced the care and anxiety, the wearisome labors, and mental and physical exhaustion that attend the selection and management of other men's productions, and the preparing them for the public acceptance, can well conceive the amount of literary drudgery performed by an editor, who but seldom has the time, or enjoys the pleasure of inditing his own thoughts and his own views precisely in his own language:—

"Jeffrey's value as editor was incalculable. He had not only to revise and arrange each number after its parts were brought together, but, before he got this length, he, like any other person in that situation, had much difficult and delicate work to perform. He had to discover, and to train authors; to discern what truth and the public mind required; to suggest subjects; to reject, and, more offensive

still, to improve contributions; to keep down absurdities; to infuse spirit; to excite the timid; to repress violence; to soothe jealousies; to quell mutinies; to watch times; and all this in the morning of the reviewing day, before experience had taught editors conciliatory firmness, and contributors reasonable submission. He directed and controlled the elements he presided over with a master's judgment. There was not one of his associates who could have even held these elements together for a single year. The merit of getting so many writers to forego the ordinary jealousies of authors and of parties, and to write invisibly, and without the fame of individual and avowed publication, in the promotion of a work made up of unconnected portions, and assailed by such fierce and various hostility, is due to him entirely. He acquired it by his capacity of discussing almost any subject, in a conciliatory spirit, with almost any author; by the wisdom with which his authority was exercised; by the infusion of his personal kindness into his official intercourse; and his liberal and gentleman-like demeanor. Inferior to these excellences, but still important, was his dexterity in revising the writings of others. Without altering the general tone or character of the composition, he had great skill in leaving out defective ideas or words, and in so aiding the original by lively or graceful touches, that reasonable authors were surprised and charmed on seeing how much better they looked than they thought they would."

**MRS. DARLEY.**—We have before referred to this lady—the student and the daughter of the venerable portrait painter, Thomas Sully—as the very best limner of children in the country. This lady has a peculiar tact of engaging the confidence of the little subject, of arresting the calmest attention, and at once securing a most perfect likeness of the unconscious original. We hope Mrs. D. is as fully patronized as she deserves to be by those who are desirous—as almost all parents are—of having a correct copy of their first editions.

**PETITIONING CONGRESS.**—Some evil-minded editor, in ridicule, as we presume, of the almost universal practice of petitioning Congress and the State Legislatures, on very trifling occasions, and sometimes asking for very silly and unconstitutional grants, has had the impertinence, to say the least of his conduct, to represent that "an old maid" has petitioned the first named honorable body to have her age changed. It is, indeed, but too true that, as a free people, we carry the "right of petition" to the highest extent of our privileges, and to the lowest depths of our humility. But the attempt to bring the practice into disrepute, by representing that an old maid had petitioned Congress to have her age changed, is not only a libel upon that excellent and amiable class of females, but implies a feebleness of mind in our people which could only be truly represented by misrepresenting "old maids." It is our good fortune to number among our very best friends many ladies who have passed the heyday of life, whose calmness, serenity, and dignity, whose cheerfulness and charity are always so apparent, that we feel convinced that they have little to regret in the past, and no apprehensions whatever about the future. To many of them, we believe the approach of age is so gentle, that they seldom notice the changes that come over them, and therefore have no desire to avail themselves of any change that Congress might be able to make, being long since convinced, no doubt, that Congress seldom makes any changes for the better.

Perhaps we shall be laughed at by some of our readers for this exhibition of our respectful feelings, on a very trifling occasion, in favor of "old maids." The fact is, we

never witness any attempts at wit and sarcasm, at the expense of womanhood, without feeling somewhat annoyed, and more especially if those attempts are made in ridicule of unmarried ladies, of whom it has been correctly and beautifully said, that "the single state is no diminution of the beauties and the utilities of the female character; on the contrary, our present life would lose many of the comforts, and much likewise of what is absolutely essential to the well-being of every part of society, and even of the private home, without the unmarried female. The single woman is as important an element of social and private happiness as the married one. The utilities of each are different, but both are necessary; and it is vulgar nonsense, unworthy of manly reason and discreditable to every just feeling, for any one to depreciate the unmarried condition."

**RESPONSIBILITIES OF BANKS.**—One of our contemporaries suggests that "the banks should be made responsible for the redemption of all counterfeits of their own notes." "This," says another of our friends, "is a capital idea," and proceeds to illustrate it with the comment that "such a law would make the banks exceedingly careful to put out notes which could not be counterfeited successfully, thus saving vast amounts annually to the poor, who are the sufferers generally by this species of robbery."

So, then, in order to save vast amounts annually to the poor, our contemporary would proceed deliberately to rob the banks, by making the banks responsible for the ingenious villany of counterfeiters. What more the banks can do than they have done, to protect the public from loss, we do not know. We presume, however, that the public authorities could do much more than has yet been done, as well for the detection as for the punishment of counterfeiters. Be that as it may, such a course as has been proposed would, indeed, be to compel the innocent to suffer for the guilty, and would, at the same time, legalize a new system of responsibilities, which, if carried out to the extent which would be applicable, would revolutionize all the business, social, and even religious relations of society.

Let us make the attempt to trace this proposition to its legitimate consequences, by a moment's reflection. Let us suppose that a dishonest man commences any business whatever, and that, in order the more successfully to impose on the credulous, he very nearly, though not completely, represents the face, form, and voice, the habits, manners, and sometimes even the name of a man of honor and integrity, engaged in the same profession; let us suppose that, finally, because imitation has not been altogether complete, the rogue is detected and his frauds exposed; and, when that is done, let us ask with what show of justice or propriety we could demand of the person whose name and character had been assumed, to account for the losses sustained through the counterfeit? Again, if a man manufactures a machine, in imitation of one which an inventor has been careful to take out a patent for, and succeeds in passing off his imitation for the original, with what face would you attempt to hold the patentee liable for damages? In our opinion, you might as well expect to compel religious and other societies to repair all the wrongs done, and all the impositions practised by their hypocritical and worthless members, who may have counterfeited the principles and actions of the true members and professors; or you might as well hope to hold manhood, or womanhood, or society in general amenable for the crimes and roguery perpetrated by cheats and vagabonds, merely because cheats and vagabonds happen to bear a very near resemblance to the rest of the human race. In fine, no better means could be adopted for the elevation of crime

and the protection of dishonesty, than those would be which should transfer the responsibilities and the consequences of guilt to the innocent, honest, and industrious members of society. There is a great deal of counterfeiting carried on in the world, but it has not yet been made plain that honest men should be made the victims of vice and villany. Bank-note counterfeiters are, when caught, sent to the penitentiary. Let them be kept there until they pay those whom they have swindled out of the proceeds of their "hard labor," the State deducting all necessary expenses.

**TRIPS ON THE SCHUYLKILL.**—We take so much pleasure in our own excursions on the Schuylkill River, that we even take pleasure in referring to them from our "Arm-Chair," which we do in order that our city readers, and friends visiting from abroad, may be induced to accompany us, and enjoy the beauty of the scenery presented along its banks. Above all, we would advise strangers visiting Philadelphia to make the Schuylkill a point in their suburban excursions. In passing up the river on the steamboats, after leaving Fairmount, you have some of the most delightful and picturesque views that can well be imagined. On the margin, and turning along at the foot of the hills that line the river shores, you have in full view the railroad, with a train of one hundred cars or more; the canal, with boats noiselessly pursuing their voyages from and to the interior; the common roads, alive with carriages bearing happy parties from the city; and, in all, comprising a scene of life and beauty which cannot be equalled even by the scenery along the Hudson. There also, you have views of many splendid mansions, to which our opulent citizens can now resort in perfect safety, as the ague, so much dreaded in former years, has entirely disappeared; and, among the rest, is the cottage which was once the residence of Thomas Moore, and in which he wrote his celebrated farewell to the Schuylkill.

But what renders the scenery on the water and on the shores more beautiful and interesting than all, are the crowds of innocent and joyful children, who, full of life and loveliness themselves, add greatly to the life and loveliness of all around. Many a parent, during the past summer, can testify, as well as we, to the beneficial effects which resulted to their little ones from an occasional trip on the River Schuylkill.

**WATER COOLERS.**—J. S. Clark, 322 Market Street, makes the best water coolers to be found in this city. We have tried those of other celebrated manufacturers, but have found them far inferior to those manufactured as above. We have one in our office which we purchased some time since, and such is its superiority over all others that we give this notice unknown to the manufacturer; and, singular as it may seem to many of our brethren of the press, it is a notice absolutely brought forth by merit only. The great superiority of the cooler is that, with less ice, you can have cold water for a greater length of time.

**THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.**—A curious incident took place recently in London, showing how singularly diversified are the fortunes of persons of the same family. On the same evening that the Countess of Waldegrave was giving a splendid entertainment to a select number of the nobility and aristocracy of that city, her brother, young Braham, the inheritor of his father's vocal powers, was giving a concert to a party made up of somewhat different materials. Who shall say which of the two was the happier, or which of them was the more rationally or usefully employed, the sister or the brother? We hope our republican readers will not all send in their opinions by the same mail.

**PARVENU SOCIETY.**—It appears that a society has recently been formed in Paris which promises to give to the world a new order of nobility, or, at least, of aristocracy. According to its regulations, the right of membership is always to be established upon undoubted testimonials of the applicant's having attained his elevation in the arts, sciences, in literature or in politics, in the army or navy, simply by the force of his own genius, and independent of the patronage of rich or powerful family connections. In fact, it is an effort to form an aristocratic society of talent out of the poorer classes, and to place industry, genius, and virtue on a par with the meretricious aids of wealth, without the possession of which, industry, genius, talent, and virtue are thought to be too frequently driven to the wall.

Now, for our own part, we confess we are not in favor of any form of aristocracy, believing that an aristocracy of poverty, in which the noble poor would become the exclusives, or an aristocracy of talent, in which the supremacy would be given to individuals of a class of merit, would, after all, effect nothing for the amelioration of society. The moment that one association sets itself up against any other association, even if it be against the tinsel wealth, or against titled pretenders, it falls into the same error of exclusiveness, and the same folly of pretension, which has rendered its opponents ridiculous in the estimate of all sensible minds. After the poor men of genius and talent, etc., have formed themselves into an association, which sets up its aristocratic exclusiveness against the aristocracy of wealth and titles, then we shall have, in all probability, an association of laborers or of mechanics, and associations of various grades, according to the professions of the members, all formed one against the other, all contending against aristocracy, and all as exclusive in their principles and pretensions as the original after which they have been compelled to copy. Thank Heaven, as we believe, there is no use for such associations in this free country! Industry, genius, and talent are always sure of their reward here, while those who have no other resources but the wealth hoarded by their fathers, no other reliance but the social or political distinctions of their parents, are daily seen falling into neglect and decay.

## Receipts, &c.

**TO MAKE GERMAN CAKE.**—Mix well together a pound and a half of finely powdered loaf sugar, two pounds of well-dried flour, and a few caraway seeds; make it into a stiff paste with the whites of three eggs beaten in a little milk; roll it out very thin, cut into shapes, prick, and bake upon buttered tins.

**TO MAKE YEAST.**—To one large teacupful of split or bruised dry peas put one pint of boiling water, cover it closely so as wholly to exclude the air, and set it in a cool oven or by the side of the fire for twenty-four hours, when it should have a fine froth on the top. A tablespoonful of the water is the proportion (in a warm climate) to one pound of flour. Yeast thus prepared is very generally used in Persia, and the writer has employed it in India for three years with success.

**STEWED OYSTERS.**—Strain off the liquor from a dozen and a half of fine oysters; thicken it with flour and butter; add a tablespoonful of cream, a teaspoonful of mace in powder, and a very little salt. As soon as you have well mixed these, pour them into a stew-pan and put in the oysters. Shake the pan over the fire, but do not let the sauce boil, or the oysters will be hard.

**POT AU FEU.**—This is by far the most wholesome of all soups. Take three pounds of good rump of beef, of any part free from bone and not too fat; put it in an earthen fire-proof pot, with three quarts of water, one large carrot, two turnips, two leeks, a head of celery, and one burnt onion; season, and let the soup boil slowly, skimming it from time to time, for at least five hours; then strain it through a fine sieve, and pour it over thin slices of bread to serve. The meat and vegetables make a dish which is afterwards served. Thus cooked, the beef becomes tender and juicy, and is excellent cold.

**A HAM** has an excellent flavor boiled as follows: Preparatory to cooking, soak it well in vinegar and water; then boil in water with some heads of celery, two or three turnips, five or six onions, and a handful of sweet herbs. Put the ham in cold water, and allow it to heat very gradually. One of sixteen pounds will require four and a half hours.

**REMEDY FOR CORNS.**—Take equal portions of mercurial and galbanum ointments; well mix, spread on a bit of leather, and apply to the corns morning and evening.

**SEAL ENGRAVERS' CEMENT** is common brick-dust and rosin melted together in an earthen pipkin. With this, the handles of loose knives and forks may be fastened.

**TO RESTORE IVORY.**—To bleach a card-case, expose it to the sun in a close glass shade, previously washing it in spirits of wine and water, with a small quantity of soda in it. Allow it to dry very slowly in a cool place before exposure to the sun. But, under any circumstances, carving in ivory is apt to split, and become unglued. For an ink spot, try a little salt of sorrel.

**TO MAKE GOOD BARLEY WATER.**—Choose the best pearl barley, boil it for a few minutes, then throw away the water and add fresh, in the proportion of a pint to an ounce of barley. Boil quickly, and then let it simmer for an hour; strain and sweeten; flavor with lemon, or according to taste.

**MARKING INK.**—Nitrate of silver  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz., hot boiled water  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. When cooled a little, add gum water 1 oz., and a little indigo to color. The preparation is made: carbonate of soda 1 oz. to 1 pint of boiled water; color with cochineal or indigo. 2. Without preparation: Nitrate of soda  $1\frac{1}{2}$  drachms to  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz. of water. Add as much of the strongest ammonia water as will dissolve the precipitate formed on its first addition; then further add, gum water  $1\frac{1}{2}$  drachms. Writing executed with this ink turns black on being passed over a hot Italian iron, or on being held to the fire.

**A LOTION FOR WEAK EYES.**—Twenty drops of laudanum and five drops of brandy in a wineglass of water. Apply three times a day as warm as the eye will bear it.

**NANKERNS** will keep their color if washed as follows: Put a large handful of salt into a vessel with a gallon of cold water; put the articles in, and let them soak twenty-four hours; then wash in hot lye, without soap, and without wringing.

**PARTICULARLY ADDRESSED TO LADIES.**—Dining in gloves is a vulgarity, and not allowable under any circumstances.

The white azalea is an emblem of purity and temperance. The white rose expresses, "I am worthy of you." The myrtle, "Friendship and Love." Orange blossom, "Chastity."

# Centre-Table Gossip.

## TABLE-TALK.

Do any of our lady friends take a note of the vast variety of topics that is introduced—and naturally, too—in the course of an evening's talk, when some three or four friends have met? If they have not, it will be a novel amusement, which we recommend them to try. We give a list that really was pencilled from an ordinary evening's chat—six persons being clustered around the pleasantest centre-table we know of in this city: "Weather—Boston—Spain—French—Dr. Jenkins—John Smith—Modesty—Caps—Gas Light—Weather—Savages—Lawyers—Flowers—Apple Orchards—Albums—Bouquets—Manners of Gentlemen—Caps—Queechy—Railroads—New York—Industry—Caps—Sea-Sickness—Washing—Needle Books—Economy—Mercantile Library—Jane Eyre—The Cat—Major Jones—Cold Weather—Christmas—Snow—Quarrelling—Sewing Materials—Peaches and Cream—Elephants—Knitting—Gloves—Jealousy—Craig's Riding School—Polkas—Coal—California Settlers—Twelve Acquaintances discussed—Relations," etc. etc.

This is about one-third of our list, and the precise order in which the subjects were introduced. And this reminds us to suggest the importance of cultivating conversational talents—for it is as much a talent, and as much to be improved by cultivation, as a taste for music or drawing, and often gives as great pleasure. A disposition to talk, and a command of language, are the foundation in all cases; but this may degenerate to mere garrulity or gossip, that wearies or disgusts the listener. Our sex are fatally prone to this, and, on the contrary, they have ever been distinguished as brilliant conversationalists. In cultivating this excellent gift, a refined taste in the choice of both delicate and forcible words and expressions; a well-stored and observing mind; and politeness that can bear defeat in argument, or contradiction in statement, amiably—are all brought to bear. The topic is to be suited to the company—never suffering scandal or egotism to intrude, either in fact or in narrative. Exaggerated forms of expression, or vehement gesture, should be discarded, though animated and varied expression adds much either to the force or grace of what is spoken. And, again, variety of topics should be at command, as well as facts and illustrations, and adroitly brought forward when the interest begins to flag—not pushed into notice, but quietly and naturally introduced. As an entertainer, it seems to be the duty of every lady to study the subject as much as possible, that many a weary hour or dull guest may be saved from lagging by the swift wings of agreeable and sparkling conversation.

## MUSICAL EDUCATION

We are often asked, What is the best age to commence with a music pupil? some being under the impression that no child can understand the first principles before the age of ten; others thinking even that quite too early, and that nothing is lost by waiting until a young lady applies in serious earnest to the work of school education.

As regards the first, one of the most correct performers that we know, both as to time and expression, is just ten years of age. She had practised nearly through the very

difficult method of "Bertini"—which is a sealed book to many older hands—and plays compositions of six and eight pages, not as an automaton, but with style and apparent feeling. Her mother has been her only teacher, and commenced her course of instruction at first only as a pastime. Gradually, the lessons came to be half an hour in length, seldom more, so that the child was not wearied with her "new play." We have tried the method with great success on a little pupil in our own family—weariness being a great drawback to the advancement of any study, as it almost always becomes *disgust* in the end. After a time, an hour, but never more, may be given morning and afternoon to practise with advantage. Advanced players who are studying difficult music rarely limit themselves as to time, but we are speaking more particularly of children.

If it is possible, they should not be allowed to practise alone for a year at least, as bad habits are easily formed, and may annoy the pupil through a long course of study. We shall give other hints under this head from time to time, as music is becoming so important a branch in female education.

## MODERN VARIATIONS.

ONE of the most entertaining books of the season is, without doubt, "Thackeray's Book of Snobs," a volume of "Appleton's Popular Library." Like all the satire in which this clever writer indulges, it has its philosophy, which, if sometimes harsh and severe, is never wanting in truth. Thackeray is not one of those authors who "state in one line, and retract in another;" he is always in earnest, almost always in the right, and does not hesitate to shoot at any folly, be it visible in court or commons. As one of the best things, we quote his description of the modern popular variations—some one has called their authors "the old-clothes men of music"—wherein an insignificant air of four or five lines is made to do duty through six or seven pages.

"For the performance of 'Gettin' up Stairs,' I have no other name but that it was a *stunner*. First, Miss Wirt, with great deliberation, played that original and beautiful melody, cutting it, as it were, out of the instrument, and firing off each note.

"When she had banged out the tune slowly, she began a different manner of 'Gettin' up Stairs,' and did so with a swiftness and fury quite incredible. She spun up stairs; she whirled up stairs; she galloped up stairs; she rattled up stairs; and then, having got the tune to the top landing, as it were, she hurled it down shrieking, as it were, to the lower floor, where it sank in a crash, as if exhausted by the breathless rapidity of the descent. Then Miss Wirt played the 'Gettin' up Stairs' with most pathetic and ravishing solemnity, plaintive moans and sobe issued from the keys; you wept and trembled as you were getting up stairs. Miss Wirt's hands seemed to faint, and wail, and die in variations: again, and she went up with a savage rush, and clang of trumpets, as if Miss Wirt were storming a breach; and, although I knew nothing of music, as I sat and listened with my mouth open, at this wonderful display, I wondered the windows did not crack, and the chandelier start out of the beam, at this earthquake of a piece of music!"

## THE PERILS OF A CROSSING.

We give our young lady readers a paragraph from a popular modern writer, leaving them to "point the moral:"—

"I hardly know a more interesting sight than that of a young lady going to school on a wet day, with books to carry in one hand, and an umbrella to sustain in the other. To see the struggles she makes in such circumstances to keep her skirts from dragging in the mud, or the patience with which she submits to their unavoidably doing so, and to think of the sad condition of her lower extremities all the time—to reflect, moreover, that all this trouble and suffering could be avoided by merely having skirts of a sufficient, but not over-sufficient length—presents such an affecting picture of evils voluntarily encountered and heroically sustained, as but rarely occurs in the course of human life. It is justly held as a strong proof of patience, that you should calmly submit to be spat upon or have mud thrown upon you by some infuriated crowd; but here is a gentle creature who literally goes out every day to endure the certain contact of these nuisances, and comes home to dinner not in much better plight than one who has sat (unpopularly) in the pillory for an hour. I really must give such martyrdom the meed of my admiration; and the more so, that I feel myself, under the hardening effects of worldly common sense, totally unprepared to go through such hardships without some useful end to be served by it."

## RESPONSE TO THE AUGUST POETICAL ENIGMA.

We have received a very clever poetical answer to this enigma, in which the writer very naturally considers that "take a wife" would be the advice which the affectionate aunt would, on most occasions, administer to her nephew; but still it is not exactly the thing in all cases, as will appear from the following correct and clever solution:—

## MY AUNT'S ADVICE.

When my aunt, to her mansion on MULBERRY GREEN,  
In the best-natured manner that ever was seen,  
Invited me down, with my friends, to partake  
Of the best that her house and her larder could make,  
Of course, our "day's shooting" extended to four,  
Nor then had we yawned, or cried out "what a bore!"  
For the country is pleasant, with "birds in the hand,"  
With wine, horses, servants at constant command.  
Such dogs! and we used them, from pointer to setter,  
My dear relative's wish carried out to the letter;  
For how beaming her smile, and how kindly her tone,  
When she said, "*Pray consider them all as your own!*"  
So I mentioned one day, as I smoked my cigar,  
Balanced just on the top of her best china jar—  
"You see, I'm not backward to do as you say—  
In fact, I have thought of prolonging my stay."  
A smile full of meaning then instantly beams,  
As she answered so coolly, "*Indeed! So it seems!*"

No wonder I blushed, as I mounted my horse,  
And, to hide my vexation, dashed over the course;  
But then came the ditch—that inglorious fall,  
With the mud, bruises, laughter, the torn coat and all;  
And those very same words, as her smile once more beams,  
But now in good nature, "*Indeed! Sew its seams!*"

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"LOUTERA" will find care of white crape shawls very necessary. It is not well to keep them in the box in which

they come, as it is a great deal of useless trouble to fold them so closely. Miss Leslie tells us that a cake of white wax, laid in the box or drawer in which they are kept, will grow quite yellow, while the crape remains white. They should be folded and laid away as soon as taken off, as every contact with dust soils them, especially the fringe, which is apt to get dingy from tralling on the sidewalk, or brushing a dusty wall. It is true, they can be cleaned, but they never look so well again, having that washed and stiffened appearance peculiar to colored silks, and the embroidery is pressed quite flat. The usual charge for cleaning, which is done by most dyers, is \$1 50.

We agree with "JEANNETTE F." that white, during the summer season, is the most ladylike and suitable dress a young girl can wear. We know of some who keep two bodies, made differently, to one skirt, which may be tacked on, thus making a little change. Swiss muslin is almost too thin for the street, cambric or grass cloth is more suitable, while Swiss muslin and tarleton are the best evening dresses. Nansook cambric keeps its color better than any other material, save linen or grass cloth; a grass cloth will outlast two of ordinary cambric, though more expensive at first, and always looks well.

The patterns for embroidery inquired for by "L. N. C.," can be had in the city. Copies of all those that have appeared in the "Lady's Book" can be had by applying to the publisher.

"MRS. L." will find the following a very good plan to keep iron goods, such as coal-scuttles, etc., from rusting: Heat them gradually, and then brush them over with common linseed oil, which is decomposed by the heat, and forms a thin, but very firm coating of varnish, which is quite impervious to water, and, unlike paint and Japan black, does not chip off. Garden-chairs, railings, and everything exposed to the action of the outer air, should have two or three good coatings of paint.

"THE HEAD OF OUR FAMILY" shall have the most unexceptionable receipts for dressing salads in our next. We condole with her on the numerous onerous duties which devolve upon her in her mother's absence, and shall be happy to render her any assistance in our power. Salad dressing requires not only directions, but judgment and practice; but it is an accomplishment every lady should possess. Rose vinegar is a novelty in salads, and, by some, thought very desirable. To every quarter of a pound of rose leaves, add two quarts of good vinegar; put it in a large jar, cover it firmly, and leave it to infuse, till a fine tincture is obtained, when strain for use.

## Fashions.

## NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake-boxes, envelopes, etc. etc., will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq., who will be responsible for the amount, and the early execution of commissions.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of

the person, on which *much depends* in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Stewart's, bonnets from Miss Wharton's, jewelry from Bailey's, Warden's, Philadelphia, or Tiffany's, New York, if requested.

#### DESCRIPTION OF STEEL FASHION PLATE.

We would call attention to the artistic and picturesque grace of this whole engraving, making it quite as valuable as a picture as a representative of tasteful fashions. Had it been called "The Zoological Garden," it would have been noticed as a clever picture; for the half shy, half delighted air of the child, the admirable figure of the negro nurse in her striped Madras handkerchief, and the pleased interest of the young mother, make a charming group. As it is, it combines, with this grace, *southern fashions* for October.

The first figure has a walking-dress of dark *noir d'antique*, a very rich silk, which requires little trimming; the front is cut out in a diamond pattern, to display the richly wrought white cambric robe beneath. Sleeves demi-long, with undersleeves edged by a broad lace falling over the hand. White silk bonnet, with an edging of spotted blonde, and a wreath of clematis buds and leaves. Light mantle of India muslin, with a rich fall of lace. As our southern ladies walk but little, this will be recognized as a carriage costume.

The child in the arms of her sable attendant is attired in a richly wrought cambric dress. The mantle is of pink cashmere, simply trimmed with a *ruché* of pink silk, and may be fastened by a broad pink ribbon sash around the waist. The hat is of leghorn, with a small plume on the right of the brim.

The nurse has a brown stuff dress, white apron and neck-handkerchief, with a brilliant Madras twisted about her head.

#### WOOD-CUT.—ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

This is intended for the invalid receiving visits in her room, or may be worn as a summer morning-dress with perfect propriety. It is made of white jaconet, or thick Nanook muslin, very full, the front breadth being continued up to the shoulder, and fastened by a girdle around the waist. The trimming down the front is a broad ruffle, gathered in the centre, both edges being finished by a scallop of button-hole work; a collar of the same should be tied by a bow of thick Mantua ribbon, some plain color. Loose sleeves, finished by a double ruffle to correspond. This is one of the most simple and tasteful dresses we have seen.

#### CHITCHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

As our warm weather continues later than in New York even, this is the transition month in Philadelphia, as far as styles are concerned. There are no fall openings of millinery as yet, though several are announced for the next two weeks; therefore, straw bonnets with silk linings, replacing those of crape, and trimmed with rich ribbons, are most generally seen. The ribbons are of deep colors, with a bright spot, figure, or stripe enlivening them. For instance, a black ground and small crimson palm-leaf, royal purple with a bright green spot, etc. etc. The varieties of style in which bonnets are trimmed defy all description; some have simply a wide, rich ribbon passed over the brim, and confined at the top with a knot or band of straw, spreading out at the ear, and drawn in again to tie beneath the chin. If the straw is fine, and the ribbon wide and thick, this, with a cape of the same, is all that is necessary.

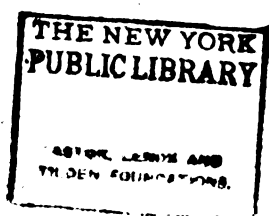
There is another style, the ribbon brought very far forward in a point on top of the bonnet, a second band of ribbon follows it, only not inclining so far forward. Others, whose white trimmings of the summer are still in good order, consult economy and taste at the same time, by ornamenting the cape by two rows of narrow velvet ribbon, in some bright color, as cherry or bright green, with innie bows to correspond. However, each town and village has its own prevailing fashion in this matter, and we leave it to the taste of our readers, with a general rule to avoid, as far as possible, a multiplicity of bows and dangling ends.

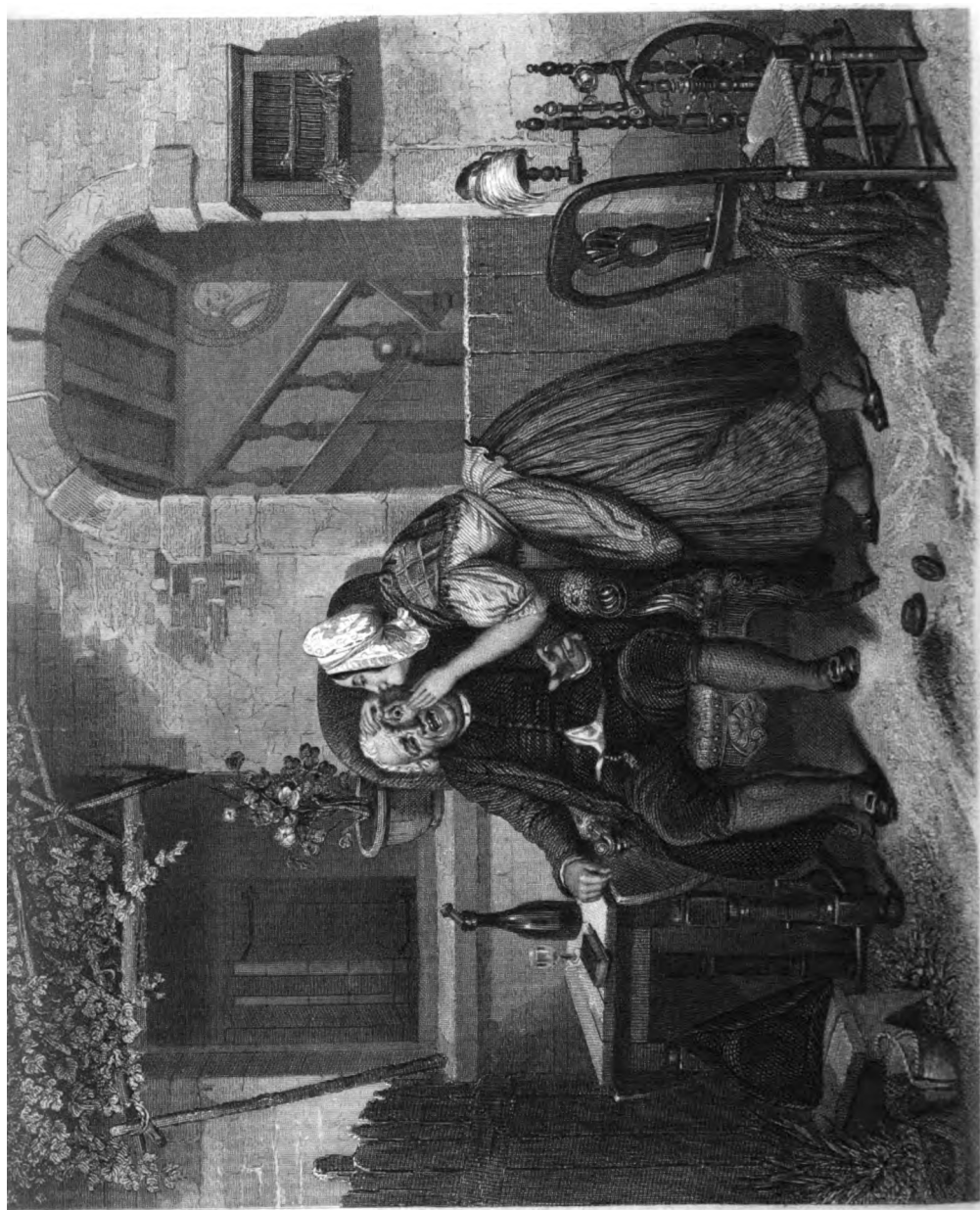
The winter dress goods are not fairly in the market, although the shop windows are full of bright mousselines, and silks, and merinos. There are many novelties among them; for instance, several styles of figured *mousseline de bagé*, on the plain brown ground: it is "something different," it is true, but, as a general rule, figured goods of any description are never as invariably ladylike as those in solid colors. There is also a *chené de bagé*, in several shades of brown, shot with green and dark crimson. This still continues to be a favorite fabric, and more of the plain shades, and of a heavier, better quality, are imported than ever before. They are trimmed either in scallops of button-hole stitch, or with several rows of narrow velvet ribbon. The Albanian, or Albanese robes, are mousselines of dark, rich, plain colors, with the skirt printed in bright wreaths of flowers, or bands of stripes, at the distance of several inches apart, having something the effect of flowers *d disposition*. The top of the skirt, waist, and sleeves is plain. Others have only a border in gay stripes or plaids, like the chintzes of the past season. The richest broadsides are *d disposition*, which, as we have before explained, means that the skirt, waist, and sleeves are worn separately, the pattern of the skirt being a much larger figure than the rest of the dress. We shall speak more particularly of silks and other dress goods in our next. Merinos, of every shade, are imported, and of exquisite fineness; they will be worn as much as ever, with a trimming of velvet ribbon. There is a beautiful new shade, which we can only describe as a red stone color, looking as if the last had been washed over by a soft shade of carmine.

The pretty fashion of aprons has by no means gone out, though they are not worn as full as they have been. Fine white cambric, or cross-barred muslin, are the nearest for morning-dresses, though many wear black silk, with capacious pockets. For silk, only two breadths are now used; the second one is divided so that the seam may not come in the centre. The waistband is, of course, shorter than in the robe aprons, only reaching little more than a third of the waist. Two or three narrow gaugings make a neat finish for the top. In dress aprons, small outside pockets are worn, the corners rounded and put on with a cord, and a ribbon run across the top, meeting in the centre in a neat bow. Nothing is prettier than a small handkerchief just peeping from one of these pockets. Aprons are also made of rich watered and *moiré* silks, very short, and edged with two rows of narrow velvet. The corners are rounded. The pockets placed sideways are also trimmed with velvet.

We must defer further information of the making up until our next number, as we have been requested to give the new styles of riding-habits. There are two, which differ very little, except in color and material. The one is dark brown merino, made with side bodies and a short *basque*, rounded in front, from the waist back to the hip. The sleeves are rather loose for a tight sleeve, and turn back in a broad cuff almost to the elbow; a close cambric undersleeve is worn beneath; a linen collar, and embroidered neck-tie of black silk, finishes the dress. The other is very nearly the same, in light habit cloth, of a deep shade of gray.

FASHION.







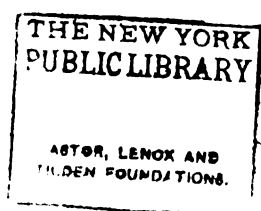


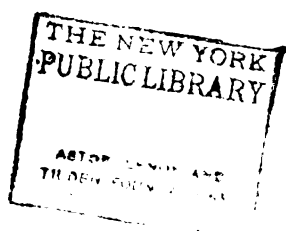




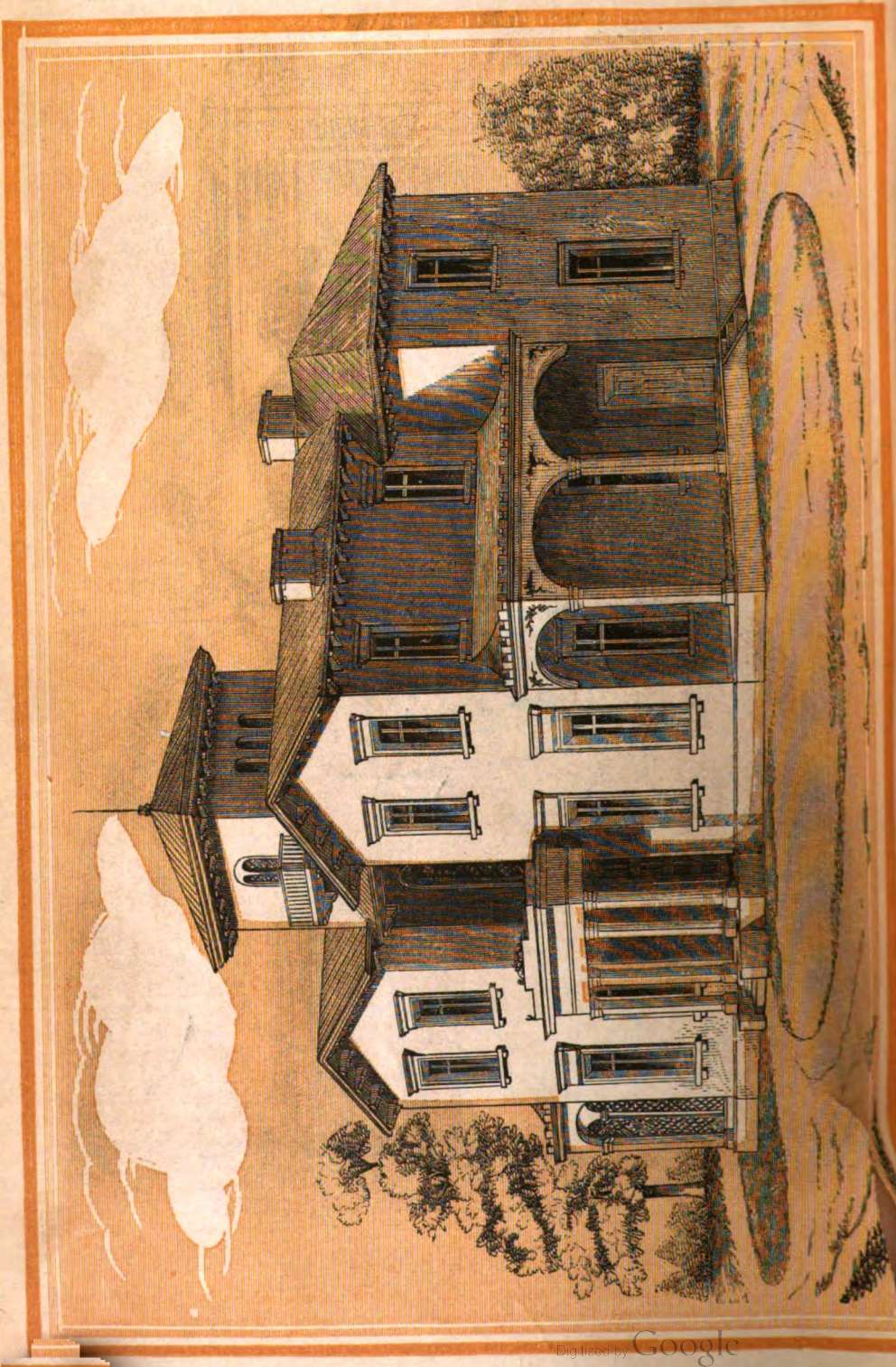
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THE HISTORY OF THE CHINESE



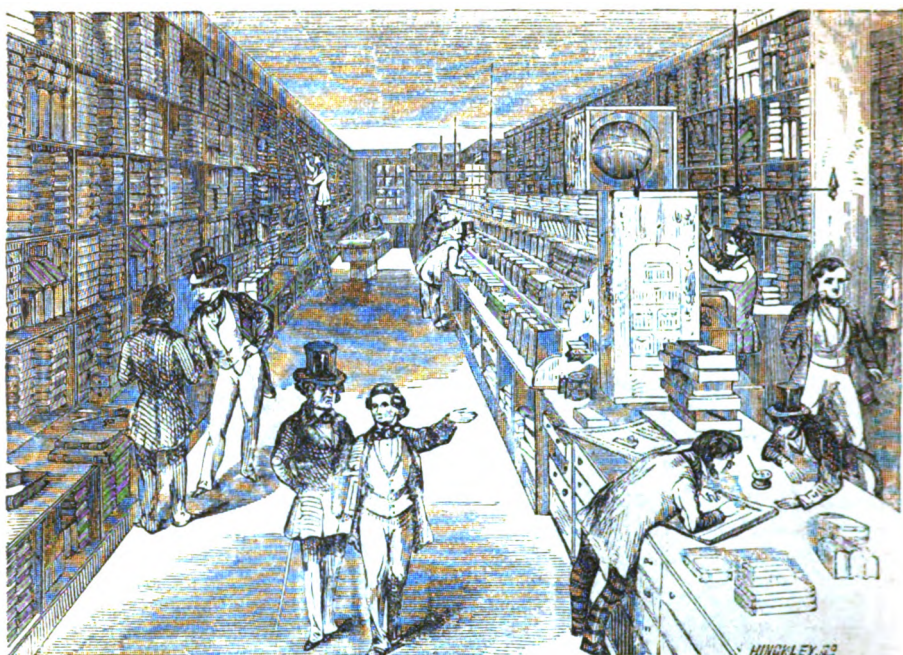




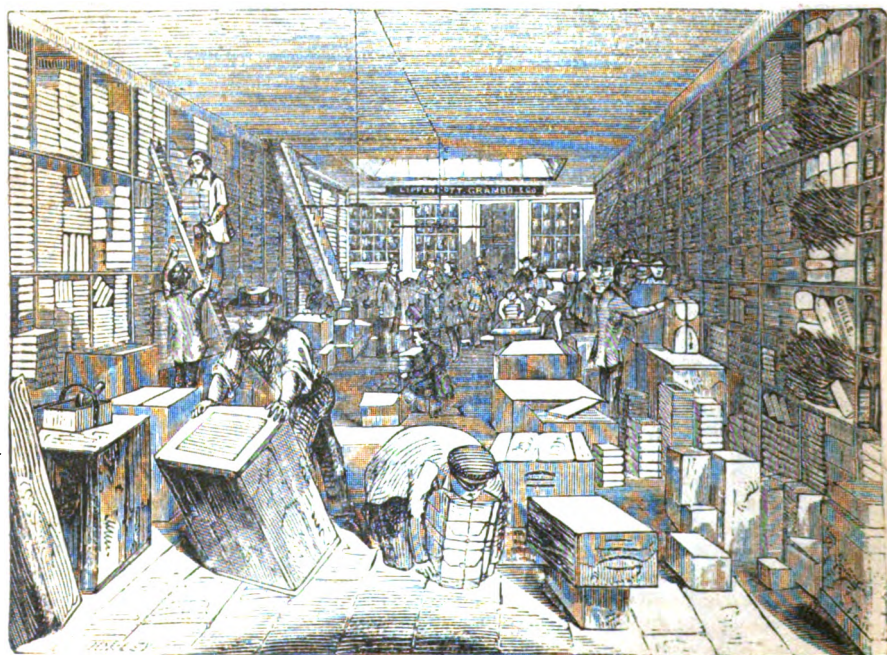








**VIEW OF ONE OF THE SALESROOMS OF LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & CO.**



**PACKING-ROOM AND COUNTING HOUSE OF LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & CO.**



# GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1852.



EVERYDAY ACTUALITIES.—NO. VI.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PEN AND GRAVER.

BY C. T. HINCKLEY.

## A DAY AT THE BOOKBINDERY OF LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO, & Co.

HAVING given our readers, in our last article, an insight into the mechanical operation required to set the types and print the sheets of a book, we this month take them to one of the largest publishing houses in the country, that they may know something of the manner in which books are bound and circulated through the Union. We are enabled to do this through the courtesy of Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., who allowed us the privilege of examining their extensive range of rooms, a general

idea of the labor performed in which we shall endeavor to give in the following pages.

When we received the consent of the senior partner of the firm for this privilege, we expected to find much that would surprise us, but were not prepared to find so vast an amount of business performed with so little capital invested. We were completely lost in the labyrinth of the establishment, as we passed through room after room, so peopled with workmen engaged in their respective branches to which the rooms were devoted. Our intention, at first, to give a description of the labor employed in the establishment, was enlarged in the method of sewing, tapes being

concluded, so far as we are able, to make our readers acquainted with the general machinery of a large publishing house, hoping it may prove as interesting to them as it was to us. We will first describe the

#### BOOKBINDING DEPARTMENT.

After the sheets are finished in the drying-room, as described in our last, and are pressed, they are sent in bundles to the bindery, where they are opened and given out to the girls employed to fold them.

When the whole of the impression has been folded, each sheet is laid out in a row, in piles of one hundred. The folder then takes one from the top of each pile, and, placing them together, they form the printed matter of a book. The copies thus collected are knocked evenly together, and put into a hydraulic press, between steel boards, in rows of two deep, and as many along-side of each other as the boards will hold, for the purpose of compressing them into a compact form. If the work be



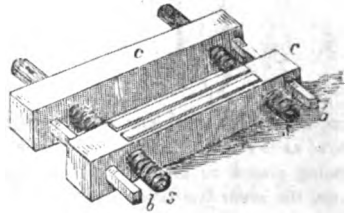
HINZLEY

#### FOLDING.

newly printed, care must be taken not to allow it to set off, as the fresh ink has a tendency to make an impression on the opposite page, as was generally the case with new books when compressed by the method, which was to beat them on a large smooth stone with a cast-iron bell-shaped hammer weighing twelve or fourteen pounds. This required a skill so as to compress or condense the sheets without marking them with the edge of the hammer, and to give the paper a smooth polished surface. This process was very much improved some years ago by a rolling-press, consisting of two iron rollers mounted and set in the usual way at any distance apart. A number of sheets, varying from four to fourteen, according to the size, being

placed between two tinned iron plates, are passed through the rollers. This method not only renders the paper smoother than by hammer-beating, but the compression of the book is one-sixth greater, a very desirable object, inasmuch as the book-shelves will contain nearly one-sixth more books. These superior effects are also produced by the rollers in one-twentieth of the time required by the hammer. This method is now adopted for books that have been printed some time, in which the ink is properly set, and also for books that require rebinding.

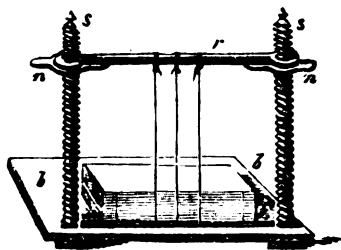
After pressing, rolling, or hammering, each book is collated, to see that all the signatures run properly, and the plates, if any, are inserted in their proper places. The waste leaves are added at the beginning and end; the back and head are then knocked up square, and one side of the book is placed on a pressing-board of the size of the book itself, and another similar board is laid on the upper side of the book, taking care to let the back of the sheets project about half an inch between the two boards. The workman then grasps the boards firmly between the thumb and fingers of the left hand, and lowers them into the cutting-press, which consists of two strong wooden cheeks *c c*, connected by two slide bars *b b*, and two wooden screws *a a*. The use of the two guides on one of the cheeks will



CUTTING-PRESS.

be explained hereafter; but it may be remarked that when these guides are not wanted, the press is turned completely over, so that these guides may be at the bottom, and out of the way. When the sheets are lowered between the cheeks *c c*, the press is screwed up tight by working an iron bar in the heads of the screws. The man then passes a tenon saw across the back of the sheets, so as to make a number of grooves, according to the size of the book, for the reception of the cords or bands for holding the threads in the sewing, and also for securing the boards which are to form the side covers. The number of bands depends upon the style of binding or method of finishing the book; board books, or books bound in cloth, have only two bands. But in the better descriptions of binding, 32mos. sometimes have three bands; 18mos., 12mos., 8vos., and two-leaf 4tos., have four bands; royal octavos and whole sheet 4tos., five bands; and folios from five to seven bands. In addition to these grooves for the bands, a groove is also formed at each end for the *catch* or *kettle* stitch. Suppos-

ing a book with two bands is to be sewed, it is taken to the sewing-press,\* which is a stout flat board *b b*,



SEWING-PRESS.

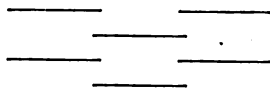
containing an upright screw *s s* at each end, supporting a top rail *r*, which rises and falls on the screws by means of nuts *n n*. Attached to this rail are several cords corresponding with the grooves sawed in the back, and these cords are secured by being fastened to brass keys, one of which is here shown, passed through the aperture in the bed of



the press, while they are tightened by turning the nuts *n n*, so as to raise the top rail. The book to be sewed being placed on the board *b*, with the title uppermost, the sewer first takes the fly-leaf, or end paper, if such there be, or sheet *A* of the book, and turning it over so that the title-page may lie with its face on the board, she places the grooves in it so as to correspond with the stretched strings or bands. She then passes the left hand into the opening of the sheet, and with the right pushes the needle through the right hand kettle-stitch: the left hand receives the needle, and returns it out through the first groove above the stretched string; the right hand draws the needle completely through, and passes it through the same groove below the stretched string; the left hand takes the needle and passes it through the second groove above the string, and the right hand returns it below the second string; and lastly, the left hand returns the needle through the bottom kettle-stitch. The thread is then drawn so as to lie evenly in the angle of the sheet, a small piece being left projecting through the back at the top kettle-stitch. The sewer then takes the second sheet, and turning it over upon the first, inserts the stretched strings into the sawed grooves at the back.

\* This press is arranged for three bands; but, for the sake of simplicity, the description refers to two bands.

She passes the needle through the bottom kettle-stitch, and proceeds as before, passing the needle in and out round the bands, only proceeding up the sheet instead of down. When the needle comes out through the top kettle-stitch, the thread is drawn tight, and secured by tying it into a knot with the end projecting from the first sheet. These two sheets form a sort of foundation for the subsequent sheets, which require a less elaborate sewing. Two sheets are taken at a time, and the thread is drawn through the grooves of each alternately: passing the needle through the top kettle-stitch of the lower sheet; then out above the first band; then into the upper sheet below the first band; then out above the second band; then below this band into the lower sheet; then out through the kettle-stitch of the lower sheet; and, lastly, this lower sheet is secured to the previous sheet by passing the thread round its lower kettle-stitch. Two more sheets are then taken, and in this way the sewing is continued with great rapidity. When one length of thread is nearly exhausted, another is taken, and joined to the former by a knot. This kind of sewing is called *up and down work*, and presents the following arrangement in the sheets of the book—



the sheets showing two threads and one thread alternately, as the reader will find by examining any boarded book, or a book bound in cloth. When the sewing of one book is completed, the thread is secured at the kettle-stitch, and cut off. A second book is sewed upon the first, upon the same bands, until the press is full. The bands are then loosened by slipping off the keys, and the books are separated from each other by severing the bands, care being taken, for some descriptions of binding to be noticed hereafter, to leave a sufficient portion of the bands projecting on each side of each book for the purpose of securing the boards.

There are various kinds of sewing, depending on the size of the book and the style of the binding. The commonest kind of sewing, such as we have attempted to describe, is called *sewing two sheets, or up and down work*. In some kinds of fine binding, the sheets are sewed *all along*, and only one at a time; that is, the thread is passed round every band, so that, supposing there were three bands, the sewing in every sheet would present the following appearance—

Where it is an object to make the book superior and stronger, fine silk is used, instead of thread. To prevent injury to the book by sawing grooves for the bands, which cause the book to wear out much faster—for the holes thus made gradually enlarge in size until the book falls in pieces—a method of sewing is adopted without any groover, tapes being

used instead of strings. The only holes made in the sheets by this method are those of the needle, which is passed in and out above and below the tapes, and the sewer forms her own kettle-stitch



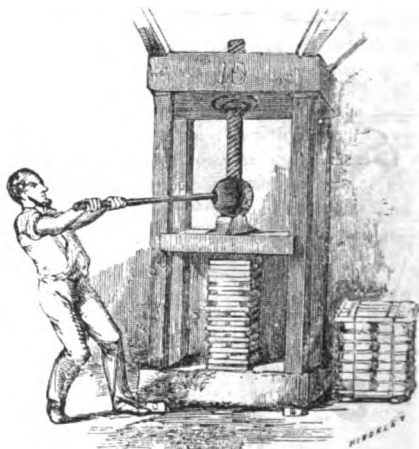
SEWING.

with the needle. This kind of sewing is shown above. It requires more care than the former to keep the sheets even, and when well done the effect is excellent, for by this plan the book opens flat at any part, the fold of the sheet starting up fully to view when the book is opened. This style is called flexible binding.

When the books are folded and sewed, they pass from the sheet-room to the forwarding-room. The forwarder first prepares the linings for his book, which are made of fancy or enamelled paper; then, if the book is a stout book, for instance a quarto Bible, he makes his boards, which is done by pasting two or three pieces of the proper size together and pressing them. His linings are then pasted on his books, which are first glued, then rounded and backed. The operation of rounding the back is done by placing the book on its flat surface, and drawing the back on one side, gently tapping it with a broad-faced hammer: the book is then turned over upon its other surface, and the operation repeated, by which means the back is brought into a convex form. Each book is then placed separately between a couple of boards, with the back projecting, and is thus lowered into a screw-press, which is screwed up tight. The workman then, by a succession of blows, applied somewhat obliquely up and down one side of the back, depresses that side, and causes a ridge to project over the board. He then repeats the operation on the other side, by which means the back is depressed at the two sides, and is raised in the middle; a few gentle taps in the middle, and some finishing blows at the sides complete the rounding, and its effect is to form the

side edges into a concave groove, the concavity of which corresponds with the convexity of the back, and the grooves formed at the two boundary lines of the back allow the boards or side covers of the book to fall in so as to present an even surface at the sides.

The books are now to be placed in thin cases, and the outside fly-leaf being pasted to the boards, the books are built up between wooden boards, the backs of the books outwards, and projecting; and this pile is placed in what is called a *standing-press*, consist-



STANDING-PRESS.

ing of a well-oiled iron screw working in a nut, and the upper bed of the press is screwed down with great force, by means of an iron bar inserted into the inverted head of the screw. To economize labor, the pile, which constantly varies in size, is made to rest upon a number of boards, which diminishes the distance between the upper and lower beds of the press. There the books are left for some hours to undergo the requisite compression.

The mill-boards, which form the solid substance of the cases, are supplied to the binder in sheets, varying in size from 17½ inches by 14½, for the smaller sizes, up to 41 by 31 inches. The binder cuts up these sheets to the required size with great precision and rapidity, by a machine constructed for the purpose. It consists of an iron frame, one-half of which is covered with a horizontal plate, or table, for holding the board. At the inner edge of this table is a holdfast, or bar of metal, extending across the frame, moving on a hinge at the opposite side, and connected by a hinged lever on the near side with a treadle. The lower surface of this bar is furnished with file teeth for holding the board fast. Just beyond this holdfast is a straight, fixed bar, with a square cutting edge, and by the side of this is a curved bar, or knife, mounted on an axis, and balanced by a weight at the further side, and furnished with a handle at the near side. The edge

of this curved bar forms, with the fixed bar, a pair of shears for cutting the boards. The gauge being set at the proper distance, the board is placed flat on the table, and its rough edge is first cut off. This is done by sliding the board along until the edge just projects beyond the shears. The man then puts his foot on the treadle, which brings the hold-fast down, and secures the board; he next forces the curved blade down against the fixed blade, which cuts the board to a clean, smooth edge. Then, releasing the board by lifting his foot off the treadle, and raising the knife, he passes the board up to the



BOARD-CUTTING MACHINE.

gauge, which is furnished with an edge or chamfer, and stops its further progress: the board is cut through as before, the piece falling into the bin beneath. In this way, the board is cut up into three or four long strips, the other long edge, nearer the left hand, being cut off while it rests on the table. A number of boards being thus cut up, each strip being sufficient for two, three, four, or more boards, the strips are again passed through the shears, and cut to the proper size of the books they are intended to cover. Such is the precision of this machine that, when all the pieces thus cut are piled up and knocked together, they appear to form a solid parallelepipedon, with perfectly sharp edges, in consequence of all the pieces being of the same size.

The cover of the book may be of leather or of cloth; but, in either case, it is ornamented at the back and sides with a pattern inclosed within a figured or flowered border, with different toolings and devices for the back, and blank borders for the gilt lettering or other ornaments. These are stamped, by means of certain presses, varying in power, with the material to be embossed. The dies are formed either of steel or brass, the latter being the more common. The dies are cut or chased by hand; but, for some patterns, consisting of regular curves, they can be more economically turned in the lathe, in

which case brass must be used. The counter die, for embossing, which is attached to the upper bed of the press, is formed by the man who manages the press, by gluing a number of pieces of mill-board together, and gluing them to the surface of the lower bed. By turning the arms of the press round, the lower surface of the mill-board is brought up with amazing force upon the metal die, and the softer material takes the impression of the bolder. The man then cuts and trims and adjusts the counter die, every now and then taking impressions on paper; and when he is satisfied with his arrangement, he proceeds to emboss the leather pieces cut to the proper size for covering the book.

Every piece of leather requires to be passed three times through the press—once for the back, which is of course of a pattern different from that of the sides, and once for each of the sides. If the two sides are of the same pattern, the man embosses all the leathers on one side—say the left—and then, re-adjusting the die, embosses the other side.

Cloth covers are embossed after the boards are inserted. The cloth, which is now consumed in such enormous quantities in bookbinding, is manufactured for the purpose. The cloth is cut up to the proper size of the cover, an extra quantity being allowed for the overlap within the boards. The cases are then made up, with great rapidity, by two men, one of whom covers the inside with a layer of glue, and then places two mill-boards in their proper position on the cover, so as to form the stiff sides, the space between the two depending, of course, on the thickness of the book. He then turns the cover over, and rubs the cloth firmly down with a cloth-rubber, shaped something like the stone muller used in color-grinding. He then tosses the cover to a man, who places a strip of paper or canvas along the inside of the back between the two boards, and then folds down the projecting edges of the cloth over the boards, smoothing them down with the edge of a flat piece of stick with a blunt point at each end, and then drawing the point of the stick down the boundary lines between the back and the sides. The two men complete about one hundred covers in an hour.

When the covers thus formed are perfectly dry, they are embossed and gilt. The ornaments which are simply produced by pressure are called *blind-stamping*, and, when done by hand, *blind-tooling*; while the gilt ornaments or lettering are called *gold-stamping* or *gold-tooling*. The machines employed in both descriptions of ornament are called *stamping-presses*, and they do not greatly differ, except in power, from the fly-press already described. The ornamental pattern for the back or sides is cut out in a thick plate or block of brass, and is fixed in the upper bed of the press by means of a dove-tail joint. This upper bed is furnished with a cavity containing a gas-pipe, with a row of jets for heating the die by conduction of heat from the upper bed. The

cloth covers are inserted within metal rules, which serve as a gauge, by a man who sits before the press, while another man turns round with great strength a large fly-wheel, whereby the lower bed is brought up a few inches upon the case in the upper bed, and embosses the impression. When the cases are to be gilt, it is first prepared with a thin layer of ovalbumen or white of egg, called *glair*; after this, the gold-leaf is laid on and the case is then passed through the press as before.

In gilding, the designs are often made up of many different small stamps, according to the taste of the stamper.

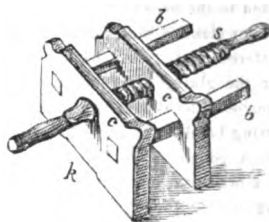
As the covers are removed, they are taken by a boy, who wipes off the superfluous gold with a piece of thick rag, which thus gradually absorbs the fragile leaf, and, in the course of two or three months, this rag is so valuable that it is sold to the gold refiner, who burns it in a covered crucible, and thus recovers the precious metal.

The covers thus formed are next adjusted to the books, which we left in the standing-press. The covers are secured to the books by pasting the waste leaves on each side of the book to the boards, and to conceal this arrangement as well as the uncovered parts of the boards, and also to give a neat finish to the book, some colored paper, called *lining paper*, is pasted in. The books are lastly put into the standing-press for a few hours, and may then be said to be finished.

We have thus traced the various processes concerned in binding a cloth-boarded book. They consist of gathering, folding, and sewing the sheets; gluing and rounding the backs; cutting the edges; making, embossing, and gilding the covers; and, lastly, securing the covers to the books. In a large establishment, such as Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., the whole impression of an octavo work, consisting of one thousand copies, can be done up in cloth in the course of about ten hours; in which case, however, the cloth covers are prepared a day or two before, all the information required for the purpose being the thickness of the book, which is known by stating the number of sheets contained in it. The title and the style of ornament, color of the cloth, &c., are also determined. A thousand covers or cases can be prepared in one or two days. The book itself can be folded, stitched, glued, and rounded, the edges trimmed, and the book mounted in cases and pressed, all within ten hours. This is, indeed, an extraordinary example of the power of numbers of skilful workpeople, and the effect of a refined system of division of labor.

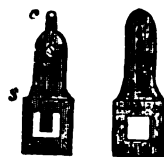
The method of binding thus far described applies chiefly to those books which are issued in large numbers, and whether the covers be leather or cloth, there is no very great difference in the methods adopted. In leather bindings, such as in Bibles and prayer-books, the edges, instead of being trimmed with a knife, as before described, are cut through

with a *plough*, so that there is no necessity for cutting open the book before reading it. The book-binder's plough consists of two upright cheeks of



BOOKBINDER'S PLOUGH.

wood *c c*, connected together by a wooden screw *s*, and a couple of guides *b b*, fixed into one cheek, and moving in square holes in the other. The screw passes through both cheeks, so that by turning it round in one direction the cheeks are brought nearer together, and, in the contrary direction, moved farther apart. Into one of the cheeks at *k* is fixed a cutting-knife, a double-edged, pointed blade, of which two forms are given. The book to be



ploughed is placed between a couple of boards in the press, with the edges projecting as much as is required, and one of the cheeks being placed in a groove of the press, the point of the knife is brought up to the book, and moved backwards and forwards against it, the workman at the same time giving the handle of the screw a twist, which advances the knife forward until the cutting is completed. The white edges of the book in common binding are then *sprinkled*, whereby that speckled or mottled effect is given to them, which prevents them from soiling, and also improves the appearance of the book. This is done by mixing up some colored chalk, umber, Venetian red, or ochre, in a little size and water, and dipping a brush into the mixture, so as just to wet the bristles; the man holds a long piece of wood a few feet over the books, and beats the bristles of the brush against it, which causes a shower of minute drops of color to rain down upon the edges of the books, a number of which are set up together for the purpose. When the desired effect is produced on the top edges, the books are turned over, and the bottom edges are treated in a similar manner, the man turning up one of the finished edges, every now and then, to see that he is producing the same tint of color at the bottom as at the top. The side edges are done in the same way, and the color is fixed by placing the books in the bench-press, and passing an agate burnisher over the edges, which

produces a high polish, and prevents the color from being removed by ordinary use. By these simple and expeditious processes, a cheap and useful ornament is added to the books.

In the better class of binding, as in whole-bound calf, gilt lettered, with raised backs, the boards are added after the gluing and rounding of the backs, for which purpose the sewer leaves small projecting pieces of string bands. The boards being cut to the proper size, a couple of holes are made in each board with a brad-awl, opposite each band, and the string being passed through these holes is secured with glue. In a book of three bands, the boards are held by six strings, three on each side, and each board is, of course, pierced with six holes. The books are then put into the standing-press for a few hours, after which the edges are ploughed, the



PLOUGHING THE EDGES.

boards being slightly depressed below the edge to be cut off, the strings allowing them a little play before the cover is put on. In cutting the side edges, the workman takes care to preserve the concavity produced by the rounding, for which purpose he flattens the back by passing a flat tool between the edges of the boards, which are allowed to hang down loose, and the back. He then places the book between a couple of boards, grasps it tightly, and withdraws the flat tool: then lowers it into the press, and screws it up tightly. By thus flattening the back, the edges become flat also, and when they have been ploughed, and the book is taken out of the press, the back starts into shape again, and the side edges become concave. After this, the edges are gilt or marbled. In gilding, the book is secured between a couple of boards in the press, and the edges being covered with glaire, a layer of goldleaf is laid on, and the agate burnisher, being well rubbed over every part across the edges, secures the goldleaf, at the same time giving it a beautiful

polish. When all the edges are thus gilt, paper is wrapped round them, to prevent them from getting soiled. When the edges are to be marbled, the books are sent out to the marblers, who produces the effect of marbled paper by the following contrivance: A trough about two inches deep is filled with clean gum-water. Various colored pigments, ground in spirits of wine, and mixed with a small quantity of ox-gall, are thrown upon the surface of the gum-water, and disposed in various forms with a quill and comb, according to the desired pattern. This being obtained, the book is tied between two boards, and the edges being dipped into the trough, the floating colors become attached; cold water is then dashed over the edges, which sets the colors, and brings them out clear.

The book is now ready to receive the *headband*, which serves as a finish to the top and bottom of the sheets, and assists in keeping the upper and lower parts of the hollow back in shape, when the book is closed. The book, still in the rough boards, is fixed by one corner in a small portable screw-press, and a small strip of mill-board, placed on edge at the back, is secured by passing a needle and thread two or three times between the leaves through the solid back and over and under the small strip; the thread, which is generally of silk or cotton, two or three colors being sometimes used, is then twisted or plaited over the strip, and when about a third or one-half is covered, it is further secured by a few stitches through the solid back. The plaiting or covering is then completed, and is secured as before by sewing through the back. The superfluous portions of the strip are then cut off. This description of headband is called *worked*; a commoner description, called *stuck-on*, is a piece of striped or colored linen, inclosing a piece of cord, stuck or glued to the back of the book. The bands or raised projections at the back of the book are formed by gluing strips of mill-board, leather, or cord across them.

The book is now ready for covering. The leather may be calf, or morocco, or Russia; but, whatever the leather, it is carefully chosen, so as to be free from blemishes, and of the proper size; being placed on a flat board, with the rough side up, the edges are pared thin with a sharp knife, so that, in turning them over the board, they may not bulge out into unsightly projections. The leather is then damped, and covered with paste, and applied to the book, a few simple tools being used to smooth it down and press it into shape, to square the edges, and to raise the bands. The leather is neatly turned in at the top and bottom, and then folded over the headbands. When the sides and edges are nicely smoothed and squared, the bands at the back are raised, and the spaces between them depressed, by working them with a bone paper-knife, and during all these manipulations the man every now and then moistens the leather with a bit of wet sponge. When the leather cover is properly arranged, the marbled or other



lining papers are inserted, and the book is put into the standing-press for a few hours, after which it is ready for tooling. But in some descriptions of binding, a good effect is produced by having distinct lettering pieces, of a different color from the general binding. These are cut out separately, thinned at the edges, and attached by means of glue. The blind-tool ornaments of the book are put on by means of pieces of brass, cut into the desired pattern and shape, and mounted in handles as below. If a long



line, plain or figured, is to run up the sides of the book, it is cut upon the periphery of a disc of brass, moving upon a central axis, and furnished with a long handle, which the man rests against his right



shoulder, holding the tool near the axis; in this way, he can roll the tool the whole length of each side of the cover. All these tools are heated at a gas-stove, a great improvement on the unwholesome charcoal brazier formerly in use. The small tools are pressed down with an equable force in those parts of the cover where they are wanted. Gilt tooling is produced by covering the parts to be gilt first with glaire and then with goldleaf, and then pressing the hot tool upon the part thus covered. On wiping off the gold with a rag, that part of the gold only is attached which came in contact with the hot tool. Lettering is performed commonly by a set of lettering tools, each letter of the alphabet being cut out in brass, and mounted in a wooden handle. Letters, numerals, &c., are kept of different sizes; but for words in common use, such as "Holy Bible," "Atlas," &c., tools are kept, with the whole word or words cut in them. When the orna-



ments, lettering, &c., are complete, the book is finished off with polishing-irons, of various shapes and sizes, one of which is shown. These are heated, and passed over the leather, and also over the marble lining-paper, &c.



We have thus gone over the principal processes concerned in binding a book. A few years ago, a method of binding by means of caoutchouc cement was patented, by which the operations of sawing-in, sewing, rounding, and the use of glue are dispensed with, and, instead of leaves attached by thread stitches at two or three points, they are agglutinated securely along their whole length. This plan is admirably adapted for binding engravings, maps, manuscripts, and collections of letters, which have little or no margin left at the back for the stitching. The plan has been thus described: "After folding the sheets in double leaves, the workman places them vertically, with the edges forming the back of the book downwards, in a concave mould, of such rounded or semi-cylindrical shape as the back of the book is intended to have. The mould for this purpose consists of two parallel upright boards, set apart upon a cradle frame, each having a portion or portions cut out vertically, somewhat deeper than the breadth of the book, but of a width nearly equal to its thickness before it is pressed. One of these upright boards may be slid nearer to or further from its fellow, by means of a guide-bar, attached to the sole of the cradle. Thus the distance between the concave bed of the two vertical slots in which the book rests may be varied according to the length of the leaves. In all cases, about one-fourth of the length of the book at each end projects beyond the board, so that one-half rests between the two boards. Two or three packthreads are now bound round the leaves thus arranged, from top to bottom of the page, in different lines, in order to preserve the form given to the back of the mould in which it lay. The book is next subjected to the action of the press. The back, which is left projecting very slightly in front, is then smeared carefully by the fingers with a solution of caoutchouc, whereby each paper-edge receives a small portion of the cement. In a few hours, it is sufficiently dry to take another coat of a somewhat stronger caoutchouc solution. In forty-eight hours, four applications of the caoutchouc may be made and dried. The back and the adjoining part of the sides are next covered with the usual band or fillet of cloth, glued on with caoutchouc; after which the book is ready to have the boards attached, and to be covered with leather or parchment, as may be desired."

Blank-book binding is a distinct branch of the trade, and is applied to the binding of every description of account-book. The paper is first folded and counted into sections, which in foolscap generally consist of six sheets, and, above that size, of four sheets. These are sewed upon strips of vellum, three strips being usually applied to foolscap folio, and a greater number for larger sizes. In sewing account books, waxed thread is used, as being stronger. After sewing, the first ruled leaf at each end is pasted to the waste paper, and the marble lining paper inserted. The back is then glued, and when dry, the fore edge is



cut and the back rounded, a rounder back and consequently a deeper hollow being given than in printed books. The two ends are then cut, and the edges greened. The headbands are ~~worked~~ <sup>marked</sup> on a slip of parchment, as before described. Strong pieces of leather are then glued at the top and bottom of the back and between each of the vellum slips. A hollow back is produced by soaking in water a strip of mill-board about a quarter of an inch wider than the back of the book, and gluing it on both sides; it is then placed on a sheet of paper, and a roller corresponding to the curvature of the back of the book is placed upon it, and the strip is worked backwards and forwards on the roller, which gives it the semicircular shape. It is then dried hard before the fire. Another method is to paste a number of pieces of paper in succession upon a roller, and when thoroughly dry it is cut down lengthwise, thus forming two semicircular backs. Thin sheet-iron is sometimes used for the purpose. The milled boards are then cut out for the side covers. In large books, it is usual to glue together two thin boards for each cover, and to insert between them the projecting ends of the vellum bands on which the book is sewn. The first and last fly-leaves are pasted to the boards, and after they are squared, the curved back above described is placed on, and a piece of canvas sufficient to extend over half the width of the book on one side to the same distance on the other side, is glued on the boards and over the back: this holds the hollow back firmly in place. The book is then ready for covering, for which purpose the leather is carefully pared all round and neatly put on. The covers are usually sheep skin and Russia, white and covered; smooth and rough calf. If the cover be rough calf or sheep, it is dressed with pumice-stone and a clothes-brush. Smooth calf are glazed and polished as in printed book-binding. Rough calf or sheep books are usually ornamented by passing a very hot roller round the edges and sides of the cover. Large books are always furnished with bands of Russia leather worked on sometimes with thongs of vellum, which add to the strength of the binding, and have a neat appearance.

The finer qualities of binding, embracing Turkey morocco, calf, and Levant, in the various styles of richly gilt, massive panels, and velvet, embossed with rich ornaments, have many processes which are very attractive and curious to the uninitiated. The operation of embossing and illuminating the edges, which is carried to great perfection in this establishment, gives the book an ornamental and attractive appearance, of which it is impossible to give our readers any idea. In this process the books are fastened firmly in iron presses, the edges are then scraped smooth as polished ivory, they then receive a coat of size upon which the goldleaf is laid. When the leaf is dry, it is polished with agate and blood-stone burnishers. Should the book be designed

for the panelled or more costly style of binding, the edges are then ready for embossing or illuminating, the process of which we have before described. Finishing, as its name denotes, is the last process of this interesting art. The finisher must possess a high order of taste and skill. The mechanical execution of his branch is much the same as in embossing, with the difference that he must work out his designs with the aid of the small tools we have before mentioned, upon leather. The difficulty he has to overcome, and the nicety with which his work must be done, can be understood, when we inform our readers that one pattern which we saw in this establishment had five thousand impressions of different tools upon its surface.

To enumerate all the various styles of decoration as practised in book-finishing, would be a very difficult, if not an endless task, as some styles are purely local, while others again do not stand the test of progressive and improving taste, and consequently are but of short-lived duration. There is scarcely any style of ornament which book-finishers do not more or less practise. The improved artistic knowledge of the workmen of the <sup>19th</sup> ~~18th~~ day, and the proficiency attained by them in the execution of designs, are far ahead of anything in the art of bookbinding which has preceded them.

The earliest specimens of bookbinding extant were executed in the monasteries by the monks, anterior to the invention of printing, which procured for such the name of the monastic style, the monks being then the principal composers, copiers, and bookbinders. The monastic style is distinct and peculiar in itself, the sides of the book being closely filled up with what is technically called blind tooling, that is, the impressions made by the tools are not put in gold; this style is much sought after in the present day, especially in the binding of old books. But this is not the only description of finishing to which the monks of that period applied themselves, books being then, as regards price, of great value compared to what they are in the present day, and it was consequently considered that nothing could be too costly in decorating the exterior. Hence arose those beautiful specimens of needlework of various colored silks—gold and silver ornaments—stones, and jewels of great value, with which the books of that period were frequently richly ornamented.

The next in rotation is the Aldine style, which derives its name from Aldus, a famous printer and bookbinder who flourished in Italy in the fifteenth century. This style (like the monastic) is principally in blind tooling, but of a lighter and more open description of tools, and more fancifully arranged.

After that period, books becoming more plentiful, book ornamentation consequently took a more extensive range, as we find, before the expiration of the sixteenth century, great improvements had taken place in book-finishing. A style of intersected

patterns were much in practice, which, for beauty of design, are rarely surpassed, added to which, the Elizabethan style of ornament was much in use; since then, down to the present day, various styles one after the other have been adopted, all tending to the perfection of the art, and the advancement of the profession in general.

We have given as near as we could an idea of the process of Bookbinding, as conducted at this establishment; but there has been much that we could not insert without going more into detail than our readers would wish. They can form some estimate of the labor required, from what we have recorded above, and we here offer our thanks to all concerned, for their attention to us in our progress through this establishment.

The publishing house of Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. was established over thirty years ago, by John Grigg, Esq., who, with his partner, Hugh Elliot, Esq., and others who now continue in the firm, conducted the business under the firm of Grigg, Elliot, & Co., until a few years back, when J. B. Lippincott, Esq., who had been in the same business for a number of years, purchased the interest of Messrs. Grigg, Elliot, and, in connection with the junior partners of the old firm, established the present one. The reward which enterprise and industry always bring has favored this house from the commencement. Increasing yearly in its business, it has gradually extended its sphere until it is at present one of the largest, if not the largest, publishing house in the United States, employing in its operations over half a million of dollars. In their store can be found not only their own publications, but those of every publisher in the country; as they receive all new books of other houses as soon as published. It is this fact, together with the vast number of books issued by themselves, which renders their business one of such immensity, and makes their establishment the great jobbing book-house of the country.

To enumerate their various publications would require a volume; they embrace all subjects, scientific, historical, scholastic, &c. &c. Over one hundred books have been issued by them since the commencement of the year, many of which are among the most costly ever issued in the country, comprising, amongst others, the "Waverley Novels," in twelve volumes; "Schoolcraft's Work on the American Indians," elaborately illustrated with steel engravings by the best engravers in the country; "A Series of Histories of the States in the Union;" "Ancient Christianity," by Dr. Coleman; "Shakspeare," two editions, one in four volumes, and the other in one volume; and a numerous variety of school books, &c. &c. They have the stereotype plates of over two hundred volumes of standard works, from which they are constantly working off editions to supply the current demand. These plates cost, originally, over \$250,000. Of

Bibles and prayer-books alone, they sell upwards of fifty thousand copies yearly, and most of them bound in a superior style. In this class of books, their sales are next to those of the American Bible Society, Mr. J. B. Lippincott having, for years before he purchased an interest in this firm, enjoyed the reputation of being the "Bible publisher of the country." Of one book which they are now publishing, they issue daily one thousand copies bound in cloth, and this independent of the other works they have in press. After the above facts, our readers can well imagine why we were struck with astonishment at what we saw, and will, with us, give this house a just meed of praise for the enterprise they exhibit.

In the store, a view of which we give on the top of the first page, and which will doubtless be recognized by hundreds of booksellers through the country, are employed twenty-seven clerks, who have each their separate departments to attend to. This room is also used for packing; the books, after being sent down from the second and third story rooms, are here boxed up and sent to their various destinations. The second and third story rooms of the building, and one room in the adjoining one, are occupied as salesrooms, each one of which is about twenty feet wide and one hundred feet long. In these rooms, a view of one of which we give on the first page, there are thousands of volumes on the shelves on both sides of each, requiring the services of a number of salesmen to attend to the duty of selling and recording orders. In looking at the vast number of books in these salesrooms, and the constant operations of sending off and replacing, which pass before you, the wonder is what becomes of them all, and what an amount of capital is required to keep up such a stock. Few persons, without seeing, would believe the thousands of books which are daily sent from these rooms to every section of the New World, and to portions of the Old.

The fourth and fifth stories of their own and the adjoining buildings on each side are occupied as their bindery, and comprise eleven rooms. In them are employed over two hundred hands, men and women, in the various branches of bookbinding which we have previously described. Some of the finest specimens of binding ever executed in this country have been done in the establishment of Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., among the more prominent of which is a Bible which was presented to Queen Victoria.

In the semi-annual "trade sales," or sale of books by auction to booksellers only, which takes place in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. are one of the largest depositors and purchasers; and their enterprise and capital furnish employment to over five hundred workmen in their own, and other establishments employed by them.

## A SKETCH OF LIFE IN THE GRANITE STATE.

BY E. JANE CATE.

### CHAPTER I.

A RICHER evening twilight never visited us mortals than that which flooded Lake Massabesic, and the woods and rocks, and sands of its borders, as townward there came in sight a carriage "covered with the dust of travel." Here, the waters gleamed and flickered "like molten gold;" a little farther, they lay tranquil and blue as heaven; while away there, across those tracts of silver, dark as ruin they went, stealing back amongst the woods and hills, into the deep-reaching coves. Sail-boats and row-boats were near and far; just where they ought to be, to make the *ensemble* perfect, our travellers thought. Close beside the road were lambs, large enough, and old enough, to be sure, to stand there quietly and observe the travellers, and chew their cuds and look contented, as they saw their mothers and the cows do; but they did no such things. They too seemed to have delight in all the beauty and quietude there was in the place; and went running up and down the high rocks, trying which could run the fastest, leap the highest, and the most gracefully. Often there were heard grumblings among the old dams, over all this indecorum and danger of breaking their necks; but the lambs only danced up to them, gave them a roguish look, jumped over their backs, and then went dancing back to their sports.

"Look there, sister," exclaimed the gentleman, involuntarily stopping his horse. He pointed, as he spoke, to a little cottage amongst the shrubbery and trellises, and you could not know what else, it was so closed about by primeval oaks and vines, and trees of minor growth.

"There must be comfort there," sighed the lady.

"Yes, and genius, if it does work with hard hands," replied the gentleman, still looking at the house.

"The Malones—you remember hearing Mrs. Lane speak of their near neighbors, the Malones. That must be their house. Just look across the lake, among those hills, brother. Heavens! how dark and strange! Let us get out of the carriage."

They alighted, "both stood, both turned," and looked long, here and there, and all around, upon a scene of contrasted sublimity and loveliness, before which proud man might well bend his spirit in humble adoration, as that gentleman did; before which woman might grow faint with a thousand conflicting emotions, veil her face, and at last weep, as that lady wept. Farmer Brown passed them on

his way home from the field, with his boys and his long team. He, too, looked away to the lake and up to the sky. Wonder—if he gave thanks that his lot had been cast in such pleasant places? No; he said something about wind east, storm to-morrow; and, when he was beyond the hearing of our travellers, "More grand company going to Squire Lane's, of course," said he; and, "Yes, I'll warrant it," answered his sons.

And going to Esquire Lane's they were; for, still walking before the horse, they turned down the broad, straight avenue, which terminated in a carriage sweep, before a large farm-house. No one was without the house; but within our travellers heard sounds of laughter and running.

"Mrs. Lane's laugh; how like a child's!" said the lady. "See, as she said, no bell. She told you to 'pound three times with the head of your stoutest cane;' didn't she?"

"She told me so many strange things, I have forgotten. But—" rap, rap, rap, very softly went his cane on the door. No one came; but they heard a voice within say, "Was it you I caught, hus? or was it you, Frank? or what was it? Ah! I must have you in blinders yet, Mr. Lane."

"Heavens! then, if I don't have some revenge!"

"Ah, that was not fair, Mr. Lane. I caught you then, fairly. I will tell you. When we get you into blinders, you will take such long, straggling steps, so queer, we shall almost die laughing at you; and when you stoop to catch your little wife, she will go bounding over your head."

Rap, rap, rap, rap; and just at that moment Mr. Lane was caught, it seemed, for fresh laughter came, and now a manly voice chimed in loudly. The travellers entered; but then a difficulty in crossing the hall presented itself; for rugs, chairs, and foot-cushions had been brought out from the parlor in preparations for the game. The lady gave a spring, and landed fairly within the parlor, in full view of the little party.

"Who? what? Heavens, Miss Bartlett! let me shake you to pieces! let me kiss you forty times! Where did you come from?" Thus spake the mistress of that house, the prettiest, rosiest, happiest creature you ever saw.

"From Concord at sunrise," answered Miss Bartlett, as soon as she could speak for kissing and being kissed.

"And your brother, Miss Bartlett?" said Mr. Lane.

"Yes, go, Mr. Lane. I am positively wild with

delight; and I shall kiss him too. I will, husband mine," she added, running after him to the door. "I will, if it does make you provoked, and jealous, and—"

She did kiss him; and then turning, she again flung her arms around Miss Bartlett's neck and kissed her. As Mrs. Lane said, her husband and her friend Fanny had only chances of slipping their words in edgewise, for all her vociferous rejoicings and questionings. The gentlemen went out together to adjust baggage, etc.

"That is right, Fanny, you dear. Do be putting things in order. You see, Miss Bartlett, it is just as I told you it would be when you came to my house. I told you, you know, that, when you would promenade our rooms, you would be obliged to make your 'winding way' among mops—'wisely kept for show,' only—and every kind of rubbish. Yes, Fanny; do fix my hair a little: my curls are in my eyes, ears, and mouth. I wonder that Mr. Lane—old bachelor as he was, and so very particular—I wonder that he never scolded me; I think the good soul does try sometimes; but he soon finds himself laughing, and that is the end of it."

As Fanny arranged Mrs. Lane's hair, she said something in her ear about "fatigue, refreshment."

"Refreshment? Ah, yes; excuse my forgetfulness. You must be almost starved."

Miss Bartlett denied this; they had refreshed themselves at Hooksett, only a few miles back.

"Oh, but you must have some tea immediately," said Mrs. Lane in a pleading tone, and with her hand already on the door latch, "if it be only to taste our strawberries and cream, and—what, Fanny? my dress torn out at the gathering? 'Tis Fide's work: he is always sure to tear me, if he tears anybody. He jumped to my head once while we were at play, and caught his mouth full of curls. But tea, Miss Bartlett; you will have some tea with us?"

"Yes, for I am hungry; and this I haven't been before for weeks. This air from the lake is so cool on one's head, and so clear and exhilarating for one's breath, it makes one feel strong and—"

"And hungry; that is good!" interposed Mrs. Lane.

"Stay, Jeanette, and let me go," said Fanny, lifting her finger in laughing defiance to Mrs. Lane, as she passed her. Mrs. Lane kissed her hand after her, said, "You good one!" and then sat down in her cushioned arm-chair and began rocking herself vigorously as she talked.

"You are pale, Miss Bartlett," Fanny said, "and thin too. Say, Mr. Bartlett, has she been falling in love with uncle Gates? Has she?"

Miss Bartlett parted with some of her pallor; her brother said, "Well, I don't know."

"What does Mrs. Jones say? She always sees right through all such matters, so that people have come to regard her as a sort of oracle."

"Well, singularly enough for her, she seems in

this case determined to be 'reputed wise for saying nothing.'"

Fanny appeared at the door, beckoning Mrs. Lane.

"Yes, you dear," said she, leaving her chair. "Well, if this lasts, people at Franklin must certainly wear blank faces awhile, and go round saying, 'Another star has gone out.'"

The lively woman had talked herself out of the room; and together she and Fanny went singing across the dining-room. She returned in the next minute.

"Fanny is having things her own way to-night. This gives us both pleasure. I am so indolent! and she—young, unused to labor, graceful, and refined as she is—is yet so careful and busy! She will make the best wife in the world to the man who is so lucky as to secure her; he 'who gets gold gets trash,' comparatively. She assists me in so many ways!" added Mrs. Lane, with filling eyes. "She makes our home so elegant and tidy; extraordinary, such as you have seen, excepted. She knows my one greatest failing, and is, I think, determined on helping me to work out a radical cure. Well, we shall see, as Mrs. Jones says. You know Professor Grimes gave me a little order, constructiveness, and caution, and at the same time prodigious destructiveness."

"An unlucky combination, certainly," said Miss Bartlett.

"Yes, indeed, for a housekeeper. But I can see that I have gained already; so that, although not of the famed class *nascitur non fit*, I believe that one day I shall be able to manage with tolerable clearness."

"Then how happy you will be! You have such a noble husband! such a beautiful, beautiful home!"

"Yes; I assure you I have wept many times, thinking how unworthy I am of them both. I found but little trouble as long as I was at home: for if I did things wrong, the dear patient Emily was always at hand to put them right; and I just made sport for people. Even mother laughed at my accidents. She little knew the trouble it would make me some day, or how it would plague husband. He is so kind! I think he would lose patience with me, if he didn't half pity me. Fanny's bell. I must quicken husband and your brother's movements. They are stopping at every other step as they come." She met them in the yard, took her husband's hand, Mr. Bartlett's arm, and hurried them into the house.

"You don't know anything about how glad I am, Mr. Lane!" said she, looking up in his face with intense delight in her eyes. "They are the first visitors we have had to stop a good long time with us since we were married, you know, except Fanny. And we shall all have such good times, especially in the rainy days, when you can sit quietly with us in the house. I love those days. But chiefly I shall delight in making Miss Bartlett as healthy and fat as I am myself." Miss Bartlett's eyes filled at

the hearty kindness of Mrs. Lane's tone and manner. Mrs. Lane's eyes also filled, ever and anon; but at the same moment she went on laughing. Mr. Lane's eyes beamed affectionately, and yet quietly on his wife; he again extended his hand with friendly warmth to his guests; and then his eyes wandered toward the dining-room.

"Ah yes, tea you are thinking of, Mr. Lane. Fanny would prepare tea alone; and now it is waiting." Mr. Bartlett turned his eye out again upon the glorious evening, before he was ready to be seated at table; and his sister bent her face to rose sprays which came far into the windows from the yard. Mrs. Lane rejoiced not a little over Fanny's elegant table; and especially she rejoiced over Miss Bartlett's appetite. She could never be satisfied tasting the biscuit of eggs, cream, and flour; the rich custards, so cold and so exquisitely flavored, as is everything sweetened with maple sugar; and above all, the strawberries and cream! Mrs. Lane made them laugh not a little in one way and another; and, as for herself, she felt every moment her heart actually leap up in joy over all the happiness, and sociability, and busy though soft jingle and clatter of cutlery, spoons, and dishes, which she saw and heard before her. They talked of Concord people, and the doings of the legislature from whose session Mr. Lane had just returned, of all they would do there at Massabesic while they remained; and then, although it was a half hour since they had left their spoons in their cups, and their knives and forks across their plates, Mrs. Lane poured them out more tea, and they made no objections. Fanny helped them to more plums, and Mr. Lane to pound-cake, which, up to this time, had been left untasted. When Mr. Lane had said "Cake—will you not take some cake?" and when Mrs. Lane had added "Surely, you will take some cake?" they had answered, "No, thank you; but, if you please, some more of your biscuit and strawberries;" or "another custard."

After supper was ended, late though it was, they walked down the avenue, along the border of the lake, at the foot of the high hills; and those who had lately been so loquacious and gay were now thoughtful and still beneath the moonlight and amongst the dark shadows.

## CHAPTER II.

On the morning after the arrival of the Bartletts at Massabesic—but, then, I wonder who are the Bartletts? I wonder whether they are anybody? whether, after all, it is worth while writing about them? We can know about them by going to their archives, by which I mean, of course, those only archives which we Americans keep—fragmentary and scattered letters, diaries, day-books, family

Bible perhaps, and perhaps a genealogical chart, title-deeds, wills, and sundry other documents; and sundry of their neighbors, together with the oldest inhabitant thereabouts. But this surely would be a wearisome and perplexing process. I know a vastly better and altogether practicable one; but its adoption would be such a daring innovation upon all respectable precedents! "I would be, to the common method of romancing, *perhaps* what Fulton's crazy steam-concern was to the mighty old white-winged ships of the line; and I verily fear that people, after they had looked on awhile sideways, would go off shrugging their shoulders, and muttering self-complacent things about folly, presumption, &c. &c.

"For a' that an' a' that," however, I will venture thus: I have a very dear friend, born on the same day and in the same hour as myself. "Sitting on the same stool, working both on one flower, on one sampler," both weeping when one wept, both laughing when one laughed, and so on, is the tale of our united life up to this day. We never differ at the very core of our hearts; but we have misunderstandings, quite lively quarrels sometimes, and then one pulls one way, and the other the other way. But mutual comprehension and forgiveness follow directly; and with the greatest complacency we say that, although the spirit is always willing, the flesh is sometimes weak; and hence we go wrong. She is of the *Pensée* family, my friend. You know the *Pensées*. Not to know the *Pensées* "argues one's self unknown;" and so it must be that you know the *Pensées*. A very ancient, honorable family, you know; very powerful, sometimes differing wonderfully the one from the other in their characteristic traits, but alike in this: the whole family are the most active or the most profound *thinkers*; whether naturally, or only habitually by way of giving significance to their name, cannot be specifically determined. *Par parenthèse*, it may be that some of my readers need to be told that *Pensée*, being interpreted, is *thought*, or *fancy*, or *sketch*.

My friend Marie *Pensée* is an intensely interesting being; she "centres in herself such strange extremes!" Now she is pale, cold, solemn, drawn to her utmost altitude, and stately as an empress, and you fear and worship her from afar; then blooming in her happy excitement, ardently affectionate, holding you in her arms, or sitting like a child at your feet; and you love her, love to lean your head on her and rest. Now she sits with great old tomes all about her, bending over them all day long, getting spine-ache and melancholy; then she goes through the house, yard, and garden, like one of the Graces, hiding your books and pen, making you try with her on the carriage-sweep which can run the fastest, full of all manner of happy and childlike frivolities.

She wears, in summer, white mostly. When she is in pensive mood, a robe of rich white merino,

full, draping her feet, and heavily embroidered in cream-colored silks; when she is gay, a frock of illusion lace, with sleeves and skirt looped and festooned, one can scarcely see how, in delicate fresh flowers. In winter, she wears drab cloth and heavy jewelry when she is thoughtful; otherwise, black mostly, enlivened by the finest embroidery in collar, cuffs, and handkerchief. But in all her moods she maintains one peculiar attribute, a most wonderful prescience; one peculiar characteristic, a kind of lawless, and yet perfectly innocent eccentricity. She is *Marie Pensée*, and none other, at all times, with all people. And this chiefly, and because we harmonize so well, is why she is my chosen friend of all others.

She is very often at our house. When I sit at my table and write, she keeps quietly on the sofa behind me, employing herself in one way and another as her humor happens to be; and, in candor, I would never know what to do without her in this business of story-telling; because, of whatever I wish to know, she can usually inform me. She is so busy here and there! such a traveller! never fatigued, never in need of resting, and scarcely ever of sleeping. There is no house whose very *penetrabilia* she cannot reach. No human heart, when it is perfectly right and proper that she should enter, can shut itself effectually against her ingress; no human countenance can so mark itself that she does not say to me, He frowns, he weeps, and now he smiles again. This is surely a great, a responsibility-involving gift. So Marie feels; and she is careful to use it aright; in the love of her neighbor, in the love and fear of her God. Could she act unmindful of this fact one moment, that same moment herself and her power would be parted forever.

As my readers have no doubt conjectured ere this, my plan is to ask Marie about the Bartlett's. Perhaps she will attend to me not in the least. She is so in a habit of abstractions and mystifications, and then is still for hours, only turning leaves slowly as I hear her now.

"Marie dear, what are you doing, tumbling over those great books so long? And all those rocks! what can you be doing with them? even the commonest, granite, feldspar, and serpentine. One would think that by this day you knew enough about them, their formations, their depositions, their combinations, and all other of their *ations*."

MARIE. You repeat yourself, dearest, when you talk. But just look at this now. See how curiously they are packed together: pyrites—feldspar, rose and white—quartz, white and smoky—mica, black and white—and—

"Well, my good Marie—"

MARIE. Well, dearest, I have been studying about things all day. If professors would only agree sometimes, one wouldn't be at such a loss. But between the Huttonian and Wernerian theories, one is wretchedly perplexed. Look at this, please.

Think of things, of seams, strata, deposits, veins, and all such things, and then which seems most likely, that this earth was once melted by heat or dissolved by water? Hutton or Werner, which do you favor?

"Oh, indeed, I don't know. I just wonder and hold my breath over the one supposition and the other; for a moment, long, as I never long for anything else, to understand how it was; and, by that time, I have the heartache and am tired; therefore I run away from it all, saying, 'Who shall decide when doctors disagree?'"

MARIE. That is comfortable, if one can only do so; but—. You know what geologists say about primary, transition and secondary rocks. How do you suppose—

"Pray don't ask me, Marie! I don't suppose anything; I really don't know anything about it. I studied geology in the schools, you know; and really thought I understood it. But afterwards inquiries and doubts came. I read Lyell, Cleveland, Silliman, Bakewell, and everything else I could get hold of—almost made a shadow of myself—only to find it all the time growing darker and darker the farther I went, that is, in some points. Then I folded my hands to wait until the way is better lighted, or the guides are better agreed. I advise you to do the same; or at least to rest a day. You are so pale, your eyes are so large! I am going to pack away these old encyclopedias under the table, thus! You shall sit in this best easy-chair close by me, thus! Now we will have a pleasant time talking about people and things. Together we will make out a story illustrative of some good proposition in household, agricultural, or political economy; and will not this be a better deed, in these days of stumbling and inquiring, than just satisfying yourself whether this earth was baked or boiled?"

MARIE. Perhaps so; but please don't burlesque things in this way. What are you doing this morning, pray?

"Not much, it must be confessed. I have been thinking about Jeanette Eastman. You remember she married a Lane, a rich old bachelor, of Manchester. He fell in love with her, you know, seeing her in the lobby at the State House; and she with him, hearing him speak on the small-bird act, you remember."

MARIE. Yes indeed! and how people troubled themselves because they were so unlike; because he would marry her when she was so incorrigibly wild and careless; and because she would marry him when he was so old, dignified, and quiet; and how they opened their eyes on me when I tried to make them comprehend that the truest, heavenliest harmony comes not from striking with two fingers both on one key. Heavens! what insipidity there would be then! And what an insipid thing this married life would be, if, when the husband said *fa*, the wife said *fa*; and when the wife said

la, if the husband opened his mouth just as wide, and said *la*. I couldn't live so! I would rather have storms and earthquakes; wouldn't you, dearest? wouldn't you rather have storms and earthquakes?

"I don't know, I am sure."

MARR. Well, I know. I have thought not a little about it; and I feel it more and more that I could never love one who was not unlike me, who was not greater or less than myself. There are plenty of agreeable men who are younger, thinner, or softer than myself. Those I could love with all my heart; but as mother loves you, I fear; and this would be entirely wrong, you know, between man and wife. Enough more are like me—just as tall, just as strong, just as firm. Heavens! I am in torture every time they come near me! I can't endure them! So the man that I love and wed must be prodigiously tall, prodigiously strong and clever, prodigiously old, prodigiously fat, or something of that sort.

"I presume so. Do you know what kind of a wife Jeannette made?"

MARR. Why, she went on improving. She still goes on improving, and there is no danger of such people. Here is a letter she sent to her family when she had been married six months. She says:—

"I must tell you how I succeed in housekeeping; for I know Em's good, kind heart has feared not a little for me; I know *now*, too, how much reason it had to fear. Thanks to my husband, thanks to Fanny, and thanks to Heaven, I am gaining day by day—slowly, 'tis true, but surely—in everything that goes to make the good, careful housekeeper. I say this in grateful joy; and I know you will rejoice with me. I used to be downright discouraged whenever I allowed myself to think of my fault. This was seldom, you know; for it seemed to me then that I never could be careful and prudent, like you, sister. But there was only wanting a motive to earnestness. This I have now, in love for my husband and in the sincere desire to be worthy of him, and not to give him pain. You all laughed at me at home—father, mother, you, and all. You were dear good ones. Never girl had kinder. But if you had lain on my shoulders the whole weight of all the displeasure you had reason to feel, then, you know, I really could not have borne that; and I should have set myself at work in earnestness and perseverance to be rid of my wretched habit. But I so loved to make you all and everybody laugh so heartily! 'A head full of mirthfulness and destructiveness,' you know Professor Grimes told me; and I believe it; for all I wanted to do was to see things going to ruin and people laughing at it. I was never so happy as when I had spoiled myself, clothes and all, unless indeed some one fell down with a peculiar awkwardness and made horribly discomfited faces about it.

"And now—ah, I might confess many recent sins

of this sort! Husband is kinder than ever to me at such times: but sad, so that I half cry and kiss him in the next minute, and then all goes straight. I still love to put myself into bad plights, and I always shall; and if I do grow old, and have babies, I shall amuse them and myself and husband many a stormy day, and making full-moon faces at them; and putting on a queer cap or bonnet bent into all manner of shapes, and putting strange metamorphoses upon their little bodies. Husband likes sport as well as I do; I have ascertained this; that is, if it is not carried too far. He looks slightly sorry or anxious if I go one step too far—he has such a nice sense of propriety!—and is my 'thus far, and no farther.' So you see that, as I told you, he is just the husband I need: and I begin to hope that, as he often declares, I am just the kind of wife he needs. He is naturally so grave, so almost melancholy, and so busy at his work and studies!

"Tea is almost ready, dearest," Fanny says; and she gives me a loving kiss. The dear girl helps me like a sister. She is helping herself most, she declares; and, indeed, you would all be surprised to see how fresh and plump she is growing. She scarcely ever touches the piano; never embroiders of late; but works and walks here and there, and always upon the spring. In this way her spine is daily getting stronger and freer from pains. Bless her! This is what I say in my heart twenty times a day. The Bartletts too are darlings! so perfectly accomplished! and at the same time so cordial and lively! I assure you we are the happiest family in the world. And now I must go to my beloved ones, after I have said to the beloved ones at my other home, 'Ah, if you were only here, father, mother, sisters, brothers, to sit at my table! if I might pour tea for you all, and see your eyes brighter over my cooking, the world would not hold a happier child than your Jeannette.'

"9 o'clock. We have supped, and worked, and walked; and now soon we must go to our rest. We have had a busy day of it, all of us; and to-morrow we shall have one busier still; for there will come, before the sun rises, a troop of haymakers to help Mr. Lane. Then do you not think we will have some busy days? Yes, indeed. Every night we shall go to bed tired, but thankful; thankful that we can labor; thankful that labor is pleasant and healthful. Mr. Bartlett too is to put on thick gloves, and wide-brimmed hat, and work in the field; while early in the cool morning, Miss B., Fanny, and I are to go with wide aprons on, hair put smoothly back behind our ears, and in short sleeves, boiling pots full of beef and ham, and baking ovens full of bread and pies. Mr. Lane wants to hire a girl through haying and harvesting, we shall have so many work-people a part of the time; but this is so impossible, you know, finding a girl; for all the farmers' daughters that can possibly be spared are away in the factories. Besides, I should steadily decline,

any way. I shall work no harder than he will; and Heaven help me to bear my full share of the burden and the heat of the day! I am delighted to work; to feel fatigue working for him, he is so good, so dear to me. God bless him! As Tiny Tim says, 'God bless everybody! God bless us!'

"Don't fail to come at the time you have promised. Tell Charley to see well to the snow-white gosling which is to be fatted for the Thanksgiving dinner. Tell Susan to be a quiet girl, and keep her drawers in order. Tell them all that Jeanette loves them. Tell them that, happy as she is in her new home, she yet finds her heart aching to see them; and believe me ever,

"Your own JEANNETTE."

"A dear good creature, isn't she, Marie? But I pity her, I am sure, with such a troublesome fault, and so painfully conscious of it."

MARIE. She would be the more to be pitied if she had the fault, and still was unconscious of it. Still it is best to feel for her, dearest. It is best to feel for everybody who has faults and who mourns over them; and this would be feeling for everybody that lives.

"Everybody does not—everybody has faults certainly, enough of them. But then some people care nothing about it. I know some people who have a thousand times worse faults than Jeannette's, who yet care nothing about it. Whenever you see them, they are upon the *qui vive*, flitting like butterflies, and mouths wide open in laughter."

MARIE. This is nothing. You never know how they feel in their still chambers. You never know how they feel at the very moment. Think if you never laugh and talk folly when you feel like sitting down alone and weeping over this same folly? when you long to go away and fall on your knees begging for mercy, for strength, and clearness to reach a nobler life, a higher comfort! And who of all those that look on your laughter and folly know this? Who but the great Searcher of hearts knows how much people everywhere suffer? Think what He said, dearest, and this was because "He knew what was in the heart of man." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He does not add, "If he seem good; if he seem sorrowful after going wrong; if he seem penitent;" but simply, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." What sublimity there is in this, when we think who and what our neighbors are! Have you never thought, dearest, how the whole life of the good Saviour was one unwavering, beautiful comment on this text! Wherever we see him, you know, there He was loving his neighbor, doing good to his neighbor, to the rich and poor, to the good Mary and the woman of Samaria, to the learned rabbi and the poor fisherman; for he saw the heart, and knew that all suffered in one way or another, and that all had need of kindness and love.

"You say what is true, Marie; and would to Heaven that we all, that everybody might feel this every moment! Then how kind and loving we would all be! How we would go taking people by the hand, looking them kindly in the face, saying, 'brother,' 'sister.' Then how the degraded would lift their heads! How their poor, dull hearts would be stirred, and what warmth and light would go round into the cold, dark, shut chambers of a soul here and a soul there! Heavens! I do believe, Marie, that every spot, every heart might be made light, and good, and comfortable, if only those who have so many candles burning under bushels, so much benevolence, so many good impulses in their hearts, so much love, so many kind words on their tongues—if they would only let them come out into the world, and spread and diffuse themselves. Ah, I mean to"—

MARIE. Well, dearest, after all, don't mount up thus. This is what you are often saying—I mean to. I presume you do mean to. So does everybody; but, pardon me, I never see any great thing that you do, that anybody does. You all mean to. Still, you all go on rocking in your easy-chairs, and so the kind word is never spoken. The poor creatures are never taken by the hand; nor do they hear it said kindly in their ears, Brother, Sister. Hence they go on, never thinking that there is kindness anywhere in the wide world; that in any heart they are thought of, cared for.

"Oh dear, yes, I know it is just as you say; and it is vastly too bad that there should be so much despondency in the world, such degradation, when just speaking and acting out the goodness there is in us would make people so hopeful, and so much better, too. I am sure I hope that I, for one, shall do better some day. But I want to ask you, Marie. Jeanette mentions the Bartletts in her letter. Were they?"

MARIE. The Bartletts, of State Street, Concord. Mrs. Jones's relatives, you remember.

"Yes, indeed; and how she was always talking about them, always losing herself amongst 'their cool verandahs and shady balconies, mazy shrubbery and splendid exotics, magnificent hangings of damask, chenille, velvet, and embroidery; their antiques and their marbles, limestone marbles, ruin-jasper marbles, and serpentine marbles; their ottomans, and taborets, and brioches; carriage, lap-dog, servants, and paintings—splendid paintings! by Charles himself, and by the masters even, brought from Italy! And then their circle, so select!—but really I must go—their friends and themselves contributing the very cream of the *élite*! Oh, you have no idea—but, I declare, eleven o'clock! and Fanny knows no more about getting dinner than a child. But I never know how to get away from you. And I haven't told you half. So like a palace their house is—granite front, marble steps, white as if they were never stepped on; but, then, Vinia is so



nice! She is just right for Uncle Eates, I am always telling them both. And I sha'n't wonder—but I *shall* go now; so, this very minute, good morning—good morning. Do call; remember now. Ah, good morning—a beautiful morning! I can never find the unfastening of your gate. Oh, don't trouble yourself; here it is. Good morning, again! Now, Marie, wasn't that just like Mrs. Jones?"

MARIE. Yes; but, although I laugh, I certainly don't think it very pretty in one who says so much about benevolence, charity, politeness, and so on, as you do, to take one off in this way.

"Tis for your good, child. Don't you see? I always do these things for your good, of course, or for somebody's good."

MARIE. Heavy shocks! To say the truth, there is a certain proverb which I think you ought to wear in your bosom-pin, or else to hang before you in a frame. Guess what it is.

"This, of course, 'Let him that is without sin,' *et cetera*. I humble myself not a little over your suggestion. But now let this all pass. And the Bartletts were really so superb!"

MARIE. Yes; they were eminently good, accomplished, and true-hearted. They had their faults, like other people, nevertheless. Vinia, as Mrs. Jones calls her, and as we will call her, if you please—Vinia had *causé*, because she was idle; because, with a brain active and powerful enough to bear her out in any undertaking, she yet undertook nothing but waking, dressing, eating, trying one thing and another to be rid of the long, dull days, and then sleeping again without relish and without thankfulness. Thus, with all her wealth, talent, and strength of mind and body, she yet drivelled. No one was very much better for her being in the world; and she herself, at times that is, was consumed by a yearning to be away in Heaven, where she might move freely, and reach and clasp the beautiful and the pure, which here she perceived so dimly and afar off, and which here she could never reach. She was a poor child; and there are a great many such sufferers in this world, more than the "hewers of stone and drawers of water" and the poor wayfarers think, else they would not so often repine when they see the rich roll by them in carriages, leaving them plodding far behind. It is the truth, that Vinia's *causé* was a heavier burden on her than are all the toils and privations of the industrious and virtuous poor on them.

"I have no doubt of it; idleness is so horrible! I could never be idle and live. I have such energies, such—I don't know what, bounding hither and thither through my veins and nerves, if I walk, I must go bounding, if it isn't becoming in a lady of my years and of my altitude. And, when I write, I must make my pen go scratch, scratch, like this, Marie, if the editors and composers can never make it out what it all means."

MARIE. Except in the evening twilight hours,

you mean, I suppose. I don't know anybody so idle and *lazy* as you are then.

"Ah yes, I must except evening twilight time."

MARIE. And who, pray, holds her hands and rocks so much as yourself, and is so languid in mid-summer?

"Well, it is so hot then—so hot then; but now"—

MARIE. But now—yes; and even Vinia has her *snows*, and so has everybody.

"I suppose it is so. And this is the way it always is, Marie; between you and Truth, I can never exalt myself, that straightway I am not justly abased. I remember Mrs. Jones told us a pretty story of Mr. Bartlett's western travels; of his painting the portrait of a very beautiful young girl, just as she sat, *d l'abandon*, among the prairie flowers, with her hat and work-basket on the turf at either side. She said he carried the picture everywhere; she expected he said his prayers to it. He had returned to Illinois, to 'make a wife of her,' nobody doubted. But he came back looking blue. He had had reasons of looking blue ever since; for he missed her. She had moved, with her family, to these regions somewhere; nobody could tell him where."

MARIE. That is all true. And there is a great deal more that you would be intensely interested in hearing about, and which yet I cannot to-day stop to tell you.

"Do."

MARIE. No.

"Well, tell me about the Malones, then. I just know about them up to the time of the Bartletts going to Massabesic. I know that Captain Malone paid his *devoirs* chiefly to Napoleon Bonaparte; that he called his beautiful little spot 'The Briers,' in memory of him; and that, to give the name an appropriateness, he brought sweetbriers, an abundance of them, to his yard and wayside. I know he named his son Napoleon, and his daughter Josephine; and that, as one grew in beauty and the other in manliness, as one elegance after another came to their home, he found greater and still greater satisfaction in calling them 'the emperor' and 'the empress.' I know, also, that still they were comparatively poor, still struggling. It would delight me not a little to learn that the rich artist had the wisdom to lay his little prairie flower away in some old *Aortus siccus*, and to take to himself, in *hies* thereof, a fresh, sweetbrier of Massabesic. Did he, Marie? Do tell me just this."

MARIE. No, I must study now. And you—you can be writing what you already know; and in this way, as you said in the beginning, illustrate some point in domestic or agricultural economy. I can't see that together we have done anything in this way. My encyclopedias—yes, here they are. *Ad revoir*, dearest.

## CHAPTER III.

It was on the evening of the arrival of the Bartletts at Massabesic, that a pale, intelligent-looking lady of fifty sat alone in the pleasant little parlor of the Malones. Evidently she had sat down burdened with heat and lassitude. She had cast off her slippers, and her feet lay apart on the cushion before her. The strings of a light purple morning-dress, which she still kept on, were unfastened, and it hung loosely about her. One hand, with its long slender fingers, supported her head, while the other rolled the corner of a handkerchief, on which her eyes were vacantly fixed. This was the good, the patient, the industrious wife of Captain Malone, the daughter of Colonel Bamford, of Illinois.

We will just recapitulate how she met the young, adventurous, and romantic Malone, one day when he was on *chasse* for wild horses, and she for wild flowers; how he easily and at once gained a heart that had resisted the attacks of a British officer and a Canadian buffalo hunter, of a pedagogue from New Hampshire and a pettifogger from New York, of a real live poet from Ohio, besides some six, eight, or ten bucks of her native wilds; how she trusted and married him for his open, handsome face, his manly form, his tender and sensitive heart, for his strong arm, and for his cottage in the Granite State, amongst the lakes, and hills, and mountains. Of this latter, Malone himself thought nothing. It had been given him as a mere bauble when he was a boy, and as a bauble he had regarded it up to this day.

She married him. Years passed, and yet his wild spirit was seeking adventures in the far West. They went from State to Territory, and from Territory to State, as new and dazzling prospects of finding at last a very Eutopia were held up to him by some visionary like himself. Then he turned to his native hills; but not until he had dealt in acres by the thousand, so that his ten acres of stony soil, and his unfinished house, seemed only meet for a Lilliputian. As may be easily conceived, Mrs. Malone had found her lot no sinecure in all this failure of schemes, all this moving about. Many and severe had been her struggles with deferred hopes, poverty, toil, with sacrifices of long and dearly-cherished tasks and occupations; and, in this ordeal, her flesh had, indeed, often become weak; but her spirit had become strong and ready for conflict. And, in the last four years of severe self-denial and toil, she had set her oft-faltering husband a perfect example of trust and patient industry. A long time she gave up her books, the dearest solace in her other deprivations, snatching only a few minutes now and then for the perusal of their one weekly paper, her Bible, and an occasional new work in the cheap form, with whose purchase they indulged themselves. She gave up her flowers, her fancy-work, and her pencil, and let her guitar lie unstrung and covered

with dust in an unfinished room, turning her hand to the wheel, the loom, the wash-tub, and all the lowliest occupations of her lowly sphere. Every night found her weary, yet not often unhappy; for she was satisfied with herself, and she blessed God that it was for her to make sacrifices for the good ones who were dearer far to her than her own ease and comfort; and every morning, with strengthened purpose, she commenced the labors of a new day. In all this, there was gleaming afar one bright oasis—the purchase of a fifty-acre lot, which lay along the lake and across the hills. For this they had all been working early and late, at home and abroad, dressing simply and dieting frugally. When the deed was fairly in their hands, they were all to draw long breaths; Josephine was to remain at home with them, and extended improvements were to be carried on in the house and all over the fifty-acre lot. In one grove of pliant birches, a *living* arbor was to be formed by bending the trees and weaving their tops and their branches together. In those old woods, a labyrinth was to be cut out, beginning and ending at the lake. In the sheltered nooks, plum-trees were to be planted; and so all around. Not a spot was to be left unimproved, and, God helping them to health, rains, and sunshine, they would make a good living and lay up something there; and, besides, make such a beautiful spot of it, that everybody should find delight in looking on.

Meanwhile, on the beautiful and light-hearted Josephine, the mantle of poetry, which the parents had dropped, seemed to have fallen. Busy as a bee from morning till night, always bounding, yet always collected and fruitful of expedients, she managed in a thousand delightful ways to assist her parents when they were weary, to cheer them when they were sad, to beautify the garden and the home. To the last, she had been able to contribute materially in the last two years, by spending nine months of each year in the mills of Lowell. She had obtained seeds, and slips, and roots in abundance. She had seen new models of elegance in yard, garden, and house decorations. Upon these she had worked. With her father's and Napoleon's aid, and slight outlays occasionally for materials, she had brought the home to be, as the Bartletts said, a little gem. Now—when this chapter opened, that is—she was in her little room adjoining the parlor, filling a small, much-worn, fur-covered trunk with her simple wardrobe. To-morrow, for the last time they all hoped, she was to go away again from them all, from the spot whose very dust she loved, to that strange city, Lowell. It was for this reason chiefly that, as she sat to rest, and as she went about preparing supper, Mrs. Malone sang, in a voice of heart-touching mournfulness—

"Oh, thou, that driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when disturbed and wounded here,  
We could not turn to thee!"

"Here are your clothes, Josey, dear. I believe they are perfectly aired—

"If, when disturbed and wounded here,  
We could not turn to thee!"

said and sang the mother, as she carried some clothes from the frame to her daughter. "Poor child, you are tired! Sit down here now, and let me pack the rest. No; I can't be put off with a shake of your head. Your cheeks look as if the blood were coming through them. I shall have time enough to rest after you are gone; while you"—

Her voice failed. She left the room, saying something about supper and seven o'clock; and then, in a few moments, with a voice faltering as Josephine had not heard it for years, she sang—

"How dark this world would be!"

She turned again, restlessly, to Josephine's room.

"I don't know why it is, Josephine, but I have never felt half so bad about your going away as I do now; not even when you went the first time. There, let me finish. It will be necessary to crowd the things to get all in."

"And so, mother, this is the very reason I shall not let you do it. You—I never saw you look so very, very tired as you do to-night. I am sorry; I ought to have taken one more day. But I am in a hurry to begin, that, as soon as possible, I may be through. And then I can come home to stay, mother!" She said no more; but the mother and the daughter wept together.

"Do you know, Josephine," said the mother, "I am sure I don't think I am at all superstitious, but a dread of something has settled here like lead, and I have no power to remove it. You are smiling at me; but you must not think your mother a poor, weak woman; indeed, you must not."

"No, indeed, mother; but"—

"And yet I am weak. The truth is, I am tired of this struggle. I dread what is before me, in having you go away for so long. Your father and Napoleon will be gone so much; and then the cold winter days and stormy nights! If you were here, I should never mind them. But, as it is, I lie awake and think of you, fearing that you haven't bed-clothes to keep you warm in the great boarding-house; that you are sick, perhaps dying at that moment; and sometimes I am so foolish, so excited, as to get the horrible fancy that you may be perishing in the snow on your way to us; and I can scarcely keep myself from going and looking out for you in the darkness and storm. I dread this. And taking all the care on myself again; and there are many other things; and, if it were not for your poor father, Napoleon, and you, I would be glad to lay my head down on that pillow and go at once to the eternal rest. But, Josephine, my poor, dear child, you are crying. Come here."

Josephine sat down at her mother's feet, laid her

face on her lap, and, for a few moments, wept like a little child.

"I was very selfish to complain," said Mrs. Malone, in more cheerful tones. "I suppose you already had as much trouble of your own account as you could well bear. There, that is right. We will sit here now and rest until they come to supper. I don't know where your father is." And again her face was clouded. "Have you noticed of late, and especially to-day, that your father isn't at all like himself, so quiet and serious? I don't know; he don't seem unhappy really; but he don't talk, says nothing of his business plans, and this is so unlike him these last four years. I sometimes fear that his old habits, old troubles, and perplexities are all coming back. But it can't be; he is so industrious! so systematic in everything! Yet he looks at us all in such a sad, still way, as I never saw him do before; and, this morning, I saw his eyes fill several times."

"So did I, ma; but he looked so happy and good! I have no fears for pa—not one fear for him."

"Only he may be sick," persisted Mrs. Malone, who was as unlike Mrs. Malone as she could well be. "He was pale, certainly, this morning, and so changed! He seemed so very, very kind, so tender of us all!"

"Well, we shall soon see that it is all right, my mother. The clock strikes; they will soon be here. There, Rido's bark! the emperor's laugh! and pa's, too, ma!—and pa's, too! There they are, father and Napoleon, stopping to talk with grandpa; and they point to the fifty-acre lot. And, in one year, it will be ours, ma; and then good-by to the mills! And then sha'n't we be the happiest family in the State? Say, pa," she added, springing to the door to meet them, "sha'n't we be the happiest of all, when once this year is over, and?"—

Her father caught her nervously to his bosom, and kissed her forehead. She perceived, as he did this, that he trembled, and that tears were in his eyes. Mrs. Malone also saw it, and perfectly understood the look of apprehension Josephine turned to her. She felt paralyzed, sick, and faint at heart. Pecuniary embarrassments had been the prolific source whence all the troubles of her life had come. The poet's complaint—

"I never loved a flower  
Which was not the first to fade"—

variously modified, had been hers. Excepting her husband and children, she had scarcely ever set her heart upon anything.

"But, when it came to know her well,  
And love her, it was sure to die."

And now, in those moments of fearful suspense, visions of accumulated bills, sheriffs, and sales of execution, of a dreary and poverty-laden old age,

passed before her bewildered thought, and she could have shrieked with such horrible apprehensions. She passed her hands slowly across her forehead.

"Peace be unto this house, I may well say now, and thanksgiving to our God!" said the old gentleman, whose slow steps had just gained the room. Tears were streaming down furrows which seemed made purposely for their channels. He laid his hand on his granddaughter's head as he spoke. The emperor stood there—has my reader ever seen a bright-eyed boy at lyceum or theatre, who felt from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet that that was coming off on the boards which ought certainly to be cheered and encoored, and who yet waited the example of his elders, with humus busing upon his tongue, with his feet on tipped toes, and with open palms grasping nervously his knees? Thus stood the emperor there. His mother and Josephine saw it; still it did not much reassure them; for, like the other Emperor Napoleon, his sagacity often failed him in minor matters. Mr. Malone's was an expression that would have puzzled Lavater even. He laid aside his hat, and glanced at his wife; put the hair back from his broad forehead, and glanced at his daughter; and, as he looked on the table, and said something about supper being ready, he drew out his pocket-book and began to search for a—a bill of execution, thought Mrs. Malone; and, O Heaven, have mercy! with every breath, thought Josephine, who shivered now from head to foot with apprehension.

Meanwhile, very slowly, Mr. Malone opened a slip of paper, and read, in deliberate tones, a deed of the fifty-acre lot, for value received, duly signed and attested. Mrs. Malone gave not a look, she spake not a word; but, covering her face deep in her handkerchief, she wept in a thousand conflicting emotions: in penitence that, at last, when she had been so long and so faithfully sustained of her God, when the cup of joy which had so long been held out before her as the prize of her patience, her self-denial, and her faith, was near her, even at her lips, that then she had lost her trust; and in thanksgiving she wept, for the ten thousand mercies she then saw in husband, children, parent, and home, seemed floating like white-winged angels in the whole place, making it "none other than the house of God, and the very gate of Heaven." Josephine, too, wept, and she laughed in the same moment.

"Now, mother, now sis, if this isn't pretty well!" This was all the emperor said. And he attempted to laugh; wiped a tear with his finger-point, and this was all; when all along he had been determined on shouting, in all his might, hurrah! *Io triumphe!* hurrah for the fifty-acre lot! upon throwing his hat in the air, clapping his hands until they were blistered, and upon making bonfires on all the elevated positions of the lot. But, instead, he went softly away to his chamber, looked out on the fifty-acre lot, where lay now the golden light of sunseting,

burnishing lake, rock, and tree; and then wept one minute in downright joy that, at last, they had got it; that then it was fairly theirs; that they were all so happy then; and, most of all, that now his darling Josephine might stay at home, sing to him, walk with him, breathe with him at any hour the pure air of heaven, and listen with him to the birds, the brooks, and the winds among the waves and the trees.

Josephine likewise rejoiced in this. But with her there were counteracting emotions, remembrances of pleasant and beloved faces at Lowell, which now she would see no more. There were many loving hearts there amongst her fellow-operatives, that longed now for her coming; that would mourn her loss as sister mourns for sister. For one there, who had mourned herself sick for the late loss of parents and home, her heart ached as the mother's does, when, in pursuit of ease or pleasure, she takes herself for a while from her vigils at the sick bed of the beloved and loving child, whose eye kindles only at her approach, whose head finds a perfect repose only when her hand smooths the pillow, and whose spirit seems tearing its fragile body in its yearning to cling to her only, her always. And yet perhaps her friend might recover sufficiently to come to Massabesic. Happy thought! Then she would take her out to pleasant rides and pleasant walks. She would feed her with warm new milk and ripe berries. She would lead her slowly about among the romantic beauties of the fifty-acre lot; and together, as her friend became stronger, as her heart grew light, they would help work out those improvements that had been planned in the last four years. She would introduce her to the Lanes, those good people; and Mr. Lane would strengthen her with his strength, Mrs. Lane cheer her with her happiness, her loving kindness.

Josephine set the chairs about the table. Napoleon showed his face in their midst. Mrs. Malone wiped her tears; but still her chin quivered, still her eyes filled ever and anon.

"But why did you keep it all from us so long, Mr. Malone?" asked she, as they seated themselves at table.

"Why, we have been so often cheated, you know, when we thought ourselves secure, I could not run the risk of again disappointing you."

"Yes, we have been often cheated; but you have said that it was because you were led by your tastes rather than your judgment, and so planned groves, labyrinths, and parterres, when you should have been working on corn-fields and turnip-yards. Now, when we have all been so prudent, when you had succeeded so well in your vegetables, how could you fear?"

"I feared nothing but sickness. This, doctor's and nurse's bills, loss of time, and other costs, would, in a little time, have put off the purchase another year."

"Yes, true. Thank Heaven, we were preserved so well!"

"Yes, yes, thank Heaven, to be sure!" said their neighbor Brown, a bustling little body, who entered just then.

He was the independent owner of an independent fortune; *id est*, he had a farm and a mill, a house in town, and money in the bank, and stock in bridges and railroads; only a few hundreds, to be sure, in each deposit, he was so wretchedly fearful of incendiaries, bankruptcies, floods, and earthquakes. There, at the lake, he had a great farm tolerably well tilled, a great wife tolerably well willed, a great barn very well filled, and a great house. Of tall sons and small daughters he had an abundance; and, withal, he had an abundance of pride on their behalf. He had many other things. Of the book family, he had ensconced on a little dingy shelf in one corner of his kitchen, first, a Bible. This he read much, ay, studied; and it was chiefly to ascertain, with positive correctness, whether John wrote the Book of Revelations before or after the destruction of Jerusalem; what was meant where Christ says, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" and about the seven vials and seals, and beasts and candlesticks. Secondly—I present them in the order in which they were arranged on Mr. Brown's shelf—secondly, a copy of the "New Hampshire Gazetteer," and there was no end to the lore Mr. Brown and his whole family had gathered from that. Thirdly, "Thinks I to Myself," and truly a nondescript affair was this, without beginning and without end; its original cover gone—and this was too bad, the Browns all said, it was such a beautiful red—and in its stead was a soiled cover of brown paper, securely fastened through the back with black thread, accurately chain-stitched and cross-stitched. Its title was elaborately written out on that same cover, beset on all sides with the most extensive flourishes, on the angular principle chiefly. Said cover was the product of the combined skill of John and Patty, when the one was eighteen and the other twenty, and the cause of oft-expressed regret on the part of Mr. Brown that he "hadn't give 'em a better edication." "Thinks I to Myself" was Mr. Brown's favorite, of all others, as marginal notes, hieroglyphics, which no one but himself could comprehend, leaves turned down, marks inserted, together with incidents and passages which he was forever relating and quoting, demonstrated. Fourthly, a stray copy of "Godey's Lady's Book;" and it would take an hour to give Mr. Brown's version of its history; how he obtained it one time when he went to Concord, before Manchester was a city, with a load of pork and poultry; how he read the story called "Mrs. Washington Potts" to Miss Lane and Miss Malone, and showed the pictures to some hunters that stopped there to get some bread and cheese; what Miss Lane and Miss Malone said of the story, and what the hunters of the pictures. There were

old almanacs, whose enigmas, laws, problems, and prognostications were perfect wonders to Mr. Brown. He always shook his head over them, and said, "Wall, I don't know; some folks have pretty considerable of one thing and another in their heads, that's a fact." Of pictures, he had nailed up in his parlor several six by nine wood engravings—"Man Friday," "Little Pompey," &c. &c. These he had regarded as perfect prodigies up to the time of the removal of the Lanes and Malones. Then "the greater glory dimmed the less."

"Yes, thank Heaven, of course," repeated he, as he advanced to his seat, his little head nodding and waving about like a plume, and his eyes blinking in a way that he meant should be highly intelligible. He shook them all heartily by the hand. "Yes, I'm glad for ye," said he. "We've allers been good friends, and I expect we allers shall be, if you get to be the master o' a dozen fifty-acre lots."

*En passant*, be it known, that Mr. Brown acknowledged no standard of worth but wealth; and, as he was one of the richest men in Manchester, he thought himself one of the most honorable of her sons, albeit others were more intelligent, more generous, and more just. Hence it was strange to him that he had not yet been in the legislature; passing strange that Mr. Lane, only half so rich, was preferred before him!

"And our young folks 've allers been pretty thick, if I've seen right, 'specially our John and your Jos'phine here. You han't forgot the ride you had in my new sleigh, I s'pose, last winter, have you, Jos'phine? He! he! ha! I remember, you called it dedicatin' the sleigh. I've luffed more 'an a little at that idea o' yourn. Wall, wall, never mind. You may ride in it as much as you 've a mind to. Captain, now if you was like Mr. and Miss Twist in my book of 'Thinks I to Myself,' and if I was like 'Thinks I to Myself's' father, we might jine our lots—Josephine can guess how—and then we'd make all Manchester stand one side. Ha! ha! and, captain, you could do as somebody did I read about in a paper I see once, called 'The Boston Post.' Somebody—a man that hadn't nothin', nor that neither, hardly—was telling one day, says he, 'Deacon—Deacon somebody, I've forgot who—'Deacon Somebody and I keeps twenty cows.' 'How many does the deacon keep?' says t'other. 'Nineteen.' Pooh! boo! boo! ha! Ain't that a good hint, captain?"

"But a hint upon which I should be the last one to act, you know," answered Mr. Malone. "Take some supper with us, Mr. Brown?"

"No, I guess I won't; I shall find supper enough to home."

"I presume so. You know, I sha'n't hold my head an inch higher for this acquisition. On the contrary, a greater humility and thankfulness than I ever felt before I feel now. I feel like bowing in

the dust in thankfulness to God, who has blessed me so much when I had been such a poor steward so long. Isn't it so with you, Eliza?"

His eyes were swimming in tears as he turned them to his wife. She could only bow in reply, and then she raised her tumbler to her lips to conceal her emotion.

"You all take it oddly enough, that's a fact," said Mr. Brown, moving nervously in his chair. "I suppose you'll give your folks tea and coffee to drink arter this, Miss Malone?"

"No; we all love cold water. It is the cheapest and the healthiest drink."

"Strange! Wall, you'll have sumthin' else for your suppers, sha'n't you, besides bread, and butter, and plums?"

"Not often. We are all perfectly satisfied with it; and it is economical and"—

"Ah, I don't know about that," and the little man's head nodded and waved, while his eyes and mouth performed sundry knowing contortions. "I don't know about that. We've had pretty considerable to do in the eatin' line, and I've thought a great deal about the cheapest way of doing things; and I think"—Mr. Brown always emphasized I—"and I think the cheapest way is to get good vittles, and enough on 'em, and a good many kinds. It's the best way. Now, for our suppers, we shall have cold meat and taters, cake, and butter, and sarse, sweet cake and pie; besides tea, and sugar, and cream, and pickles, and cheese; yes, and pepper, and salt, and vinegar. You laff; but we shall have all on 'em, I'll warrant ye; and, arter all, we sha'n't eat no more vally in all these things than you amongst you will in bread, and butter, and sarse."

"Allowing this," answered Mr. Malone, smiling good-humoredly, "it takes no more than fifteen minutes to get our suppers: and your wife"—

"Why I suppose it takes her on an average at least an hour; and she has almost all the galls on the spring helpin' her."

"Well, you see we have one decided advantage, in economy of time, and time is our best estate."

"I s'pose ye have. But then how spindlin' ye all are! As one of them 'ere hunters said, your wife is like a pondy lily and Josephine is like a rosy; and you'd find 'twould take no more to blast 'em than 'twould such things. Now our boys, Joseph and John, could take 'em both and carry 'em to the top of that mountain away off there; but you nor 'Poleon couldn't carry one-half of our Patty up that hill."

How the emperor laughed then! "Do you remember, Mr. Brown, how I outran, outclimbed, outlified, and outleaped your boys last Fourth of July? how I reached that hill-top while they were panting and holding themselves together half-way down its side? Do you remember?"

"Wall, wall! as I said before, you are so spindlin'!"

"Yes; well, since 'tis to bread and water we owe it that we are thus spindling, I must still throw up my hat for bread and water." He left the table as he spoke; bowed gracefully to Mr. Brown as he took his hat; kissed Josephine in passing, and sang to her, "Come, come, come! come to the sunset tree." In a moment his hoe was heard in its progress amongst the gravel and weeds of the garden, and Josephine was at his side helping him.

Mr. Brown sat a while as if in uneasy cogitation, with his eyes fixed on the open door where Josephine had vanished.

"I'd give a dollar to know how it is, faith! Somehow your boy and gall have got lightness of spirits as well as lightness of body. I never yet see the day when my boys could make a bow like that 'Poleon made; nor that my galls could sail out o' the room as Josephine did then."

"To tell you the truth, neighbor Brown, I think light and simple diet the best promoter of light and cheerful spirits, an easy conscience of course excepted."

"Wall, I don't know but 'tis, faith! come to think of it, for I never feel so much like begrudging the hogs their comfort laying in the straw, as I do just arter I've been eatin' hearty. 'Tis so confounded hard to work then!" He ended with a—

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"But, Marie!—Marie! Come here now and see me make a drawing of Mr. Brown, that queer man at Massabesic. The outline of his visage, see! 'tis round, just like a pumpkin. His eyes, they might have been somewhat elongated primitively; but now they are as round as a half-dime. I will fix some dark rags at their corners; for, round as they are, they yet have the look of being asquint. This comes probably from his being at all times so conscious of his shrewdness. His nose, you see, is a decided pug. His mouth is the trouble. I have already drawn three outlines; one, three one-half inches in width; another circular, two inches in circumference; the other a medium. The last is probably his mouth's standard. His chin is a snub of all sorts of indentations and convulsions."

MARIE. How you talk, dearest!

"How I have occasion to, dearest! There! I shall certainly be obliged to let his chin go at that. 'Twould be as easy to represent accurately his head's gyrations as his chin. His attitude—ah, 'more's the pity!' 'Tis Dickens's and Marryat's and Hall's vast picture of Yankeeism in caricature. His chair must be tipped back and lodged against the wall, thus: his legs thrown over each side of the chair-bottom, thus: and while the one is left dangling, the other must be twisted round clinging to a chair-round, thus. But, Penseé, don't laugh quite so loud; the doctor will be showing his face at the door. See! isn't that capitally done? his head and body bent forward in this manner, one hand with arm acutely-angularly-akimbo"—

MARIE. Mercy, dearest!

"Ha! and see; its fellow-hand is left free to make gestures, or drum with the knife it holds on the chair-bottom between his legs, or to whittle bits which he picks occasionally from the contents of the wood-box at his side. Oh! he ought to have been drawn spitting. He is always spitting, you know, real yellow tobacco juice. The monster!"

MARIE. You make me shudder, dearest. Pray, do you honestly think we have any reason to be vexed with Dickens, or Trollop, or anybody who—

"No indeed! no indeed! not even with that writer of the 'Edinburgh Review' who said that Americans spit as soon as they are born, spit through life, and at last spit out their expiring breath."

MARIE. But then, poor Mr. Brown!

"Yes; poor Mr. Brown. We will not scorn him at all instinctively as we are inclined to do this. Like many in this our day and generation, he inherited a bad organization from parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents, who lived mostly in the sensual; together with bad habits from a father, whose only care it was to add yet other acres to his farm, yet other hundreds to his glittering horde, and yet other horses, cows, chickens, turkeys, and geese to his homestead menagerie. True, the son must learn to read, write, and cipher, at least as far as through interest. This was indispensable in the art of acquiring and retaining property. The daughters likewise must learn somewhat of the same; for they might be widows and have estates to settle. But into all the mysteries of all sorts of cookery, and other work, they must be thoroughly initiated. Habits of acquisition and saving must be ingrafted into their very being. Pity that these habits did not extend themselves into that branch of household economy where their fruits would have been really saving—the dietetic! But no; here also the animal reigned. To eat abundantly, superabundantly, and of food of superabundant lusciousness, was a prime article of the elder Brown's creed. And when his conscience whispered him, as it sometimes did, about his deeds of extortion, fraudulent bargaining, and so forth, he silenced its reproofs by referring to his generously furnished board, his overflowing larder, the plenty he spread before all who claimed his hospitalities. Something more conscience said about his being just before he could be generous, but in fainter and fainter tones. So that he went on in his self-justifications, ay, in his self-glorifications; and hugged the closer his delusions as death began beckoning him away. He died a wretched, wretched death. Then the papers wrote him 'a faithful husband, an indulgent parent, a benevolent neighbor, and a good citizen.' His funeral text was, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his,' his epitaph, 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.' Ah, Marie, how full is this world of

temptations to get wealth—to get it by some means—at any rate, to be rich!"

MARIE. Alas, yes! And still, dearest, not so great and many are they, if one looks a little below the surface. Mr. Brown would have been a miserable man in all his hardness of soul, if this adulation and all the deference he met had been sincere. But they were only lip and hand service; matter-of-course homage to his wealth and assumed consequence. Everybody read his other and true inscriptions written in blood and tears on the hearts and on the brows of all those he had wronged and cheated. Everybody could see the scars of wounds he had been all his lifetime making, in treading upon all the low and feeble on his march to wealth. Ah! let him rest in peace, dearest. Never envy him, nor any like him the miserable pittance they get for all their anxiety and toil. And the son of such a man, the present Mr. Brown, pity him! Rub out that drawing.

"Pity him I will, I do from my very heart; but rub out his picture I will not. I will show it to him, and to others like him; for, if they are to be pitied, if they are not very, *very* much to be blamed, all things considered, 'they yet need to see themselves as others see them;' they yet need to mend for their own sakes, for their neighbors', and for the sake of the capacities that God has given them for usefulness, improvement, and happiness, and which they do so neglect or misapply."

## SONG.—TO THEE, MY LOVE.

BY SAMUEL M'NUTT.

AWAY from thee, my gentle one,  
From Fanny distant far,  
I rove alone; but thou art still  
My loved, my guiding star.

When morning's gay and silver light  
Is shed o'er wold and lea,  
My early thought is borne away  
To thee, my love, to thee.

At noonday, in the forest glades,  
I range the wildwood free;  
But still my fancy wings away  
To thee, my love, to thee.

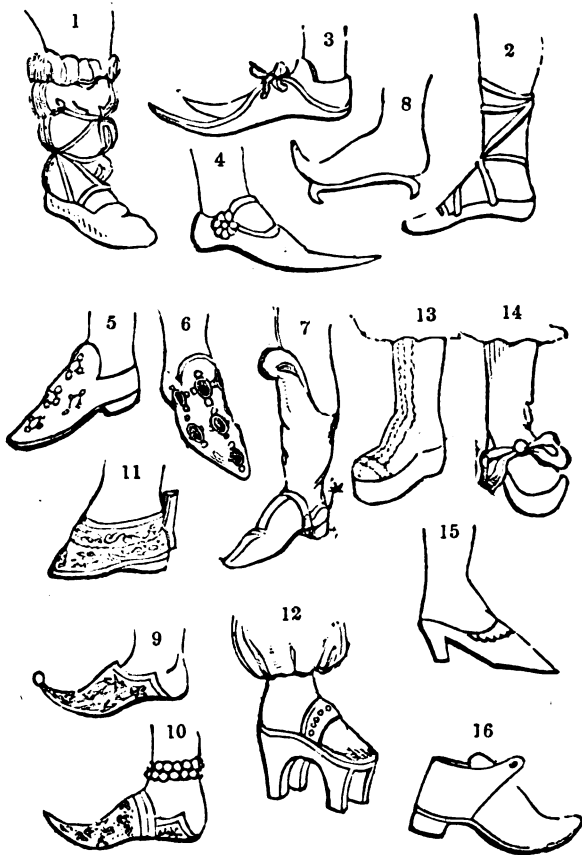
And when the last fair tints of eve  
Forsake the world and me,  
Fond mem'ry brings me back again  
To thee, my love, to thee.

The land of Dreams, with gems and flowers  
Of other years, I see:  
I'm there, amid its golden gleams,  
With thee, my love, with thee.

At morning, noon, and dewy eve—  
On shore or silv'ry sea—  
My heart still turns, as to a star  
To thee, my love, to thee.

## HISTORY OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

### NO. IV.—ON THE MORE MODERN FORMS OF FOREIGN BOOTS AND SHOES.



UPON critically examining the various forms assumed by the coverings for the feet adopted by the nations around us, we shall find that they were in no small degree modified by the circumstances with which they were surrounded, or the necessities of the climate they inhabited.

Thus, the northern nations of Europe enswathed their legs in skins, and used the same material for the shoes, binding the whole in warm folds about the leg, the thongs being fastened to them in the manner represented in Fig. 1, and which is copied from a full-length figure of a Russian boor, in 1768. The sandal of a Russian lady of the same period is given in Fig. 2, and the men of Friesland, at the same time, wore sandals or shoes of a similar construction, the common people generally wearing a

close leathern shoe and clog, something like those in use in the Middle Ages; one delineated in Fig. 3, of our plate, and is represented on the feet of a countrywoman in the curious series of costumes of Finland, engraved in Jeffery's collection of the dresses of different nations, published in 1757, and which were copied from some very rare prints, at least a century earlier in point of date. Another female's shoe is given in Fig. 4; it is a low slipper-like shoe, and is secured by a band across the instep, having an ornamental clasp, like a brooch, to secure it on each side of the foot, it was probably a coarsely made piece of jewelry, with glass or cheap stones set around it; as the people of this country at that time were fond of such showy decorations, and particularly upon their shoes. The noblemen



and ladies always decorated theirs with ornaments and jewels all over the upper surface, of which we give two specimens in Figs. 5 and 6; the former upon the foot of a nobleman, the latter upon that of a matron of the upper classes. It will be seen that both are very elegant, and must have been very showy wear.

The boots of a Hungarian gentleman, in 1700, may be seen in Fig. 7, and such boots were common to Bohemia at the same period. They are chiefly remarkable for the way in which they are cut upward from the middle of the thigh to the knee, and then curl over in front of the leg.

A Tartarian lady, of 1577, is exhibited by John Wiesel, the engraver of Nuremberg, in his work on dress, in the boots delineated in Fig. 8. They are remarkable for the sole to which they are affixed, and which was, no doubt, formed of some strong substance, probably with metallic hooks to assist the wearer in walking a mountainous country where frosts abound.

Descending towards the south, we shall find a lighter sort of shoe in use, and one partaking more of the character of a slipper, used more as a protection for the sole of the foot in walking than as an article of warmth. Thus the shoes generally used in the East scarcely do more than cover the toes; yet, from constant use, the natives hardly ever allow them to slip from the feet. The learned author of the notes to "Knight's Pictorial Bible," speaking from personal observation of these articles, says: "The common shoe in Turkey or Arabia is like our slipper with quarters, except that it has a sharp and prolonged toe turned up. No shoes in Western Asia have ears, and they are generally of colored leather—red or yellow morocco in Turkey and Arabia, and green shagreen in Persia. In the latter country, the shoe or slipper in general use (having no quarters) has a very high heel; but, with this exception, the heels in these countries are generally flat. No shoes, or even boots, have more than a single sole (like what we call 'pumps'), which, in wet weather, imbibes the water freely. When the shoe without quarters is used, an inner slipper, with quarters, but without a sole, is worn inside, and the outer one alone is thrown off on entering a house. But in Persia, instead of this inner shoe of leather, they use a worsted sock. Those shoes that have quarters are usually worn without any inner covering for the foot. The peasantry and the nomade tribes usually go barefoot, or wear a rude sandal or shoe of their own manufacture; those who possess a pair of red leather or other shoes seldom wear them except on holiday occasions, so that they last a long time, if not so long as among the Maltese, with whom a pair of shoes endures for several generations, being, even on holiday occasions, more frequently carried in the hand than worn on the feet. The boots are generally of the same construction and material as the shoes; and the general form may

be compared to that of the buskin, the height varying from the mid-leg to near the knee. They are of capacious breadth, except among the Persians, whose boots generally fit close to the leg, and are mostly of a sort of Russia leather, uncolored; whereas those of other people are, like the slipper, of red and yellow morocco. There is also a boot or shoe for walking in frosty weather, which differs from the common one only in having under the heel iron tips, which, being partly bent vertically with a jagged edge, give a hold on the ice, which prevents slipping, and are particularly useful in ascending or descending the frozen mountain paths—reminding us of the sort of boot worn by Tartarian ladies, as given in Fig. 8. The shoes of the Oriental ladies are sometimes highly ornamented; the covering part being wrought with gold, silver, and silk, and perhaps set with jewels, real or imitated. Examples of such decorated shoes are given in Figs. 9 and 10, and will sufficiently explain themselves to the eye of the reader, rendering detailed description unnecessary. The shoes of noblemen are of precisely similar construction.

In China, the boots and shoes of the men are worn as clumsy and inelegant as in any country. They are broad at the toe, and sometimes upturned. We give a specimen of both in the subjoined woodcut. They are no doubt easy to wear.



Not so are the ladies' shoes, for they only are allowed the privilege of discomfort, fashion having in this country declared in favor of small feet, and the prejudices of the people having gone with it, the feet of all ladies of decent rank in society are cramped in early life, by being placed in so straight a confinement that their growth thus retarded, and they are not more than three or four inches in length from the toe to the heel. By the smallness of the foot, the rank or high breeding of the lady is decided on, and the utmost torment is endured by the girls in early life to insure themselves this distinction in rank; the lower classes of females not being allowed to torture themselves in the same manner. The Chinese poets frequently indulge in panegyrics on the beauty of these crippled members of the body, and none of their heroines are considered perfect without excessively small feet, when they are affectionately termed by them "the little golden lilies." It is needless to say that the tortures of early youth are succeeded by a crippled maturity, a Chinese lady of high birth being scarcely able to walk without assistance. A specimen of such a foot

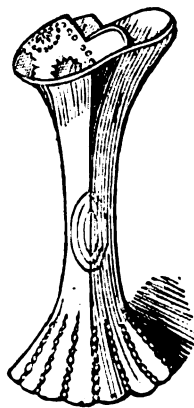
and shoe is given in Fig. 11. These shoes are generally made of silk, and embroidered in the most beautiful manner with flowers and ornaments, in colored silk and threads of gold and silver. A piece of stout silk is generally attached to the heel for the convenience of pulling up the shoe.

Having bestowed some attention on ancient Egypt, we may briefly allude to the shoes of modern times, as given in Lane's work devoted to the history of the manners and customs of the modern Egyptians. They, like the Persian ones, have an upturned toe, and may with equal ease be drawn on and thrown off. Yet a shoe is also worn with a high instep and high in the heel, which will be best understood by the first figure in the accompanying cut.



The Turkish ladies of the sixteenth century, and very probably much earlier, wore a very high shoe known in Europe by the name of a "chopine." In the voyages and travels of N. de Nicholay Dauphinois, Seigneur D'Arffreville, Valet de Chambre and Geographer to the King of France, printed at Lyons, 1568, one of the ladies of the Grand Seigneur's seraglio is represented in a pair of chopines, of which we copy one in Fig. 12. This fashion spread in Europe in the early part of the seventeenth century, and it is alluded to by Hamlet, in Act II, Scene 2, when he exclaims, "Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine;" by which it would appear that something of the kind was known in England, where it may have been introduced from Venice, as the ladies there wore them of the most exaggerated size. Coryat, in his "Crudities," 1611, says: "There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and towns subject to signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed—I think—amongst any other women in Christendom"—the reader must remember that it was new to Coryat, but a common fashion in the East—"which is so common in Venice that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad—a thing made of wood, and covered with leather of sundry colors; some with white, some red, some yellow. It is called a *chapiney*, which they never wear under their shoes. Many of these are curiously painted; some of them I have also seen fairly gilt; so uncomely a thing, in my opinion, that it is a pity this foolish custom is not clean banished and exterminated out of the city. There are many of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seem much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also, I have

heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chapineys. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women, when they walk abroad, to the end they might not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." In "Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare," a woodcut of such a chapiney, or chopine, is given, which is here copied, and it is an excellent example of the



thing, showing the decoration which was at times bestowed on it.

Douce quotes some curious particulars of this fashion, in "Raymond's Voyage through Italy," 1648, and the following curious account of the chopine occurs: "This place (Venice) is much frequented by the walking May-poles; I mean the women; they wear their coats half too long for their bodies; being mounted on their *chippeens* (which are as high as a man's leg), they walke between two handmaids, majestically deliberating of every step they take." Howel also says of the Venetian women: "They are low and of small stature, for the most part, which makes them to raise their bodies upon high shoes, called *chapins*, which gave me occasion to say that the Venetian ladies were made of three things: one part of them was wood, meaning their chapins; another part was their apparel; and the third part was a woman. The senate hath often endeavored to take away the wearing of those high shoes, but all women are so passionately delighted with this kind of state that no law can wean them from it." Douce adds that "some have supposed that the jealousy of Italian husbands gave rise to the invention of the chopine," and quotes a story from a French author to show their dislike to an alteration; he also says, that "the first ladies who rejected the use of the chopine were the daughters of the Doge Dominico Contareno, about the year 1670." The chopine, or some kind of high shoe, was occasionally used in England. Bulwer, in his

"Artificial Changeling," p. 550, complains of this fashion as a monstrous affectation, and says that his countrywomen therein imitated the Venetian and Persian ladies. In "Sandy's Travels," 1615, there is a figure of a Turkish lady with chopines, and it is not improbable that the Venetians might have borrowed them from the Greek islands in the Archipelago. We know that something similar was in use amongst the ancient Greeks. Xenophon, in "Economics," mentions the wife of Ischomachus as wearing high shoes, for increasing her stature. They are still worn by the women in many parts of Turkey, but more particularly at Aleppo. Douce's notice of their antiquity is curiously corroborated by the discovery in the tombs of Ancient Egypt of such shoes; they are formed of a stout sole of wood, to which are affixed four round props, raising the wearer a foot in height; specimens were among the collections of Mr. Salt, the British Consul in Egypt, from which some of the choicest Egyptian antiquities in the English national collection were obtained. The other remark of Douce's, that they were probably derived from the Greek islands of the Archipelago, is confirmed by the fact that high-soled boots and shoes were much coveted by the ladies there, to raise their stature, and were worn when chopines had long been disused; thus the high-soled boots delineated in Fig. 13 are found upon the feet of "a young lady of Argentiera," one of these islands, in a print dated 1700; and, in another of the same date, giving the costume of a lady of the neighboring Island of Naxis, the shoe shown in Fig. 14 is worn.

Of the modern European nations with whom we have been most in contact—England, Spain, France, and the Netherlands—their boots and shoes have so nearly resembled our own as to render a detailed description scarcely necessary. Indeed, as France has been tacitly submitted to as the *arbitrer elegantiarum* in all matters of dress, much has been derived from thence.

There was, however, a French shoe that we do not ever appear to have adopted: it was made low in the quarters, and ended at the instep; there was no covering for the heel or the sides of the foot beyond it. The fashion spread to Venice; and the figure of a Venetian lady, of 1750, has supplied us with the specimen in Fig. 15.

The *sabots* of France is another peculiarity which was never adopted elsewhere. They are generally clumsy enough; their large size and bad fit are generally improved by the introduction of others made of list, which give warmth and steadiness to the foot. A small wooden shoe is, however, made in Normandy and elsewhere, much like that which came into fashion about 1790, with an imitation of its fringes and pointed toe, and which is generally painted black; the ordinary *sabot* being totally unadorned, and the color of the wood. In the cut here given, both are introduced. The first figure is

the ordinary shoe, and the second, the extraordinary or genteel one.



And now having, in the pursuit of our history of boots and shoes,

"Travelled the wide world all over,"

let us not dismiss the subject without a parting look at the "Brogues" of Ireland, which, upon the authority of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, especially deserve our attention. In their work on Ireland, they engrave the figure of this article, which we copy, Fig. 16, and say: "The brogue, or shoe, of the Irish peasantry, differs in its construction from the shoe of any other country. It was formerly made of untanned hide; but, for the last century at least, it has been made of tanned leather. The leather of the uppers is much stronger than what is used in the strongest shoes; being made of cow-hide dressed for the purpose, and it never had an inside lining, like the ordinary shoe; the sole leather is generally of an inferior description. The process of making the brogue is certainly different from that of shoe-making; and the tools used in the work, except the hammer, pinchers, and knife, bear little analogy. The awl, though used in common by those operators, is much larger than the largest used by the shoemaker, and unlike in the bend and form. The regular brogue was of two sorts, the single and double pump. The former consisted of the sole and uppers only; the latter had a welt sewed between the sole and upper leather, which gave it a stouter appearance and stronger consistency; in modern times, the brogue-maker has assimilated his manufacture to the shoe by sewing the welt on an inner sole, and then attaching the outer sole to it, in shoe fashion. In the process of making the regular brogue, there formerly were neither hemp, wax, nor bristles used by the workmen, the sewing all being performed with a thong, made of horsehide, prepared for the purpose." Thus the construction of this article is quite different from that of the English shoe; and it is made and stitched without a last, the upper leather and side being secured by sewing together; it is then turned inside out, and, for the first time, put upon the last, and being well fitted to it by a smooth iron surface, it is placed before the fire to dry and harden. "The heel of the brogue is made of what they call 'jumps,' tanner's shavings stuck together with a kind of paste, and pressed hard and dried, either before the fire or in the sun. This, when properly dried, is cut to the size of the heel and sewed down with the thong, and then covered with a top piece of very thin sole leather, fastened on with deal or sally pegs; and in this one

particular they had to boast over the shoemakers in the neatness of execution. When the brogue is ready to be taken off the last, they give it the last finish by rubbing it over with a woollen rag saturated in tallow, and then the brogue is considered fit for sale. The brogue is worn larger than the foot, and the space is filled up with a sap of hay or straw. They are considered by the country people more durable for field labor, being less liable to rip in the sewing than if put together with hemp and wax; and, being cheaper than shoes, are in more general use, although there are few people, particularly females, who can afford it, who do not keep shoes for Sunday or holiday wear. The brogue-makers pride themselves in the antiquity of their trade, and boast over the shoemakers, whom they consider only a spurious graft on their most noble art."

Sir Walter Scott, in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," has noticed a peculiarity in the make of the "original" shoes of that country, in the notes to the ballad of the "Souters," or shoemakers of Selkirk, who achieved immortality in song by their

bravery in aiding their sovereign, James IV., in the fatal field of Flodden. He says, "the single-soled shoon," made by the souters of Selkirk, were a sort of brogues, with a single thin sole; the purchaser himself performing the further operation of sewing on another of thick leather. The rude and imperfect state of this manufacture sufficiently evinces the antiquity of the craft. He notices "a singular custom observed at conferring the freedom of the burgh. Four or five bristles, such as are used by shoemakers, are attached to the seal of the Burgess ticket. The new-made burgess must dip in his wine, and pass through his mouth, in token of respect for the souters of Selkirk. This ceremony is on no account dispensed with." And when Sir Walter afterwards adds, in a note, that he has "himself the honor to be a souter of Selkirk," we may feel the additional zest that would give to the chorus of their old trade song:—

"Up wi' the Souters of Selkirk,  
And down wi' the Earl of Home;  
And up wi' a' the braw lads  
That sew the single-soled shoon!"

## THE MYSTERIES OF A FLOWER.

BY PROFESSOR E. HUNT.

FLOWERS have been called the stars of the earth; and certainly, when we examine those beautiful creations, and discover them, analyzing the sunbeam and sending back to the eye the full luxury of colored light, we must confess there is more real appropriateness in the term than even the poet who conceived the delicate thought imagined. Lavoisier beautifully said: "The fable of Prometheus is but the outshading of a philosophic truth—where there is light, there is organization and life; where light cannot penetrate, Death forever holds his silent court." The flowers, and, indeed, those far inferior forms of organic vegetable life which never flower, are direct dependencies on the solar rays. Through every stage of existence they are excited by those subtle agencies which are gathered together in the sunbeam; and to these influences we may trace all that beauty of development which prevails throughout the vegetable world. How few there are of even those refined minds to whom flowers are more than a symmetric arrangement of petals harmoniously colored, who think of the secret agencies forever exciting the life which is within their cells, to produce the organized structure—who reflect on the deep, yet divine philosophy, which may be read in every leaf:—those tongues in trees, which tell us of Eternal goodness and order!

The hurry of the present age is not well suited to the contemplative mind; yet, with all, there must

be hours in which to fall back into the repose of quiet thought becomes a luxury. The nervous system is strung to endure only a given amount of excitement; if its vibrations are quickened beyond this measure, the delicate harp-strings are broken, or they may undulate in throbs. To every one, the contemplation of natural phenomena will be found to induce that repose which gives vigor to the mind—as sleep restores the energies of a toil-exhausted body. And to show the advantages of such a study, and the interesting lessons which are to be learned in the fields of nature, is the purpose of the present essay.

The flower is regarded as the full development of vegetable growth; and the consideration of its mysteries naturally involves a careful examination of the life of a plant, from the seed placed in the soil to its full maturity, whether it be as herb or tree.

For the perfect understanding of the physical conditions under which vegetable life is carried on, it is necessary to appreciate, in its fulness, the value of the term *growth*. It has been said that stones grow—that the formation of crystals was an analogous process to the formation of a leaf: and this impression has appeared to be somewhat confirmed, by witnessing the variety of arborescent forms into which solidifying waters pass, when the external cold spreads it as ice over our window panes. This is,

however, a great error; stones do not *grow*—there is no analogy even between the formation of a crystal and the growth of a leaf. All inorganic masses increase in size only by the accretion of particles—layer upon layer, without any chemical change taking place as an essentiality. The sun may shine for ages upon a stone without quickening it into life, changing its constitution, or adding to its mass. Organic matter consists of arrangements of cells or sacks, and the increase in size is due to the absorption of gaseous matter, through the fine tissue of which they are composed. The gas—a compound of carbon and oxygen—is decomposed by the excitement produced by light; and the solid matter thus obtained is employed in building a new cell—or producing actual growth, a true function of *life*, in all the processes of which matter is constantly undergoing chemical change.

The simplest developments of vegetable life are the formation of *conferve* upon water, and of lichens upon the surface of the rock. In chemical constitution, these present no very remarkable differences from the cultivated flower which adorns our garden, or the tree which has risen in its pride amidst the changing seasons of many centuries. Each alike has derived its solid constituents from the atmosphere, and the chemical changes in all are equally dependent upon the powers which have their mysterious origin in the great centre of our planetary system.

Without dwelling upon the processes which take place in the lower forms of vegetable life, the purposes of this essay will be fully answered by taking an example from amongst the higher class of plants, and examining its conditions, from the germination of the seed to the full development of the flower—rich in form, color, and odor.

In the seed-cell we find, by minute examination, the embryo of the future plant carefully preserved in its envelope of starch and gluten. The investigations which have been carried on upon the vitality of seeds appear to prove that, under favorable conditions, this life-germ may be maintained for centuries. Grains of wheat, which had been found in the hands of an Egyptian mummy, germinated and grew; these grains were produced, in all probability, more than three thousand years since; they had been placed, at her burial, in the hands of a priestess of Isis, and in the deep repose of the Egyptian catacomb were preserved to tell us, in the eighteenth century, the story of that wheat which Joseph sold to his brethren.

The process of germination is essentially a chemical one. The seed is placed in the soil, excluded from the light, supplied with a due quantity of moisture, and maintained at a certain temperature, which must be above that at which water freezes; air must have free access to the seed, which, if placed so deep in the soil as to prevent the permeation of the atmosphere, never germinates. Under

favorable circumstances, the life-quickenning processes begin; the starch, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, is converted into sugar by the absorption of another equivalent of oxygen from the air; and we have an evident proof of this change in the sweetness which most seeds acquire in the process, the most familiar example of which we have in the conversion of barley into malt. The sugar thus formed furnishes the food to the now living creation, which, in a short period, shoots its first leaves above the soil; and these, which, rising from their dark chambers, are white, quickly become green under the operation of light.

In the process of germination, a species of slow combustion takes place, and—as in the chemical processes of animal life and in those of active ignition—carbonic acid gas, composed of oxygen and charcoal, or carbon, is evolved. Thus, by a mystery which our science does not enable us to reach, the spark of life is kindled—life commences its work—the plant grows. The first conditions of vegetable growth are, therefore, singularly similar to those which are found to prevail in the animal economy. The leaf-bud is no sooner above the soil than a new set of conditions begin; the plant takes carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and having, in virtue of its vitality, by the agency of luminous power, decomposed this gas, it retains the carbon, and pours forth the oxygen to the air. This process is stated to be a function of vitality; but, as this has been variously described by different authors, it is important to state with some minuteness what does really take place.

The plant absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere through the under surfaces of the leaves, and the whole of the bark; it at the same time derives an additional portion from the moisture which is taken up by the roots, and conveyed “to the top-most twig” by the force of capillary attraction, and another power called *endosmosis*, which is exerted in a most striking manner by living organic tissues. This mysterious force is shown in a pleasing way by covering some spirits of wine and water in a wine-glass with a piece of bladder; the water will escape, leaving the strong spirit behind.

Independently of the action of light, the plant may be regarded as a mere machine; the fluids and gases which it absorbs pass off in a condition but very little changed—just as water would strain through a sponge or a porous stone. The consequence of this is the blanching or *etiolation* of the plant, which we produce by our artificial treatment of celery and sea-kale—the formation of the carbonaceous compound called *chlorophyle*, which is the green coloring-matter of the leaves, being entirely checked in darkness. If such a plant is brought into the light, its dormant powers are awakened, and, instead of being little other than a sponge through which fluids circulate, it exerts most remarkable chemical powers; the carbonic acid of the air and water is decom-

posed; its charcoal is retained to add to the wood of the plant, and the oxygen is set free again to the atmosphere. In this process is exhibited one of the most beautiful illustrations of the harmony which prevails through all the great phenomena of nature with which we are acquainted—the mutual dependence of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

In the animal economy, there is a constant production of carbonic acid, and the beautiful vegetable kingdom, spread over the earth in such infinite variety, requires this carbonic acid for its support. Constantly removing from the air the pernicious agent produced by the animal world, and giving back that oxygen which is required as the life-quickening element by the animal races, the balance of affinities is constantly maintained by the phenomena of vegetable growth. This interesting inquiry will form the subject of another essay.

The decomposition of carbonic acid is directly dependent upon luminous agency: From the impact of the earliest morning ray to the period when the sun reaches the zenith, the excitation of that vegetable vitality by which the chemical change is effected regularly increases. As the solar orb sinks towards the horizon, the chemical activity diminishes—the sun sets—the action is reduced to its minimum—the plant, in the repose of darkness, passes to that state of rest which is as necessary to the vegetating races as sleep is to the wearied animal.

These are two well-marked stages in the life of a plant; germination and vegetation are exerted under different conditions; the time of flowering arrives, and another change occurs, the processes of forming the alkaline and acid juices, of producing the oil, wax, and resin, and of secreting those nitrogenous compounds which are found in the seed, are in full activity. Carbonic acid is now evolved and oxygen is retained; hydrogen and nitrogen are also forced, as it were, into combination with the oxygen and carbon, and altogether new and more complicated operations are in activity.

Such are the phenomena of vegetable life which the researches of our philosophers have developed. This curious order—this regular progression—showing itself at well-marked epochs, is now known to be dependent upon solar influences; the

“Bright effluence of bright essence increate”

works its mysterious wonders on every organic form. Much is still involved in mystery: but to the call of science some strange truths have been made manifest to man, and of some of these the phenomena must now be explained.

*Germination* is a chemical change which takes place most readily in darkness; *vegetable growth* is due to the secretion of carbon under the agency of light; and the processes of *floriation* are shown to involve some new and compound operations: these three states must be distinctly appreciated.

The sunbeam comes to us as a flood of pellucid

light, usually colorless; if we disturb this white beam, as by compelling it to pass through a triangular piece of glass, we break it up into colored bands, which we will call the *spectrum*, in which we have such an order of chromatic rays as are seen in the rainbow of a summer shower. These colored rays are now known to be the sources of all the tints by which nature adorns the surface of the earth, or art imitates, in its desire to create the beautiful. These colored bands have not the same luminating power, nor do they possess the same heat-giving property. The yellow rays give the most **LIGHT**; the red rays have the function of **HEAT** in the highest degree. Beyond these properties, the sunbeam possesses another, which is the power of producing **CHEMICAL CHANGE**—of effecting those magical results which we witness in the photographic processes, by which the beams illuminating any object are made to delineate it upon the prepared tablet of the artist.

It has been suspected that these three phenomena are not due to the same agency, but that, associated in the sunbeam, we have **LIGHT**, producing all the blessings of vision, and throwing the veil of color over all things—**HEAT**, maintaining that temperature over our globe which is necessary to the perfection of living organisms—and a third principle, **ACTINISM**, by which the chemical changes alluded to are effected. We possess the power, by the use of colored media, of separating these principles from each other, and of analysing their effects. A yellow glass allows *light* to pass through it most freely, but it obstructs *actinism* almost entirely: a deep-blue glass, on the contrary, prevents the permeation of *light*, but it offers no interruption to the *actinic*, or chemical rays; a red glass, again, cuts off most of the rays, except those which have peculiarly a *calorific*, or heat-giving power.

With this knowledge we proceed in our experiments, and learn some of the mysteries of nature's chemistry. If, above the soil in which the seed is placed, we fix a deep pure yellow glass, the chemical change which marks germination is prevented; if, on the contrary, we employ a blue one, it is greatly accelerated; seeds, indeed, placed beneath the soil, covered with a cobalt blue finger-glass, will germinate many days sooner than such as may be exposed to the ordinary influences of sunshine;—this proves the necessity of the principle actinism to this first stage of vegetable life. Plants, however, made to grow under the influences of such blue media present much the same conditions as those which are reared in the dark; they are succulent instead of woody, and have yellow leaves and white stalks; indeed, the formation of leaves is prevented, and all the vital energy of the plant is exerted in the production of stalk. The chemical principle of the sun's rays, alone, is not therefore sufficient; remove the plant to the influence of light, as separated from actinism, by the action of yellow media, and wood

is formed abundantly; the plant grows most healthfully, and the leaves assume that dark green which belongs to tropical climes or to our most brilliant summers. Light is thus proved to be the exciting agent in effecting those chemical decompositions which have already been described; but, under the influence of isolated light, it is found that plants will not flower. When, however, the subject of our experiment is brought under the influence of a red glass, particularly of that variety in which a beautifully pure red is produced by oxide of gold, the whole process of floriation and the perfection of the seed is accomplished.

Careful and long-continued observations have proved that in the spring, when the process of germination is most active, the chemical rays are the most abundant in the sunbeam. As the summer advances, light, relatively to the other forces, is largely increased; at this season, the trees of the forest, the herb of the valley, and the cultivated plants which adorn our dwellings, are all alike adding to their wood. Autumn comes on, and then heat, so necessary for ripening grain, is found to exist in considerable excess. It is curious, too, that the autumnal heat has properties peculiarly its own—so decidedly distinguished from the ordinary heat, that Sir John Herschel and Mrs. Somerville have adopted a term to distinguish it. The peculiar browning or scorching rays of autumn are called the *parathermic* rays: they possess a remarkable chemical action added to their calorific one; and to this are due

those complicated phenomena already briefly described.

In these experiments carefully tried, we are enabled to imitate the conditions of nature, and supply, at any time, those states of solar radiation which belong to the varying seasons of the year.

Such is a rapid sketch of the mysteries of a flower. "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Under the influence of the sunbeam, vegetable life is awakened, continued, and completed; a wondrous alchemy is effected; the change in the condition of the solar radiations determines the varying conditions of vegetable vitality; and in its progress those transmutations occur which at once give beauty to the exterior world, and provide for the animal races the necessary food by which their existence is maintained. The contemplation of influences such as these realises in the human soul that sweet feeling which, with Keats, finds that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;  
Its loveliness increasing, it will never  
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

"Such the sun and moon,  
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,  
With the green world they live in."

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## MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

(See Plate.)

Old men have no right to dream—  
Is that the moral of your story?

—of young women. Please let us finish a maxim before you break in with interruptions. And now to commence according to the rule and formula of old established—

Once upon a time there was an old gentleman. He had buried his wife, and his children were all married and gone, even to his youngest daughter, his pet and his pride, who audaciously preferred a rattling young blade of a military lover to her dear, gouty, generally good-humored, but sometimes querulous old father. Young people have such fancies—the more shame for them; but we were all young once, even you and I, dear madam. Don't bridle, for what were the use of that nicest of Dollard's "fronts," if not to hide the incipient gray hairs? We might as well acknowledge our years, and

See ourselves as others see us.  
It wad from mony a blunder free us,  
An' foolish notion.

The old gentleman was not ill-looking. We have seen his portrait (and so may you, if you will turn back to the commencement of this magazine). He was fond of comfort, for which we are inclined to impute small blame to him; for all seek comfort, and some find it in being uncomfortable themselves. Others are in a state of bliss when they can make their dependents or friends miserable. And others, in a more humane spirit, actually find pleasure in denying themselves, to make other people happy. There is no accounting for tastes, except such taste as that of our old gentleman who lived once upon a time. Look at his surroundings, and then say, cynic as you may be, if Diogenes himself could refrain from exclaiming, "Now this is what I call comfortable!"

A warm evening in the summer. A shady nook where overhanging shrubbery, skilfully, but not too formally arranged, has protected the place from the noonday beams. Still, with a delicate perception of what old blood delights in, the genial and mellow rays of the setting luminary are permitted to steal in, and slightly gild the old gentleman's bald os frontis. He has been reading doubtless, some sound old author, whose word he can take without taxing his critical perceptions to guard against heresies. And he has wisely cared for a modicum of creature comfort, just enough to etherealize the mind into that half-dreamy, half-spiritual mood which is the true appreciative of the beauties of a summer afternoon.

The old gentleman has been asleep. Of what use is a book of a summer evening, if it do not serve as an opiate? Even Godey's incomparable magazine, and our very lucubrations in it, have served that purpose on occasion, and may again, many times, we hope. The old gentleman has been dreaming, and thereby hangs a tale.

He went to sleep muttering, as Betty very kindly adjusted his head to the chair back, that one of his own daughters ought to have been there to perform these little offices of kindness for him. Indeed, he did not intend to go to sleep at all, for he was determined to be cross and angry. And, to waken himself into a flagitious mood, he thrust huge pinches of snuff up his nostrils, intending thereby to irritate himself up to some desperate resolve, through the medium of his nostrils. But summer, nature, and that creature comfort, and the book, and altogether were too much for him, and though he only meant to shut his eyes and think, he shut his eyes and slept, with the open snuffbox in one hand, and a closed pinch in the other.

Betty, who knew his humor, went to her wheel. Now Betty was young, and buxom withal, very good looking, for she had a love of a face, and arms that a sculptor might envy. Her fingers were taper and pretty, for she was a housekeeper's daughter. That such mothers know well how to provide for such daughters, we might easily prove to you from many a high family's annals. Betty knew just what work she must do, not to seem to feel above her station, and yet to show that whoever should lift her above it by a matrimonial noose would do himself a comfort, and her a simple act of justice. The learned and judicious Mr. Richard Hooker, a giant in British polemics, was caught in such a trap, and bitterly he rued it. But Mr. Hooker, learned in books, was simple in the world. The certain old gentleman who lived once upon a time was the reverse of this. Still he dreamed, as we told you at the outset—and, more to his discredit, he dreamed of Betty.

Drone, drone, buzz! went the wheel. Trust me, Betty was not listening only to its hum, though that was pretty music, as you and I perhaps remember.

She cast an eye up at the old family portraits which peeped out from the hall, and thought they sneered at her. Little cared she for that, while busy fancies whispered in both ears at once a promise of my lady Betty in spite of them, and the wheel droned the same music, as plainly as Bow Bells indicated his fortune to the young Whittington, future Lord Mayor of London. So she spun on and dreamed pleasant dreams awake, while the old gentleman dreamed dreams of a mixed complexion, asleep.

He thought the bells were ringing for his marriage, and the ale was running, and the boys were shouting long life to the old gentleman who married his housekeeper's daughter, to do despite to his own kith and kin. He felt a little insulted at congratulations which in any other case of nuptial rejoicing would have been grateful, and was even inclined in his dream to quarrel with the lads who had a business to rejoice at his wedding, as if a wedding were not everybody's business. But he saw in his dream that his daughters, who seemed to be both present and absent, were offended at the rejoicings, and forthwith he changed his note, and ordered the butler to tap another barrel!

He scowled, for an impertinent fly alighted on his nose. A gentle hand brushed it away, and he smiled again; for he thought in his dream that while all the world scouted and persecuted him, the disinterested housekeeper's daughter stood between him and harm: and he dreamed—wicked old gentleman—that she folded his head to her bosom, and he cared not a rush for all the world beside. Perhaps she did place her hand upon his brow—and its velvet touch soothed him into gentle slumbers.

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream." He thought that the bride was scoffed at, and that his daughters dared to look contemptuously upon her. His old boon companions, too, slighted the toast when "The Bride" was given, and he would have challenged them one by one "severally according to the roll," only that a lurking suspicion that he himself was an old fool, warned him to keep quiet. So he muttered in his sleep, "As good as the best of you!" and dreamed that he looked defiance on them all, and made his will, and cut his heirs off with a shilling—all but the entail. "As good as the best of you," he muttered again; and Betty, who had stopped her wheel at the first sound, sent it merrily flying round again, while a thousand happy thoughts and proud resolves danced through her head. Happy Betty!

Then the old gentleman dreamed again of his bridal guests. The mother of the new wife, where was she? He wanted to whisper to her to leave off that big bunch of keys, but her position appeared to be anomalous. She was dowager lady, housekeeper, and guest all at once, and he could not reconcile her various callings, and was troubled. He wondered in his dream—for it is remarkable what crowds of thought can be packed into an afternoon



nap—he wondered in his dream if all these incongruities could ever be reconciled, and—for he thought his fate was fixed—if he ever should be comfortable and easy again!

But presently in his dream he saw something which sorely disturbed his philosophy. The village barber was among his guests! Now, the barber had once been his butler, and a great man in his household. Great men have their infirmities, and the butler had his. He was too fond of tasting; and practice, while it improved his judgment in one department of his vocation, injured him in others. So he resigned, upon a hint, and retired upon a pension, setting up an independent establishment under his old master's patronage, and still keeping the run of the hall. Moreover, he looked sweet upon the housekeeper. And she, the servants hinted, looked sweet upon him. Now the certain old gentleman might have considered all this a very good joke, under ordinary circumstances; but when one *marries into a family*, you know—

Was it another fly? Again Betty was compelled to leave her wheel to soothe the old gentleman. The sight of the *ci-devant* butler, now barber and prospective father-in-law—the curious looks of the old family servants under the new regime—the quandary whether the barber was to be addressed as John Butler, John Barber, or my lady's father-in-law.

Upon our word, such a dilemma would be a quandary for a man wide awake, and in possession of all his senses. To a dreaming man it was dreadful. It was worse than the nightmare. It was "gorgons, hydras, and chimeras dire" rolled into one big monster.

"John, go to the pantry!" shouted the certain old gentleman—that is, he dreamed he shouted.

"And I!"—said the housekeeper.

"And I!"—said the housekeeper's daughter.

And then the old gentleman, in his sleep all the time, be it understood, forgot the claims of the bride and the mother-in-law, and choleric, aimed to collar the upstart, whereupon the barber resisted, and dashed soap in his eyes! He waked with a scream. His snuffbox lay at his feet, and Betty flew to his aid, holding open his eye with her hands while she strove to blow out the angry particles with her gentle breath. She never looked prettier; but who could see that, with snuff in his eyes?

"What is the matter?" said his daughter, who just then bounced in upon him, in her travelling dress.

"MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN," said the old gentleman, with a smile on his lips, and a tear in his eye. "I've had such dreams! I thought the bells were all ringing!"

"You may well think that," answered his daughter; "listen to them now!"

"And I thought there was a barrel of ale with the tap running on the green, and the boys shouting."

"Yes," said his daughter, "and the men too; hear them still."

"Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!" sounded in the distance.

"And I thought there was a crowd in my house—and, and, and confusion."

"So you might, for I have made the greatest tumult to get in, and should not have succeeded at all, if I did not know the way myself."

"Why, where are all our people?" asked the old man, bewildered.

"All run to hear the news, I suppose, or to tell it."

"The news? Where am I? What is it? Where's my snuffbox?"

"Here, sir," said Betty, picking it up from the ground, courtseying to the daughter as she handed the box to the father. "But the snuff is all spilled."

"Humph," growled the certain old gentleman. "And who are you? Are you Betty Martin, and nobody else?"

"Nobody else, sir," sighed Betty, with another courtesy and a tone of sad presentiment.

"Such a dream!" yawned the old gentleman. And he drew his daughter to his breast, and kissed her with a fervor of affection which surprised and delighted her. "I believe I am awake now, thank Heaven! But those bells and shouts—what is this news, daughter?"

"Bonaparte has been beaten, his army cut to pieces and broken up forever!"

"Hurrah! I could shout myself. Who brought the tidings to the village?"

"I did."

"But those bells, haven't they been ringing all day—all the afternoon, I mean?"

"Only five or ten minutes, father. I came in a chaise, and the postboy has set the villagers crazy."

"But"—but what, did not then transpire. The old gentleman left the philosophy of dreams, and the discussion thereof, until another occasion. Betty by this time having disappeared his daughter produced from her pocket *THE GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY*, and pointed out to her father, who was pleased in spite of himself, the name of her husband among those who had distinguished themselves on that greatest of modern battle-fields—*WATERLOO*.

The wars were soon over. Betty's hopes were at an end, so she supplanted her mother, and married the ex-butler, John Barber, herself. The certain old gentleman's pet daughter was domiciled in his house again, and the ensign, her husband, vindicated her preference by becoming a general. He retired on half-pay early enough to aid his wife in comforting the last days of her father; and, after some years had passed away, the certain old gentleman ventured to tell this his dream. Whether it was the origin of the saying "My Eye and Betty Martin" or not, we are not prepared to aver; but it was certainly a good illustration.

## ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTERS

BY THOMAS WYATT, A. M.

(See Plate in August Number.)

### MRS. MADISON.

THIS loved and honored lady, whose character is the subject of this brief memoir, was born in North Carolina, in the year 1767. Shortly after her birth, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, her parents, removed to Philadelphia, and joined the Society of Friends, or Quakers. Accordingly, Dolly Payne was educated in the strict system of that society to which her parents belonged; a system which, taking morality and virtue for its basis, forbids the vanities of fashionable life.

But we find it satisfactorily proved that these external accomplishments may be dispensed with without diminishing the attractions of the sex. And, although Miss Payne was not indebted to acquired graces of mind or manners, admiration and pure esteem followed her wherever she was known.

The kindness and benevolence of her disposition were the charms which fascinated her admirers, imparting a beaming grace and brightness to her countenance never to be effaced; charms which the withering hand of Time could not destroy, and which shone forth in brilliant lustre till their owner reposed in the silent tomb.

Although a strict member of the Society of Friends, she soon became the observed of all observers, for the beauty, which hereafter was destined to be so celebrated, began to attract attention; and the lovely Quakeress was soon not only the object of general admiration, but of serious and devoted attachment.

In the year 1790, this lady became the wife of John Todd, Esq., a talented young lawyer of Philadelphia, and a member also of the Society of Friends. During the lifetime of Mr. Todd, she lived in the simplicity and strictness of the society to which she belonged. But this exalted happiness was not long to be hers; death, which is ever ready to pluck the fairest flower, or sever bonds never again to be united here below, took from her side her beloved husband, after a sickness of only a few days, leaving her a young widow with an infant son.

Her mother, Mrs. Payne, of one of the oldest families of Virginia, then a widow, resided in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Todd became an inmate in her family, where congregated the good and distinguished of that day, when the worth and wisdom of the land assembled there in council to guide the destinies of our infant republic. Among the many suitors whose

worth and talents were a passport to her society, was Mr. James Madison, then one of the most conspicuous members of Congress; and, in the year 1794, Mrs. Todd became the wife of that eminently great and good man. From the time of her marriage till Mr. Madison came into the administration, she lived in the full enjoyment of that abundant and cordial hospitality which characterized the wife of a Virginia gentleman. Her house was never without guests, who were freely and kindly bidden to partake of the social pleasures of the happy domestic circle. Never were circumstances more in accordance with disposition, and Mrs. Madison appeared to be in the very sphere for which nature had designed her.

In 1801, Mr. Madison was appointed Secretary of State, and removed with his family to Washington, leaving, among their Philadelphia friends, universal, kind, and pleasant recollections, which endured to the latest hour of the lives of this much honored and loved pair.

A lady, who was herself an eye-witness, gives the following description of the metropolis of the Union at that period. She says: "The infant metropolis of our country was at that time almost a wilderness. The president's house stood uninclosed on a piece of waste and barren ground, separated from the capitol by an almost impassable marsh. The building was not half completed, and standing, as it did, amidst the rough masses of stone and other materials collected for its construction, and half hidden by the venerable oaks that still shaded their native soil, looked more like a ruin in the midst of its fallen fragments and coeval shades than a new and rising edifice. The silence and solitude of the surrounding space were calculated to enforce this idea; for, beyond the capitol hill, far as the eye could reach, the city, as it was called, lay in a state of nature, covered with thick groves and forest-trees, wide and verdant plains, with only here and there a house along the intersecting ways, that could not yet be properly called streets. The original proprietors of the grounds on which the city was located, retained their rural residences and their habits of living. And new inhabitants were thronging from every part of the Union, bringing with them the primitive modes and customs of their respective States. Mr. Madison, from Virginia, Mr. Gallatin, from Pennsylvania, General Dearborn, from Massachusetts, and Robert Smith, from Maryland, were the heads of the several departments of

government. These were followed by political friends and dependents, to fill the subordinate places in the several departments."

Such materials, and such unsimilarity of habits, must have given to society a most novel aspect; and nothing but their entire dependence upon each other could have formed that close and intimate circle, which became so blended together as almost to form one complete harmonious family. Mr. Jefferson, for years after his retirement, often recurred to that time, observing that the perfect unanimity that prevailed in his cabinet made him feel that they were all members of his family.

Mr. Madison held the office of Secretary of State for eight years, during which time he, with his family, resided in Washington, reciprocating civilities with all around him in the kindest manner. Much of this depended upon his lady, who, although placed, as she must have been, in a most conspicuous, and not enviable situation, conciliated the good-will of all, without offence to the numerous competitors for her interest and influence.

At a time when the restless spirit of party began to manifest itself, covering every path with thorns, this estimable woman held the branch of conciliation, ever ready to promote peace and good-will. A politician of the present day exclaimed, on a memorable occasion, "We are federalists, we are all republicans." In her intercourse with society at that day, Mrs. Madison reduced this liberal sentiment to practice; her circle was the model of polished life, and the dwelling of cheerfulness.

"When the term of Mr. Jefferson's presidency drew near its close, the spirit of political intrigue, which, for the last eight years, had lain dormant, was again roused into activity. A new president must be chosen, and there were several competitors for the people's favor. Each had their zealous and untiring partisans, who left no means unemployed to insure success. Private society felt the baneful influence of these political intrigues; social intercourse was embittered by party spirit, and personal confidence often violated. Mr. Madison was assailed with all the violence of political animosity, and calumnies were invented where facts were wanting."

Mrs. Madison, who felt the attacks on her husband with keen sensibility, always met the assailants with a mildness and condescension that disarmed their hostility of its individual rancor, and often converted political enemies into warm personal friends. The magic influence which the tender of her snuffbox exerted, won from the most obdurate a relaxation from hostility; for none partook of its contents, so graciously and kindly offered, and retained a feeling inimical to its owner.

The eventful moment arrived, and Mr. Madison was declared President of the United States.

Mr. Jefferson soon retired to Virginia, and Mr. Madison took possession of the presidential mansion.

Here, again, Mrs. Madison had an opportunity of

exhibiting to advantage those high and noble feelings, which had so often triumphed over the animosity of party spirit, and gained for her husband so much popularity and good-will. But, in the third year of the presidency of Mr. Madison, our history became one of war with England; and then it was that, in this "second war of the Revolution," the energies of the nation and of her rulers were called forth.

The president was occasionally censured, with all the bitterness of party animosity; but Mr. Madison, confiding in the entire purity of his motives, and the justice of his fellow-citizens, ever left his acts to be duly estimated when the effervescence of popular excitement should subside; and, with unaltered equanimity, he continued his social intercourse with persons of all opinions.

News now arrived that the British forces had landed some miles below the city, and that the metropolis was marked for destruction.

As soon as this was known, the commanders of our army met, but were divided in their opinion as to the route to be taken; nor were they unanimous in the measures to be adopted to oppose the enemy, who were now at their doors.

General Winder, with his army, had stationed himself at Bladensburg, expecting that might be the route which the enemy would take on their way to the capitol. This had been strenuously opposed by the Secretary of War, which caused some unpleasantness at the moment.

The president, anxious to settle this unhappy difference, went himself, accompanied by several members of the cabinet and other personal friends, to Bladensburg, where they, to their great surprise, found the two armies preparing to engage.

Being so near the city, the inhabitants were much alarmed for the result of the battle, and all the dismay attendant on a besieged city displayed itself among the unarmed citizens.

The sound of the cannon was distinctly heard. The cabinet party, who had gone to hold a council of war, had now been absent two days, and no signs of their return. The whole city was in confusion. The few friends remaining with Mrs. Madison urged her to leave the city; but she peremptorily refused, even if she was taken prisoner, till she was assured of Mr. Madison's safety. The carriage was several times brought to the door; but they could not prevail on her to enter it until her husband's return. The following extract from a letter to her sister, written in all the tumult and confusion which surrounded her, shows her attachment for her husband, and her firm patriotism to her country:—

"Tuesday, Aug. 23, 1814.

"DEAR SISTER: My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He was anxious to know if I had courage or firmness to remain in the president's house until his return; and, on my

assurance that I had no fear but for him and the success of our brave army, he left me, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two dispatches from him, written in pencil; the last is alarming: he desires I should be ready, at a moment's warning, to enter my carriage and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had been reported, and that it might happen they would reach the city and destroy it. I am, accordingly, ready. I have pressed as many cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, and he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C., with his hundred men, who were stationed as a guard in this inclosure. French John—a faithful domestic—with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and to lay a train of powder which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able, however, to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

*“Wednesday morning, 12 o'clock.* Since sunrise, I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discern the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I can only descry groups of military wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own firesides!

*“Three o'clock.* Will you believe it, my dear sister? we have had a battle, or skirmish, near Bladensburg, and I am still here within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not; may God protect him! Two messengers covered with dust come to bid me fly; but I shall wait for him.

*“—* At this late hour, a wagon has been procured; I have had it filled with the plate and most valuable portable articles belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the Bank of Maryland, or fall into the hands of the British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and is in very bad humor with me because I insist on waiting until the large portrait of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments. I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out, and it is done, and the precious relic placed in the hands of two gentlemen for safe keeping. And now, my dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it, by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall write you again, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!”

With a few devoted friends around her, Mrs. Madison left the house, and joined her husband a few miles from the city, to return in a few days.

The president's house having been destroyed by the enemy meanwhile, the elegant and commodious residence of Colonel Tayloe became for a time the presidential mansion; and, subsequently, the two south-east corner houses of the “Seven Buildings,” now standing on Pennsylvania Avenue, were made the abodes of hospitality until the 4th of March, 1817, when, having seen his successor, James Monroe, of Virginia, inaugurated President of the United States, Mr. and Mrs. Madison, after a long service of virtue and usefulness, retired to the shades of Montpelier, his paternal residence, in Orange County, Virginia.

Mr. Madison scrupulously refrained, after his retirement, from all interference in the politics of the nation; but enjoyed, in his abode of sylvan beauty and mountain salubrity, the visits of guests of distinction from every clime, who sought the patriot and the sage, that they might testify personally that respect and regard which his eminent services and the purity of his character universally inspired.

Here, in retirement, as in public, the equal virtues of Mrs. Madison conciliated the warmest regard from all around her; and, in the dispensation of an elegant and enlightened hospitality, she gladdened the evening of her husband's days by her attention to his friends and guests, while her anxious watchfulness of him, best known in the domestic circle, are perhaps better described in the following lines, inscribed to grateful recollections:—

#### MONTPELIER.

Here, at this gate, the swelling sylvan range,  
The stately mansion with its pictured halls  
I'll bid adieu. Perhaps this is the last  
Of all this excellence that life may lend  
Me time to look upon. Here, let me stand  
And look, and say, even from my inward heart,  
Peace be within these walls—the peace of Heaven!  
May it forever reign within your breasts,  
Ye gentle inmates of that honored roof!  
Never two purer hearts, amid the lands  
And varying climes I've known, have I observed.  
Thrice blest and honored they, whom even age  
Adorns with brighter excellence, in whom  
Fidelity, mutual respect, and love,  
And mutual tenderness unite. Behold  
That noble dame! see her gracious bearing,  
The cordial welcome to her numerous friends!  
Observe her zeal, her hospitable cares;  
But mark the keen solicitude, the thought,  
Constant, ever to him, there, where he lies  
Alive in an immortal spirit, though  
The lofty cares of more than fourscore years  
His sinews have unstrung. Each day she lives  
But for to watch over his precious life;  
Soft is the pillow from her careful hand!  
Never was a man more blessed in such a wife;  
Never was a wife more honored in her mate.  
Hail, MADISON! among the noble sons  
Fearless, of fair Virginia's soil;

Of all its generous children, first art thou,  
 Save for the memory of him whose name  
 Shines above all men's names; in whom the love  
 Of country and of virtue far surpassed  
 The love of life. He, whose glorious days men  
 Where Christendom extends, by one consent,  
 Have hailed the type of human excellence:  
 A glass for men to look in, when they need  
 To curb the wild ambition that weak minds  
 Lead oft astray, and makes historic names  
 The curse and shame of human annals, when  
 They might be gems like that of WASHINGTON.  
 His great example was not lost on thee,  
 Whose life has passed in loyalty to truth.  
 The tree of liberty, planted by him,  
 Well hast thou nurtured; now, its spreading boughs  
 Give shade to all; and thou shalt be revered  
 Whilst time shall last. Forever shall our sons  
 Raise in this land the honored names  
 Of WASHINGTON and MADISON, the types  
 Of human wisdom, patriot probity.  
 Blest be thy future days! long may'st thou live  
 To love thy friends, to know how much thou'rt loved!  
 Long may the wisdom of all ages past  
 Oft, from thy gentle lips and hallowed heart,

Be poured into the listening ears of men  
 As mine have drank it in. And when thy sun  
 Declines, at length, into the golden west,  
 To rise refulgent to a brighter day,  
 May thy immortal mind still turn to God,  
 Bearing thee onward in thy course to heaven.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Madison continued to reside at Montpelier until 1837, with the exception of part of each winter, which she generally spent in Washington; till, finally, in 1843, she made that city her permanent residence, enjoying uninterrupted good health till within five days of her death, which took place on the 13th day of July, 1849, at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

Without disease, she rapidly sank from age and exhaustion into the grave, in hope of a joyful resurrection.

Her remains were deposited temporarily in the receiving-vault in the Congressional burying-ground, till they could be conveyed to Montpelier, in Virginia, to repose by the side of her illustrious husband.

## HOW WE SPENT THREE DAYS IN CONSTANTINOPLE, AND HOW WE LEFT IT:

BEING SOME PAGES FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ORIENTAL TRAVELLER.

BY A. B. MIDDLETOWN PAYNE.

THE sun was just disappearing in the horizon, on Thursday evening, when the anchors of the lumbering Austrian merchant vessel "Presburg" plunged into the calm blue waters of the Bosphorus. The domes and minarets of the "City of the Sultan" were tipped with the last beams of day, and the twilight breezes were sighing through the branches of the cypresses that sweep down, in thick and solemn clusters, to the water's edge, in the vast cemetery of Pera, not far from which the ship had hove to.

Hailing a passing caique, guided by a single athletic Turk, we descended on board of her, literally, I believe, for I do not think there was much more than that between our feet and the water. However, I would have been glad enough to leave the vessel on a chip, and I labor under the impression that my travelling companion, Grey, had precisely the same feeling. Now, let it be understood that there is no such thing to be done, in any way compatible with safety, as to leap on to a caique; for a suddenly-jerked-on weight would infallibly sink the frail boat, or go through it. They appear to float in accordance with some, as yet, undiscovered principle, and their extreme needle-like narrowness makes them fly through the water like—what shall I say?—a hot knife through fresh butter?—similies are scarce nowadays; the motion is not unlike that of an eel

trying to escape from a fisherman's hand—a wriggle and a jerk.

We took nothing with us from the ship but a portmanteau apiece, and a letter of introduction to Monsieur L——n, a French gentleman resident in Pera, which had been kindly given to us by his brother-in-law, to whom we had been introduced at Venice. Our heavy baggage was to be sent on shore the next morning with our three servants, the brothers Boyd.

Grey and I now summoned up all our powers of Turkish conversation—limited to six sentences which had been taught us by the Austrian captain, and a seventh, which we had ourselves manufactured by dint of great perseverance and research, from the others—and practised upon our boatman instead of addressing him in Armenian, which we both understood and spoke pretty decently, I flatter myself. "Can you take us to the quay of Tophanna?" I commenced. "Yes." "Are there many Franks in Stamboul now?" "A good many." This we did not understand at the time, but treasured up the pronunciation, so that we might inquire, at the first opportunity, what it meant. "Is the Sultan in Stamboul?" asked Grey. Another unintelligible reply; for we had always been taught not to expect more than a "Yes," or a "No," from so unloqua-

cious a personage as a Turk : but our boatman was quite a lively specimen, to say the least of him ; and, for aught we know, might have been exercising himself in the Yankee trick of answering one question by asking another.

There was a pause which was interrupted by our gondolier saying something which, from the intonation, we found to be a question. This called for the use of the fourth sentence in our extensive vocabulary—"I do not understand you," in consequence of which he explained himself at length, much to our bewilderment, but the last word solved the mystery—"backschisch !" A handful of paras, with which the captain had supplied us, was all-sufficient, and on turning round, we found that the *caïque* was close to the landing-place.

Five minutes after, we were picking our way along the narrow, dark, and extremely dirty streets of the quarter Galata, under the guidance of a Greek dragoman, who had proffered his services on our quitting the *caïque*. Soon, we were snugly ensconced in two very comfortable chairs of Parisian make, and were partaking of an admirable supper at the table of Monsieur L——n, whose residence, having been built expressly to suit his French taste, was the fac-simile of a civilized dwelling, and was reputed to be one of the most elegant in Pera. We forgot in a short time that we were "strangers in a strange land," and the family party—I might almost call it so—did not break up until quite late.

I was awakened at sunrise the next morning by the loud voices of the muessins, calling the faithful to prayer, from the lofty minarets of the innumerable mosques in the city. Although the tones were excessively harsh and discordant, there was still something more solemn in this manner of proclaiming to the sleepers their duty, than if a bell had been tolled from the airy galleries.

Having but three days to stay in Constantinople, in accordance with our preconcerted arrangements, we were obliged to bestir ourselves in order to get ready for our travels through Asia Minor. Monsieur L——n was kind enough to offer his services in assisting us, and also in showing us through the city, in consequence of which last promise we set out quite early in the morning under his direction. It was Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, and it was therefore useless to pass through the bazaars, as the shops would all be closed. Avoiding them, Monsieur L——n led us to the banks of the Golden Horn, and, entering a highly ornamented and beautiful *caïque*, we shot across to Constantinople proper.

From the water, the view of the city was beautiful beyond description : the numerous brilliantly-decorated domes, surrounded by the tall sky-reaching minarets of red and white stone, with their transparent galleries of pierced marble, rose high above the encompassing crowd of picturesque wooden houses, and encircling groves of plane-trees and cypresses. Everything seemed bright and clean ; but

this proved, on landing, to be a false impression, the streets being extremely narrow, *horrifically* dirty, and the houses of most tarnished appearance. Hailing an empty *araba*—all gilding and discomfort—that was being led slowly along by its driver, we entered it and were jolted through the indescribably rough streets in a vehicle without springs, pulled by two oxen not remarkable for their size, cleanliness, or respectable appearance, although I suppose that they, as well as the *araba*, belonged to an acquaintance of Monsieur L——n's, as the slave seemed to recognize him.

The first place we alighted in was the Atmeidan (or Hippodrome), on one side of which stands the Mosque of the Sultan Achmet, a splendid erection, remarkable for being the only sacred edifice in the Mohammedan world that possesses six minarets ;—that at Mecca has now seven, although originally but four, the other three having been added in consequence of the Sultan Achmet having received (or bought) permission to increase—in that which he was having built—the usual number by two, it not being considered proper that a subsidiary place of worship should have more than the great head. Being "*giacours*," we were not permitted to enter any of the mosques without a firman, which we had not, so we were obliged to content ourselves with a mere exterior view, although on our return to Constantinople the following year, we not only visited the "Sultan Achmet," but also the "Sancta Sophia" and the "Solemanie."

In the Atmeidan there is an obelisk of Egyptian granite, brought from Rhodes by the Emperor Theodosius, who put it on a white marble pedestal covered with bassi reliefs of the worst possible execution, depleting his majesty's victories ; the sculptor was undoubtedly a conqueror also, as he has left undeniable evidences of his having utterly vanquished the rules of art. No matter, it's good enough for *barbarians*.

Not far from this relic stands the spiral column of bronze, once terminating in three serpents' heads, one of which is said to have been struck off at a single blow by the sword of the Sultan Achmet. This pillar is also reported to have once supported the tripod of the Delphic goddess, and—yet again—to be the identical column that was presented by the Greeks to the oracle of that town after the battle of Plateæ. I suppose that one is at liberty to credit as much and as many of the above traditions as he pleases ; but there is a fourth, in which the Turks place implicit and unquestioning belief : it is that when this pillar shall be removed from its present position, the Christians will regain the mastery of Constantinople ; at which period a walled-up chamber in the Mosque of Sancta Sophia is to open of its own accord, and a Greek bishop (who has been praying in it, with a missal upon which no Moslem eye may rest, ever since the commencement of the Mohammedan supremacy), will come out and

chant the service at the high altar. This will undoubtedly happen, if he is in there—and he will have excellent reason to give thanks after so long an imprisonment.

About a hundred yards from the bronze tripod is the unsightly column of Constantine, nothing more than a rudely-constructed pillar, ninety feet in height, of unwhewn stones of all shapes and sizes. None of the metal which once covered it now remains.

We next proceeded to examine the exterior of the Mosque of Sancta Sophia, and having done so, left it, grumbling at the Moslem bigotry that prevented us from entering its beauteous gates. In the afternoon, we visited the quarter of Fanar, the residence of the principal Greek families in Stamboul, who are called Fanariotes. I was told that they speak a language remarkable for its resemblance to the tongue of Ancient Greece; but I was unable to encounter a single individual of the race, as they hold themselves much aloof from strangers.

Monsieur L——n assisted us, on the following day, in preparing for our journey through Asia Minor, and informed us that, as the Archbishop of Broussa was then at Constantinople, we had merely to ask him for a letter to the Armenian convents on the Mounts of Bemdar, and we would be sure to have our request complied with. We accordingly waited on his holiness, and were received with the utmost urbanity and politeness, being dismissed, after an hour's conversation, with an assurance that a letter should be sent us by the time of our intended departure.

On Sunday we visited the immense cemeteries in the neighborhood of Pera. The thousands of tombs with their turbaned pillars, overshadowed by the yew and cypress; the women in their black silk gowns and impenetrable veils, pouring libations on some of the mausoleums, on the anniversary of their bereavement; the fresh garlands of flowers laid on the marble slabs—all tended to give me a deeper reverence for the Moslems in general than I had ever before experienced. They at least do not forget their dead.

In the same evening (Sunday) we went to a musical entertainment at Signor F——i's, an Italian gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Monsieur L——n's house. We retired soon, as we wished to prepare for an early departure the next morning.

We were up before sunrise on Monday, and, together with our regular travelling attendants, the three brothers Boyd, and five Armenian supernumeraries, were soon busily engaged in making our final dispositions for leaving the "City of the Sultan;" and these were not very extensive, consisting principally of the cramming of the greatest possible number of habiliments into the most diminutive saddle-bags I ever met with, for we had no animals beside those which we rode, as we did not wish to incur ourselves with superfluous annoyances. Monsieur L——n kindly undertook to forward the

greater part of our baggage to Smyrna by sea, and thus relieved us of the trouble of carrying a large quantity of unnecessary luggage through Asia Minor.

At six o'clock we were all ready to start, when it was suddenly remembered that the Archbishop of Broussa had not sent us the letter he had promised. This was very delightful, as without it we did not stand a particularly good chance of obtaining an entrance into the several monasteries we had decided upon invading for the purpose of ransacking their libraries. What was to be done? Nothing, but to send a message to his holiness, and so we determined to employ Ned Grey as stirrer-up. To do this it was necessary to borrow a horse, as all of ours were waiting for us at Scutari, on the other side of the Bosphorus. Monsieur L——n had one of his saddled instantly; but as Grey was mounting, the letter came in the care of one of the archbishop's household, with an apology for its not having been sooner sent. Of course, "it was of no consequence," and, so saying, we placed the saddle-bags in a two-wheeled vehicle (I don't know exactly what to call it, a wagon, a dray, or something else) drawn by an extremely attenuated donkey, that would have been a prize to a student studying anatomy.

We permitted the curious conveyance to precede us, attended by the Armenians, for the fact was we were ashamed to be seen in its company even by the dirty, shabby Constantinopolitans, and so we followed at a respectful distance, accompanied by our late host. Passing through the market-place of "Tophanna," (which means nearly the same as "Arsenal,") we took a peep at the beautiful fountain, and the exterior of the mosque of Sultan Selim, one of the beauties of the Pera side of the Golden Horn. By its side, toward the water, is the quay of Tophanna, where the cannon are kept—ready for service, too, as was proved one night, some time ago, the pier having been set on fire during an insurrection of the Janissaries. The flames discharged the ready-loaded cannon, sending the balls whizzing over to Scutari, where the populace were dreadfully alarmed, thinking that the Greeks had revolted, seized the arsenal, and were bombarding the city. Such, however, was not the case, as the reader knows, and the petty cause of all the fright was soon quelled.

Near the quay was the calque we had engaged the day before; and, the saddle-bags being transferred to it, the indescribable vehicle was hobbled away with by the anatomical donkey, much to our satisfaction, and we entered the boat, being landed in a short time at Scutari, after having had a glance at that curious island structure called indiscriminately the Maiden's, or Leander's Tower; the Turkish name is *Kiz Kouklasi*, of which the interpretation is the first of the above given appellations.\*

\* The derivation of "*Kiz Kouklasi*" is evident, being

By the side of the landing-place at Scutari rises the mosque of Buyeck D'Jami; it has a gallery running all around its exterior walls, and has a remarkably small dome for so extensive a structure: it also prides itself in possessing two singularly beautiful minarets, while the adjacent fountain is a triumph of arabesque sculpture.

We found the horses at the appointed spot, and were soon ready to start. Monsieur L——n now took leave of us and returned to Pera, while we set off on our expedition, taking the route to Ismid. The road was not very bad, and by six in the evening we had reached the caravanserai\* of Jub Gannoun, about twenty-seven miles from Scutari, where we spent the night in company with uncountable fleas, who, by our subsequent sensations, must have made a far better supper than we managed to procure.

A slight detention on the route prevented us from reaching Ismid until quite late on Tuesday evening. I imagined we did not lose much in not seeing the town, as it is very small and frightfully the converse of clean, if the khan† we put up at may be taken as a specimen, or if my olfactories did not play me a trick as we rode through the place.

Now I am sorry that I have no adventures to relate as having occurred to me on the road from Scutari to the Monastery of Abrodol (the first on our not very long list); but, as I have before said, I seldom or never have the good luck to meet with any, and at present I cannot remember a single one, among the legions that are generally supposed to have happened to previous travellers, that would serve to introduce here, or I might appropriate it, with some little alterations. Such being the case, I will run through this part of our journey much quicker than our horses carried us, and merely mention our crossing the River Saccaria (or Aiala), on Thursday morning.

We arrived on its banks late on Wednesday evening, and, with the sun of the following day, searched for a fordable spot, which, after many failures, we found about a mile further south. The Armenians plunged boldly in and crossed with the

greatest ease; Harry Boyd followed, and my turn came next.

I spurred up my horse, but he did not wish to go in, having no fancy for a cold bath so soon after breakfast. He kicked and plunged, unfortunately not into the water, and waltzed away as if a German born, but in he would not go: he was in a perfect tantrum, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I managed to quiet him sufficiently to turn him round. At length I succeeded in doing so, and backed him gently into the river. As soon as the water touched his fetlocks, he must needs take another prance; but I rapidly caused him to head the stream. Then, with a vigorous pass at him with my spurs, and a crack over his back with my portable fishing-rod—I had no whip—I forced him to dance into the water, which he did not approve of at all, and, with as many turnings and twistings as possible, he contrived to get to the middle of the Saccaria, where he stopped short. Nothing would budge him, and to avoid the water I was screwed up nearly on top of the saddle, looking “for all the world” like an awkward circus-rider. Several pokes with the end of my fishing-rod had no more effect than a willow bough, and I was in an agreeable situation, internally wishing the horse and the Saccaria at the North Pole. There was Grey on one bank laughing to kill himself, and on the other the five Armenians grinning like monkeys and showing their superb set of teeth to the best advantage. At length one of these took pity on me, and, re-entering the stream, whispered some Armenian words in the horse's ear, who instantly became docile, and permitted me to direct him to the opposite bank, Grey and the two Boyds following.

Now, I was no believer in charms, but still I felt curious to know what the Armenian had said to the horse; so, beckoning him aside, I inquired. He could not tell, it was a secret (between him and the horse, doubtless); but a piastre brought it out. Taking me a little way from the rest of the party, and carefully looking round to see that none was within eaves-dropping distance, he murmured in the lowest possible tone of voice, and with an air of the greatest secrecy and seriousness, “I said, ‘O horse! if thou wilt be ridden in peace across these waters, Allah will reward thee, and I, O horse! will give thee, at our first halt, an *extra measure of oats*!’” Think, O gentle reader! how this unhappy individual was humbugged out of a piastre! Justice, however, should be rendered to the Armenian, for he fulfilled his promise, that is, he took the money to purchase the grain.\*

A little before noon we checked our horses at the foot of the precipice, on the summit of which was

doubtless a corrupt pronunciation of “Kiss you, Isary,” a sentence that Leander may easily be supposed to have frequently addressed to the fair Hero.

The origin of the name of the surrounding waters is equally clear: “Buss for us,” which, in course of time, has come to be mispronounced “Bosphorus.”

\* *Caravan-seraï* means caravan-house, and is a large building, capable of accommodating with ease two or three of the huge assemblies of merchants that are continually crossing the country. They are consequently placed on the great routes, at the distance of a day's journey from each other.

† A *khan* is a small tavern, to be found in every village, for the accommodation (?) of single travellers, or parties of ten or twelve merchants, where the “*guest*” has to be his own “chief cook and bottle-washer,” provided he can find any clean water.

\* It may be as well to remark here that I afterwards discovered the horse to have been subdued by the Armenian's compressing the animal's nostrils in a peculiar manner, which, however, is kept strictly secret.



the Monastery of Arodol, whose gray, time-worn walls looked like a continuation of the sheer cliff that rose before us to the height of over a hundred and fifty feet. Old wooden ladders formed the only apparent means of access, if such, indeed, they could be called, for they were evidently unable to bear the weight of a man, provided he could find a foothold on the rough rounds, that were so close to the face of the ascent that they seemed to be pasted on it like engravings in a scrap-book. It was indisputable that a horse could not walk up them, and we began to doubt whether any of the monks had made use of them for a month of Sundays, or, in fact, if any of those *highly* respectable recluses were in the land of the living, for all our shouts and screams and gunshots made no more impression on the ears of the fraternity than upon the cliff itself.

We began to think that we might as well dine, and then proceed upon our journey, when a chance glance upwards displayed to my view an open shutter in a little tower that overhung a corner of the monastic walls, out of which were stretched the head, shoulders, and arms of an old black-capped gentleman, who was gesticulating vehemently, and I presume shouting to us, as his mouth was opening and shutting with unprecedented velocity. We jumped up and flourished our letters of introduction from the archbishop of Broussa and the Greek patriarch, which last had been procured for us by a friend in Jerusalem.

This caused the instant disappearance of the old human windmill, who, however, returned to his post, after a few moments' delay, in a very flourishing condition, giving place to a long rope, one end of which was soon dangling in our faces. No sooner did this take place than the Armenians plunged at a strong net that was firmly attached to the rope, and, spreading it out, were about to roll me up in it, when suddenly it was twitched out of their grasp and reach. This curious manoeuvre made us raise our eyes to the window, where the animated windmill was turning round a piece of paper. We understood this as a requisition for our letters, which we again produced, and, the rope descending, sent them up for inspection before the high tribunal, not without some misgivings in regard to the safety of such a course. But we were soon reassured by the net's coming down once more, without the documents, which we accepted in the light of an invitation to ascend.

I lay down full length on the net, and was soon bundled up in it like David Copperfield in his aunt's shawls. Being tied up tight, with nothing free but my arms and head, the Armenians gave the signal, and the monks began slowly to draw me up, during which operation I inwardly vowed never to catch fish again, as I participated in their feelings on leaving their native element. This was before I had got twenty-five feet above the ground; but, when about twice that distance, the sway of the rope began to be

very distinctly felt, making my sensations anything rather than agreeable, as it turned round and round. At length I felt so faint and sick that I could scarcely retain presence of mind sufficient to keep myself clear of the cliff by the use of my invaluable fishing-rod. I was nearly two-thirds of the way up when I became conscious that, owing to these exertions, the fastenings of the net were giving way. I clung to the rope instinctively; the vibrations continued, though I quickly neared the monastery walls: I was, however, afraid to use my fishing-rod, and in a second I jarred heavily against the cliff, becoming insensible.

When I recovered my faculties, I was lying on a floor of a small square room filled with monks; Harry Boyd was holding my head; Grey was by my side, while the affrighted faces of two of the Armenians completed the group. I soon found that I was not dead, but in the turret, and in a few moments several athletic monks had pulled up the other two Boyds, the rest of the Armenians remaining below to take charge of the horses.

I was considerably bruised by my encounter with the cliff, and it was two or three days before I was able to leave the dormitory which the kind and attentive brotherhood had assigned for my use; but once recovered, I turned my thoughts toward thinning the library of the monastery by removing the most valuable manuscripts at the lowest possible outlay. Such is the gratitude of human nature!

But it is time for me to break off, as I have more than related "How we spent three days in Constantinople, and how we left it."

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## STANZAS.

BY J. SCOTT WILSON, M.D.

WHEN wearied in a faithless world,  
Who would not wish to soar,  
And seek, beyond the gems of night,  
Some more congenial shore?  
*Where all is change, no lasting joys*  
Can crown the gayest hours;  
The dearest hopes despair allays,  
And fade the fairest flowers.

Where formal friendships fade so soon,  
There love is but a ray,  
That ne'er dispels the clouds above,  
Nor warms life's wintry day.  
'Tis but a gleam, a dazzling gleam,  
Athwart the path of life,  
Which but illumines our sorrows here,  
To leave a darker strife!

But, tolls no more—life's sorrows done—  
The aching heart at rest,  
The sinless soul shall find a home  
Afar amid the blest:  
Then Hope no more, with siren tongue,  
Shall sing of ideal bliss;  
For, there forgot, in that far land,  
Will be the cares of this.

## ELLEN MONTROSE.

BY MARIE JEANNETTE.

To properly commence our story, we must accompany the fair Ellen as she enters, unannounced, her sister's elegant home, in one of the most beautiful streets of our gay city, where her welcome is proclaimed in joyous tones by a group of many children, to whom Aunt Ellen's arrival is always a joy. After a time devoted to their amusement, the little group is dispersed, each member of it laden with a portion of their aunt's attire, marshalled by Master Charles, who, with her muff surmounting his brow, fancied himself a most perfect grenadier; and, determining to enjoy fully the pleasure of this fancy, resolutely closes the door of the apartment they entered, and placing himself as sentinel, announced his determination to make them all stay with him and play soldier as long as he pleases. Leaving them to the enjoyment of their unwilling parade, we return to the ladies, Ellen and Heloise, the mother of these little ones, who gladly avail themselves of the opportunity for an uninterrupted conversation.

"You would not have seen me to-day," said Ellen; "but I was depressed in spirits, and thought I would come and have a romp with the children and a talk with you. Were you ever dull or sad when you were engaged, sister?"

"It is so long since then that I scarce recollect," replied Heloise, smiling. "But I believe, as the time fixed for my nuptials approached, I realized more fully the importance of the responsibilities I was incurring, and sometimes almost feared to fulfil my promises to Charles. It is but natural, Ellen; a young girl cannot enter upon duties of so serious a nature as those of married life, without many misgivings as to her own ability for their fulfilment; nor would it be well otherwise. It is an important change, and should be thought of as such."

"It is, indeed, sister, a very important event, and I assure you I realize it as such. But come, Heloise, honor bright," continued Ellen, glancing slyly with her merry black eyes, "did you ever wish you had not engaged yourself?"

"Did I ever really wish such a thing, Ellen, do you ask?" inquired Heloise, in a tone of surprise, looking earnestly at her sister. "No, surely, I never did."

"There, sister, don't be alarmed, and return me my question with your eyes," said Ellen, as she read aright the expression of her sister's face; "and do not be shocked at my question; I only asked to tease you. I know your attachment to Charles was of too romantic and devoted a nature to admit the possibility of such a supposition for an instant; and

that look of astonishment at my question would have answered me without a word, had I really doubted you. But what a beautiful bouquet you have here!" rising, and seeking, by her admiration of the flowers, not only to hide her confusion under the penetrating gaze of her sister, but also to change the conversation.

"Yes, they are beautiful," answered Heloise, on whose face was now settled an anxious, thoughtful look. "Charles culled them before he left this morning. If you will, you may have them."

"Thank you, sister, you are really kind; and, since you are so generous, I will gladly yield to my selfishness, and accept them." As she spoke, Ellen stood for some moments before the splendid mirror that filled the pier, and seemed to be occupied in arranging some of the flowers in her hair.

While she thus stood, Heloise regarded her attentively, and there was silence for some moments, unbroken save by the voice of Master Charles, as he marched in the adjoining room, officiating in the double capacity of leader and trumpeter; and then Heloise, addressing Ellen, was the first to speak—

"And so you were dull to-day, and thought to amuse yourself by teasing your unoffending sister, my dear Ellen?"

"*Oui, ma chère sœur*; and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I completely effected my purpose," was the laughing reply of Ellen, who now sought earnestly to divert her sister's attention from the cause of her dulness.

"Yes, my sister, you have succeeded, as I must own. I am annoyed; but," said Heloise, in a serious tone, "not so much by your question, as by the motive which I fear prompted it."

For a moment Ellen was silent; the color mounted to her cheeks and temples, as she saw that her sister's penetration had rendered candor on her part inevitable; then, casting aside all reserve, she ingeniously asked—

"And what have you discovered, dear Heloise, beyond my simple question?"

"That there is some feeling of uneasiness at your heart, at present, which prompted it, and which, if I may know, I would," replied Heloise.

"You are right, sister; I have had feelings and fears of late that have given me discomfort, and I am now glad to speak of them to you, as to no one else would I breathe them."

"Well, Ellen, as the course of true love never yet ran smooth, I shall expect to hear of some very dreadful occurrence," said Heloise, jestingly; yet a

keen observer might detect much anxiety under this assumed gayety. "I suppose Louis and yourself have quarrelled, and are both too proud to make the first acknowledgment, and be friends again."

"Not so, sister, I assure you," replied Ellen. "Louis is unwavering in love and kindness, ever the same. It is I who have changed, if change there be, since our engagement was made."

"You do not mean, surely, that you love him less, or not at all?" eagerly asked Heloise.

"No, no, Heloise, do not mistake me; I could not love him more than I do, and I believe, were anything to occur to prevent our marriage, my life would be one desolate blank. But, sister, I do fear at times for his future happiness with me, as well as for my own. It is this that makes me melancholy."

"Why should you fear, Ellen? Are there any particular reasons for your anxiety?"

"Yes, Heloise, there are many; our dispositions are so different, and so unlike. I would be gay, and partake of every enjoyment, regardless of consequences; while he prefers quiet, seeks but social pleasures, and would not swerve from the strict line of duty and principle for an instant for any motive upon earth. Somehow, I shrink from the life of privation I fear will commence with my marriage."

"Why you should picture to yourself a life of privation, I cannot think, Ellen. Louis St. Clair is engaged in a very lucrative business, which, with care, should enable him to live handsomely, and, in a few years, renounce altogether its pursuits."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Ellen, hastily, "with care; these are the very words that annoy me. I cannot bear the thought of constant care as to the indulgence of this or that wish, and I really sometimes dread the future."

"What is there in being properly careful so very terrifying to my little sister?" asked Heloise. "Surely you are not such a child, Ellen, as to expect to go through life as through a highly cultivated garden, culling only the choicest flowers, unconscious of the existence of a single weed? You must have holier, higher, deeper views of life in its reality."

"I hope I have, Heloise; but, for all that, it is life in its realities I shrink from; and I have discovered very lately that Louis, with all his love, is not blind to my imperfections. He has discerned that I am changeable in my purposes; a discovery I never made myself, and which, although I cannot deny, I do not feel obliged to him for observing."

"Then, Ellen, you should begin at once to remedy what you acknowledge to be a defect in your character, and be really thankful you have been made aware of it in time to do so before it affect, in the slightest manner, the happiness of others than yourself. You know your every wish has hitherto been indulged, and life has been one uninterrupted day of pleasure; but, in now assuming the duties of the married state, you must expect to undergo the

vicissitudes of time with womanly courage, hope, and confidence."

"Yes, my dear Heloise, I suppose I should; but precisely as my life has hitherto been a pleasant one, and my every wish almost a law immediately obeyed, do I dislike the task of remodelling my disposition to suit any one; and I fear me, if Louis has already discovered faults, his discerning eye will, in all probability, detect others quite as glaring." Rising hastily, as she spoke, Ellen paced the room with a cloud upon her usually gay countenance.

"Well, Ellen; and does his manner betray less of love since then?" asked Heloise. "Man usually loves most that which requires his guidance; his pride being gratified by the implied acknowledgment of superiority it gives to rely upon him. Believe me, your changeable disposition will suit him better, if he is firm, than if you were more like him; although I would not have you childishly fickle either: your own good sense must guide you; and remember, Ellen, that, above all other qualities in a wife, amiability is most commendable. Come, clear your brow, I want to see you smile again; you are only too happy, and cannot realize it."

"Perhaps so, sister," answered Ellen; "and the idea of quarrelling with my own happiness is so ridiculous, that I cannot avoid smiling at it. The eventful day is near at hand, and I only hope we will never regret it."

"You surely never will, Ellen, if you act wisely yourself. I do candidly believe that a woman may be happy or unhappy after marriage, as she herself wills it; that is, where there is love to guide both."

"Yes, sister, I know you think so," interrupted Ellen, as she now resumed herself; "and, as you endow the wife with such supreme power, I hope to verify your belief in my own practice. You have effectually banished the misgivings I entertained lately, and I shall trust implicitly to your assurances for the future. But where are the children? We have forgotten them." And, rising hastily, Ellen liberated the captives under the command of Charles.

Leaving her to participate in their innocent mirth, we will now introduce more fully to our readers the characters with whom they should become acquainted; commencing, of course, with our heroine, Ellen, of whose position and prospects in life we have already spoken. The daughter, and the youngest, too, of wealthy parents, she had been indulged in every wish, and her frank, affectionate disposition, which endeared her to all, saved her from being a mere spoiled pet. Much admired and courted in society, she had selected as her most favored suitor, much to the surprise of her gay friends, Louis St. Clair, a young man of gentlemanly appearance and address, but whose quiet, reserved manner served to contrast strongly with her gayety and animation. He was one of those sterling characters so worthy of

respect and admiration, yet so rarely appreciated, whom we might oftener meet, did we but pause to inquire beyond the mere surface. As in gazing in the sunlight upon the night-blooming flower, we perceive no trace of the fragrance and beauty lavished upon the evening's zephyrs, nor detect that the plant possesses more than beauty of growth and form, so in life is many a noble soul unknown and unheeded, because it could not ostentatiously display its priceless worth. Ellen Montrose, however, was not insensible to his quiet merit, and all of her heart's young love was lavished upon him, who fully prized and returned it.

His business was, as Heloise had described it, a lucrative one; and, possessing the power of surrounding himself with comforts, and even luxuries, he hoped, in sharing his home with Ellen, to realize all of happiness that his wildest dreams had pictured. Thus entering life upon a pathway literally strewn with flowers, why should Ellen Montrose have those fears she named to her sister? Because few girls so young—for she was scarce eighteen—can realize the practical duties of life until brought directly in contact with them. Can a young girl, to whom *love* is one bright, romantic dream, and *marriage* but the assurance of its reality, imagine that a wish of her own would ever be at variance with the desire of the loved one? or that he, to whom she is now so dear, would ever pause to question her will, however arbitrary? No; few look beyond the present sunny hour; and it was because, in the depth and fervency of her love, Ellen would encompass her whole existence and make it all his, that she felt and feared so much. Let us follow these young hearts as they proceed onward in life, and mark the influence of *worldly care* upon their now undivided feelings.

We will not attempt a description of the splendor, brilliancy, and joyousness of the gay *fête* which attended the celebration of their nuptials, or of the beautiful bride who, radiant as a bright star, surrounded by her scarce less beautiful satellites, was led by Louis St. Clair to the altar, and there, with willing heart and in firm tone, pronounced the vow that made her his forever; nor can we follow them through their wild career of pleasure, as they are seen, again and again, the gayest amid the gay of those admiring friends who sought and courted them.

Two years have passed ere we revert to them. During the early period of her married life, Ellen, now Mrs. St. Clair, was the gayest of the gay; but now she sought less frequently the crowded saloon, and busy friends conjectured that either Ellen St. Clair was not happy, or her husband and self were as selfishly indifferent to friendships as most young married people usually become; even Heloise was perplexed, for even to her Ellen was changed, but still affectionate, and she could not ask her why it was.

Could she have preceded Louis, as each day he

sought his home, and seen Ellen, as she heard his footstep, rise, unable for an instant to check the impulse impelling her to meet him before he reached the apartment she occupied, then, with an effort at self-command, quietly reseated herself, and wait to salute him with a smile only as he entered, she might have guessed the truth; but, shrinking from intrusion upon the private feelings of her dearly loved sister, she sought not very frequently to visit her, hoping that Ellen's first lessons in the book of life would not eventually determine in unhappiness.

And Louis, was he changed? Ay. He, whose ardent nature seemed to demand a continual expression, by manner, of affection, would seem satisfied with this cold greeting, and, book in hand, we find him hour after hour deeply engaged. A close observer might frequently detect an anxious, earnest glance bestowed upon Ellen, as she busied herself, or changed her occupation; but she saw it not, and many a smothered sigh nearly escaped her lips as she felt his neglect, and found him, if she stole a glance at him, apparently absorbed with the book he held.

This mode of life was not suddenly brought about; it had been by slow degrees; nor was there wanting altogether between them kindness of manner. But where was the glad welcome, and the constant, cheerful attention to each other which characterized their early married days? Gone; ay, gone. And so gradually had this change been wrought, that neither seemed to be aware of it, and yet both suffered deeply. Often had Ellen resolved to break the spell; but, as he too was silent, she strove to subdue her wishes for more certain proofs of affection than this quiet kindness afforded, and tried to teach herself it was not reasonable to expect all the devoted attention of former days. It was a hard task to school that young heart, with its warm impulses and ardent love; and many, and often times, as he bade her good morning, and, with only a smile, left her alone, she sought the solitude of her own chamber, and wept long and bitterly that so soon Louis had learned to love her less. Nor was this all; for, added to this, frequently had it happened that her earnestly expressed wish to obtain or accomplish an object met no approval, and was apparently unheeded by him. These little trials, unexpected as they were, had aided to estrange them still more; and, as Ellen had often seen his brow clouded for some time after such occurrences, she learned to think she had angered him, and in silence bore the pain such a supposition inflicted.

Time thus wore on; but, of late, Ellen's heart throbbed still more violently at his entrance, as she observed a pallor of countenance unusual to him, and a restlessness of manner which spoke to her fears of bodily ailment, and consequently alarmed her. To her kind inquiries, he assured her of his perfect health; and, not daring to urge an explanation of the cause, though certain a cause existed,

her health suffered with the oppression of her accumulated anxieties.

"I must leave you on the morrow, Ellen," said Louis St. Clair, abruptly, to her one evening, "and may not return for some time. Perhaps," he added, as he saw her cheeks lose their color while he spoke, "one of your sister's children will remain with you while I am gone, as you may be lonely."

For a moment, every pulsation of her heart ceased, as each word had been so calmly uttered it had smote her heavily; then rising, and struggling to hide her emotion, she sought to leave the room; but her trembling limbs refused their support, and, sinking exhausted upon the nearest seat, tears uncontrollable gushed from the fountains of her overcharged heart.

Surprised and terrified at the exhibition of a grief so overwhelming, Louis in a moment clasped her to his heart, and begged, with endearing earnestness, to know its cause.

"Let me weep, Louis, or my heart will break," she said, after a few moments. "It is not exactly that you are to leave me now I grieve; but," she added, impetuously, "I cannot longer live as we have lived lately. You, whom I love as my own existence, can leave me without one caress, to pass the long, lonely hours, and count the moments until you return; and then, when my heart bounds with joy to meet you, I receive but a chill salutation, sometimes scarce a look of recognition; and then you calmly occupy yourself with pursuits in which I can have no share. It is this, Louis, that saddens me, and is wearing away not only my health, but every wish that one so young would naturally have for life; for, without your love, life is not desirable; and I have only now to beg that, if you really love me not, you will in mercy hide the fearful truth."

"Ellen, Ellen, I pray you be calm," he interrupted. "I cannot let you speak thus. I had not dreamed of this, and have much to speak of; for I, too, am not happy. I have doubted you."

"Doubted my love, Louis? No, no, it could not be! You, for whom I have renounced every one, even my own dear sister, kind as she ever is, as I could not bear she should know my grief, else she might have blamed you. No, no, Louis, you could not doubt me!"

"Yes, Ellen, I have. It is a long, long time since I first missed the light footsteps that hastened to meet me whenever I came, and many months have passed since I received a joyous welcome to this, our once happy home, and have wondered why it was, as I knew no cause. During the past year, I have known many new cares, and have sought my home with oppressed heart, where, had my Ellen loved me as I once fondly believed, I could not have long pondered in silence; but, met with reserve and coldness by one whose impulsive nature I thought could not be controlled, I have been forced to believe the heart was changed, and there was a bitterness in the

thought that at times almost unmanned me. I struggled long, Ellen, against the fearful belief; but it would haunt me, and my manner must have betrayed it. But now!"

"Now," she interrupted, joyfully, "I have been mistaken, and you love me still! Oh, Louis, I would purchase the joy this assurance gives with all the pain of the past, for we never can mistake each other again; and oh, it is bitter to think that one to whom we are bound by all the ties that make life dear, would even in thought desert us! I know my follies have often justly angered you; but!"

"Angry with you, I never was. I know why you think so; and, to convince you, I will tell you now what I thought you should never know, as I would have spared you the anxiety it would necessarily cause. It was not long after our marriage, when I discovered inaccuracies in my accounts which puzzled and alarmed me; with difficulty, I discovered their author. I regret to even tell you how treacherously my partner abused my trust in him; and, when led on by the influence of his giddy young wife, you proposed first one then another expensive pleasure, which, in my embarrassment, I well knew I could not afford, I thought, by evasion and apparent forgetfulness, to cause you to relinquish them, without giving you the pain of a positive refusal, or this explanation, now due to you, as well as myself."

"And then it was all in very love for me, instead of anger! Oh, Louis, can you ever forgive me for trifling so wilfully with your happiness and my own? To think that I could not see you had enough of care without my annoying childishness, and that, in your most trying hour, I should have deserted you! I cannot forgive myself. I am not worthy of you."

"You must not reproach yourself alone, Ellen, for I should have seen that you waited for proofs of affection from me; but I was too selfishly absorbed with my own cares, and the fault is equally mine."

"No, no, Louis, the fault is mine alone; and I can only say, in extenuation of it, that I forgot there should be no pride between husband and wife, and, wearied with waiting in vain for your proffered caress, I determined, after a long time, to bestow none myself unasked."

"And, my dear Ellen, being so long accustomed to receive gladly all you bestowed, I only realized how dear they were when altogether deprived of them. Let it be a lesson for the future, Ellen; for, with husband and wife, there should be neither false pride nor want of confidence. Our happiness has trembled fearfully; and now!"

"Now, Louis, were it not for your pale cheek and careworn look, I could be happy. But why do you let this trouble in business annoy you so much? You know we could easily live upon less, if it must be, and you should not hesitate at any step, however severe, if necessary."

"This is why I go to-morrow, Ellen. The events of the next week are to decide whether my name,

which I have tried to bear through life untarnished, will stand or not; and, if it does not, my Ellen, it will require all your love to receive again"—he paused in agitation, as the horrid supposition of a blemished reputation presented itself.

"Hush, hush, Louis!" she exclaimed; "do not let even these walls hear you utter a thought so unjust to yourself. You must hope, Louis; and, hoping, and fearing not, you will surely succeed. It cannot be that errors detected so quickly can produce such fearful consequences. Only be calm, and let not that horrid supposition ever present itself again; for Louis St. Clair will never be less esteemed among men than now."

"Bless you, my noble wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed her to his heart; "for this assurance, even from you, gives me hope. And, as the cloud which so long hovered o'er our domestic peace has at length passed on and left us unharmed, so may it cease to o'ershadow the name which, for your sake more than my own, I would proudly bear!"

That the assurances of his wife were fully realized, we must believe, when we see them as now, after the lapse of many years, surrounded by all that wealth can give, happy in each other's love, and the now maternally, but still beautiful Ellen, the happy mother of children beautiful and interesting as the group we first presented her among.

### HOME EXERCISES.



We present our readers with two more of the series of calisthenics, which, we are happy to say, have attracted considerable attention. We have no doubt of the benefit to be derived from the adoption of these exercises, particularly by invalids: because they are so completely under the control of the persons using them, that they are in no danger of fatiguing or exhausting themselves in their use. The unhappy consequences of the neglect of a great portion of our female population to avail themselves of early exercises are too apparent, as well on the

public streets, and in our public assemblies, as in the private sick-rooms and in the public asylums. No effort, therefore, which gives the least promise of mitigating the sufferings of those who have too long neglected their health, and certainly no effort which promises to establish the necessity of an early habit, of all others the most likely to prolong a healthy existence, should be treated with indifference. We shall conclude this series in our December number, when we hope to be able to present some views more interesting to our readers than those which have preceded.

## PRIDE OF BIRTH.

### A TALE OF CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"From yon blue heavens above us bent,  
The gardener Adam and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
*'Tis only noble to be good.*  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood."

THEYNTON.

"YOUR pupils are not in the house, I believe," said Colonel Haywood, courteously. "I have sent Maumer Fanny to look for them; she knows all their haunts. I am speaking of the children, however, now; Edward is in town with John. You will find them very wild, I have no doubt, since their—since they have been left to their maumer's care."

Colonel Haywood had not yet learned to speak of his wife's death before strangers. His face flushed slightly even now, and Philip Anson, the new tutor, noticed it, but seemed absorbed in watching the beautiful landscape. It was all so new to his Northern eyes; the broad, uninclosed fields, with their foam-like waves of snowy cotton; the gnarled, spreading oaks, heavy with the hoary moss, that swayed lightly to and fro in the rising evening wind; the delicious softness of a Southern sunset sky, to which he was not yet accustomed.

They were standing in the porch, or piazza, at which Philip had dismounted; and, looking down the avenue, a merry equestrian party came in sight. Two lads, in linen blouses and broad straw hats, mounted on the same patient steed; while, galloping backwards and forwards, now wheeling around them, now dashing far ahead, on a pony as wild as herself, May Haywood, the colonel's only daughter, mingled her boisterous shouts of laughter with theirs.

Philip could but admire the grace of the child's movements, and the fearless ease with which she managed her pony; but he thought her a sad mad-cap, nevertheless, and wondered what his demure little sister, who was doubtless knitting her stocking at that very moment, would have said to this hoydenish gallop. She threw herself from the saddle as she saw her father upon the porch, and came up with a half shy, half assured manner, to be introduced to her new teacher.

"Mr. Anson, May," said her father, gravely, for he was struck more forcibly than ever with her need of care and restraint. It may be that he saw with Philip's eyes just then.

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She gave her hand to him frankly, and looked up into his face with a bright, winning smile—

"You won't make me study Latin, will you?" she said. "George says you will, and he hates Latin I'm sure I shall, if it's hard. I hate to study."

"Do you?" said the young tutor, amused and interested. With all her fearlessness, there was something very feminine in the light of her large gray eyes, and the smile of her finely curved mouth. There was an air of inborn pride and resolution in it, too, and, in the haughty arch of the white throat, an air rarely noticeable in a child. The delicately pencilled eyebrows, the long, dark lashes, the small carved ear, all contributed to this, and her hair was drawn entirely back from her forehead, after the fashion of our grandmothers. For the rest, her dress was plain in the material, and carelessly put on. She had one of her brother's broad straw hats in her hand, hanging by its black ribbon, and a cape of common chintz only protected her neck and arms. But the picture suited the landscape; and Philip Anson, with an artist's eye, admired it, without one thought of the beautiful human soul that was awaiting his development.

It was a solitary life to one accustomed to the stir and hum of a Northern city, or the dear companionship of college friends. The same unvaried routine, little company or change to interrupt their morning's studies, the afternoon ride or ramble. Colonel Haywood was much away from home, the children left in his absence to the care of his innumerable household, in which Maumer Fanny held the place of authority. When there, he was always courteous, though somewhat reserved; thanked Philip for the improvement, both in mind and manner, of his pupils, and often conversed with him in the library, which, though small, was well chosen, on matters of general history and political interest. When he was away, Philip was left with no other companionship but his own thoughts, his books, and the children. The overseer was an intelligent, but entirely uneducated man, busy on the plantation from early morning until late at night. The picturesque traits of negro character were a matter of amusement at first, and, of course, after a little time, had made their services natural, and even necessary to him, so all subjects of real interest were confined to a very narrow circle.

Edward and John were his two eldest pupils. The children, as the three youngest were called,

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were not strictly his charge; but he had assumed the care of their training at his own request. The boys, as yet, showed little interest in study, but May became a wonder even to her instructor. Her mother had been an orphan of a proud old family, who had died away one by one, until she had scarcely a near relative left. Colonel Haywood's family were in a distant part of the State, people of precise and formal fashion in the circles of the city, which they rarely left except to go North for the summer, or, attended by a train of servants, to the up-country springs for a month or two. Colonel Haywood had offended them by marrying out of the family circle of connection, though, fortunately, nothing could be said against the birth of the lady. Her family was as ancient as their own, both tracing back to colonial governors, and beyond them into the partial obscurity of early English annals. There was a gray stone monument, in the magnolia walk, to this official ancestor, flanked on either side by a graceful cypress-tree. May, with a sad look of veneration, always declared that it spoiled her favorite flower-bed, and she wanted some popinack-trees exactly where the cypress grew. But the boys already regarded the political and social virtues of "Governor John Haywood," as set forth on this brown-stone tablet, as a part of their ancestral inheritance.

But it was for these reasons that May had known so little of feminine influence and example beyond Maumer Fanny's indulgent teachings. She could neither sew nor write a respectable hand. She had read or looked through half the books in her father's library, that contained any inklings of romance or legendary lore, and she could manage her pony with the graceful fearlessness of an Indian maiden, rather than the easy self-possession of an accomplished horsewoman. These were her only accomplishments; but she had health and vigor from this wild, lawless life, and an unpruned luxuriance of imagination and quick sensibility.

At first, she was disposed to rebel against anything like restraint; but Philip held the reins lightly, and she sometimes even did not recognize a guiding hand. Now the thirst for knowledge opened a deep, unfathomed well within her heart, of sympathy for all that was noble and true in life, and a wild ambition that belonged to the slumbering elements of her character. They were much together; for John and Edward were disposed to consider him only as their tutor, to be respected and obeyed, but not taken into their boyish confidences. George and Hamilton were children merely. Even May felt that they were no longer her equals. In their morning lessons—for she no longer discarded the Latin her brothers industriously pursued, but listened eagerly to all that Philip said—in their long rambles by the silent shores of the broad river, or in the dim twilight of the thick woods, she was his constant, cheerful companion. He opened his very heart to his child friend, for he was still young,

and needed sympathy, and told her of his Northern home, and why he was obliged to abandon his profession because they were very poor, his mother and sisters, and he was working now for them, but still in the hope of some day completing his studies and taking a useful position. He described his mother—for May asked a thousand questions—a pale, quiet woman, who had suffered much, and who loved him tenderly; and his sisters, Mary, but two years younger than himself, who wrote him such long and affectionate letters, and Annie, just May's own age, but far beyond her in all womanly ways.

"Just show me how to hem; come, Lorry," May had said to her seamstress, the day after she found Annie Anson could make sheets, and even helped on her brother's clothes.

The girl did not like to be interrupted in her laborious occupation, sitting on the floor and stringing beads for a necklace.

"Go long wid ye now, Miss May, don't ye see I 'ee been bein' berry busy. Whar for ye want to sew? 'Spec you make de nice work, any how."

"Come now, Lorry, and I'll try to learn as quick as possible; and I won't tear my dress again on the gin, or take my apron strings to piece out my reins. Just show me a little."

So the good-tempered, but indolent maid gave the first lesson in her seamstress art, and May improved wonderfully upon them, and could soon set very neat stitches quite alone. Her first practice of this new womanly accomplishment was hemming a set of handkerchiefs, which she had coaxed out of Maumer Fanny's store-room, for Mr. Anson; and these she left in his room, with a note, expressed simply enough, but in an awkward and most unscholarly hand, begging his acceptance of them as her work. And then she waited with nervous impatience until he had found them, and blushed with pleasure at his expressions of surprise and commendation, more delighted than when he praised the construction of a difficult problem, or the translation of her first ten lines of Virgil.

The four years that seemed so long to look forward to passed rapidly away. College duties summoned John and Edward from home, and a governess took the place of a tutor in Colonel Haywood's domestic arrangements. Philip parted with regret from his now manly pupils, who acknowledged that they owed much besides mere school instruction to him, and from May, as he had left his sister Mary, for there was the same similarity of taste and pursuits; though at fifteen there was much still wanting to make up a perfect womanly character in the enthusiastic, impulsive girl. Colonel Haywood, ever kind and generous, was not wanting in good wishes, and Philip returned to his home feeling that he had not wasted the years of his seclusion.

This was the retrospect that occupied his heart and mind, on his approach, after long absence, to these familiar scenes. The long reach of lovely



woodland ride was filled with pleasant recollections of the time when he first came there, a stranger, now a welcomed and invited friend. Here was the white, wooden bridge, with its rustic paling, where their horses always stopped to drink, and May, in an unguarded moment, had found herself uncomfortably immersed in the glancing waters, Frisk, meanwhile, leisurely surveying her through his shaggy mane. The woods were perfumed with the long wreaths of golden jasmine as then, the bright emerald leaves of the wild grape-vines circling among the fragrant blossoms. Cherokee roses bloomed in white and creamy beauty in the hedge-rows, and even the gray moss seemed only a neutral tint necessary in all this gush of brightness to temper the landscape. Philip drew off his travelling-cap, and bared his brow to the soft, delicious air. He rode joyously onward, longing to see them all once more, every familiar object sending a thrill of pleasure to his heart.

Now the well-remembered avenue came in sight, the giant oaks, their fantastic shapes throwing a mass of shadow on the turf beneath them, the moss sweeping down, and making a cool, gray tent, suggestive of twilight reverie or the morning's idle reading. Here, often he had seen Frisk trained to the wide circle of shadow thrown by these densely woven branches, and he glanced up involuntarily, as if expecting to see his little mistress and her gay steed coming down to meet him. But the "boy" who had been appropriated to his especial service was the only creature in sight; and, now that Philip was discovered, York moved towards him with an alacrity entirely foreign to his nature.

"Bress my soul, massa! so you done cum at las!" was the first greeting, as the good-natured face shone a welcome with all its wealth of ivory. "Knowed ye jus' dis minute, 'cause you ain't been grow ole. I perticipated 'twas you w'en I see de hors'; an' Miss May, she send de lub, an' hope you berry well."

"Miss May! Are not the family at home?"

"Massa, ole massa gone to de club, Massa John an' he; Massa Edward gone for de fine canter wid Miss Carline an' Miss Lizbeth. Miss May hab de misery in de head—'spec it am—anyhow, she ax to stay in de library an' read. She hab de great 'pacity, massa say."

Philip remembered York's delight in large words of old. It was his habit to linger about the room at lessons, and astonish his fellow-servants with the phrases and terms he contrived to remember.

So May was at home, perhaps expecting him; but who were Miss "Carline and Miss 'Liz'beth?"

There was some little change in the external appearance of the mansion; no alterations—that would have been sacrilege in the eyes of Colonel Haywood, but an air of renovation and general neatness foreign to it of old.

He saw her first in the hall, dusky with afternoon

shadows, for she had seen him dismount, and came out to meet him. The clear, silvery tones of the voice were the same, the light of the eyes unaltered, but the child was a tall, stately woman, who received her father's guest with finished ease, as if she had been long accustomed to do the honors of the mansion.

"My father left his compliments for you, Mr. Anson," she said, as they entered the library together, "as I bade York tell you, and will be home soon. My brothers are just returned from the North, and will be glad to welcome you again. I scarcely knew them, they had improved so much. I hope Hamilton and George will do equal credit to you. We are all happy to have you with us once more. It seems like old times to see you in the 'accustomed place.'"

But Philip did not think so. Then, when he closed his book in sad or pleasant thought, the child May would come stealing to his side, with a caressing hand upon his shoulder, and those large, eager eyes raised with inquiry. Now the beautiful woman, beautiful most of all by her nobility of manner, sat there so calm, so stately, and, he thought, so cold. The formal inquiries for his journey, his health, the news from the North, it was not what he had expected; and his heart, that had leaped up so joyously, sank down as though some leaden weight were pressing on it. The very air seemed heavy, and he was glad, for the first time in their intercourse, to hear the tramp of horses announce the return of the equestrians, and the conclusion of their *tête-à-tête*.

Edward was, indeed, vastly improved, a frank, gentlemanly man, who greeted him heartily; but Miss Caroline, the aunt, who now resided with them, and Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, a cousin, were content to return his salutation by a cold bow, as they swept across the room, their habits trailing after them like the train of a royal robe. They evidently wished to impress upon the new-comer a sense of their own unapproachable dignity, and of his proper place as tutor, in the household. Colonel Haywood's return was the first thing to break the uncomfortable spell. There was a real heartiness in his greeting, and the thanks he had to offer for Philip's compliance with his request that he would return to take charge of his younger children, with the assurances of a generous remuneration, and a welcome from all to his old home. John's manner was more restrained, but not the less gentlemanly; and, when Philip had visited Maumer Fanny in her own quarter, and received the present of two new-laid eggs—a most embarrassing gift, he could but acknowledge—in return for the bandanas he had brought her, he began to think that Haywood might seem like home to him, after all.

In his old room again, with the well-remembered landscape flooded by the tranquil moonlight, the thought of May's greeting returned. But, after all,

was it not right and natural? What else could he have expected from the change in years and position?

The summer, with its change of residence, was passed. Strange that death should lurk in the wreathings of those graceful parasites, or be hidden in the splendor of those brave old woods! Haywood was deserted with the first tranquil summer day, and the first autumn night duly recalled the scattered family group. Philip and his young pupils did not accompany the Northern party; and the boys, who had not ceased to talk of "sister May's" excellences, were delighted at the prospect of welcoming her home again. In his secret heart, Philip had looked for a renewal of something like the old intercourse; but the dignified Miss Caroline was ever at hand, and in the evening, or at their meals, once so social, she took pains to direct the conversation so that he had little part in it: to their relatives, whom Philip had never seen, people they had met in their late tour, the neighbors who had once more called at Haywood, now that May had entered society, and was known to be heiress, in her own right, to a large and unexpectedly productive property, Mrs. Haywood's dower.

To be sure, Colonel Haywood's manner placed him on a social equality in all their visits and visitings. He was always invited with them, though rarely accepting, and the boys were taught unhesitating obedience to his commands. But what availed all this, while John's haughtiness, and Miss Caroline's pomp, even May's reserve,

"Still suggested clear between them  
The pale spectrum of the salt!"

Philip tried to struggle with this cold, unmanly feeling, but in vain. Colonel Haywood's kindness only marked all he shrank from more plainly, and Edward's good-natured frankness failed to win him. The boys became his companions more and more, or, mounting his horse, he would be absent for hours, now riding at a mad gallop through the silent forests, or, with reins laid upon the neck of the faithful steed, he wandered absorbed in thought, and only feeling the cool October air playing upon his forehead. And this was the end of all his bright anticipations of a return to his old home! It was for this he had given up the cheerful society of his own dear family; the gentle mother, so tenderly alive to every cloud that drifted across his path; Mary, now happily married, and the gay pranks of his little nephew, named for him, and who made them wonder how they had ever lived without the mischievous merry-maker; Annie, who had taken her sister's place as correspondent, adviser, and comforter! This moody, restless spirit was foreign to his nature.

Day by day, the loveliness and harmony of May's character grew upon him. So deferential to her father and aunt, the latter often a trial both to tem-

per and spirits, the life of the household, and of the neighborhood, yet still finding time to go on in the difficult paths of study he had assisted to mark out for her, and accomplished in the graces "which most adorn a woman."

How often he sat in the twilight in the little nook that had been her favorite reading-place when a child, shut by a fall of drapery from the principal drawing-room, and, with his face covered by his hands, listened to the thrilling music of voice and instrument which she poured forth, unaware that any listener shared in the enjoyment which music and its cultivation had long given to her. Miss Caroline invariably went to sleep in her lounging-chair, or on a sofa, after dinner; the colonel sometimes walked up and down the room in the firelight, often busy with mournful thought, for the voice was so like her mother's. Philip, not daring to intrude, listened in half sad, half hopeful reverie, sometimes melted almost to tears, and again roused to all that was noble and brave by the changing strain.

He watched her from the dusky recess, as she sat absorbed in her own harmonies, the grace of the drooping figure, the clear, luminous eyes, half revealed. Then she would suddenly quit the keys, and lean over the instrument, as if absorbed in dreams of her own creation, or pacing, with much of her father's manner, through the room, the firelight glancing upon her dress, or the softly banded hair, or the white and rounded arm. And sometimes she sighed, a long, quivering sigh, like a child that has exhausted emotion in tears.

It was a beautiful, but dangerous study. He longed to read her heart as of old, the aims hidden beneath her usual calm exterior, the memory or the fear echoed in those quivering sighs. Yet he knew this was a confidence he had no right to ask. But why? Had she not always been to him as a sister?

She came to him one day, as he sat reading alone in the library. It was dull and rainy, one of those days when visiting or outdoor exercise is impossible, and the home circle gather more closely. A day of days to those who indulge in the luxury of a new volume, or closer study of ancient lore. No intruders from the social world; no idle, distracting gossip; no wooing sunshine falling upon the open page. Only the obscured, but not melancholy light; the music of the slowly pattering rain upon the window-ledge, or the branches of the leafless trees; the cheerful humming of the fire upon the hearth, inviting to its gentle companionship. Such a day was dreadful to Miss Caroline. No visitors, no rides, no anything, but that eternal and tiresome knitting! May had this morning thoughtfully provided her with a new open-work stitch, and had seen her comfortably engrossed with its mysteries.

The boys had finished their tasks, the gentlemen had ridden over to a parish meeting, and May had dedicated the quiet thus insured to a long review of a favorite author. She started to find the library

already occupied, and turned, as if to leave it. Then came back, as Philip bowed and rose to leave her in possession, with something of her old manner the reserve melting into one of her most open and winning smiles. He could but think of the expression, half coaxing, half assured, with which she had been wont to prefer her childish requests.

"If you will not think me too troublesome," she said, laying her hand on the volume she had come in search of.

"Troublesome, Miss Haywood!" he echoed. "Ah, no, you never were troublesome, even in your most mischievous moods."

It was the first time he had ever alluded to their old position of teacher and pupil; but she was so like the child May just then.

"Never? You forget how you used to scold me, or look at me, I mean—it was always worse than Maumer Fanny's scolding—for my sad, romping ways, the torn frocks and aprons, the dog-eared books; and I'm sure you must remember how I teased my brothers when they were trying to study, and mocked the 'his hæc hoo' Edward used to stumble in. I must have been a household torment," she added, still smiling.

Philip's reserve and moodiness for the moment melted at the remembrance of her mischievous gaiety; its spirit, still lurking in that smile, exorcised all the bitterness of months.

"You were going to read?" he said.

"A little. I find I am getting sadly behind. Truth is, I get little time, and I meet with many difficulties which I have not patience to conquer. I sometimes have been tempted"—

"Not to give up your studies, I hope?" Philip spoke eagerly. He had often mentally attributed

much of the superiority of her character to this patient and well-directed industry.

"No—yes, sometimes. But that was not what I meant just then. I was going to say—to beg you to take another pupil, or an old one in charge again; but I have never had the courage to ask it."

"Ah, have you? Will you allow me to offer any assistance, any advice? I have so much idle leisure; and it would carry me back to those dear old days: not that I could ever fancy you a child again."

So the agreement was made, and once more Philip directed that quick, grasping intellect, and learned to wonder daily at its strength, and yet the true womanliness of its character, that could turn from deep philosophy to the details of social life.

There was a new charm for his existence. He ceased to notice John's *hauteur*, or be annoyed by Miss Caroline's marked dislike; nay, he even offered to assist her in sorting worsteds one evening, when the dim twilight mingled and confused colors beyond her somewhat failing vision. Not that Miss Caroline ever paid any outward tribute to Time. Far from it. Her dress was quite as juvenile as May's, and her double eye-glass was assumed, as she on this occasion assured Philip, only on account of a most annoying near-sightedness.

Even York noticed the change in his mood, and told Lorry, now Miss May's own maid, "he 'spected Massa Philip hab great fortune lef' him, hab such fine spirits, and whistle w'en he cum in. Else de lady lub, orf to de Norf—hab de 'garotype on de table, wid de elegant curls—gwine to hab him right away. Guess she hab a heap o' money herself." A piece of speculation which Lorry took care to communicate to her mistress that very evening, with her own remarks and additions.

(To be concluded.)

## ILLUSTRIOUS WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

"It seems to me that we over-educate the memory, while the temper and the feelings are neglected: forgetting that the future will be governed much more by the affections than by the understanding."—L. E. L.

### MRS. ELLIS.

It has been judiciously remarked that "if the possession of excellent talents is not a conclusive reason why they should be improved, it at least amounts to a very strong presumption; and if it can be shown that women may be trained to reason and imagine as well as men, the strongest reasons are certainly necessary to show us why we should not avail ourselves of such rich gifts of nature; and we have a right to call for a clear statement of those perils which make it necessary that such talents should be totally extinguished, or at most, very partially drawn out. Nature makes to us rich and magnificent presents, and we say to her, 'You are too luxu-

riant and munificent, we must keep you under, and prune you. We have talents enough in the other half of the creation, and if you will not stupefy and enfeeble the mind of women to our hands, we ourselves must expose them to a narcotic process, and educate away that fatal redundancy with which the world is afflicted, and the order of sublunary things deranged.'"

Thus wrote one of the leading spirits of the age in the year 1810. At the present day he would not have to lament that the finest faculties in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength: for the pursuit of knowledge has become the most interesting as it is the most innocent occupations of the female sex;

they have learned to feel that happiness is to be derived from the acquisition of knowledge as well as from the gratification of vanity. While this most important change has been thus progressing, we have solid reasons for judging that the important duties of life have not been neglected, for at Home woman still reigns, and

As mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life,

quite as efficiently and satisfactorily as when her time was wholly devoted to the household gods. That "good mothers make good men," may still be aptly quoted in application to our fair countrywomen; and the "Mothers of England," by Mrs. Ellis, one of a series of works on the subject of female duty, is a fair exemplification of the manner in which it frequently is, and we trust ever will continue to be carried out.

In the choice of her subjects, Mrs. Ellis has been duly actuated by a feeling of their importance as regards the condition and happiness of women, and consequently has sometimes given offence by reprobating too sharply the follies which are sanctioned by society, and the peculiarity in the present aspect of social and domestic life which commonly are expected to pass unobserved. On this subject she remarks: "If, in the performance of this stern duty, I may at times have appeared unjust, or unsisterly, to the class of readers whose attention I have been anxious to engage, they will surely have been able to perceive that it was from no want of sympathy with the weakness, the trials, the temptations to which woman is peculiarly liable; but rather, since we can least bear a fault in that which we most admire, from an extreme solicitude that woman should fill, with advantage to others and enjoyment to herself, that high place in the creation for which I believe her character was designed." We have many valuable dissertations upon female character as exhibited upon the broad scale of virtue, but, until this excellent series of Mrs. Ellis's, none which contained a direct definition of those minor parts of domestic and social intercourse which strengthen into habit, and consequently form the basis of moral character. She has penetrated into the familiar scenes of domestic life, and has thus endeavored to lay bare some of the causes which frequently lie hidden at the root of general conduct. "I have confined my attention," she remarks, "to the cultivation of habit—to the minor morals of domestic life, because there are so many abler pens than mine employed in teaching and enforcing the essential truths of religion, and there is an evident tendency in society to overlook these minor points, while it is impossible for them to be neglected without serious injury to the Christian character."

The whole aim, in short, of Mrs. Ellis, in her benevolent and moral exhortations to woman, is to

encourage her in becoming what Wordsworth has so happily described—

"A perfect being, nobly planned,  
To warn, to counsel, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel's light."

But while we entirely concur with Mrs. Ellis in deprecating the over-education and the laborious exercises to which youthful minds are sometimes subjected, and which too frequently overcloud the spring-time of life, we cannot exactly sympathize with her in the disposition, from which she is not free, to deprecate accomplishments, as if there was anything at variance between them and pursuits of a more intellectual nature; and she sometimes, too, seems to forget that a woman is no longer bound apprentice to accomplishments only; that her understanding is not now confined "to hang upon walls or vibrate on strings," but has become the first spring and ornament of society, for it is enriched with attainments upon which alone such power and influence depend. And in saying this, we do not depreciate the accomplishments which lend so many charms to social intercourse; so far from it, we wish to convey the fact that practical good sense, with science and accomplishments, are thoroughly compatible.

It was in 1833 that Miss Sarah Stickney (the maiden name of Mrs. Ellis) first appeared before the public in a literary career in which she has been so eminently successful, and her three series of "Pictures of Private Life" soon became as popular as they have ever since continued to be. Her mode of combining pure lessons of morality and manners with the amusement and interest of fictional narrative has been successfully followed up by, among others, "Family Secrets, or How to Make Home Happy," and "Social Distinctions, or Hearts and Homes." A residence of fifteen months on the Continent has enabled us to profit by a very amusing and well-written little book, entitled "Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees," and the sensible remarks on travelling with which it concludes cannot too strongly be impressed on all those seekers of excitement who think that change of place and scene will infallibly stimulate listlessness or remove discontent. In her own case she completely verified the truth of her motto: "I know of no pleasure that will compare with going abroad, excepting one—returning home."

In 1845, Mrs. Ellis brought out the "Young Ladies' Reader." The remarks which it contains on the art of reading well are sound, judicious, and usefully directed, and entirely do we agree with her opinion that reading aloud ought to form a part of an accomplished education, particularly in regard to females. "If in our ideas of the *fine arts*," remarks the authoress, "we include all those embellishments of civilized life which combine in a high degree the

trifications of a refined taste with the exercise of an enlightened intellect, then must reading aloud hold a prominent place amongst those arts which impart a charm to social intercourse at the same time that they elevate and purify the associations of ordinary life. The art of reading aloud and reading well is thus entitled to our serious consideration, inasmuch as it may be made a highly influential means of imparting a zest and an interest to domestic associations; and of investing with the charm of perpetual freshness the conversation of the family circle, the intercourse of friendship, and the communion of "mutual minds." One of the highest offices of thought, when communicated by one individual, is to strike out thoughts from others. There are books which operate in this manner to such an extent as almost to create a new era in the intellect-

ual existence of the reader; and where this is the case, how vastly superior is the enjoyment always arising out of new trains and fresh combinations of ideas, when shared with others, than when only confined to ourselves! Books are often our best friends, and therefore we ought to share them together." The remarks on the art of reading well we beg most pointedly to recommend to our fair readers, assured that they must benefit by a study of the advice there conveyed, while we are equally assured that they will be amused as well as instructed by the succeeding selection of extracts, which is modern, and made with much taste and care; at the same time the pieces are not of such length as to infringe on the copyrights of the authors, but are rather brief specimens of their style and mode of thought.

## COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### THE TOILET IN IRELAND.

THE ancient dress of the Irish appears to be but little known till the twelfth century, when it is said to have been much the same as that worn by the southern Britons. After the garments of skins were discarded, the Irish adopted breeches, a cota, and a mantle, fastened, as usual, with a brooch or bodkin. Armillæ and torques were favorite ornaments among them. Giraldus Cambriensis says of the Irish in the twelfth century: "They wear their woollen clothes mostly black, because the sheep in Ireland are in general of that color; the dress itself is of a barbarous fashion. They wear moderate close-hooded or cowed mantles, which spread over their shoulders and reach down to the elbow, composed of small pieces of cloth, of different kinds and colors, for the most part sewed together; beneath which they have woollen *phalinges*, instead of a cloak, or breeches and stockings in one piece, and these generally dyed of some color."

The mantle and brogues are two well known parts of an Irish costume. Froissart, in Richard the Second's reign, mentions the four Irish kings who swore allegiance to that monarch, and says that linen drawers were ordered to be made for them, and houpelands of silk, trimmed with miniver and gris. "For," adds the chronicler, "formerly these Irish kings were thought to be well dressed if wrapped up in an Irish mantle." The dress of the females up to this time is but little known; but it is supposed that they wore mantles, bodkins in their hair, and various ornaments of jewels; they are said to have been very partial to long hair, and allowed it to grow lank and rough, and to fall over their ears.

Fine cloth, silks, and cloth of gold, it is said, were worn by the higher ranks in the sixteenth century, and worsted and canvas materials by the lower orders. In the reign of Henry the Eighth, an act was passed to prevent the Irish wearing clothes dyed of their favorite color, saffron; the number of yards also allowed for their garments is specified, and women are ordered not to wear dresses of the Irish fashion. This edict leads us to suppose that they had a form and shape for their garments peculiar to themselves. The yellow, or saffron color, is often mentioned as being a very favorite hue, and one which they usually employed in dyeing their habits.

Spenser greatly censured the ancient Irish dress. He considered the cloak "a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloke for a thief." He also strongly objects to the custom of women wearing mantles, and mentions several articles of their dress: "a linen roll which they sometimes wear upon their heads, a thick linen shirt, a long-sleeved smock, a half-sleeved coat, and silken fillet." And Camden informs us that when, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the Prince of Ulster came to the English court, with his attendants, they all wore "their hair flowing in long locks upon their shoulders, and had shirts dyed with saffron; their sleeves were large, their tunics short, and their mantles jagged."

A writer of the reign of James I. says: "Touching the mean or wild Irish, it may be truly said of them, which of old was spoken of the Germans; namely, that they wander slovenly and naked. The gentlemen, or lords of counties, wear close breeches and stockings, of the same piece of cloth, of red, or such light color, and a loose coat, and a cloak, or a three-cornered mantle, of coarse light stuff, made at home, and their linen is coarse; and," adds the

writer, "their shirts, before the last rebellion, were made of twenty or thirty ells, folded in wrinkles, and colored with saffron. \* \* \* The women," he goes on to say, "living among the English, wear linen, a gown, and a mantle, and cover their heads



in the Turkish fashion, with many ells of linen, only the Turkish turban is more round at the top, while that worn by the Irish is flatter and broader." Speed also speaks of wide-sleeved linen shirts, stained yellow, the mantles, and the skins, and says: "The women wore their hair plaited in a curious manner, hanging down their backs and shoulders, from under the folded wreaths of fine linen rolled about their heads."

From the time of Charles II. the gentlemen in Ireland are said to have gradually abandoned the national costume, and to have adopted the English fashions. The lower orders, however, retained their dress to a much later period, and even now the brogues and mantles are constantly seen, and still oftener the feet unincumbered with shoes or stockings.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE TOILET IN NORWAY.

THE ancient dress of the Norwegian peasants was made of the reindeer's skin. From what old authors say, it seems to have consisted of a cloak or mantle; but we find that about the middle of the eleventh century, when King Oluf Haraldren founded the city of Bergen, he brought thither a great many foreign merchants, who carried their fashions with them. In the Norwegian Chronicles we read: "Then the Norwegians took up many foreign cus-

oms and dresses, such as fine-laced hose, golden plates buckled round their legs, high-heeled shoes, stitched with silk, and covered with tissue of gold, jackets that buttoned on the side, with sleeves ten feet long, very narrow, and plaited up to the shoulders."

By this account, we may imagine that the Norwegians were eager followers of fashion, and that at the time of which Snoro Sturleson writes, they dressed like other European nations. We find, however, in another part of the same work, that the long garments were not quite discarded in Norway till about the year 1100, and then King Magnus Olufsen introduced short clothes and bare legs.

The lower order of peasants rarely trouble themselves about Fashion's vagaries; and the natives of this foreign clime still retain the costume that has descended to them from father to son. Some wear breeches and stockings all in one, and waistcoats of the same, and, if they wish to be very smart, they cover the seams with cloth of a different color.

The Hardanger peasants always wear black clothes edged with red; the Vaasserne wear all black; the Strite, white, edged with black; and those near Soynesford, prefer black and yellow; so that almost every parish has its own color.

They wear on their heads a broad-brimmed hat, or else a gray, brown, or black cap. Their shoes are without heels, and consist of two pieces of leather; the upper part sits close to the foot, and the other is joined to it in folds. In winter, they have laced half-boots, but when on the ice they put on skates, about ten feet long, covered with seal-skin. The peasants never wear a neckcloth, but leave their throats and necks entirely uncovered. Sometimes they fasten a leathern belt round the body, to hold their knives and other implements.

At church, and on holidays, the Norwegian wo-



men wear laced jackets and leathern girdles, adorned with silver. They are also fond of a chain, which

they put three or four times round their necks, and hang a gilt ornament at the end of it. Their handkerchiefs and caps are covered with plates of silver, brass, and tin, buttons, and rings; and, of the latter, they wear quantities on their fingers. The young women plait their hair, and, while employed

in their household affairs, they wear a shift and a petticoat; the collar of the former reaches to the throat, and they have a sack, generally of a black color, twisted round the waist. The linen they wear is very fine, and this simple costume is said to be very becoming.

## AUNT MILLY'S VISIT TO THE WATERING-PLACE.

BY FANNY BRACY.

AUNT MILLY considered herself an invalid, not that she had any particular complaint or suffered at all from debility. But she had been for years accustomed to sigh and moan habitually, to tie a handkerchief around her face lest that lately fashionable terror neuralgia should make her a victim. She ate rye bread for fear of dyspepsia, took seltzer every morning to guard against nervous headache, and never drank coffee or green tea, for the same reason. When winter set in, she was swallowed in flannel, because her father had been dreadfully afflicted with rheumatism, and it was said to be hereditary. She kept cough drops in her pocket, and took posset every night, for her chest was weak; she dreaded walking fast because she was sure that she was threatened with palpitation of the heart, and when she drove out, sank back in the carriage overwhelmed with the exertion of asking John if everything were safe—shafts, axle-tree, springs, wheels, tires, harness, reins, and check-reins.

My uncle Jones called in physicians, and consulted medical works. He could find nothing in reference to her many nervous attacks, and gave up in despair. Numberless were the plain bread pills Aunt Milly swallowed, countless the vials of colored waters that she imbibed. She could not sleep without two pills at night, and fancied herself dying, if, throughout the day, her teaspoonful of mixtures had been omitted, or five minutes of the exact time had been allowed to elapse before her maid prepared them.

She knew by heart the name of every watering-place in the Union, and declared that she would die, a victim to Mr. Jones's indifference, if she were to be deprived of the benefit attending Sulphur Springs, Sweet Springs, sea-bathing, and salt air.

He had a holy horror of travelling. He could not be convinced of the necessity of shifting from place to place, deprived of his usual comforts, when he could stay at home and have everything he wanted. So, for years, Aunt Milly was allowed to groan and hint, and tie up her head in vain. She could not move his obdurate heart, and resigned herself to die of neglect.

"My dear, you can go where you like," said he; "but you must not expect me to accompany you. I

am no invalid, and have always a good appetite, and a fondness for my own bed, unfested by little unmentionable insects that devour you in hotels and wayside inns. So leave me at home, and travel from South to North, and East to West. Drink sulphur water, bathe in hot springs, enjoy salt air, and sleep in dirty places, since you have a fancy for it; but let me have my way here."

"I sleep in dirty places, Mr. Jones! You forget yourself, indeed! When did I ever express a liking that way, sir? But let me die. You know I cannot go without you, ill and feeble as I am. I am resigned to my fate, poor, neglected creature! Oh, my side! My heart beats so painfully! Joanna! quick with the white mixture! Joanna! Joanna! Mr. Jones, will you ring the bell? Don't you see the state I'm in?"

"I do, and hear, too," said he, seizing the bell-rope. "But you look remarkably well under the excitement, Milly; and you only want exercise and fresh air to make you a sensible woman once more. Whereas, with your swaddling in flannel, burying yourself in your room, and drugging from sunrise till sunset, you are getting to be like a withered apple—withered and screwed into wrinkles while you are yet a young woman; for a woman of thirty-nine is by no means old, unless illness, and a fancy for illness, make her so."

"You are surely crazy, Mr. Jones," cried my aunt, rising and looking in the glass. "I look withered! How decidedly ungentlemanly of you to say so! I defy you to show me a more youthful-looking woman of my age than I am; and will thank you not to remember my years either, or to show a greener memory. I am not thirty-nine yet, thank Heaven!"

"Well, convince me of that, Milly, and I'll be as green as you can expect," said he, slyly, as he winked his eye at me. "When were you born, my dear?"

"Pshaw, Mr. Jones! What is the use of being so foolish? Go and ask my grandmother such questions. She could tell to a minute: old people are forever talking about ages. It seems to be one of their infirmities." And here Aunt Milly rather tossed her head.

"Well, may be so, Milly; but is it not singular

that you should be losing your memory at your time of life? Your grandmother has been dead these fifteen years past, and you bid me go and ask her about your birth!"

"La, Jones, you know I was jesting," said his wife, a little put out.

"Well, then, Milly, let's be serious now." And my uncle took a chair. "Every year I am tormented with your passion for travelling. Now we are going to make a bargain. Does it never occur to you that you might lose your husband's affection by this constant hypochondria of yours—don't interrupt me—this cessation of all pleasant intercourse between man and wife? There was a time, Milly, when our tastes were mutual; you loved me enough to try and make me happy, and I *was* happy. I love you as fondly as ever, because I am not one to change; yet there is but little domestic bliss falling to my share now. You complain all day, and leave me to enjoy myself as I can, without interesting yourself any more in my pursuits than if I were a stranger."

Aunt Milly began to cry; but he went on earnestly, not stopping to comfort her as usual, and I could see that this was the "crisis," as the doctors term it.

"Now, I detest travelling; I have a horror of your fashionable watering-places; but, for our mutual benefit, I will promise to go with you where you like, if you, in your turn, will promise to get well before we come home again."

"How do I know that I will recover my health?" asked Aunt Milly, wiping her eyes. "I think it wrong to exact such a promise from an uncertain, impotent mortal."

"As you please, my dear," said Uncle Jones, thrusting his hands in his pockets; "as you please. I have made you a reasonable offer, and on those conditions alone will I accompany you when you wish to go. So make up your mind, and let me know your decision."

Decision was a fearful word to Aunt Milly. She had never been decided in all her life, and it was late to begin now. She looked at me, at Joanna, and at her husband; but we dared not look up, and she took her knitting from the work-stand.

"You see, Fanny," said she, throwing the yarn across her little finger; "you see, my dear, I cannot promise to get well just in one moment, as your uncle wishes. Suppose that I should not improve, I couldn't come back home to run about, here and there, as I used to. But, Lord! if I were to miss the opportunity! Fanny, I wish you would advise me, child. Do you think I'll be benefited enough by the change of air to get my strength again? Don't tell me that you can't tell. Can't you reflect? If I go, I may get well, to be sure; but then—oh, I declare, Mr. Jones is provoking! But, then, how am I to promise, when I can't? I vow it is too bad to exact such unjustifiable things from people whose

nerves are as weak as mine! I do believe he thinks I can get well when I make up my mind to it, as if it depended on me."

My uncle whistled, and put on his hat.

"Well, Milly, take your time about deciding. I'll give you all day. And, meanwhile, I'll take my gun and bring you a bag of game for your dinner."

"Now do stop, John! What is the use of flying off in that way? How, in the name of common sense, can you leave me in this way? There, he is gone, and I really don't know what to do. Joanna, see if all my morning caps are nicely done up; you know I must have them all. But, you see, Fanny, if I should not improve, I will lose the benefit of Dr. Ring's attendance and his excellent medicines. I may die in consequence of your uncle's unfeeling conduct. Perhaps, however, I had better go, and try what virtue there is in salt bathing. See to my collars, my dear; look over them carefully to-day, and make me some fresh knots to wear with them. If I do go, I must make a good appearance. I declare, Fanny, I am bewildered. Send for Mrs. Martin to come in, my child; I'll consult her. She is a woman of excellent judgment, and knows my disease as well as a physician."

I was rejoiced at this. Mrs. Martin was an excellent auxiliary, and a good friend. She did not always agree with Aunt Milly about her ill health, for she comprehended that it was a mania for medicine and nervousness indulged. They had known each other since childhood, and Aunt Milly loved her dearly, in spite of their arguments.

So I dispatched Joanna, and, shortly after, saw Mrs. Martin riding up the lane in a brisk trot. I hastened to meet her.

"Fanny, how do you do? What is the matter with Milly now? More nerves to-day?"

I explained as I led her in, and she nodded her head approvingly, promising to influence my aunt as far as she was able, as it was an excellent idea. I left them together, and went to look at the collars and knots, convinced of the result; and, before I had quite finished, Joanna came to call me, as her mistress had made up her mind to go, and wanted me immediately.

How hard we worked I cannot say, for the entire household was topsy turvy for my aunt's sake. Washing, ironing, clear starching, sewing, mending, and running errands after ribbons, muslins, and laces. When all was ready, and I saw the carriage at the door, I could not help pitying my uncle. He walked about uneasily, gave orders concerning his gun and hunting accoutrements, fishing-rods and flags; but I could see how he hated the prospect before him of discomfort and daily annoyance. I do believe he would have been glad if Aunt Milly had remained, and been all nerves for the rest of her days.

At length they set off, my aunt crying bitterly,



and Joanna in a whirl of delight at seeing "some-thin' 'sides the everlastin' piny woods." The journey was short enough; but her mistress looked upon it as a dreadful undertaking, and I wondered, as I went in the house, whether my uncle's plan would cure her of hypochondria, or bring her back a victim to coughs, colds, and imaginary catarrhs.

I had enough to do in their absence, and a week passed swiftly enough. My uncle wrote to say that they had reached their first place of destination, and wished himself safe home again. "So I believe Milly does, if she would acknowledge it," added he; "but I am determined to make her believe I am more and more charmed as she grows more disgusted."

Three weeks from the day they arrived at ———, I was surprised to see a carriage coming along the lane, loaded with trunks and carpet-bags. I went to the door, and wondered who it could be; for, although we had plenty of visiting neighbors, I did not expect any one to stay while my aunt was gone. The horses came slowly on until they reached the circle in front of the house. Then they whirled in, the driver drew in his reins, and I recognised my uncle and his wife!

"What on earth has happened?" cried I, springing down the steps, and catching Aunt Milly in my arms. "Is my aunt ill?"

"Oh, Fanny, my child! I'm so glad to get back! So enchanted! You may well kiss your uncle, for he is a person of excellent sound sense."

He winked his eye mischievously at me, and my aunt went up the front steps unassisted, a thing she had not done for years.

"Come along, child, I'm dying to tell you all. Come on, Mr. Jones, I want you to listen, or Fanny will certainly think I am exaggerating."

Here, Joanna lifted a basket awkwardly, and out rolled a large box of pills, the contents scattering in every direction. She flew to pick them up, but my aunt interposed—

"Let the pills go, Joanna, I don't mind them; bring in the things, and set them in my room."

I looked at my uncle, who smiled significantly, and we followed Aunt Milly in the hall, then into the sitting-room, where, having satisfactorily possessed herself of her individual rocking-chair and foot-stool, she ordered me to sit near her. I suggested that she had better divest herself of her bonnet and mantilla, which she laughingly declared she had forgotten. At length she composed herself, and I prepared to listen with all my ears, for I was wondering what to think of the sudden return and my aunt's recovery.

"Now, Fanny, you can never imagine the dirt we eat, drank, saw, and slept in, during our four days' journey. I thought I should die outright; but your uncle declared it was delightful, and pretended that he found everything cleaner than it was at home. Just think of that, my dear child! He

wouldn't agree with me in a single opinion I expressed, and wished the distance were greater yet from here to ———. The evening we arrived, there was a ball, and everybody's head seemed to be turned. We waited for an hour in the hotel parlor before we could get a room, there was such a crowd; and the women peeped at me, and giggled like so many fools, walking arm in arm with gentlemen whom I took to be their husbands and brothers, but found out afterwards 'twas no such thing. Well, at last we were led to our rooms; two poor little pens, with a comfortless appearance that chilled me. I went to bed directly, telling Jones to send my tea up to me; but waited two mortal hours for it, Joanna running down every five minutes to try and get it. When it did come, it was a slop, to be sure! Fodder tea would be nectar to it, upon my word. I couldn't drink it, and, in despair, tried to sleep. Oh, Fanny, such beds and pillows! If they were not stuffed with oyster-shells, they were with pounded brickbats, for I never laid my poor head upon such stony things in all my life. Fortunately, I had brought two pillows with me, and I sent after the baggage that remained down stairs. My dear child, I had to wait till next morning! Then I rolled up some of my shawls under my head, and hoped to rest; but the music began in the ball-room, and I was nearly wild. Your uncle came up laughing fit to kill himself, and insisted on my getting up and dressing myself to go and see them dance. You may imagine, Fanny, how miserable I must have felt when I consented to this; but I put on my black levantine and a new cap, and took Jones's arm. We reached the ball-room at last, and found a seat. Everybody was up on the floor, it seemed to me, for my head was in a whirl. The men all looked drunk, and half the women, instead of being dressed, were in their bodied petticoats. I wanted to go out, but Jones would not let me, so I looked on. The queerest dances you ever saw were performing; for it certainly was a performance. The gentlemen hugged their partners close to their breasts, and, with their faces close together, they began to slide first one side then another, and then hop all round on one foot. Some just slid, others gave a little kick, then a hop, and then a kick again, all the time as close as could be to one another. You may well open your big eyes, Fanny; for I would sooner see you dead than engaged in those improper dances. I thought, at first, that they were dancing with their husbands, these half-dressed ladies; but I give you my word, that I never saw man and wife together while I was away. They didn't seem to care a snap for one another, and flirted worse than any wild unmarried belle I ever heard of.

"Well, at twelve o'clock, they had supper, and your uncle dragged me along. There were bony chickens and thin turkeys, oyster soup and fried oysters. Sloppy blanmange, stale cakes, and blue milk frozen into what they called ice-cream. Oh,

Fanny, I thought of our delicious ice-cream, and your sponge-cake, and wondered how people could eat such stuff! Well, to go on, the ladies stood in groups, and their partners helped them; but to such loads of food! And to see how they tumbled! Why, child, your uncle don't drink as much in one month as these women in a night; and sometimes they drank out the same glass with a gentleman. Oh, I can't tell you how shocked I was! I insisted on going back to my room; and, tired to death, I did sleep, in spite of the hard pillows.

"Well, next morning I was waked by hearing a man's voice call out, 'Mrs. Jones! Mrs. Jones! will you go bathing this morning? Mrs. Armor is ready, and we are only waiting for you.' I sat up in bed, and looked around. Your uncle had gone down, and there I was alone, a man at my door asking me to go and bathe with him and some one else! I sprang out of bed and latched the door, trembling from head to foot; and, after a while, the impudent creature went down. Joanna came up and dressed me, and I sat waiting for your uncle, intending to make him call this person to account, if he could discover him. Some one knocked at the door, and Joanna opened it. There stood a waiter with a glass of julep that held a quart, and a long straw stuck into it. 'This is Mrs. Jones's julep,' said he, bowing to me. 'Mr. Hall sends it with his compliments, and hopes she does not feel badly after her bath.' I was furious. 'I have not bathed this morning, and do not drink; you must make a mistake. Shut the door, Joanna.' And he went to the next door. I could hardly keep from crying at this fresh insult; and, when your uncle came, could scarcely find words to tell him what had passed. My dear, he laughed at me, and said I must have been dreaming!"

Here, Uncle Jones threw himself back in the chair and shook with laughter. My aunt looked reproachfully at him, and I tried hard not to join in his mirth, but smile I must, I could not help it.

"I went down to breakfast—Fanny, listen to me—and couldn't eat a thing. The table-cloth was dirty, and the butter a smash. There must have been two hundred in the room, and their loud talking deafened me. I went back to my room, and tried to swallow some of my pills; but they made me sick. I lay down to rest, and, about eleven, your uncle told me to go down and bathe, as the bath-house was empty. So down I went, and had been there about fifteen minutes, when a perfect swarm of women and children rushed in. I wanted to get out of the water, but thought I would wait until they were all in, so that I could dress in peace. Such a clatter and screaming, as they all plunged in, hooting and hallooing! Some could swim, and some were learning, so they kicked about manfully, looking at me as if I were a crocodile, and talking French. I got out, and dressed as well as I could, and went up to the hotel. They sent up a lunch of

bread and smashes, with a few streaks of ham. I ate this with pleasure, for I was hungry, and your uncle brought me a glass of India ale that was very nice. The place was quiet enough, for all the people were out to bathe, and I fell asleep over that nice book, 'David Copperfield.' I was waked by a knock at the door: 'Mrs. Jones, here's a capital cocktail for you!' The same voice that was after me in the morning. What he meant by a cocktail, I don't know; but I wouldn't answer, and he went off. Cocktail is a mixture of brandy and bitters, child, I found out afterwards; for every day this same insolent creature came to my door, inviting me to bathe, and sending me juleps and cocktails."

Here my uncle set off again, and this time I joined him, and laughed heartily, for my aunt's indignation was irresistible. She looked at us steadily, but did not call Joanna for ether, as was her wont; and, after a pause, went on with her story.

"Well, you would never laugh, Fanny, if you were to go to a public place and see women dancing in their petticoats, bathing with anybody, and drinking things with such low names as cocktails. For two good weeks I endured this, and being every morning roused out of my sleep by that monster calling me to go and bathe with him. For two good weeks I saw more flirting and parleyvoing, more skipping, hopping, and drinking than a woman of my character and principles ever ought to witness; and I never had spirits during all the time to take my medicines; for I was afraid to ring the bell for Joanna, lest the eternal julep and cocktail man should answer it. So one thing I've gained by my journey, I find I can do without them and feel very well."

"Eureka!" cried my uncle, jumping up and giving her a hearty kiss. "Here is my own Milly come to life! And now, my dear, I'll tell you a secret: your morning visitor and your julep offers, were all intended for your neighbor in the next room, another Mrs. Jones."

"Why, John! why did you not undeceive me? I was so very much annoyed."

"Well, Milly, to tell you the truth, I thought I would allow you to be as much disgusted with watering-places as you really are. I knew that you would not have time to faint and stuff yourself with bread pills."

"Bread pills, John Jones! What do you mean?" cried Aunt Milly.

"Simply that you have swallowed nothing but bread pills since your maladies showed themselves," said he, dryly, resorting to his old way of thrusting his hands in his pockets.

"Is it possible! How abominable!" Aunt Milly was ready to cry. "One thing, then, I will say, you have all treated me shamefully; but I have been well punished by hearing this, and my visit to that horrid watering-place."

"And yet it cured you, aunty," said I, mischievously.

"Now, Fanny Bracy!—now, Fanny Bracy!" and

my aunt looked daggers; but from that day she has been as active as a squirrel, as busy as a bee, and as merry as a lark. So, at least, says my uncle, and he ought to know.

## VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

**PLANTS COMPOSED OF A SINGLE ROW OF CELLS.**—In this case, the cell is multiplied by division combined with subsequent expansion, which takes place in one direction only. A cell is first elongated, and a partition is seen to project across its middle, by which it is divided into two cells; one of these cells again elongates, and is again subdivided in a similar manner: in this way, a plant is produced consisting of a simple or branching series of cells placed end to end. Such plants can be seen in any shallow stream of water which is exposed to the light. They appear like threads of vegetable matter, and, collectively, form that bright green ooze which attaches itself to the stones and pebbles of the stream. The extension of the parts of plants or vegetable growth, in all ordinary cases, is effected by this mode of cell-multiplication.

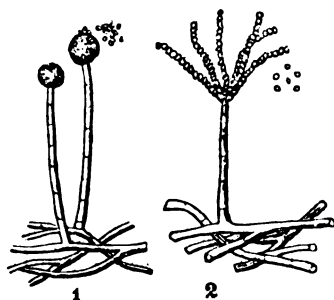
In the simplest plant in nature, the plant-cell, both the reproductive and nutritive processes are carried on by the same cell. So also in the Diatomaceæ, a species of marine algæ, where the union of plant-cells is only temporary, the organs of nutrition and reproduction are still identical. The cells of these plants are at first united, but afterwards spontaneously disarticulate and break up, exhibiting well-marked spontaneous movements, insomuch that some naturalists have referred them to the animal kingdom, to which they certainly approximate. The cells thus separated, under suitable conditions, individually develop into new and independent plants.

But when plant-cells unite together permanently, as they do in the higher forms, the organs of nutrition and reproduction are no longer identical or confined to the same cell; on the contrary, some of the cells are specialized or set apart for nutrition, and others for reproduction.

When plant-cells combine together, and a line or plane of cells is produced, they form what physiologists call a tissue. It must be evident that such plants are more composite in their mode of growth. A tree, philosophically considered, is not an individual, as is commonly supposed, but a community of individuals. Every bud which develops on the branch is, in fact, a phyton, or new plant, and is capable of forming the germ of an independent existence: it is but a repetition of the same process of growth, and of the plant itself, from which it dif-

fers only in having no free radical extremity, like the parent plant, developed in the soil. Now, when plant-cells combine into a simple or branching series of cells, their union with each other evidently corresponds to the union of the phytons in the flowering plants, the growth of each cell being, as we have already shown, simply a repetition of the same process, or of the same plant-cell; and, although each plant-cell in the series thus united together is capable of propagating the species, which it actually does when they are separate from each other naturally, yet, when they remain together, certain cells are specialized for propagation and others for nutrition.

This is beautifully exemplified in the Mucar, or bread-mould (Fig. 1), which consists, as to the



creeping part at its base, of long, thread-like and branching cells, the partitions of which have been wholly absorbed, so that they form continuous tubes, whilst its upright portion, or stem, is composed of a single row of cells, formed by the process of division already explained, the terminal cell containing the reproductive matter or spores. In Fig. 2, the *Penicillium glaucum*, another mould, we have a somewhat different arrangement of the reproductive cells, which, instead of being inclosed in a solitary terminal cell, are arranged side by side, forming a number of bead-like branches at the summit of the stem. These cells ultimately separate, and grow into new individuals.

Let us pause for a few moments, and reflect on the simplicity and beauty of these admirable productions of nature. Think of the *Liriodendron tulipifera*, or tulip-tree, the pride of the American

forests. Its wide-spread and powerful roots, its tall and massive stem, its glorious and far-extended canopy of foliage and flowers; this is the result of centuries of assimilation from inorganic matter, of the evolution of countless myriads of cells. Now look at the little bread-mould, which nature constructs from decaying organic matter in a few short hours. In this plant, we have the problem of vegetable nutrition and reproduction reduced to the last degree of simplicity: the whole process is seen in these interesting plants, as it were, in miniature, beneath the microscope. The basis, or foundation of the plant corresponding to the root, consists of a few interwoven tubular cells, the upright portion the analogue of the stem of a few cells strung end to end, and the terminal cell at its summit is the humble representative of the flowering or reproductive part of the plant, the most highly organized and striking portion of the fabric of all plants, and

to which the vegetable creation owes all its splendor.

Yet, after all, although nature has thus beautifully simplified the common laws of vegetable life for our instruction, how little do we in reality know about it! We do not know how the cells of the bread-mould originate, why they are developed in this particular form, why they are so few in number, and why the terminal cell should be specialized or set apart for reproduction. Could we but answer these simple questions, we could explain the formation of vegetable out of mineral matter, and those mysterious and sublime operations by which nature clothes the earth with this endless variety of vegetable form. But, although the acutest philosophers have directed their closest scrutiny to the problem of vegetable development, and particularly of cell-growth, a thick cloud still continues to rest over this department of physiological science.

## THE SCARF AND CROSS; OR, "THERE'S MAGIC IN THE WEB OF IT."

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ROSE ASHLEY

### CHAPTER I.

THE noble Chevalier Herman, of Meringer, loved the young and beautiful Matilda, of Malsbourg. He was fortunate in being also beloved by her. It was during the time of the Crusades, that great heroic era of Christianity, when Europe and Asia, the Christian and Mussulman federations, Rome and Bagdad, Christ and Mohammed, Pope and Caliph, had shown themselves under the walls of the city of David, to determine an old quarrel of five centuries; and the two rival worlds equally collected their subjects in the prosecution of a holy war. Roused by the ardent summons of a passionate friar, the people of Christian Europe started and awoke. Their souls were full of enthusiasm, and, in a moment, at the supposed voice of religion, her multitudes, seeking glory and adventure, covered the thousand pathways of France, England, and Germany, lance in hand, red cross on white tunic, and banner waving in the wind. Kingdoms were to be conquered; the oppressed to be rescued and sustained; the holy sepulchre to be delivered; and, above all, that beautiful sun of Asia, that magnificent country of the East, filled with marvels, and abounding in light and perfumes, was to be yielded up to Christian keeping.

The noble Herman was among the rest to cry, "Deus Vult!"—"It is the will of God." He shared in the enthusiasm, had taken up the cross, and sworn at Notre Dame to accomplish the warlike pil-

grimage, now almost enjoined by the Church as a Christian duty, to the holy sepulchre. No wonder, then, if the young Matilda should be sad, sad as an autumnal evening; if the tears were seen to stream from her blue eyes down her fair, soft cheeks; if her eyes were now, from time to time, raised towards Heaven in as much despondency as hope, as if there seeking the aid and protection which earth seemed only to deny.

It was, in those days, an old and pious custom among those who loved, to make, at parting, certain mutual gifts, which should keep them in remembrance: a glove, a scarf, a jewel, some toy or trifle, which, however valueless in itself, might possess a precious significance in the eyes of love. Not that those who truly love have any need of such remembrance; but that, by these visible symbols, the fond eyes keep always before them a token which prevents them from wandering, as certainly as the heart. Our lovers did not differ from the rest of the world. They, too, had little treasures to exchange, upon which affection had set her name and seal, and from which sympathy could always gather sufficient provocation for her tears. The gift of our Crusader to his betrothed was a splendid missal, exquisitely embellished and illuminated by one of the most skillful artists of the neighboring abbey. In return, he received from her a scarf embroidered with a blue cross, which she cautioned him never to discard, as it possessed a nameless virtue. They then renewed the most tender assurances at parting,

swearing, as most lovers do on such occasions, eternal love; and, having for the last time embraced the sad and blushing fair one, the noble Herman took the road to Venice, that cherished daughter of the Adriatic Sea, from whence he embarked for the Holy Land.

The seas sped his progress. He was soon landed on the shores profaned by the pagan; and very brief was the interval before the struggle followed between the iron-clad soldiery of Europe with the light-armed, but vigorous and elastic chivalry of the East.

"It was a spectacle of surpassing beauty," writes one who beheld it, "the first combat which followed between the opposing armies. In the distance, the morning sun is lighting up the blue mountains and the widely rolling sea. Before us, the plain is covered with the warlike thousands who are about to meet. There they rush careering on their steeds, their glittering equipage and armor multiplying and casting back, with sinister lights, the dazzling glances of the sun. Anon, there is a terrible rush, as of the waters of the raging sea—a noise, confused and undefinable, but which fills the heart with unspeakable apprehensions. Suddenly, the sound subsides. A silence follows quite as terrible as was the storm; a silence like that of the same ocean, when the tempest has sunk into repose. Again the tumult rises, swells, grows as it proceeds, while dense clouds of dust envelop the contending armies, and almost shut from sight the soft beauties of the far blue sky above. Death, that child of darkness, that mother of silence, is accomplishing her work. Another, and a deeper silence ensues. At a distance only is it broken, while at intervals burst forth the cries of triumph and exultation of those who stand among and above the slain. The pure winds of heaven once more break over the bosom of the earth. They sweep the dust from the field of conflict. The cloud disappears, and unveils the dead and dying. The survivors have sped in pursuit, leaving horror and blood behind them, with the loathsome jackal alone to prey upon the unconscious kinsman and the friend. Oh, surely, the field of battle is a most glorious spectacle!"

But what became of our Herman, the betrothed of the fair Matilda, on that bloody field of Palestine, for which his eager soul had thirsted so long? Alas, the question! Sudden are the changes in the sky of March, but still more suddenly change our destinies. The noble Lord of Meringer has fallen into the hands of the infidels. His fate was a cruel one. For six dreary hours he had fought, almost entirely unsupported, against a crowd of enemies; at length a mighty stroke, breaking in pieces his armor, left him incapable of defence and of movement, beneath the feet of his horse. The stroke, however, supposed to be mortal, did but stun him; a marvellous circumstance; not even shedding a drop of his blood! The sword of the pagan war-

rior, though tempered in the living waters of the Baraddi, which runs by Damascus, could not cut through the scarf of the fair Matilda; that scarf of white with the blue cross, which our hero always carried next to his bosom. "There was magic in the web of it."

Become a prisoner, he was, with his unfortunate companions, degraded to the labors of the field. Our poor French captives were thus doomed to till the lands they had only come to reap, and were driven to the work with strokes, which not unfrequently moistened the furrows with their blood. Herman bore his lot with the meek submission of a Christian. He neither complained of the labor, nor resented the blows and bonds of his tormentors. Their strokes, indeed, fell unharmed upon the scarf of Matilda.

This was a miracle! The curious circumstance at length reached the ears of the youthful prince, into whose hands the noble Lord of Meringer had fallen. He was curious to behold the man of whom he had heard this matter, and Herman was accordingly brought before him, when he demanded to know the history of his magic scarf. The chevalier meekly told his story, saying frankly that the scarf had been given him by the damsel whom he loved, the virtuous and beautiful Matilda of Malsbourg, of whose continued chastity and truth, the captive declared the sanctity and whiteness of the scarf to be a sufficient evidence: of its power for his own preservation, the proofs were every day apparent.

## CHAPTER II.

THE young prince, being rich and powerful, with an excitable imagination, and fond of the marvellous, was naturally a seeker after adventure: just such a person as we so frequently read of among the caliphs and viziers of the *Thousand and One Nights*. He was impressed by the description given of Matilda, and determined secretly to visit France, and to spare neither gold nor presents in the attempt to win the affections of the betrothed of our captive knight; and, by this means, to see if the scarf would lose its virtue and change its color. He was not slow in carrying his resolution into effect. With great secrecy and diligence, he passed into the Christian country. It was a cold, bleak evening in winter when he arrived at the foot of the tower where dwelt the young heiress of Malsbourg. He was fortunate in beholding her the very first moment of his arrival. Heedless of the cold and biting winds, she was even then leaning out from the turret, sending her eyes afar, as if seeking to discern, amidst the whiteness of the snow which covered the vast plain before her, the black plume of her knight faintly glimmering in the distance: striving to distinguish, amidst the noise of the wind,

the sound of a well-known bugle. The form of the visitor appeared before her, and, for a moment, inspired her with a hope; which was, however, soon dissipated when the faithful warder, Dietrich, throwing open the gates of the castle, admitted our adventurous sultan. The sight of a stranger, whose features told her nothing but that they were bronzed by the intense sun of Asia, only filled her heart with new terrors and apprehensions, which the deep sigh which he uttered as he surveyed her person only tended to increase. She had everything to fear from a messenger coming from the East, in place of Herman; but the stranger only implored hospitality, and made no present revelations. His prayer was necessarily granted. The inclemency of the season was a sufficient plea to the heart of charity for the lonely wayfarer at such a bitter time.

It is related in the legend of Dr. Faustus, that, one day, Mephistopheles tempted the fair Margaret with rich ornaments of pearls and diamonds. The poor child trembled, hesitated, and finally allowed herself to become his victim; and this is the history of very many of the daughters of Eve. Our sultan resorted to a like influence to persuade the fair Matilda. She beheld, in one night, at her feet, all the riches of the East. She heard her pagan suitor swear that her betrothed, the noble Herman, would forever drag the plough of the infidel unless she yielded to his entreaties. The sultan was beautiful as a fallen angel, and as eloquent as the Devil when he tempted the mother of mankind in the garden; and yet—and yet he failed. The fair Matilda turned over the golden leaves of her missal, and remained faithful to her lover. When left to herself, she mourned over the cruel destiny under which Herman suffered in a heathen land, and prayed the Virgin to give her strength and means to deliver him from his enemies.

Did the Virgin listen to her prayer? Did the maiden leave it to prayer alone? We shall see.

Though swiftly roll the waves, yet still more swiftly pass our days. The infidel, hopeless of his arts, has returned to Syria with empty coffers. He has gained nothing by his adventure, and his gifts were all fruitless with the fair Matilda. Herman still labored with his companions at the plough, and his scarf still remained immaculate as the white wing of the cherubim.

Soon after this time, there arrived at the court of our sultan an unknown singing-master. His pale face, long, fair hair, smooth chin, and blue eyes—in short, his whole appearance showed that he was from the West, from those cold and melancholy countries so often hid from the entreaties of the sun.

The stranger sang, accompanying himself with the sounds of an ebony harp, inlaid with ivory, which he brought with him. His sweet strains captivated the assembled crowd. He sang, in a pure and limpid voice, the joys of one's native country;

then he changed his notes, and the spirit of his muse became that of the clarion, as he sang the hymn of combat and the joys of triumph. In a more tranquil mood, he told of love—love which baffles all sorrows, and heals every wound. He detailed, for the delight of the fierce, but curious and story-loving Syrians, the original legends of the West—harmonious echoes of a marvellous and poetic past. He described the lovely Emma, the royal fiancée of a powerful monarch, who sacrificed a throne for a humble student—who encountered, on behalf of Eginhard, the fearful wrath of the great Emperor Charlemagne, her sire. This legend led to others. He told of a mysterious cavalier, who descended the green banks of the Rhine in a bark, which was drawn, with a chain of silver, by a swan of incomparable whiteness; who rescued the lovely orphan from the tower where she was kept, and, having espoused her, disappeared as suddenly as he came, like some sad and sombre spectre, only from being vexed by an imprudent question. Then followed the story of Nothurga, that beautiful and pious maiden, who, being betrothed to a knight who perished in a distant land, fled into exile rather than forget her faith, and buried herself in the remotest solitude. A white hind, which accompanied her to the desert, brought her daily, suspended about his neck in a basket, the nourishment which a faithful servant had procured. But when autumn arrived, and the last leaves and flowers had disappeared, the angels came with better nourishment, and transferred her pure spirit to a more certain refuge in Heaven. Still, however, though she herself no longer appears among the perishing flowers, her pure and lovely body preserves, though under its covering of hoar-frost, the germ of life in the beautiful little blue flower, the daisy, which she loved, and sleeps sweetly shrouded in roses that never fail to bloom at the proper season above her grave, on the pleasant banks of the Neckar.

With this plaintive romance, the minstrel ended his touching ballads, which declared the sufferings of the soul, and, with gracious symbols of hope, pointed to that celestial flower which alone defies the winds and the waves of life. The voice of the musician had varied with his song. It had become more thrilling than at first, while his eye grew more and more animated, his gestures more expressive; inspiration seemed to open from his soul the sweet secret of a better future, and he seemed to tremble with very excess of happiness—even as the swallow, who, after having fatigued his wings in traversing a stormy sea, perceives, at sunset, once more in view the precious spot of earth where it finds a home—the murmuring fountain, the green plain, the fresh shade, and the dear maternal nest.

It was like so much magic to the ears of the sultan and his court, the songs of the pale and light-haired stranger. Poetry is naturally grand and powerful under the starry sky of the orient. There,

music possesses a natural melody, particularly under the shade of the minarets of Antioch and Smyrna, at those seasons when the drooping earth is refreshed by breezes from Libanus; when the birds bury themselves in the foliage from the piercing heats of noonday, and the locust chirps monotonously in the shade which he always loves; when the butterfly crouches above the moist places, or in the grass, and it is only the green lizard that turns up his emerald garments to the sun—there, to lie in the shade, with the soft, refreshing breeze stealing off to your embrace from the lonely mountain heights where they harbor, with the waters of the Ionian Sea gliding to your feet, then to hearken to the *racenteur* who delights you with equal poetry and music, is to realize the highest raptures of the day of Homer.

The sultan was equally liberal and magnificent. He must reward the musician who had delighted him with songs of such refreshing sweetness, and tales of such foreign interest and beauty. Brocades of gold tissue were cast at his feet, collars of precious stones were offered for his neck, harps of cedar wood, scarfs of silk, dyed richly with the famous purple of the Tyrian, and other gifts, no less valuable and precious, were offered for his acceptance by the grateful prince. We pass the mere *bijouterie*, the trifles which are simply beautiful and tasteful, and mention, among these other gifts, the ransom of fifty captives, the soul of a Jew, and the body of a beautiful Georgian captive—the one not dead, but living and beautiful, the other quite alive, and not wholly inaccessible, as we may conjecture, to a reasonable conversion. The young Frank musician rejected all these gifts, and demanded, as his recompense, only the privilege of rescuing one of the Christian captives from the labors of the Asian plough. His prayer was accorded him; and, conducted among the captives, his choice fell upon Herman, our knight of the white scarf and the cross of blue—that scarf which the scourge could never rend, which labor could not soil, which neither blood, nor toil, nor exposure to the pitiless storm, could impair or deprive of its first sweet purity and whiteness.

### CHAPTER III.

THE Lord of Meringer, thus rescued from his bonds, naturally wished to return immediately to his beloved Matilda. His liberator desiring also to return to France, they embarked together, and arrived safely at a place about two days' journey from the château of Meringer. The travellers stopped at a hotel, and here the singing-master said to Herman—

“Brother, at this place we separate. We now take different routes. I pray thee now, at parting, that thou give me, as a remembrance, a small piece

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of the scarf of which the history is so wonderful, that I may be able, when I relate thy story, to have the proof in hand.”

The knight gladly yielded to an entreaty so moderate. He anxiously desired some means to prove his gratitude to the generous pilgrim who had procured for him his freedom. He cut off a bit of his charmed scarf, accordingly, and gave it him, with thanks and blessings. Exchanging other proofs of a mutual esteem, and promising to see each other again, as opportunity offered, they separated with much and sincere feeling.

Herman hastened to his betrothed. Once more he beheld the young heiress of Malsbourg. He finds her still beautiful as when he left her. Her smile still glows for him, and she is in all respects the same dear and beautiful Matilda. Yet there is a difference. There is a something more proud in the movements of her form; her figure seems more graceful, while more erect. There is a slight shade of mystery in her actions. From time to time, her hands seem to seek for a dagger at her girdle, and her fingers pass more hurriedly than they were wont in former days over the chords of her harp. There was a darker shade in her complexion, as if she had felt the smiles of a warmer sun than that of Malsbourg. There was surely no reason why Herman should not be happy; Matilda still beautiful, and still loving as of yore. But our knight was not happy. Fearful imaginings and suspicions filled his brain. They had told him, on his return, that a mystery hung about his betrothed. She, too, had been a wanderer. For twelve months had she been absent, and none knew whither. She had gone without a sign, and returned without an explanation. Our knight was miserable. His thoughts by day, his dreams by night, filled his soul with equal tortures. His peace was gone, his hopes vanished, all his sweet illusions were wrecked like the frail paper boat which the Hindoo maiden sends down the Ganges. Evil purposes fill his soul, and a sense of wrong makes him dream only of revenge, that banquet of supreme passion, which some one fables is worthy of the gods. In his gloom, Matilda forgets to smile. She knows not what to do or say; but she has hopes—hope, indeed, would seem natural to the fair, pure damsel, whose scarf and cross no weapon had been able to destroy.

### CHAPTER IV.

SITUATED at the summit of a high mountain, the château of Meringer resembles, at a distance, some gigantic patriarch watching over the flock which lies scattered at his feet. It was night, and numberless sparkling lights scintillated fantastically through the divided panes of the high windows, which were distinguished by that peculiar shape

which, in architecture, is termed ogee, or ogive. A burst of sonorous instruments, with powerful and harmonious voices, mingled with the great murmurs of the torrent which descends into the valley. The Count of Meringer had prepared a feast. One so magnificent had never been witnessed in the old château. Here he had assembled his friends and connections. Noble lords and stately dames gathered from the contiguous country. Matilda, too, was present. She came, at the urgent entreaties of her lover, filled with a secret presentiment of happiness reassured and made secure. She was magnificently attired; and, in the midst of the youthful company, with such finished and perfect features, with looks so equally chaste and sweet, and a smile so pure and pleading, one felt that she was lovely and without a model. Yet there were some to compare her to Diana in the midst of her nymphs, who, even while sporting in the simple pleasures of the fields and forests, kept ever in remembrance the precious beauties of her young Endymion.

The *fête* went on without interruption to its pleasures until nearly at the close, when the noble Count of Meringer, who, during the evening, had cast many a mournful and pitying look upon his betrothed, now rose and addressed the company. With his glass filled with the rich wine of Hungary, and pursuing his purpose only with the desperate air of one who leaps to a performance at which he revolts, since he feels that he cannot deliberately pursue it, he drank to the mutual release of himself and betrothed; alleging, as his reason for this decision, that she had been faithless to her vows.

Terribly fell the blow upon the young, fond heart of the poor innocent. The tears gushed from her eyes; but checking, with a sign, the ardent kinsmen who were prepared to rush upon her slanderer, she slowly, and with the most dignified meekness, silently left the scene in which she could not conceal her sorrows. Great was the confusion which

followed. The guests were confounded. Words of doubt, dispute, and anger were heard on every side, and the noble Count of Meringer himself, now that Matilda had disappeared, was shocked and humbled at the offence of which he had been guilty.

Suddenly, and while the confusion in the hall was at its highest, the doors unfolded, and a stranger showed himself in the habit of a pilgrim. He was known to but one in the assembly, and that one was Herman. The new-comer was the famous singing-master, whose charming powers had won our baron from the thrall of the Saracen. He came forward, holding in his grasp the fragment of that precious white scarf, which, in the hour of his gratitude, our knight had given him. Scarcely had the Lord of Meringer welcomed him, and made his acknowledgments, than he became conscious of other features in those of the singing-master than he had before discovered. A gradual change was in progress, at the same moment, in the face of the stranger and in the heart of Herman. Surely it was Matilda of Malsbourg that stood before him, in the habit of the pilgrim. These are her eyes only, this her mouth, and these the features of life and beauty, the *tout-ensemble* of which made the whole perfect divinity which his soul had ever found in woman. The eye of the spectators was quite as quick in the discovery as his own. How had he been blind so long! He sank at her feet a penitent, reproaching himself, and entreating her in terms of the deepest self-reproach and contrition.

Do you ask if so rash an offender was admitted to pardon? Can you wonder that she took him to her mercy, she who was so full of grace? If her heart, which had so much love and constancy, so much chastity and purity, had pity also in as great degree? She raised him from her feet to her arms, with one of those sweet sighs which, from the heart of merriment, always informs us of the excellence of a world at once more happy and more pure than ours.

## THE SATIN PELISSE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"These are the gifts of Art, and Art thrives most  
Where Commerce has enriched the busy coast;  
He catches all improvements in his flight,  
Spreads foreign wonders in his country's sight,  
Imports what others have invented well,  
And stirs his own to match them, or excel."

"WHAT beautiful, smooth, shining stuff your pelisse is made of, mother," said Emma Lord; "how can people spin such fine threads?"

Mrs. Lord was the right sort of woman for a good mother: she had warm feelings, quick apprehension, and self-control, which tempered the ardent expression till her character seemed only remarkable for the energy and precision with which she

executed her plans of practical usefulness. Calm good sense was named as the prevailing attribute of her mind; yet she was, originally, very imaginative. But she had reasoned and read, and formed a standard of opinion and conduct which did not vary with every breeze of fashion. In particular, she had reflected much on the education of her family, and she knew that the most favorable moment to convey instruction to the mind of a child occurred only when the information was voluntarily sought. She never put off the inquiries of her children till she was at perfect leisure to attend to their questions. To be sure, she could not always enter into explanations; but she gave a few facts, or hints, or direc-



tions where the information sought might be obtained. And she always spoke in a kind, soft tone.

Now, Mrs. Lord had just returned from a walk, to call on a poor girl who was in want of work to earn bread for her suffering brothers and sisters, and her sick mother. Her thoughts were engrossed by the distress she had witnessed, and the ardent desire to find some effectual methods of relieving it, when the question of Emma recalled her heart to its favorite employment, the instruction of her own little family. And, as if glad of an opportunity to escape from the sad ideas which had been pressing on her spirits, she went on with more than her usual animation to detail the progress of the silk manufacture, in a manner intelligible to the comprehension of her child, showed her drawings of the worm, and the mulberry-tree—telling her where they were raised, and what numbers of persons, especially women and children, were employed in the care of the worms.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Lord gave a connected and methodical view of the subject; she was often interrupted by the eager inquiries of her little girl, who wanted more to know the action of the drama than the particular qualities of the actors, or the process by which their respective parts were to be performed.

At length the curiosity of Emma seemed satisfied, and, leaning her bright cheek on the arm of the sofa, she sat for many minutes silent, and seemingly absorbed in thought. Mrs. Lord insensibly returned to her meditations on the sorrows and hardships of the destitute, of those who have known better days, and her heart was filled with an earnest desire to help them, and a deep and powerful emotion shook her frame, filling her eyes with tears that gushed forth unawares, as the idea flashed upon her mind with the vividness of lightning on the dark cloud, that she should realize her hope. Is not this the revelation that is made to pure and earnest faith? and warm and active benevolence has an assurance that God accepts the intention to do good, and will in his own way accomplish it.

"My dear mother," said Emma, shaking back her curls, "why do we not raise silk-worms here in America? I am sure we have land enough for mulberry-trees—and I know John will set out some trees, and Susan and I will take care of the worms; and mother, you say a great many people earn enough to buy all their food and clothes by selling the silk they reel off the cocoons—why do you not tell Mrs. Branley to raise silk-worms, and then she can buy shoes for her children to go to the Sunday-school?"

Mrs. Lord started from her chair; the words of the child opened before her a prospect of usefulness, and the certainty of success; the surety that her prayer was heard. She did not hesitate, or count perhaps all the obstacles before her, but that very day took measures to commence the rearing of silk-

worms. I cannot detail all that she said, nor half she enjoyed when, after six years of constant exertion, she saw her labors successful. In twelve years from the time when she began the rearing of silk-worms, she was left a widow, and found her husband's estate claimed by his creditors. Like too many of our merchants, he had enjoyed more than he owned, and his widow and children had nothing but their own skill to depend on for support.

Mrs. Lord did not shrink under this reverse. She had enjoyed good at the hand of God, and she knew her husband had striven to provide a competency for his family; but time and chance had deserted him at the very moment when his expectation seemed about to be realized. She did not despair, or complain, only for a short time, when the thought that she must be deprived of the privilege of assisting others; that all her gains from the silk manufacture, which she had always appropriated to charities, would now be needed in her own family; she had no other resource; in short, that for *self* only she must strive—she felt humbled, almost degraded by her own wants, and the narrow views and feelings she feared they would excite and nourish. But she had sown the good seed. A number of those whom she had formerly assisted, encouraged by her kindness and example, could support themselves; they were, in some instances, able to return her good offices. And her dear Emma, then a young lady beautiful and intelligent, at once applied herself to that occupation her suggestions had induced her mother to undertake. They have prospered beyond measure. The profits of their silk establishment supports them in competence, and they have still the luxury of indulging in benevolence.

"What should I have done? how should I have supported and educated my daughters, had I not obeyed the impulse which my Emma's prattle first awakened?" Mrs. Lord frequently says; sometimes adding emphatically, "we may learn wisdom of little children." Emma was lately married to a very excellent man, a merchant of Philadelphia; she will make an excellent wife, industrious and reasonable, as well as lovely and accomplished.

Mrs. Lord, and her three younger daughters are still busy with the cocoons, and are anticipating the pleasure of obtaining the sixty dollars, offered as the premium for the "greatest quantity of sewing-silk of the best quality" which shall be produced by one family.

Besides their own prosperity, Mrs. Lord has the sweet and proud satisfaction of knowing her example will have a beneficial effect on the manufactures and prosperity of her country. Who that reflects can be indifferent to the introduction of an art which will afford an easy, profitable, and healthy employment for our women and children, and that without any sacrifice of the domestic ties?

The following facts are selected from the "Silk-Culturist," a work published quarterly in New York,

to which we refer our gay readers, who feel any wish to know the beginnings of that process by which their elegant attire was fabricated. And should our ladies engage in the experiment, just to see and learn the manners in which the worms grow and spin, they may dignify their employment by quoting royal, queenly examples. There is no sort of employment necessary to our support and human improvement but is respectable when honestly followed; but there is a choice in the labors necessity imposes, and I think school-keeping and cultivating silk, of all others, most eligible and agreeable to intelligent and delicate young women. None of our people are exempted from the chances of being liable to need exertion, and no one should neglect to prepare for the adverse day.

It is incumbent on all rich parents to teach their children some useful occupation, and young ladies should not deem their education complete till they know something by which they might at least support themselves. Now, having told my story, and moralized as is my wont, I proceed to the extracts which it will be very necessary to read in order to understand. The drift of a novel may be guessed at by its title, or the name of its author—but the writer that would teach rational and useful arts deserves a more attentive perusal.

"We place in view a sketch of the national and individual advantages which are contemplated and aimed at by the introduction of the culture of silk; these being well judged and estimated, it is certainly to be expected that a proper sense of patriotism, of personal interest, and of the instruction necessary, must at last surmount every difficulty.

"1. The article of silk added to the other pursuits of agriculture, the more enhances the value of land, that, by it, such parcels as are poor and waste can be profitably employed.

"2. Said produce or staple of standard value, according to its quality, is always exchangeable in commerce in all its several conditions, as it is neither perishable nor corruptible.

"3. It is a material for the manufacture of all kinds of filature, for raw silk, of machinery for weaving warping, for building a variety of looms, bringing into use every process of dyeing, &c., which business being divided and subdivided, affords numerous branches of mechanical industry, by which immense populations in Europe are now prosperously supported.

"4. Nurseries of silk-worms create also various branches of business among the poorer classes; the making of hurdles, frames, baskets, &c., gathering mulberry leaves and brushwood, detaching and cleaning cocoons, and many other sorts of employments incident on the management and completion of the culture, as if every individual of the poorest community could not fail reaping from it some advantage and benefit.

"This is certainly not an exaggerated exposition,

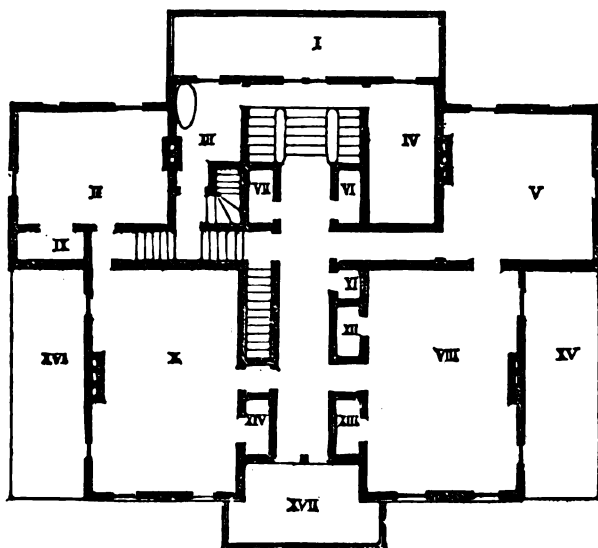
and it would be a very easy task to embellish it, especially by representing its diffusion throughout a rational, industrious, and well-governed community; and instead of being superfluous, the smallest item advanced, each detail would be a delineation of innumerable sources of the prosperity of a large and powerful commonwealth; yet some inquiry might be urged respecting the specific benefit that could be depended upon as arising to each farmer's family from the culture of silk? To answer which, we should not separate the cares of a mulberry plantation from those of a silk nursery. A clear-headed industry can well unite both, and a farmer should be contented to supply his neighbors with a crop of mulberry leaves, when he could not use the whole of it himself: the same would not be useless if not called for, as it is an excellent fodder for cattle, or even a proper substance for rich manure. We may further show in succeeding pages, how an ordinary orchard planted with one hundred grown standard trees, on two acres of ground, can produce ten thousand pounds of foliage, the value of which would be equal to one hundred dollars; that, much less than that quantity is convertible into six hundred pounds of cocoons, worth at least three hundred dollars, which would engage the cares of his family no longer than forty days. However loosely these estimates are actually drawn, we aver that they will not vary much from our future tables, with other profitable matters which we cannot at present review. Suffice it to say, that the silk culture needs not many arguments to show its importance to the farmer; to realize which, it will now clearly be understood that there is no obstacle nor difficulty impending, unless it be the insufficiency or want of mulberry-trees, the propagation of which should be strenuously attended to."

"And in the next place, what is the result when the mulberry-tree is thus multiplied by public authority; or provided to every township at a small advance; or set out on commons and in plantations on certain liberal conditions?—Why, that there would scarcely be a family but might, for the sake of amusement, or for profit to be divided between the workers, or for pride in an agricultural pursuit, connected with a novel process of animal economy, patriotically enlist in the forty days' experiment, with the flattering prospect that the most successful would have the honor of bearing the palm from the neighborhood in the production of this valuable premium granted by Providence to human industry.

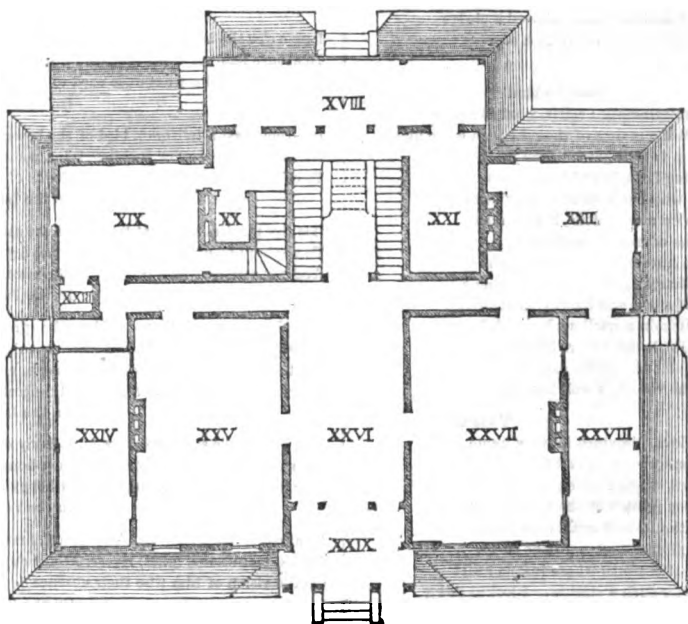
"We venture the assertion, and challenge refutation from experiment, that if each farmer in the county would devote a small portion of his farm to the growth of the mulberry, and allow his daughters to cultivate the silk-worm, in four years there would be a net profit to the county of \$40,000, and in twenty years of \$400,000, and without lessening at all the amount of agricultural productions at present raised."

# REFERENCES TO GROUND PLANS OF ITALIAN VILLA.

DESIGNED BY SAMUEL SLOAN, ESQ.



SECOND STORY.



PRINCIPAL STORY.

## SECOND STORY.

- I., XVII. Balconies.
- II., V., VIII., X. Chambers.
- III. Bath-room. IV. Bed-room.
- VI., VII., IX., XI., XII., XIII., XIV. Wardrobes.
- XV., XVI. Roof.

## PRINCIPAL STORY.

- XVIII., XXVIII. Verandas. XIX. Sitting-room.
- XX., XXIII. Closets. XXI. Store-room.
- XXII. Library. XXIV. Conservatory.
- XXV. Dining-room. XXVI. Hall.
- XXVII. Parlor. XXIX. Vestibule.

# POETRY.

## TO DORA.—THE POWER OF LOVE.

Ort have I mocked the mystery of Love  
As some fond fable of romantic minds,  
A sickly dream, a hypochondriac type  
Of girlish sensibility. I laughed  
At the delusion, and defied its power.  
I boasted, in the pride of moral strength,  
That passion so enslaving ne'er could sway  
A heart like mine, used to command the storms  
Which wayward nature fosters, and to bend  
Its stubborn longings to the rule of calm,  
Unfettered reason.

Shall a mind  
Filled with ambition's loftiest breathings, sink  
Its mighty aspirations, and forget  
The brightest visions of a beck'ning fame,  
The triumphs of ascendant intellect,  
Which hope is whisp'ring in the greedy ear;  
Forego the glory of a laurelled name,  
The homage of a world—and tamely sue  
For the poor, paltry boon of beauty's smile,  
The favor of a girl, a tender glance,  
Perchance a faithless kiss, believed a pledge  
Of true affection, but, in truth, a seal  
Of youthful folly?

Shall we bind  
The free, untrammelled spirit, wont to soar  
Through all the realms of thought with eagle flight,  
Culling from fancy's garden each bright flower,  
And drinking draughts of joy from every fount  
Of science, whether 'mid the starry host,  
Borne high on airy pinions, it may scan  
The wonders of creative energy,  
Or, with an humbler flight, survey the scene  
Of earthly bustle, gathering from them all  
Food for reflection and improving thought?  
Shall we enchain a spirit such as this?  
With Cupid's slavish fetters bind it down  
To worship at some pretty damsel's feet,  
And say, the "world's well lost for love?"

'Twas thus  
I rallied of love, disdained its very name.  
Beauty to me was but a painted snare,  
A gilded evil, which I wisely scorned;  
And the deep passion of the lover's soul  
A poet's fiction, which could only move  
A smile of pity, or contemptuous sneer,  
For the deluded youth whose insane heart  
Could pine for such a shadow. I looked down  
With high contempt upon the suitor train,  
As a nerveless, doting, mindless race  
Of passion's slaves.

But when I met thee, Dora,  
Radiant as the seraph's loveliness, thy brow  
Stamped on its spotless page with truth's own seal,  
Thy bright eye kindling with the soul's warm fire  
Of genius and pure sensibility,  
And every feature beaming with the light  
Of peerless beauty and ascendant mind—  
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The walls which years of cold misanthropy  
Had built around my heart were broken down.  
The magic of a glance, and the soft strain  
Of angel music which those lips distilled,  
Fell like a charm on my bewildered soul,  
And all my senses, in Elysian dreams  
Of joy enwrapped, did reel with ecstasy.  
I felt the chain, as link by link 'twas forged,  
And gloried in the bondage which it brought.  
Meekly I kissed the sceptre, and rejoiced  
To own myself no longer proudly free—  
A slave of charms which angel hosts might wear,  
Nor blush to own. Subdued, I bow to thee  
In homage of such excellence. Nxb

## TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BY N. B. MOORE.

How cheerless and gloomy the slow rolling year,  
In the spot I inhabit, if thou wert not here,  
My lone steps to brighten, my sad heart to cheer,  
On the Isle of Orleans.

I gaze o'er the landscape, but nothing can spy  
To arouse past emotions that long buried lie:  
Naught resembles what once used to gladden my eye  
In the Puritan land.

But thou hast a talisman, bird of the bower,  
Unconscious thyself of its bliss-giving power,  
To chase from my heart the dark clouds of that hour  
On the Isle of Orleans.

'Tis thy magical note that transports me away  
To the land of my birth, of my childhood, youth, ay,  
And my manhood, just tasting the dawn of its day  
In the Puritan land.

Polyphonous songster, now hid on the spray,  
I would almost be sworn, if I knew not thy lay,  
That blue-bird, wren, black-bird, thrush, robin, and jay,  
Sparrow, woodpecker, swallow, hold concert to-day  
On the Isle of Orleans.

The blue-bird's soft carol, how oft has my ear  
Drank its sweetness in boyhood, when bounding in glee  
O'er the pastures in spring-time, all happy and free,  
In the Puritan land.

The trill of the black-bird, how quick it restores  
Rocks, mountains, lakes, rivers, Atlantic's stern shores,  
To the vision of him who their absence deplores  
On the Isle of Orleans!

The lays of the robin, though poured from thy throat,  
Sweet forger of song, seem at least his own note,  
For they bring in each cadence sweet scenes far remote  
In the Puritan land.

Come, oh, come, then, sweet warbler, resume on the spray  
Thy marvellous power; thy magical lay  
Can alone from my heart chase its glooms far away:  
Oh, sing! for I fain would be happy to-day  
On the Isle of Orleans.

## DEEDS OF LOVE.

*"To enrich, and be thereby the richer."*

BY BLANCHE BENNAÏEDE.

THE sunbeams pour their floods of light upon  
The frozen ground, and thaw the ice and snow,  
Which melt into the earth, and thus keep life  
Within the root of tender plant and tree,  
While Nature takes her annual repose  
In stern old Winter's arms. Then comes young Spring  
To waken up the buds, and bid them bloom  
Again in beauty. Soon are seen the fruits  
Of Summer, and her thousand beauties; while  
From every grove and tree are heard sweet songs  
Of praise, that thrill the heart of man with joy,  
And bid him join in chorus. Autumn then  
Appears, with golden fruits abundant, which  
Are poured into the lap of Nature to  
Repay the sunshine and the shower, and man's  
Kind nurturing care.

And thus it is with things  
Pertaining to the human heart. The more  
We give its treasures shall we be thereby  
Enriched, and reap abundant store of true  
And lasting good.

A kind word gently spoken  
To the sad soul when bowed to earth with grief,  
Or deeds of charity unto the poor,  
Will oft impart an untold pleasure to  
The giver, which is sweeter far than all  
That wealth can purchase with its coronets  
And sparkling diamonds, and which lives  
Throughout all time.

The gold may perish; but  
The good deed never.

The oppressed will not  
Forget their benefactor, who has raised  
For them his voice, and sought to bless them; nor  
Will Heaven forget. The orphan, too, who sighs  
With sadness, will rejoice when love comes near,  
And sweetly sing its praise: while she who weeps  
In sorrow—the lone widow, who doth toll  
Till midnight for a scanty pittance—will,  
Upon her bended knees, thank Heaven, who heard  
Her cry and sent relief. And will not He,  
Who is all love, reward benevolence  
And mercy, when His eye is over all  
For good, and sleepeth not? Yes, verily;  
The smiles of Heaven will ever rest upon  
The form of Mercy, nor will deeds of love  
Pass unrewarded.

Then pursue with zeal  
Thy course, thou who dost visit poverty  
And lend relief; or sittest near the sick  
To pour the light of blessed truth into  
The sinking soul, bidding it look beyond  
Death's dark abode to an immortal life  
In happiness celestial.

Words but fail  
To show the worth of charity, or paint,  
In truthful colors, her celestial form.  
"More blessed 'tis to give than to receive,"  
Said the divine and holy Teacher, who  
Spent all his days in doing good, and we  
May learn of Him. The suffering will rejoice  
When gentle love comes nigh to wipe away  
The falling tear; and those who minister  
To others' happiness reap rich reward  
Thereby, and lay up countless store of wealth.

## TO CAROLINE.

BY ANN SWEET.

COME to me, love, at the moonlit hour,  
When the fresh green leaf and smiling flower  
So tranquilly sleep in the silvery rays—  
Oh, come, and we'll talk of other days!

I will tell thee then how this heart of mine  
Still lovingly turns to that blessed time,  
Ere the cares and the fever of life came on,  
And our hopes and our loves were ever one.

I will fasten a link in the riven chain,  
And the severed wreath it may bind again,  
To backward gaze, through a mist of tears,  
On the faded joys of departed years.

We will go down the lane where the elm-trees are,  
By the dear old well that bubbles there:  
Sister of mine, have ye quite forgot  
How we loved in childhood that darling spot?

And, further on, you remember, too,  
A place where the daisies and strawberries grew?  
Where the brown-bird floated from flower to flower,  
And the nightingale sang at the twilight hour?

'Twas a beautiful spot when the sun grew low,  
And bathed the whole scene in a brilliant glow,  
While our favorite maple, so grand and bold,  
He covered and decked with a crown of gold!

We will wander here in the moonlight sheen,  
And I'll twine thee a wreath of the bright meadow-queen  
We will almost think, in the calm, still even,  
That the dream of your youth is yet unripen.

Ye will fancy ye see, in that vision fair,  
The dear old vine-covered homestead there,  
With its neat little parlor all cushioned in shade,  
And tea-table spread with its cloth ready laid.

I love to think of that sunny time,  
And forget that another home is thine;  
That another roof-tree ye deem more fair,  
And your household gods ye have gathered there.

Then come to me, love, at the moonlit hour,  
For it hath a calm and subduing power;  
'Twill ease the heart of its heavy pain,  
And fasten a link in the riven chain.

## SONNET.—CITIES OF THE PLAIN.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

SLOW sinks behind the fated cities' hills  
The sacred light, they ne'er should see again,  
Which shone so oft in beauty o'er the plain,  
Well watered by so many gushing rills.  
High overhead his vengeful vial rears  
The dread Death-angel of the wrathful Lord,  
To give vile revellers their due award,  
As onward the bold fire-flood now careers.  
Down topple the altars, temples of their God,  
That, erewhile, so magnificent had stood.  
"Ten are not found," whom Heaven could deem as good;  
All traces, then, where reckless sinners trod,  
Death-bearing billows have for ever effaced.  
Overwhelming cities "Shaddai had laid waste."

## CLÄRCHEN'S PRAYER.

BY EDITH BRYANT.

And, in the deep stillness of the night, Clärchen prayed  
for Egmont, and because prayer would not save him,  
she died with him.

'Twas borne on the wings of Night,  
A strange wild tone, and low  
As the voice of a pleading seraph,  
In its depths of anguished woe.

It came as the last sweet tone  
From the strings of a broken lute—  
Or a heart torn from its home,  
In agony deep and mute.

It came as the last faint sigh  
Of a worn-out heart at rest—  
As the music, deep and wild,  
From breaking harp-strings pressed.

It came as the prayer of the captive,  
In supplication wild,  
When Hope is fast departing  
From Misery's worn child.

As the deep and anguished utterance  
Of the strong man's agony,  
When the passions within him are wild—  
And all are at enmity:

As the heart which hath lost its mate,  
When its kindred spirit's gone,  
Bows low beneath the weight,  
Like a broken reed in the storm:

So Clärchen's prayer arose  
On the stillness of the night,  
As the last breaking throes  
Of a strong heart in its might.

## CONSUMPTION'S WORK.

BY HELEN HAMILTON.

THEY tell me, oh! my gentle one,  
That thou art dying, dying—  
That human skill can naught avail  
To check thy life's swift flying:  
They say thou mayest hear, perchance,  
Stern Winter's tempests rave—  
But the early blossoms of the spring  
Will bloom upon thy grave.

I brush away the burning tears  
That dim my aching sight,  
To gaze once more upon thy face,  
So beautiful—so bright:  
The rose has lent its fairest tints  
To give thy cheek its dyes,  
And the brightness of the diamond  
Gleams in thine azure eyes.

But the rose's hue upon thy cheek  
Is like the buds that bloom,  
In sad and gentle loveliness,  
O'er some lone woodland tomb:  
And oh! it seems when I behold  
The brightness of thine eyes,  
As if they'd won the stars' soft light  
By gazing on the skies.

I scarce can deem that thou wilt die,  
Thou art so young, so fair;  
But oh! thy very beauty bids  
My yearning heart despair:  
No hope! no hope! I dare not dream  
Thou wilt be spared to bless  
My heart and home a little while,  
With thy seraph loveliness.

Beloved, farewell! Words cannot speak  
The anguish of my heart,  
For when thy gentle soul has fled,  
My joys in life depart:  
And then my only hope will be  
That when life's span is o'er,  
In thy fair heaven-home we'll meet,  
We'll meet—to part no more.

## THE WEDDING RING.

BY BEATA.

SWEET! hearken, while I tell the story  
Of a quaint old wedding ring:  
It seemed to me a world of glory  
Circled round the hallowed thing.

Buried beneath the sod 'twas found,  
Glittering, as in some casket rare:  
How came it thus beneath the ground,  
Unless a grave had once been there?

"Dear heart of mine, my love is thine,"  
Was lettered on the inner side;  
And fond eyes once did sweetly shine  
Above those words, in joyous pride.

It seemed quite ancient, and would make  
Of modern rings some two or more:  
Would that I knew for whose dear sake  
Was framed the motto which it bore!

Was it a young and tender wife  
That, sorrowing, met her early doom?  
Did he who lived but in her life  
Choose in that quiet spot her tomb—

And locks of beauty, looks of love,  
Shut sadly in the darksome earth,  
And in life's pathway once more move,  
Though life for him was nothing worth?

Or did he wander far away,  
And die at last in some strange land,  
Nor see again where Lucy lay,  
With his memento on her hand?

This relic mute our thoughts may wake,  
But cannot breathe one secret past;  
But this unto my soul I take,  
That love beyond the grave shall last:

That those who in their sunny youth  
Together have the battle fought,  
And walked in holiness and truth,  
Together find the crown they sought.

Then, dearest! smile away thy tears:  
"Dear love of mine, my heart is thine!"  
Let us so live that no dark fears  
Shall cloud thy happiness or mine.

## MADELINE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

THY home was by the singing stream,  
On which all golden shadows gleam,  
Like sun and shade upon a dream,

When first I saw thee, Madeline:  
No dove was purer, none so pure,  
And love's rich font was deep and sure  
Within a faith that must endure  
Till life shall leave thee, Madeline.

Thou art a child of nature's choice,  
It speaks within thy winning voice  
In tones that make the heart rejoice,

When listening to thee, Madeline:  
A simple, modest, guileless one,  
Whose heart, like flowers beneath the sun,  
Breathes out its richest gifts upon  
The world's rude pathway, Madeline.

There is no form of wretchedness,  
No care for Love to watch and bless  
With its own rays of tenderness,  
So pure and peaceful, Madeline,  
But finds thee near with word and deed,  
A friend amid the bitterest need,  
To pour upon the hearts that bleed  
A tide of comfort, Madeline.

A soul all quick to sympathize,  
A nature truthful to those ties  
That raise our wishes to the skies,  
Are thine to fulness, Madeline—  
Too high for nothing that may bring  
Peace in the shadow of its wing—  
Something to which the poor can cling,  
And find a shelter, Madeline.

A creature reaching to the stars,  
Yet stooping to remove the bars  
Of iron want, against which jars  
The world's high-souled, Madeline—  
Those beacon lights that shine along  
Life's ocean-way, with beams as strong  
As truth, when armed against the wrong,  
Sheds from her altars, Madeline.

No duty but can bring to thee,  
From thy full stores of purity,  
A truthfulness and energy  
As deep and lasting, Madeline,  
As only those can feel and know  
Who, like to thee, live in the glow  
That love and charity bestow  
On the true-hearted, Madeline.

Thou hast no taint of worldliness,  
That downwards on high spirits press,  
And crush the flowers of gentleness  
Ere in their budding, Madeline;  
That shut the heart in chill and drear  
With clouds of doubtfulness and fear,  
And turn to ice each gushing tear  
For erring nature, Madeline.

A host of gentle memories,  
Of deep forgivingness arise  
Within the beaming of thine eyes,  
That well with kindness, Madeline,

Outgiving all of love and truth,  
Of modest prudence and ruth  
That hope could fashion for a youth  
Sunful of promise, Madeline.

From out the fountain of thy heart,  
With impulse wild as archer's dart,  
The streams of tenderness outstart  
So bright and starlike, Madeline;  
Upbearing on their mountain tide  
Those whom the world has scourged and tried,  
And deeply have their garments dyed  
In bitter waters, Madeline.

But still thou canst, amid the wrong,  
Hear murmurs of that spirit-song  
With which that earnest-hearted throng  
Claim kindred with thee, Madeline;  
Can see their footprints on the shore,  
Untouched amid the breakers' roar,  
Firm as the souls who've gone before,  
And pure as thine is, Madeline.

## THE PEASANT'S SONG.

BY ANNIE.

MY cottage home! Oh, I would not dwell  
In the crowded city for wealth untold.  
Mine is a spot where the bright waves swell,  
In the warm clear sunshine, like floods of gold;  
The lofty trees in the free winds blow,  
And the birds sing gayly as on they pass;  
And sweet wild flowers like jewels grow  
Down in the dewy grass.

The rose and jessamine climb the walls,  
And in at the open casements peep;  
The dry gray moss from the low roof falls,  
O'er it a willow's long branches sweep.  
In the wintry nights, when the winds rush by  
Like the strong deep tones of an organ vast,  
They float with a melody clear and high  
Out on the ringing blast.

I have a bower in a shady place,  
Where the birds are singing the livelong day;  
There the violet springs in its modest grace,  
And the merry leaves with the sunbeams play:  
From the trees above me the vines droop down  
To the mossy carpet beneath my feet.  
I would not envy a monarch's crown  
Here on my woodland seat.

The woods around me, the dim old woods,  
And a river rolling its bright waves past—  
I could dwell in these eloquent solitudes  
Till the heart which loves them has throbb'd its last.  
Ye who are yoked to Pleasure's car,  
And pour your idol-worship there,  
Know there is happiness purer far  
Out in the open air.

The flowers call from each fragrant bell,  
And the tree-tops beckon and point on high:  
Oh, come where freedom and gladness dwell—  
Come to us under the broad blue sky,  
And read and ponder each mystic line  
In Nature's book that is open laid;  
Come, worship God in the glorious shrine  
Which His own hands have made.

## GENIUS.

[Suggested by an incident which transpired at the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, as related by Mr. Elihu Burritt.]

BY MRS. M. A. BIGELOW.

'Twas mid-day o'er that mighty arch  
Which Nature's hand hath framed,  
And far beneath the Cedar Creek  
Then in the sunlight flamed.

In the rough channel there below,  
Three rosy children stood;  
Uncovered was each thoughtful brow  
Beside the sweeping flood.

Lo! now with earnest, curious eye,  
They read, in letters deep,  
Name after name, engraven high  
Along the rocky steep.

At once they climb that jutting rock,  
Which might the bravest dare,  
And in rude letters carve their names  
Deep in the limestone there.

They all descend again, save one—  
One, with a dauntless eye,  
Is reading far above his own  
A name engraven high.

The name of one to Freedom dear,  
Our Country's noble son—  
"My humble name, I'll write it there,  
By that of WASHINGTON."

'Tis done—yet upward, onward still  
That boy pursues his flight,  
Till from an opening o'er his head  
Rushes a stronger light.

Many have gathered hastily  
To see the hero there;  
Anon he hears the voice of praise,  
Or cry of faint despair.

But still he toils the vast ascent,  
Beyond the reach of aid;  
Still for his patient, tireless feet,  
Niche after niche is made.

He pauses—turns a look beneath:  
What arm can save him now?  
A dizziness comes o'er his brain—  
A paleness o'er his brow.

The father's hand a strong noose flings  
From o'er the archway there:  
A moment, and that slight form swings  
Suspended in the air!

And now the parent clasps his child  
With tones of transport loud—  
While mingled shouts of rapture swell  
From the assembled crowd.

Is it not thus with those who climb  
The dangerous heights of Fame—  
To write imperishably there  
A name, an humble name?

Genius must never slack his course,  
Or pause to look beneath;  
One reckless glance at sordid things  
May bring impending death:

Unless, thou venturous boy, like thine,  
His Father's hand of love  
Send succor from the arch of heaven,  
And take his child above.

## THE CANARY BIRD'S SONG TO ITS MISTRESS.

BY JESSIE LEE.

Oh! lady, bright as the silver light  
Morn weaves, with rosy fingers,  
Far upon high, in the azure sky,  
Where the dusky shadow lingers:  
Oh! list to me as I sing to thee  
My tale of love and emotion,  
And let me go where the waters flow,  
To my isle in the distant ocean.

I have no need of the choicest seed,  
Or of sparkling water ever;  
Thou dost let the snow, when the cold winds blow,  
Come to my bright cage never;  
Thou dost look on me, in thy youthful glee,  
With a pure and tender devotion;  
Then let me go where the waters flow,  
To my isle in the distant ocean.

With golden breast, on her downy nest  
My mother sits repining—  
And her mate's low song steals faint along,  
Where the myrtle and rose are twining;  
They cannot bear that—a stranger's care—  
I should live in the land of another;  
Oh! lady dear, pause as you hear,  
And think of your own kind mother.

The soft winds blow, and the waters flow  
So bright from the sparkling fountain—  
And the dew-drops fall alike on all,  
The bloom of the heather and mountain—  
And the blossoms breathe on the quiet eve  
Such a gush of untold sweetness:  
Oh! let me fly to its genial sky,  
And try my light wings' fleetness.

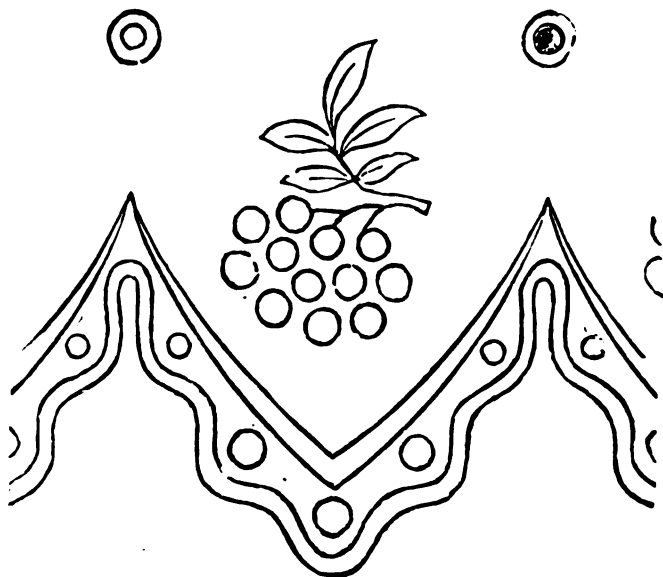
I should miss thy smile forever, while  
The shade of twilight lingers;  
I should never more pick my seedy store  
From out thy snowy fingers;  
Thy gentle form I should miss at morn,  
Thy fond and tender caressing;  
Yet, lady bright! let me go to-night,  
With thy rich and holy blessing.

I cannot fly in the sunny sky—  
These silver bars confine me;  
From morning's light till dusky night  
Thy silken fetters bind me:  
Oh! let me go 'mid the gushing flow  
Of my own deep quiet river,  
Where the flowers bloom in sweet perfume  
And the bright leaves dance and quiver.

I will send a prayer through the silent air,  
To thy Father who dwells in Heaven,  
If thou 'lt send me free o'er the foamy sea,  
To my home, this quiet even;  
I will tell my joy without alloy,  
Thy holy and deep devotion,  
And my mother will bless thy tenderness,  
From her isle in the distant ocean.



MANDARIN SLEEVE AND COLLAR,  
IN BRODERIE ANGLAISE.



*Materials.*—Fine book muslin, and W. Evans & Co.'s boar's-head sewing cotton, No. 50, and embroidery cotton, No. 60.

THE SLEEVE.

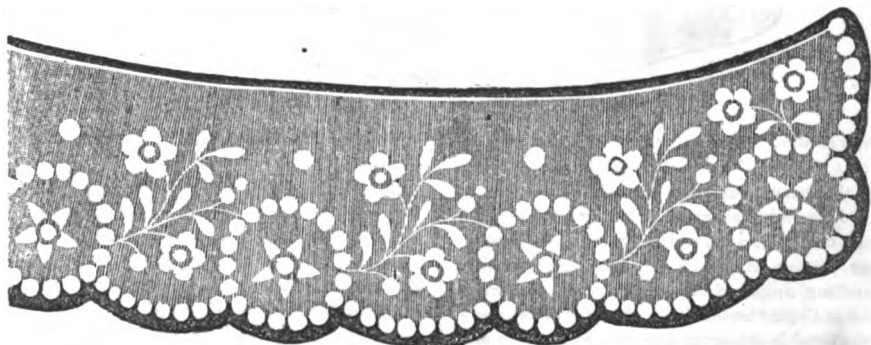
The sleeve, of which our pattern is given the full size, is made in the ordinary form of the mandarin. Seven scallops will be found sufficient for each.

The design consists of a deep-waved vandyke, worked in overcast stitch, and an inner vandyke, worked in the same manner. Five eyelet-holes, of graduated sizes, are placed between the vandykes of each scallop. These are made with a stiletto, and sewed round closely with Evans's boar's-head

sewing cotton, No. 50. The embroidery cotton is to be used for the scallops, which are first to be traced, and then run with this cotton, until a raised surface is produced, to be afterwards covered with button-hole stitch.

The flower is made entirely of a group of eyelet-holes, sewed round like those in the vandyke. The stems to be sewed over, and the leaves worked with the embroidery cotton, in satin stitch, the veining down the centre of each being marked by working from the centre to the side, until you have come nearly to the point, when the stitches may be taken completely across the leaf.

The eyelet-holes above the sprays are made by



piercing a small hole in the muslin, and working over it in button-hole stitch.

This kind of work should be firmly tacked on oil-cloth before it is begun.

#### THE COLLAR.

The collar may be done entirely in Broderie Anglaise; that is, by cutting out, or piercing holes in

the form of the design, and simply sewing them closely over; or it may be made of muslin laid on net. In the latter case, the whole pattern must be traced in embroidery cotton, the stitches being taken closely, and through both the materials, and the sewing cotton must be used to sew it closely over. The muslin is then cut away from the ground, which is to be of net.

Whichever way the collar is worked, the edge must be sewed over, very neatly and closely, in button-hole stitch.

### CLOAKS AND MANTLES.

#### No. 1.



NEVER was there a season in which there was so great a variety of graceful cloaks to choose from. Not the heavy, cumbrous garment that once enshrouded and hid all grace or outline in the female figure, but light, yet ample costumes, that answer every purpose of warmth for walking or driving. Travelling wraps, of course, are made of heavier and less elegant materials; a Rob Roy shawl being as comfortable and convenient as anything we could name.

We give two that are distinguished for elegance and comfort.

No. 1 is the *Henri III. Manteau*, a graceful style of cardinal, copied with historical accuracy. It may be made of any material—silk, satin, velvet, or even cashmere, or merino. When it is made of silk or satin, the trimming, as in the cut, consists of several rows of thick velvet ribbon, the same surrounding the pointed yoke, which gives an elegant slope to the shoulders. In broadcloth, a thick silk

No. 2.



ribbon braid should be used. It will be noticed that most of the fulness comes in on the shoulders, making it less cumbersome than if it fell in the front or back. To be lined with white Florence silk.

No. 2 is the *Alboni Cloak*, of embroidered cloth, velvet, or cashmere. It is preferred by many, because no weight is sustained by the arm, a sleeve being constructed from the back breadth, which falls over the front in a line of waves or broad scallops. The embroidery is in braid and silk, the outline of the braid being followed up by a pattern of silk tendrils. The collar has also a trimming of the same. This will be found an exceedingly comfortable pattern, not crushing the sleeve and under-

sleeve of the dress, which is the only objection to the cardinal style.

A new evening or opera cloak is called the *Brettone*, because it resembles so closely the form of the cloak worn by the peasant women of Brittany. It is something like the military wrap, with large, loose sleeves, which gentlemen wore a few years since. It may be made of any soft and warm material; but cashmere, of some light shade, is usually preferred. Gray, fawn, or light blue are the favorite colors; the lining should harmonize with it, and be slightly wadded and quilted. Pink and blue are also used for lining negative colors. The trimming may be of braid or lace gimp.

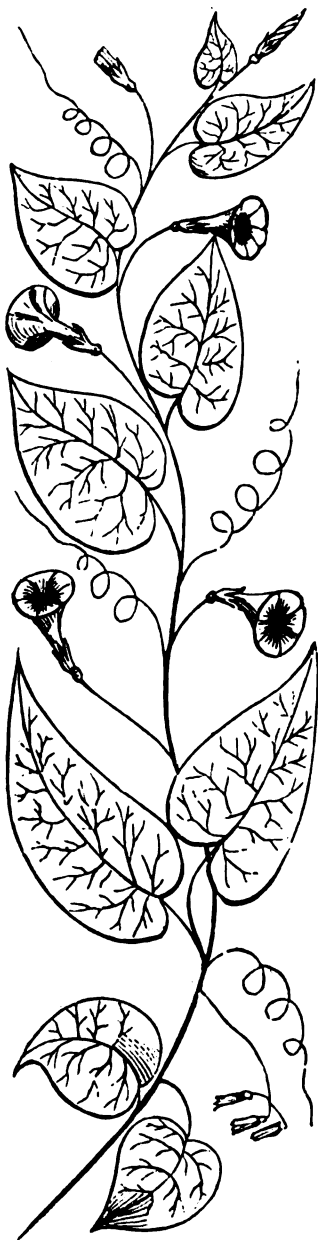
## PATTERNS FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.

THE very beautiful design for silk embroidery which we give in the present number is a running pattern of convolvulus and leaves. It is suitable for sacques, dresses, cloaks—indeed, for almost anything to which embroidery can be applied. If wished in fancy colors, the leaves and tendrils should be of shaded greens, the stem of brown, and the blossom in purple or blue, shaded to imitate nature.

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The most fashionable style, however, is to have the embroidery in one color, matching the material on which it is used, or contrasting with it. For infants' sacques, cloaks, and dresses, no prettier trimming can be found. It is also used on plain-colored merino dresses, cloaks, and plain-colored silks, with good effect. The art can be acquired with little instruction, if any one has natural taste for orna-

mental needle-work—a branch of female industry never more in vogue than at present. In choosing embroidery silk, if a match to the material is re-



quired, it is better to have it a shade darker than even a half shade lighter; it should also be as fine and smooth as can well be selected, the best work looking badly with coarse materials.

## KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

### WHITE GARDEN LILY.

Six petals, six stamen, one pistil, are required to form each flower; two knitting-needles, No. 19, and a skein of superfine white Shetland wool.

Cast on four stitches.

*First row.*—Slip one, purl two, knit one.

*2d.*—Make one, purl one, knit two, purl one.

*3d.*—Make one, knit one, purl two, knit two.

*4th.*—Make one, purl two, knit two, purl two.

*5th.*—Make one, knit two, purl two, knit two, purl one.

*6th.*—Make one, knit one, purl two, knit two, purl two, knit one.

*7th.*—Make one, purl one, knit two, and purl two alternately to the end of the row.

*8th.*—Make one, knit two, purl two—alternately to the end of the row.

*9th.*—Make one, purl two, knit two to the end of row; knit last stitch plain.

*10th.*—Make one, purl two, knit two to the end of row: purl the last stitch.

*11th.*—Make one, knit one, knit and purl two alternately to the end of row.

You will now have fourteen stitches, making seven ribs; continue these seven ribs until you have knitted a length of three inches from the beginning of the work. Break off the wool, leaving a bit long enough to thread a rug needle with; with this needle take up seven stitches, which you must fasten off; then the other seven, and fasten in the same way, which completes one petal. Take a piece of fine wire, sufficiently long to leave a small bit at the end for a stalk, and sew it neatly round the edge of the petal with white wool, which will make it in form.

### PISTIL.

Cut a length of wire of about eight inches, fold a bit of green Berlin wool in six, and split in two another bit of the same wool; place this lengthwise with the other wool, and place the wire across the wool, fold the wire down, and twist it as tightly as possible, thus inclosing the wool; turn down the shortest end of the split wool, and twist the longest round it and the wire, so as to cover them evenly; fasten the wool with a slip knot at the end of the stem. Cut off a part of the green wool at the top, so as to leave merely a neat little tuft of wool at the end of the wire.

Stamens are made in the same way as the pistil, merely using yellow Berlin wool instead of green, and covering the stem with white instead of green. Place one stamen with every petal, twisting the wires of both together. The pistil is to be placed in the centre of the flowers when made up. Sew the petals together, leaving them open about an inch at the top, as neatly as possible, and draw

them close at the bottom, twisting the stems together.

#### BUDS.

Several buds are required; the large ones are of a very pale shade of green, the smaller ones of rather deeper color. They look best in double knitting, and should be done in different sizes from twelve to twenty stitches. Knit about an inch of these different widths, and open them like a little bag. Take a piece of coarse wire, double some common wool about the thickness of your finger, put it across the wire, which must be folded down and twisted very tight; put this wool into the little bag, and gather the stitches of the bud at the top, catching the wire with your needle to fasten it. This will form the shape of the bud; fasten the stitches also at the bottom, and cover the stem with green wool split in two.

#### LEAVES.

Different shades and sizes are required. Begin them all at the top, casting on four stitches; they look best in double knitting, without putting the wool twice round the needle; increase one stitch every second or third row, till you have eight stitches for the smallest, and sixteen for the largest size. Continue to knit without increase, till the leaf is the required length. The longest should be about a fin-

ger length, the smaller in proportion. The longest must be placed at the bottom of the stem when making up.

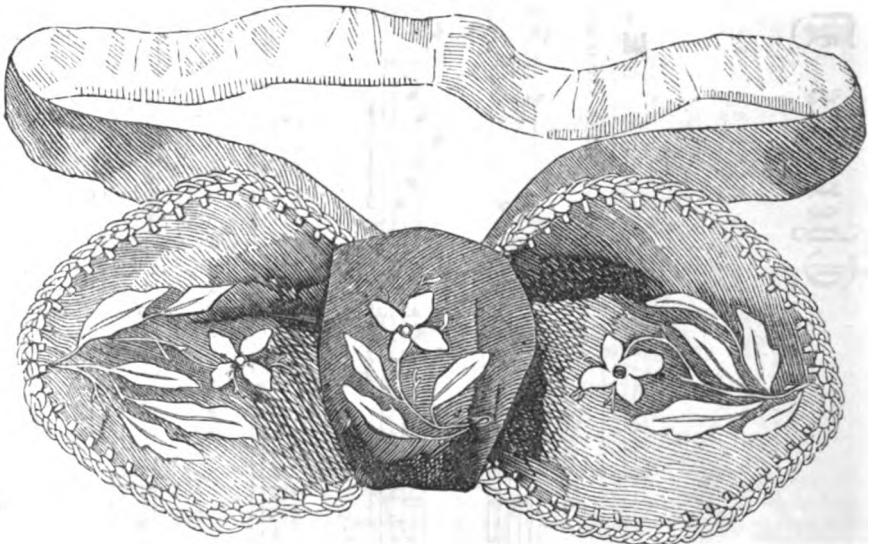
To finish a leaf, pull your needle out, and thread a rug needle with the wool, and pass it through the stitches so as to form a little bag, into which you must insert a bit of double wire; catch this at the top or sides to fix it, and it will keep the leaf in shape. Draw the wool tight on while the stitches are threaded, and twist the wool at bottom round the little stem.

The next operation consists in mounting the branch. Begin at the top with the smallest bud, round the stem of which some green wire must be twisted. Fix it at the top of a piece of bonnet wire, the length required for the long stem; continue to twist the wool round, and thus fasten the second bud, and the rest in the same way, at very small intervals. The flowers are fastened in a similar manner, according to taste, adding the leaves as needed.

Six buds, three flowers, and eight or ten leaves, form a beautiful branch.

Although the petals of the lily can be made up with the wool as it is, they look much better if, after being knitted, they are washed with a little blue in the water, and quickly dried, before the wire is put round them.

### EMBROIDERY.—NECK-TIE.



**Materials**—One-eighth yard of pink therry velvet, one skein of white embroidery chenille, one small reel of silver cord.

The leaves and flowers to be embroidered in chenille, and the veins and stems with the silver cord.

Trim round the ends with one row of chenille, in button-hole stitch, upon which work one row of double crotchet, in silver cord, with Penelope crotchet, No. 2. Finish, by lining with white silk.

# There is Dew for the Flow'et,

WORDS BY

**T. HOOD.**

MUSIC BY

**E. C. DAVIS.**

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a half note F#4, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a series of eighth notes: A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. The left staff is in bass clef and begins with a half note C3, followed by a quarter note D3, and then a series of eighth notes: E3, F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3. The piece ends with a final half note C3 in the left hand and a half note F#4 in the right hand.

The vocal melody is written on three staves. The first staff is in treble clef and contains the lyrics: "There is dew for the flow- 'ret, And ho- ney for the bee, And bow'rs for the". The melody begins with a half note C4, followed by a quarter note D4, and then a series of eighth notes: E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The second staff is in treble clef and contains the lyrics: "There is dew for the flow- 'ret, And ho- ney for the bee, And bow'rs for the". The melody begins with a half note C4, followed by a quarter note D4, and then a series of eighth notes: E4, F4, G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F4, E4, D4, C4. The third staff is in bass clef and contains the lyrics: "There is dew for the flow- 'ret, And ho- ney for the bee, And bow'rs for the". The melody begins with a half note C3, followed by a quarter note D3, and then a series of eighth notes: E3, F3, G3, A3, B3, C4, B3, A3, G3, F3, E3, D3, C3.

tr.

wild- bird, And love for you and me; And bow'rs for the wild- bird, And love for you and me;

*pp* *ritard.*

me, And love for you and me.

*p*

2

There are tears for the many,  
And pleasure for the few,  
But let the world pass on, dear,  
There's love for me and you.

3

There are cares that will not leave us,  
And pain that will not flee;  
But on our hearths unaltered  
Sit love 'tween you and me.

4

Our love, it ne'er was reckoned,  
Yet good it is, and true;  
It's half the world to me, dear,  
It's all the world to you.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"It lay upon its mother's breast, a thing  
Bright as a dew-drop when it first descends."

Mrs. WELBY.

THAT steadiness of purpose is necessary to the attainment of excellence in whatever we pursue, is never denied, not even by those who, judging from their actions, depend wholly on casualties for success. But still, this steadiness is mostly urged on men, as being necessary for them in their pursuit of fortune and struggle to gain distinction. Most people seem to think the ordinary business of life, especially the domestic duties committed to the woman, can be performed without much mind, plan, or perseverance.

And perhaps there is no employment pursued by reasoning beings with so little system or consistency, as the management of infants. Not only do different mothers have entirely different methods of training their children, but the same mother rarely pursues for a whole week the same method. One day she has leisure to pay constant attention to her child; the next, perhaps, "she turns it off," as the term is, as much as possible: this hour, its least murmur is hushed by kisses, and the next, it is suffered to cry unheeded.

It is mainly to this capriciousness of the mother or nurse, that the crossness of healthy children is to be attributed. The infant is first enervated by too much nursing, and then wearied by being too long neglected, and his uneasiness is made known by the only means in his power, which is to cry. And when he learns—and he soon learns—that tears and clamor draw the attention of his mother, he will cry till gratified by her presence; and every indulgence of passion makes him more irritable; till, finally, a habit of crying, or those periodical fits of crossness, which are usually attributed to every cause save the right one, namely, bad management, are engendered. Then the high temper of the little creature is to be subdued, often by harshness, when, had he been judiciously treated, that temper would neither have been kindled nor displayed.

But, with infant education, as with every other human duty, it is much easier to point out what is faulty than propose what will insure perfection. However, it is not among the least of our earthly blessings, that those rules of conduct which most effectually secure our own happiness, and that of those committed to our care, are usually simple and easy to be understood.

Divine goodness has thus provided the means for the greatest felicity of the greatest number; and, in studying what method we must pursue rightly to manage our little ones, no very elaborate system need be considered necessary. But one thing is necessary—it is that mothers be steady in their kindness, and uniform in their care; because sallies of passion, either of fondness or petulance, often indulged, are very injurious to the temper of their children. The mother who does not govern her own spirit does not, she cannot, manage well her child.

For the first three or four months of an infant's life, the feeble mind takes but little cognizance of the objects that surround it. Quietness, and rest on the bosom of the mother, are all that are then required to make the babe happy.

After that period, a healthy child cannot be easily ma-

naged without amusements, or employments rather—idleness is rarely the fault of children. Care should then be taken to furnish proper playthings; expensive toys are not necessary: a rattle, and blocks, balls, and little hammers of wood, are the best toys.

But they should never be painted, as a child always conveys whatever he has to his mouth. It is necessary that there should be a great variety in the size and form of the playthings, and they should be often changed, and the infant early accustomed to have one thing taken from his hand and another substituted. More depends on this seemingly trifling circumstance than those who never watched its operation are aware. A child thus habituated to the frequent change of his playthings will easily relinquish, and generally without noise or trouble, any forbidden thing which he may chance to have seized; an affair of no small moment to his own happiness, and the comfort of those who have the care of him. The tenacity with which many children retain their grasp of an object which they must not be permitted to have, and the grief they feel, to say nothing of the anger they frequently exhibit, when it is taken from them, are extremely painful to witness. The infant who has always been accustomed to frequent changes of his toys will seldom be thus troublesome. And a habit of yielding is also imperceptibly formed, and habits are so much more willingly obeyed than commands, that it is strange parents do not pay more attention to fix those of their children, in accordance with that obedience which it will soon be necessary to exact from them.

All causes of exciting restlessness by bodily irritation, such as tight or otherwise uncomfortable clothing, should be carefully avoided. Ease, neatness, and economy are all the fashions that need be consulted in infants' dresses. No female vanity is so reprehensible as that displayed by the woman who decks her little children in costly array. The teasing carefulness requisite to keep them from injuring their finery constantly interrupts their sports, disturbs their enjoyments, and not unfrequently makes them fretful, feverish, and wretched. And all this is done and suffered to gratify the mother's foolish vanity. Who can wonder at the vanity of her child's mind, thus early taught to prize show; or the perversity of its temper, made to sacrifice its innocent pleasures on the shrine of pride and caprice?

THE OPINION OF A PHYSICIAN.—An eminent English practitioner thus condemns the practice of exposing children to cold: "There can enter into the parent mind no more baneful idea than that of rendering children 'hardy' by exposing them unnecessarily to cold, and by clothing them inefficiently. I have known instances wherein parents, acting on this principle, have failed entirely in rearing their offspring. Does Nature treat her progeny thus? Does she not, first of all, insure the birth of her young only at a kindly season, and then provide them with downy coverings, warm nests, and assiduous protectors? And we must imitate nature, if we would give to Britain a race capable and worthy of maintaining her independence and honor. The little denizens of a warm nursery must not be subjected, without a carefully-assorted covering, to the piercing and relentless east or north-east wind; they must



not be permitted to imbibe the seeds of that dreadful scourge of this climate—consumption—in their walks for exercise and health; they must be tended, as the future lords of the earth, with jealous care and judicious seal. *One-sixth of the deaths of young children, it must be remembered, result from cold.*

**THE FUTURE.**—Fifty years hence, the American nation will, probably, number one hundred millions of human beings; these, if rightly trained, will renovate the world: the training is woman's work; hence we learn the spiritual meaning of the great apostle's words: "God sent forth his Son, made of a woman."

**FEMALE TEACHERS AT THE WEST.**—In Iowa, there are five hundred and eighty-one public schools, taught by about the same number of teachers, of whom nearly half are females. In each township of the State, one square mile of land has been set apart to remain forever devoted to the support of public schools. The number of acres thus reserved in the whole State, is about one million, which, with other lands devoted to the same purpose, are now worth two and a half millions of dollars, increasing in value at the rate of at least ten per cent. every year.

**A READING WORLD.**—The statistics of the newspaper circulation in this country, on the first of June last, show that 2,800 papers were then in existence, having an aggregate circulation of five millions, and an annual issue of 422,600,000 sheets.

**LIBERAL BEQUESTS.**—The will of Mrs. Marianne Becker, of Bath, has just been proved, in which a sum of about £28,000 is bequeathed to various charitable and religious purposes. Among these, we notice: the Church Missionary Society, £3,000; the Church Pastoral Aid Society, £3,000; the Bible Society, £1,000; the Moravian Missions, £1,000.

It is assumed that, whatever evils are incident to the condition of American women, they have abundant means and influence to remedy, and therefore that there is no just ground for regarding them as resulting from any desire in one sex to oppress the other. On the contrary, it is believed that all just and generous men regret the inequalities of woman's lot as sincerely as any woman can do, and are quite as ready to contribute influence and means to remedy them. Any measures that American women may unite in regarding as essential to the welfare of their daughters, American fathers and brothers will be abundantly willing and able to provide.

The liberal contributions made by ladies of wealth to endow institutions for the other sex (not less than \$50,000 in the last two years), and the many associations of women to aid in educating young men, are pledges of what may be expected in return.

**THE FAVORITES OF FORTUNE.**—The eighteenth century offers two examples of women who experienced extraordinary elevation. Louis XIV. renounced his pride of rank and aristocratic privileges in favor of Madame de Maintenon; and Peter the Great, with noble determination, recompensed the admirable courage of Catherine by sharing with her the imperial throne.

**A SCULPTRESS.**—We gave, in our June number, some notice of the young New England sculptress, who has lately attracted much attention. This lady, Miss Harriet Hosmer, who is only about twenty years of age, has just finished a piece of sculpture in marble which evinces talent

of a high order, and promises to render her prominent as an artist. She calls the bust which she has completed, "Hesper, the Evening Star." It has the face of a lovely maiden, silently falling asleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged and intertwined with capules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The conception of the subject of the whole work was her own, men having been employed only to chop off some of the large pieces of marble, as the work was in progress. The bust is exhibited in Boston. Miss Hosmer proposes to visit Rome for a few years, with the view of becoming a sculptor by profession.

**THANKSGIVING DAY FOR 1852.**—*Thursday, November the 26th*, will, we trust, be appointed as *the day*, by each and every Governor who holds sway in this wide sisterhood of States and Territories. What a grand spectacle to the world it will be! Nearly twenty-five millions of people sitting down, as it were, together to a feast of joy and thankfulness, and none pining in hunger throughout our Republic!

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The following articles are accepted: "The Lesson Dream" (the September number was printed when the poem reached us), "Lines—In Memory of," &c., "The Electricity of the Heart," "Woman," "A Thought of the Gifted Dead," "Rain," "My Home," and "Stanzas."

The following are declined: "The Isle of Beauty," "To the Memory of Burns," "A Tale of Greece," "A Love Letter," "I Think of Thee," "He calls me Darling," "The Enchanting Spell," "We have been Friends together," "Adieu to Summer," "Little Children," "My Pen," "Blindness," "Moral Tales," "A Good Joke," and "Youth."

The "Odes of Horace" are not wanted at present. Our files are full.

The following letter to the literary editor points out an omission we would gladly have some gifted correspondent supply:—

"BALTIMORE, July 22, 1852.

"MRS. SARAH J. HALE.—MADAM: I have been a subscriber to the 'Lady's Book' these ten years, and, during the period, nearly every number contained some article illustrative of the history of the Puritans, but not a single contribution commemorative of the sufferings of the Huguenots. CAMIBARD."

## OUR TREASURY. LIGHT LITERATURE

BY MISS ELISA COOK.

We live in an age of emancipation. The rules of thinking and acting which governed our grandfathers have no dominion over us. The introduction of steam has made life an almost perpetual motion. Thousands that for years had never strayed ten miles from their own home have been brought into full acquaintance "with the manners of many men and many cities." A steamboat, like Love, has wings, or at least has paddles, which answer the same purpose, and cut through space with equal celerity. The spread of energetic and universal excitement is visible in all directions. The impulse extends to all the social relations of life; friends living a hundred miles apart, and whose only communication was through the post-office, now start off by railway, after a leisurely breakfast, and are ensconced in the dining-room of their destination in good time for dinner. All this rapidity of movement is fertile in consequences. The value of time is calculated by infinit-

tesimal quantities. We are made to see so clearly the quantity of business that may be dispatched in a given period, and how deeply the question of profit and loss may be effected by the loss of a few precious moments, that every cause of delay becomes a tax upon our patience. The adage that "what is deferred is not lost," is clean swept from the register of experience, as being unsuited, as in truth it is, to the new law of locomotion.

I do not purpose at present to investigate the good or the evil of this mighty revolution. It is of no use to philosophize; for, were I to wear down my pen to the stump, I should never make the world one whit the wiser. But there is one result of this law of progress well worth remarking. The race of deeply-read scholars is fast disappearing; I speak of that class which, in past times, consumed the midnight oil, readers who pored over the folios till sunrise, and whose incubations were said to smell of the lamp. Now, is there anything surprising in their disappearance? The descendants of these black-lettered bookworms are to be found now in the catalogue of *les beaux esprits*. A few hours on a railway will enable them to join their friends in a shooting-party on the moors; or, if they have a taste for foreign travel, a commodious and well-built steamer will speed them within sight of the Pyramids in less time than it would take to get through three octavo volumes. Who, having all this enjoyment in perspective, and a purse within reach of it, can be expected to sit down to hard study? Such self-sacrifice cannot reasonably be expected. We must be cast in a new mould before it can be looked for.

In every rank, and in every occupation, light literature has become the order of the day. In all that we do, and in all that we leave undone, the expenditure of time is taken into the account. Book-knowledge is slow of acquirement; the great demand is for that kind of knowledge which can be made available in the everyday business of life; which enlarges our field of observation, and keeps our faculties on the alert. In these days, our intellectual food must be easy of digestion, and must be served up like pancakes, hot and hot. Weekly journals, pamphlets, magazines, reviews, articles which have the cream of literature on the surface, and may be easily skimmed—these are the commodities in demand.

"Let us praise newspapers," says Dr. Johnson. "One of the principal amusements of the idler is to read the works of those minute historians, the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes, are yet necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but observe the lives and fortunes of the other."

## WOMAN'S PROFESSION.

BY MISS BEECHER.

THE only profession open to woman, corresponding to the three liberal professions for man, is that of an educator. All allow that this is exceeded in importance by neither of the professions of the other sex, and yet no such provision has been made for the liberal education of woman. It is impossible for her to secure such teachers and other advantages as colleges and professional schools offer, while the very inferior ones obtained in the first female seminaries often cost double or treble the expense of a college course. This heavy expense necessarily diminishes the time allowed by most parents for the education of their daughters.

The superior advantages provided for men enable them to compete with woman on very unequal terms, even in

the sole liberal profession open to her. The best educated, of course, take precedence, and thus we see the posts of honor and emolument in education, even in the training of her own sex, to a wide extent, taken from woman and given to man. As a consequence, it follows that well-educated women, especially in the higher circles, have no elevating profession or aim in life to employ their highest powers.

To estimate the evil of this, imagine what would be the depressing influence on young men, if all the liberal professions, and all endowed institutions were taken from them, and they were confined to the pursuits that usually occupy well-educated women of the higher classes previous to marriage. If woman was trained for her profession as an educator, and held posts of honor and emolument open to her, she would be in the same position in regard to incentives to energetic and useful action as her brothers. To educate the human mind would be her business in life. When true affection calls her to the first relation in life, she would pursue her profession as a Mother; but, if not so called, she would be equally well employed as the educator of others, and find the stimulus of honorable employment, position, and emolument, just as her brothers do in their professions. Thus no woman would be tempted to profane the holiest relation by entering it as the only avenue to the full employment of her intellect and affections; and thus would the large class of educated women who are unemployed during those years that intervene between the close of school-days and marriage—the most effective years in the profession of an educator—become a rich blessing to their country and the world.

There is, besides, a large class of educated women who, though married, have no such domestic claims as would interfere with their being connected with female institutions as men are connected with colleges.

In the few cases in which women of superior energy and ability make for themselves posts of honor and emolument as principals of female institutions, how different their lot from that of the other sex in their higher positions as educators! The professors in colleges deem it an unreasonable exaction, if, after six or eight years' training in endowed institutions, they are required to teach more than two hours a day, while, at the same time, the responsibilities of the institution are so divided that no one is burdened. But woman, with a feeble constitution, after very inferior advantages to fit her for her duties, when she assumes the higher posts of her profession, becomes responsible to the public for the instruction of every pupil in every branch of female study, and all the details of government, finance, and the other responsibilities connected with such institution; and, in addition to all this, often teaches *five or six* hours a day. The result is the constant ruin of health to the finest female teachers, and the constant relinquishment of their posts to the more favored sex. The plea often urged for giving men the preference to women in the charge of the best female institutions rests solely on the fact that men have had better advantages of education provided at public expense, and that so much is required of female principals that not one in twenty can retain such a position without entire prostration.

In the professions of men, whatever is selected as so important as to demand public endowments, instantly becomes honorable. Crowds throng the favored path, even when it is seen that a great portion must fall entirely, and the majority gain only a moderate competency. Take away from the liberal professions all endowed institutions, and what a change would ensue!

The greatest evils incident to the lot of woman arise from the fact that *her profession is not made honorable*.

## Literary Notices.

From THOMAS, COWPERTHWAIT & Co., Philadelphia:—  
**STUDIES ON SLAVERY, IN EASY LESSONS.** Compiled into eight studies, and subdivided into short lessons for the convenience of readers. By John Fletcher, of Louisiana. Natches, published by Jackson Warner; Charleston, McCarter & Allen; New Orleans, John Ball; Philadelphia, Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.

This is a very handsomely printed and durably bound volume, of more than six hundred pages. It is fully known to the readers of the "Lady's Book" how carefully we have always avoided all participation in the discussions which have taken place on the exciting subject to which this work particularly refers. Nevertheless, we feel free to present our views of a work, the object of which is, by arguments drawn from Scripture, and from other standard sources of authority, to defend an institution which has been admitted and tolerated within the constitutional law of the land. It must be recollected, however, that we speak only of the ingenious merits of the defense set up by the author, and not of the merits of the institution he has undertaken to defend; and therefore, without the least intention to flatter the author of these "Studies," and without committing ourselves either in favor or against his conclusions in regard to the question under consideration, we have no hesitation in saying that he has produced a learned and able work, and one which, if generally read, would at least throw oil upon the turbulent waves of sectional and sectarian controversy, and induce calm and sober reflection in the minds of all who are heartily interested in the cause of humanity, and in the permanent advancement and security of freedom. "Come, let us reason together," is an invitation which should never be rejected, and which, indeed, never can be rejected by the wise and the good. Whatever may be the effect of this book upon the public mind, it deserves consideration for its laborious researches into Scripture and antiquity, for its learning, for its candor, and for its style of composition. It will undoubtedly challenge the talents of the ablest opponents of the institution it defends, without forfeiting their respectful consideration of the author's sincerity, or for the force of his facts and deductions; and, whatever may be its other faults, in a literary point of view, it will be received, by all who read it, as an important contribution from the pen of an American writer.

From C. G. HENDERSON & Co., Philadelphia:—  
**GOOD AUNT FANNY'S BUDGET OF STORIES AND LEGENDS FOR CHILDREN.** Translated from the German. Illustrated with fifty engravings. And first of these spirited pictures, which cannot fail of winning the eyes and hearts of children; they are from original drawings, and very fine. The stories are German in imagination, scenery, and moral; the belief in fairies and invisible agents is cherished there, and this amusing work is a curious study of human superstition.

From J. & J. L. GHON, No. 98 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:—

**HEROIC WOMEN OF HISTORY:** comprising some of the most Remarkable Examples of Female Courage, Disinterestedness, and Self-Sacrifice of Ancient or Modern Times. By Henry C. Watson, author of the "Camp-Fires of the Revolution," "Sights in a Block-House," etc. This is a large octavo volume of four hundred pages, elegantly bound and illustrated. We have here upwards of fifty ably written

sketches, embracing compilations of the lives and heroic virtues of the most eminent women who have left their examples and the impress of their characters upon the pages of history. The author has done good service for his countrywomen, in presenting them with a volume so full of interest, and so worthy of their study.

From HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLACKSTON, Philadelphia:—

**MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D., LL. D.** By his son-in-law, the Rev William Hanna, LL. D. This is the fourth and last volume of a work which, from the commencement to its close, has presented the pure life and the noble exertions of a Christian teacher, for the example, and, it may be hoped, for the edification of his brethren of the church of which he was a member.

**ATLANTIC AND TRANSATLANTIC. Sketches Afloat and Ashore.** By Captain Mackinnon, R. N., author of "Steam Warfare in the Parana." There is nothing very new or profound in the captain's narrative. We must say, however, that, unlike most English writers who have preceded him in their rapid travels and rapid commentaries on our country and the manners of our countrymen, he appears to have come among us with a disposition to be pleased, and was therefore generally successful in finding something which he could commend, or at least extenuate. There are many suggestions in the book which we might profit by, should we not be tempted, through national vanity, to reject their consideration.

**CICERO'S TUSCAN DISPUTATIONS. With English Notes, Critical and Explanatory.** By Charles Anthon, LL.D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, Rector of the Grammar School, etc. etc. This clearly printed volume is another valuable addition to the classical literature of our country, made by a profound scholar and able and experienced teacher, whose laborious contributions have done more than those of any other individual to elevate the standard of collegiate education.

**BISHOP BUTLER'S ANALOGY OF RELIGION, NATURAL AND REVEALED, TO THE CONSTITUTION AND COURSE OF NATURE.** With an Analysis, left unfinished, by the late Robert Emory, D.D., President of Dickinson College. Completed and edited, with a Life of Bishop Butler, Notes, and Index, by G. B. Crooks. This able analysis, by an eminent American divine, of a learned work, which, for nearly a century past, has maintained the highest consideration among theologians, will at once commend itself to the attention of clerical students desirous of perfecting themselves in whatever relates to their sacred calling.

**LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.** Edited by Robert Chambers. In four volumes. This is the third volume of the work, the first and second of which were noticed, as they deserved to be, as presenting the very best record of the life and writings of the bard that had ever been published.

From CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through A. HART, Philadelphia:—

**DANIEL WEBSTER AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.** By Charles W. March. Fourth edition. The several editions through which this work has passed are the best evidences which could be adduced of its merits, and of the interest which the American public feel in all that relates to the political character and services of one of our most eminent statesmen.

**ANGLO-AMERICAN LITERATURE AND MANNERS.** From the French of Philiberte Charles, Professor in the College of France. Under the general head of "Origin and

Progress of Literature and Eloquence in the United States," the author of this book has compiled three hundred pages of criticism, which may prove of service to authors and readers, and perhaps have a tendency to check our countrymen and countrywomen in their imitations of certain fashions and follies, not altogether consistent with our republican professions. Whether or not the author is a Frenchman, we shall not stop to inquire. It is enough to know that his facts are generally such as must be admitted by all, and that his remarks are such as may have a wholesome effect in the correction of national vanity.

**VOICES OF NATURE TO HER FOSTER CHILD, THE SOUL OF MAN.** *A Series of Analogies between the Natural and the Spiritual World.* By the author of "A Reel in a Bottle." Edited by the Rev. Henry T. Cheever. This is a beautiful Christian book, full of faith, hope, and charity, conveying the lessons of wisdom and purity in the language, we might almost say, of inspiration. It has been the great effort of the author to "trace some of the analogies, in the form and process of nature, between the natural and the spiritual world," and in this he has been eminently successful; mingling, as he does, the sweet but humble voices of nature with the sublime anthems of man's redemption, revealed through the spirit of Christianity.

**PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WEST.** By Mrs. Ellet, author of "The Women of the American Revolution," etc. The readers of the "Lady's Book" need not to be reminded of the patriotic labors of Mrs. Ellet, to preserve the records of female virtue, constancy, and heroism, which never shone brighter in the characters of women of any other clime, or of any other times, than in the mothers, wives, and daughters of the pioneer settlers of the American republic. Several of her contributions to the pages of our "Book" will be found in the present work, which, however, is intended to be an appropriate supplement to the memoirs of the "Women of the American Revolution," heretofore published. Mrs. E. very justly complains that a volume was published in 1861, entitled "Noble Deeds of American Women, with Biographical Sketches of some of the most Prominent," in which thirty-eight sketches, prepared entirely from original manuscripts—the subjects not even named in any other published work—were taken from her volumes of "The Women of the American Revolution," twenty-six of them being appropriated, in an abridged form, without the slightest acknowledgment. We hope the reading public will not overlook this fact.

From LEWIS COLBY, New York, through B. R. LOXLEY, No. 118 Arch Street, Philadelphia:—

**AN OLIO OF DOMESTIC VERSES.** By Emily Judeon. There are but few verses or sentiments in this volume that will not touch the heart of the poetical reader, and leave a lasting impression of the genius, the piety, the patient and motherly affection, and of the sufferings of the author.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZENGE, Philadelphia:—

**THE MEN OF THE TIMES; OR, SKETCHES OF LIVING NOTABLES.** This is a valuable work for study and reference, and, from our knowledge of several of the "men" introduced, we should judge the sketches to be as just, impartial, and as free from religious or political prejudices as could be possible in a compilation of its kind. It embraces men of every class and profession, and of every country, who have rendered themselves conspicuous by their attainments, or by their acts, "in every department of exertion and every position of paramount importance." This book should be in the hands of every young man desirous of

forming a just estimate of the public characters of men of his own or of other countries.

From P. DONAHOE, Boston, through T. LYNCH, No. 9 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia:—

**A HISTORY OF THE IRISH SETTLERS IN NORTH AMERICA, from the Earliest Period to the Census of 1850.** By Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, author of the "Lives of Irish Writers." The author has presented some very fair and honorable specimens of his countrymen; but, as we think, has been rather unfortunate in his references to certain outbreaks, for which "restitution" has been made, and which might very properly have been permitted to "rest in peace."

From H. LONG & BROTHER, New York:—

**THE LADIES' NEW BOOK OF COOKERY: a Practical System for Private Families in Town and Country; with Directions for Currying, and Arranging the Table for Parties, &c. Also, Preparations for Food for Invalids and for Children.** By Sarah Josepha Hale. Here is a valuable book from the pen of a lady who has been nearly all her life engaged in practical labors for the benefit and the improvement of her sex. Her long association with the "Lady's Book" has fully established her literary reputation, in the attainment of which she has never forfeited, in a single instance, or in a single lot, the respect of the Christian, the moralist, or of the refined and educated lady. But, as no lady is thoroughly educated, more especially in this practical, republican country, who does not know how to manage her own household, and to direct all things thereunto pertaining, Mrs. Hale has added another contribution to the numerous presents she has made her countrywomen, in the shape of this neatly printed volume of nearly five hundred pages, replete, as it is, with receipts and matters of information, which, if not thought worthy of study, should always be at hand for ready reference. An advertisement on the cover of this number of the "Lady's Book" will give our readers a more accurate idea of the "New Book" than we have probably succeeded in presenting them with. Indeed, all that it was necessary for us to do was to assure them, as we do with the greatest confidence, that the "New Book" is the most complete of its kind ever published in America.

The "Literary World," of September 11th, says:—

"THE LADIES' NEW BOOK OF COOKERY. By Sarah Josepha Hale. Long & Brother.—A good practical book on excellent philosophical principles. One of these is the due preservation of the 'radical heat and the radical moisture' so much insisted upon by Uncle Toby in Flanders—in a just use of meats and sauces, according to scientific proportions, laid down in an excellent preface, entitled 'The Philosophy of Cookery.' Another is a conscientious care of the human race, beginning with childhood, a chapter being provided, 'an entirely new feature,' entitled 'Cookery for Children.' Then there is the eclectic principle.—'As our republic is made up from the people of all lands, so we have gathered the best receipts from the Domestic Economy of the different nations of the Old World.' France, of course, furnishes the largest quota; but the whole has been revised for American use, in which Mrs. Hale's tact and experience have been put to good account."

From GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston:—

**THE ISLAND HOME.** This work will be quite a treasure to every boy who is a boy, and who as such is fond of stirring tales of adventure. The story of the six young castaways, and the little native who was accidentally thrown among them, is told with vivacity and interest, not

unmingled with humor. We only regret that the boys, who showed so bright a spirit through their dangers and deprivations, were not left at last safely lodged in their own homes. A better critic than ourselves, a boy who devoured the book almost at one sitting, pronounces it exceedingly interesting.

**PLYMOUTH AND THE PILGRIMS, &c.** By Joseph Banvard. To use the words of the preface, "The object of the present volume is to give a plain and correct account of the prominent events which have occurred in the history of Plymouth, the oldest colony in New England." It is a praiseworthy object to rescue from oblivion any facts connected with the eventful history of the stern, God-fearing fathers of our country, to keep before the eyes of the present generation, who, feeling "at ease in their possessions," may perhaps be inclined to seek too eagerly for wealth or worldly advancement, that they sprang from a race who, despising all more earthly good, willingly endured every possible deprivation and suffering, that they might "worship God according to the dictates of their consciences." The account of their labors, the disasters that impeded their early settlement, and their final success, are given clearly, concisely, and impartially; not even the great faults of their character, their bigotry, and severity, with the crimes which sprang out of them, being omitted.

**NOVELTIES OF THE NEW WORLD, &c.** By Joseph Banvard. This second volume of the Rev. Mr. Banvard's "Series of American Histories," is more general in its scope than the former. The events connected with the early discovery of America, and the adventures of the various persons who, at different times, were engaged in exploring it, or in vain attempts to colonize it, or Christianize the natives, are related with a minuteness and spirit that render the book an interesting one even to very young persons. The history is carried down only to the year 1680; but we have the promise of a continuation of the series, and we hope our expectations will not be disappointed.

**YOUNG AMERICANS ABROAD; or, Vacation in Europe, &c.** This interesting little volume is said, in the introduction, to be the work of three boys of the ages of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen, who, on a journey through several countries in Europe, under the charge of their instructor, kept a journal, and also wrote letters to a companion at home, which are here collected and published. The life and freshness that are thrown round the most hackneyed subject by the peculiar circumstances under which it is seen, make the descriptions seem almost new even to us, flooded as we have been, for the last ten or fifteen years, with "Travels in Europe." The account of the opening of the Crystal Palace, and of the whole exhibition, is very well told.

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FROM JAMES MUNROE & Co., Boston and Cambridge:—  
**THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE, &c.** By the Rev. H. N. Hudson, A. M. In eleven volumes. Vol. 5. We are glad to welcome another volume of this greatest of all dramatists, from the hands of a commentator at once so loving and so thoroughly acquainted with his subject. This number contains four of Shakspeare's historical plays, elucidated by ample notes and criticisms, showing delicate discrimination and a profound research into the manners and history of those times. New light is thrown upon many doubtful points, and the pleasure of the reader is greatly increased by feeling that all interpolations and alterations are decidedly rejected, and that the plays themselves are presented to us as they came from the great master's hand.

**SIMMONS'S GREEK GIRL.** A letter from London says: "Barry Cornwall has been pleased to express much approval of the 'Greek Girl,' a poem, by J. W. Simmons, Esq., of Texas. Douglass says the work has got the right stuff." We are glad to find this work appreciated by English critics.

#### NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From Bunce & Brother, New York, through T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "Cecilia; or, the Memoirs of an Heiress." By Miss Burney, author of "Evelina," etc. Price 50 cents. This is one of the old English novels, but full of life, character, and incident.

From Long & Brothers, New York, through T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "The Guerrilla Chief; or, the Romance of War." Illustrated. Price 50 cents. This work is handsomely printed and embellished, but really we have had no time to examine it. The "Critic" and other British publications speak highly of its merits.

From Ticknor, Reed, & Fields, Boston, through W. P. Hazard, Philadelphia: "Lydia: a Woman's Book." By Mrs. Newton Croeland, author of "Partners for Life." This is a handsome reprint of a very popular English novel.

From J. S. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia: "The Master Builder; or, Life at a Trade." By David Kellogg Lee, author of "Summerfield; or, Life on a Farm." This is a highly interesting and instructive work, pure in morals and elevating in sentiment.—"Hagar: a Story of To-Day." By Alice Carey, author of "Clovernook; or, Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West," etc. A very agreeable story, in which the author has been very happy in her pictures of humble life, and, at the same time, sustaining a high standard of morality.

From T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: "Mary Seaham." A Novel. By Mrs. Grey. The author of this work enjoys a wide reputation as a writer of fiction, having successively published not less than fourteen popular novels within an incredibly short period of time; not the least powerful in plot, incident, and truthfulness is the volume before us.

From Gould & Lincoln, Boston, through W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia: "Chambers's Pocket Miscellany." Vol. 5. Complete in itself. Price 20 cents.

From George P. Putnam, New York: Nos. 14 and 15 of "Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library for Travellers and the Fireside."—"The Arctic Journal; or, Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions." By Lieutenant S. Osborn. A very interesting narrative of a cruise in search of Sir John Franklin. Price 25 cents.—"Home and Social Philosophy." From "Household Words." By Charles Dickens. Second Series. Price 25 cents.—"Sicily: a Pilgrimage." By H. T. Tuckerman. Price 25 cents. This volume is uniform with "Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library for Travellers and the Fireside."

From Garrett & Co., New York: "Fair Rosamond; or, the Queen's Victim." By Pierce Egan, Esq. Complete in one volume. Price 50 cents.

From Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., Philadelphia: "Ivanhoe." From the last English edition, containing the author's latest corrections, notes, etc. A beautiful illustrated American edition for only twelve dollars, or at 50 cents each.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsey & Blakiston, Philadelphia: "The School for Fathers." An old English story. By T. Gwynne.—"Anna Hammer: a Tale of Contemporary German Life." Translated from the German of Temme.—No. 27 of the "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution."

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

We must again mention to our fair subscribers that it is quite time to make us a remittance; the year is fast drawing to a close. While you are about it, you may as well also inclose the amount for another year, and make only one trouble of it. Trouble, did we say? Certainly it must be a pleasure to you to support a magazine entirely devoted to yourselves.

JESSICA.—This plate is from Shakspeare's play of the "Merchant of Venice," Act II. Shylock is saying to his daughter: "I am bld forth to supper, Jessica. Look to my home. I am right loath to go; there is some ill brewing towards my rest. For I did dream of money-bags to-night. But stop my house's ears—I mean my case-ments. Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter my sober house."

The beautiful cottage in this number is from the "Model Architect," by Samuel Sloan, Esq., published by E. S. Jones & Co., S. W. corner of Fourth and Race Streets, at 50 cents per number, containing several designs.

We give our usual four full-page plates, and the very latest, and, at the same time, the earliest patterns for winter cloaks, mantelets, &c.

A WHOLESOME AND SUBSTANTIAL COMPLIMENT.—"I inclose you five dollars, which should have been sent before. I always like to be punctual with the publishers, and particularly with one so deserving as yourself. I am pleased with the 'Lady's Book.' It has caused me to while away many a pleasant hour, not devoid of much useful information.  
S. C. MCKEAN, Gen."

Thank you, good sir! Who else wants our autograph for framing?

BORROWERS.—We give the following letter from an editor. We have many complaints of the same kind. We have a remedy which we are about to propose to the press.

"I believe each number of your 'Book' is noticed. It may be sometimes overlooked, as it is hard work to keep it in the office long enough to look at the plates, and glance through its attractive letter-press. We are troubled with borrowers here, as are the craft elsewhere. It has long been my opinion that the 'Lady's Book' is at the head of the monthlies of Philadelphia, not only as a work for the ladies of the United States, but as a magazine of general literature.

F. M. P.,  
Ed. 'Argus,' N. C."

"September 3, 1852.

REPENTANCE NOT TOO LATE.—"Mr. Godey, Sir: In a moment of uneasiness, I sent to stop my 'Book'; forgive me for it, and let the 'Book' continue.  
H. G.

"Lafayette."

"E. H. S."—Sent you the "Books" on the 18th, by mail, and paid the postage.

"A. H."—Miss L. is not in town. Will inquire immediately on her return, and write you.

"A. M. A."—The editress of the Fashion Department will procure the articles as soon as the new goods arrive.

"O. F. G."—Can get you an English edition with plates for \$14. Presume the freight will be about \$2.

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Will P. A. McFadden, Esq., favor us with the name of the town and State to which his "Lady's Book" is forwarded? His letter, inclosing \$3, is dated at Greenburgh, and post-marked Tarrytown; but we do not find his name at either place.

GODEY'S GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS FOR FIFTY CENTS.—This is really the best opportunity ever offered of obtaining thirty splendid engravings at so cheap a rate, neatly done up; but they can be taken apart without injury, to place in scrap books. The "Greenville Patriot" says: "It is really splendid, and is a work which all who love to look at pretty pictures would do well to send for; and who is there that does not admire beauty in pictures as well as in nature?"

We ask attention to the advertisement of Mrs. Hale's "New Book of Cookery and Domestic Economy," published by H. Long & Brother, New York. A notice of the work will be found elsewhere. Any orders sent to the publisher of the "Lady's Book" will be filled on the following terms: He will furnish a copy in strong paper covers at \$1, or in boards at \$1 25, and in both cases pay the postage.

We call attention to Archer & Warner's advertisement on the cover of the "Lady's Book." They are very celebrated for their taste in getting up chandeliers, and in all matters pertaining to their business.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS.—We are not about to refer to the recent and melancholy accidents, to call them by no harsher name, which have occurred on our Eastern and Western waters. It is too late now to make any comments that would be acceptable in soothing the afflictions of bereaved relatives, or in denunciation of those who should in all cases be held responsible. In order, however, to show the recklessness which is frequently displayed by men in highly important stations on board of steamboats, we may be permitted to introduce an anecdote related by a venerable clergyman. It fully illustrates the criminal conduct of persons in whose hands, for the time being, are placed the lives of hundreds, and even thousands of human beings.

Feeling somewhat anxious about the movements of the boat, the good man thought he would look into the engine-room, to see whether any person was in attendance; but what was his astonishment, instead of finding them attending to their duties, to discover two men engaged in playing a game of cards! At the same time, to his great horror, he heard a voice exclaiming that there was no water in the boilers! To which one of the card-players replied, with an oath, to his still greater horror, "Well, let her bust, if she can't stand fire till the game is up!"

STEAMBOATS ON THE DELAWARE.—Singularly in contrast with the above is the conduct of every person in charge, or in any way employed on board the steamboats running on the Delaware. The order and regularity observed on board the John Stevens, Captain Kester, for instance, when, as it sometimes happens, she is crowded with from one to two thousand passengers, is often the theme of admiration to many a grateful heart, conscious that wherever there is a full sense of moral responsibility, there must likewise be a

more than usual amount of security from what are commonly considered accidents. The same security from danger is also felt by passengers on board the Trenton, Captain Hincle, and, indeed, on all the boats, and on all the lines of railroad belonging to the Camden and Amboy Company. This unbounded confidence is undoubtedly the result, in a very great measure, of the efficient and admirable regulations established and enforced by Wm. H. GATZMER, Esq., the principal agent of the company, and to the strict observance and execution of them by all persons in its employ: to all which, under a superintending Providence, must be attributed the grateful fact that but few accidents, and those comparatively trifling, have occurred on these lines in the course of many years, and during which many millions of travellers have been conveyed to and from New York and Philadelphia, and to and from the intermediate towns and cities.

**"LIGHT READING."**—The reading public is greatly indebted to the pens of learned commentators for the many serious lectures they receive, warning them of the evils attendant on the perusal of what has been termed, in a sort of general application, "light reading." We are certainly no apologists for bad books, or for such books or writings as would be likely to leave vicious or immoral impressions on the minds of readers, and yet we have never been able to form any other idea of light literature than that which is presented by the contents of all such books as are vicious and immoral in their tendencies. At the same time, it is true that we have never seen a practical or an authoritative definition of the term, notwithstanding it is of such frequent use in written and oral criticisms, and although its application, right or wrong, seems to be considered a full passport for any literary pretender into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the temple of wisdom.

If, however, it is intended that the term to which we now allude should include, indiscriminately, *all* the works of imagination written for popular amusement and instruction, we should be pleased to know where, in what age of the world, and with what authors, the expurgatory index would begin and end? The ideas that writers and readers should be confined to matters of fact; to mathematical and scientific investigations; to the discussion of abstract questions in morals, politics, or religion; to excavating the deepest depths of the earth; or to climbing the highest and most mysterious pinnacles of the heavens, would, if carried into practice, probably have effects more injurious to the human mind, and prove more fatal to human happiness than all the "simple tales," and all the light and even *trashy* reading that we hear so much about. The fact is, it was just in such works as are now condemned as light and trashy, that the greatest philosophers, theologians, and students of the sciences found all their entertainment, and all their purest relaxation from the mental labor incident to their more serious researches. "*Æsop's Fables*," the "*Arabian Nights*," and numerous other works of a similar character, were at one time the favorites of men of the most profound erudition, whose minds, in order to acquire new strength, were compelled to fall back upon the mental food of their childhood.

We hope, however, it will be remembered, and we repeat the sentiment in order that it may be remembered, that we are not the advocates of light or *trashy* literature, even if by that term we are to understand a species of literature distinguished from that which is positively immoral and positively irreligious. A domestic tale, portraying the manners of the times, and tending to afford a truthful and judicious contrast between the vices and virtues of every-day life, and sketches calculated to elevate and to refine

the moral sensibilities, cannot be less acceptable to an intelligent people, even though they should not be adorned by the same beauties of style and language, than were those of Addison and his distinguished contemporaries, the founders of English classical literature. We ask, at least, that those who, for gain or for fame, are delving into all the mysteries of earth and heaven, will not look upon those who are taking notes of the practical workings of the human passions, impressed upon the present condition of society, as the enemies of either God or man.

**LADIES WHO MUSK.**—Did you ever travel in an omnibus on a rainy day, windows and doors closed, eight on a side, limited, of course, to six, and among that number two women covered with musk? "Drive," said a Frenchman, "let me come out of *ze* dore; I am suffocate! You 'ave vat you call one musty rat in *ze* omnibus. I 'ave no *paraplu* mais. I preface *ze* rain water to *ze* mauvais smell."

We heard a very good anecdote, lately, of a French tailor in New York. He had a woman in his employ, an excellent hand, to whom he gave six dollars a week; but she wanted her wages raised, and called upon the Frenchman for that purpose, when the following dialogue took place:—

"Sir, I want my wages raised."

"Ah, Sally, you want more *l'argent*? What for you want more? You 'ave every'ting ver' comfortable."

"Well, sir, the Dutchman over the way has offered me seven dollars."

"*Ze* Dutchman is one *ombug*, Sally! He no pay you. I tell you vat I do. I no give you more money, *mais*; if you will marry me, I will marry you. I no give you seven dollars, but I make you one wife." And he did.

**A RICH ENDOWMENT.**—We make the following extract from a new work:—

"'Good morrow to you, Mrs. Fogarty,' reaches a snuff-box to offer a pinch.

"'Then good morrow kindly, Judy; I hope I see you well this mornin'!"

"'So, Mrs. Fogarty, you married your daughter?"

"'I did, indeed, praise be to goodness!"

"'Did she get a good match?"

"'Faix, thin, 'tis herself that did. Didn't she get blind Darby Driscoll, on the Dyke, that makes more money than any three beggars in Cork?"

"'I 'm delighted to hear it, Mrs. Fogarty, I assure you. That the world may wond'her at the luck they 'll have! Did you give her any fortune?"

"'Any fortune, is it? Ah, thin, now, Judy, is it after insultin' me you 'd be? Sure you know in yer heart that a child of mine was never married without it. Didn't I give her the best side of Patrick Street, which, if well begged, is worth seven and sixpence a week!"

Some friends of ours in this city caught an old beggar once in a communicative mood, and asked him how much he made by his business. "Well, now, to tell you the truth, it's a bad square that won't yield five levies (62½ cents)," was his answer.

**GETTING UP BEHIND.**—Eliza Cook has very facetiously exemplified the philosophy of getting up behind. We regret that we have not the room at present to give her explanations in full. A sentence or two must suffice. Here they are, in Eliza's own words: "Some new project is announced, and is hailed as absurd. It can never work; it is ludicrous—impracticable—stupid—insane. But it is tried, and is found to work; it even works well. Instantly, all the deprecators make a rush at the identical project which

they had been abusing, and now try to 'get up behind'—be it railways, or screw-ships, or electric telegraphs"—or, as we would beg leave to add, magazines. It is unfortunately the case, however, and it is greatly to be regretted, perhaps, that many of those deprecatory persons get up behind when it is too late to hold on, and they are consequently jostled off, not only to their own great disappointment, but to the disappointment of the public also. We see such things happen every day; and yet every day we find a fresh multitude preparing to take the places of those who have fallen off. Who will write out for us the philosophy of competition?

**THE ENGLISH STAMP.**—It is very much to be regretted that, generally speaking, so little attention and respect are paid to American genius and talent, until it receives the approbation and the stamp of merit from some one of the literary standards of the English metropolis. Numerous instances are continually presented to us of the great importance attached to an English "stamp," or literary passport, before an American author can have a candid hearing or generous welcome from the American public. We have one of these instances just now in point, and which, if it were not so ludicrously amusing as an evidence of imbecility, and of servility to foreign pretenders, might awaken in us feelings akin to anger, or at least to those of contempt. Looking over the pages of one of our Anglo-American magazines the other day, we came across an old acquaintance whom we recollected to have met before in the "Lady's Book," under the familiar appellation of "My Brother Tom." It is true that "Tom" had somewhat changed in appearance since we last saw him; but there was no mistake about his identity, for his sister, the late Patience Price, recognised him the moment she saw him, dressed up as he was in the pink of English fashion, and stamped as he was with the "lion and unicorn," by our good friends of the aforesaid popular magazine.

In honorable contrast with the above fact, we have the pleasure to state that a quarterly journal is now published in Edinburgh, Scotland, entitled the "Foreign Evangelical Review," which is composed wholly of articles selected from the American religious quarterlies, present and past, with the names of the authors.

**ARTUR'S HOME GAZETTE.**—We call the attention of our numerous readers to the prospectus of this valuable weekly paper, which will be found on our cover for this month. The public are so fully aware of the great literary, scientific, and moral and social merits of the "Home Gazette," that we feel our duty is performed when we refer to the advertisement, through which it will be ascertained that the price of subscription has been greatly reduced, as well as the price of postage, and that the paper continues to be all it ever has been.

**BOSTON OLIVE BRANCH.**—It gives us great pleasure to notice the correct taste, the increased literary spirit, and the entire practical usefulness manifested in the columns of this interesting family newspaper. Mrs. Denison, who presides over the ladies' department, is herself a most amiable lady, a writer of most excellent fancy, and, withal, a woman of great moral and intellectual energy. A writer of great terseness and acuteness of observation has lately made her appearance in the "Olive Branch," under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Fern." Fanny has already secured thousands of admirers, and will probably be honored with as many more, if she minds her p's and q's, and does not become too much of a coquette.

**ILLUSTRATED FAMILY FRIEND.**—While in the humor, which we confess does not come over us as often as the merits of

a number of our exchanges merit, we must not forget our friend of the "Illustrated Family Friend," published at Columbia, S. C., and edited by S. A. Godman, a gentleman of rare and acknowledged abilities. We sincerely congratulate our Southern friends on the fact that they have now established within their borders a number of excellent literary papers. Among them is the paper already mentioned, and Richards's "Southern Literary Gazette," published at Charleston, S. C. We say to all South, to whom these presents may come greeting, by all means patronize your own local papers first. This is a duty which you owe yourselves, and which, if you neglect, the consequences may be such as will fall heavily upon the second, and even upon the third innocent generation that may follow. But our advice is not to the South only. We recommend to the people everywhere to encourage their local papers first, and if, after that duty is performed, they choose to look further, let them do so with a clear conscience. Neither must our friends imagine that we intend to make any invidious distinctions in regard to the merits of our exchanges; had we the time and the room for the performance of such a task, we would gladly reciprocate with the whole fifteen hundred of them, the many acts of kindness and favorable consideration which they have from time to time lavished upon our work.

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## Receipts, &c.

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TO READ AN INSCRIPTION ON A SILVER COIN, which, by much wear, is become wholly obliterated: Put the poker in the fire, when red hot, place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools.

SEALING-WAX may be taken out of table-covers by dissolving the spots with spirits of wine or naphtha. Apply the spirit with a camel's-hair pencil.

TO MAKE DUTCH BUTTER, dissolve two ounces of isinglass in a pint of water, with the peel of a lemon; add a pint of white wine, the juice of three lemons, and the yolks of eight eggs well beaten; sweeten to taste. Make it quite hot, but do not let it boil. Strain, and put into moulds.

POMADE, to prevent baldness, is made thus: Beef suet one ounce, tincture of cantharides one teaspoonful, oil of origanum and bergamot, of each ten drops. Melt the suet, and, when nearly cold, stir in the rest of the ingredients, until set.

THE covering for preserves used by the trade, instead of bladder, is made by brushing over sheets of paper, of the thickness and length required, with linseed oil which has been previously boiled. The sheets should be hung on a string, and be thoroughly dry before using. This material is also used for tulip-shades, and as a substitute for glass in workshops. It is perfectly water-proof.

TERRA COTTA.—The term "terre cotia" is applied to literally baked clay. The modern terra cotia is made by the mixture of pipe-clay, fine sand, and powdered potsherds. The clay thus produced is baked in the open air.

THE HOOP PETTICOAT was adopted in the reign of Queen Anne; the first was smuggled from France, where it was invented, and measured seven yards in circumference. The English ladies improved upon the fashion by increasing the size to nine yards.



# Centre-Table Gossip.

## THE LACE-MAKERS OF BELGIUM.

Now that lace is once more so fashionable in a lady's dress, taking the place of embroidered muslin, to a great extent, in undersleeves, caps, collars, etc., the following sketch of this ingenious manufacture will be full of interest to the members of our "Centre-Table Club." Nothing adds so much to a rich costume as fine lace, and it is better to have none, and be content with plain muslin flutings, rather than wear imitations:—

"Each of the lace-making towns of Belgium excels in the production of one particular description of lace: in other words, each has what is technically called its own *point*. The French word *point*, in the ordinary language of needle-work, signifies simply *stitch*; but, in the terminology of lace-making, the word is sometimes used to designate the pattern of the lace, and sometimes the ground of the lace itself. Hence the terms *point de Bruxelles*, *point de Malines*, *point de Valenciennes*, &c. In England, we distinguish by the name of *point* a peculiarly rich and curiously wrought lace, formerly very fashionable, but now scarcely ever worn, except in court costume. In this sort of lace, the pattern is, we believe, worked with the needle, after the ground has been made with the bobbins. In each town, there prevail certain modes of working, and certain patterns which have been transmitted from mother to daughter successively for several generations. Many of the lace-workers live and die in the same houses in which they were born; and most of them understand and practise only the stitches which their mothers and grandmothers worked before them. The consequence has been that certain *points* have become unchangeably fixed in particular towns or districts. Fashion has assigned to each its particular place and purpose; for example: the *point de Malines* (Mechlin lace) is used chiefly for trimming night-dresses, pillow-cases, coverlets, &c.: the *point de Valenciennes* (Valenciennes lace) is employed for ordinary wear or *negligé*; but the more rich and costly *point de Bruxelles* (Brussels lace) is reserved for bridal and ball-dresses, and for the robes of queens and courtly ladies.

"As the different sorts of lace, from the narrowest and plainest to the broadest and richest, are innumerable, so the division of labor among the lace-workers is infinite. In the towns of Belgium, there are as many different kinds of lace-workers as there are varieties of spiders in nature. It is not therefore surprising that, in the several departments of this branch of industry, there are as many technical terms and phrases as would make up a small dictionary. In their origin, these expressions were all Flemish; but French being the language now spoken in Belgium, they have been translated into French, and the designations applied to some of the principal classifications of the workwomen. Those who make only the ground are called *Drocheuses*. The design or pattern which adorns this ground is distinguished by the general term, 'The Flowers,' though it would be difficult to guess what flowers are intended to be portrayed by the fantastic arabesques of these lace-patterns. In Brussels, the ornaments or flowers are made separately, and afterwards worked into the lace-ground: in other places, the ground and the patterns are worked conjointly. The *Platseuses* are those who work the

flowers separately; and the *Frisseuses de point à l'aiguille* work the figures and the ground together. The *Strisqueuse* is the worker who attaches the flowers to the ground. The *Fineuse* works her figures by piercing holes or cutting out pieces of the ground.

"The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp, under-ground cellars; for it is so extremely delicate, that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only when made and kept in a humil subterraneous atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect on the health, and therefore, to induce people to follow it, they are highly paid."

## EQUESTRIAN GOSSIP.

We have often heard the question discussed, "What is the proper gait for a lady equestrian?" some careful papas and uncles maintaining that they should never venture from a walk or rack, others allowing the canter, but nearly all declaring a brisk trot to be unfeminine and ungraceful. What would the careful guardian do with a young English girl, who would not fear to "follow the hounds over hedge and ditch," or come home flushed with a quick canter through a driving rain?

For our own part, and we have had some little experience, we should think no lady ought to be confined to either gait, as, in a long ride, much less fatigue is experienced where a change from one to the other relieves both horse and rider. In giving lessons on the road, Mr. Craig—the well-known proprietor of the Philadelphia Riding School—advises his pupils never to canter over the stones of a city road, either for their own comfort or that of the horse. Long, level reaches of road invite to this swinging motion; hills, both in ascent and descent, should be walked over, as accidents so frequently occur from stumbling where the road is rutted, or otherwise uneven.

A trot is the most frequently discussed question of all. Being the natural gait of the horse, it is, of course, less fatiguing to him, and the rider who has practice will find it equally comfortable, particularly if rising gently in the saddle in regular time. This is admirably taught by Mr. Craig, who uses in his classes a small strap or band of leather for the right foot—the left being in the stirrup—upon which the right limb bears weight after the fashion of a lever, in riding, thus rendering it both pleasant and easy. We believe it is his own invention. It is a difficult gait to gain at first; but, by a few good lessons, the rider becomes fascinated with it, and rough country horses can be used who have never been broken into a canter, an object of some importance gained. Since it is designated as "the jockey trot," it has been called unladylike; but we do not see that it is so, save in the name, which would bet-

er describe the motion if changed to "flying trot," such being the sensation to the rider.

Mr. Craig also teaches a military trot, which, to our thinking, is far less graceful and agreeable. We can heartily recommend his system, as the military evolutions which form a part of the regular course give a grace and security in managing a horse, in turning, wheeling, backing, etc., which cannot be acquired in any other practice.

### NICE QUESTIONS IN DRESS

FLOUNCES, says a clever writer, are a nice question. We like them when they wave or flow, as in a very light material, mullin, or gauze, or *barège*, when a lady has no outline and no mass, but looks like a receding angel or "a dissolving view;" but we do not like them in a rich material, where they *flap*, or a stiff one, where they bristle, and where they break the flowing line of the petticoat, and throw light and shade where you don't expect them to exist. In short, we like a gown that can do without flounces, as Josephine liked a face that could do without whiskers; but, in either case, it must be a good one.

Some few of what are nowadays called mantillas, which are the cardinals and capucins of a century ago, are pleasing and blameless. A black velvet one, turned up with a broad, dull, black lace, like bright metal chased with dead, is very good; also when made of plain silk, black or light colored, with no other trimming than, in milliner's language, "the same." But too often these articles are merely made the vehicle for indulging in a weakness for fringe, gimp, and other such trumpery, with which they are overloaded. Armholes in them we particularly object to; the lady behind them looks as if she were sitting in the stocks for a public misdemeanor.

If a lady sports a shawl at all, and none but very falling shoulders should venture, we should recommend it to be always falling off or putting on, which produces pretty action, or she should wear it up one shoulder and down the other, or in some way drawn irregularly, so as to break the uniformity. One of the faults of the present style is, as every real artist knows, that it offers too few diagonal lines. Nothing is more picturesque than a line across the bust, like the broad ribbon of the garter across the graceful queen, or the loose girdle sloping to the hips, as in the costume of the early Plantagenets. On this very account, the long scarf shawl is as picturesque a thing as a lady can wear. With the broad pattern sweeping over one shoulder, and a narrow one, or none at all, on the other, it supplies the eye with that irregularity which drapery requires; while the slanting form, and colors of the border, lying carelessly round the figure, give that Eastern idea which every shawl more or less implies. What Oriental would ever wear one straight up and down, and uniform on both sides, as our ladies often do!

### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

IN answer to a "YOUNG MOTHER," we would advise a stone-colored cashmere cloak, if one for the city is required. For travelling or the country, *cashmere de lège*, or even fine flannel plaids, would be more serviceable. The embroidery silk is to be had at almost every trimming store in the city. The editor of the fashion department will at any time procure it for the subscribers of the "Book," living at a distance, as well as the worsteds or materials generally, referred to in our Work-Table Department, of which she has also the care.

The charge of such a music teacher as "S. L. B." would require is from twenty to thirty dollars per quarter. They

are retained for style, generally speaking, and undertake pupils who are supposed to understand the rudiments of music, and have already some execution. There are many good teachers, not having the prestige of fashion, who charge less than this—from twelve to fifteen dollars.

We would recommend the first set of Herr's finger exercises to "FANNY." They are published by W. C. Peters, H. Peters, Fields & Co., Cincinnati. The first page and a half would do more towards forming the hand than many of the voluminous instruction books now in use. We do not recommend them as practice in reading, recollect, or the study of musical art; they are merely intended to give a light, clear touch, and grace and ease in scales and running passages. They were brought to our notice by Edward L. Walker, Esq., the best pianist of this city, who has also a large experience in teaching.

Scarcely any directions can be given to "MRS. E." with regard to choosing a black silk. Even silk merchants themselves do not always know, and recommend one that will fringe or crack through ignorance, rather than dishonesty. Black silks are more worn at the present time than for several years past, and are always a suitable and elegant dress for ladies in middle life.

We agree with "EMMA" that the care of the nails adds greatly to the beauty of the hand. The white spots she complains of are occasioned by injury, a blow, etc., and will gradually disappear at the end. The nails should be well brushed with soap and water, and, when quite dry, with lemon-juice, to be washed off again with clean water. Pare back the scarf skin at the root, but never cut it, or you will have nail springs, as they are called, an untidy, and sometimes very uncomfortable appendage to the root of the nail. It is said that a "run around" or felon may be avoided by scraping the outer skin of the nail quite rough with a fine penknife, as soon as the first symptom appears.

Oranges are not very plentiful in midwinter, but sometimes, when a dessert dish is required in dearth of other materials, housekeepers will find the following an excellent practical receipt: For orange jelly, take ten oranges and three lemons, peel three of the former as thinly as possible, put the peel in a stewpan, and squeeze over it the juice of all the oranges and lemons; then clarify half a pound of sugar, pour the juice and peel upon it, and boil up the whole; then strain the syrup, and add half an ounce of isinglass, previously dissolved in half a pint of water. Simmer two hours, then strain. This is always in season in our Southern climes.

Archery is still practised by ladies; so we are happy to decide the wager of "JESSIE LINCOLN" in her favor. There is quite a distinguished archery club in Philadelphia, having their anniversary *fête* in September, always a brilliant and exciting day.

## Fashions.

### NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editor of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake-boxes, envelopes, etc. etc., will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq., who will

be responsible for the amount, and the early execution of commissions.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Stewart's, bonnets from Miss Wharton's, jewelry from Bailey's, Warden's, Philadelphia, or Tiffany's, New York, if requested.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

*Fig. 1st.*—Dress of rich stone-colored *moire d'antique*, made perfectly plain and high, with full muslin undersleeves gathered into a band at the wrist. Sacoque mantle of dark-green velvet, slightly wadded, and lined with white satin. The trimming consists of close bands of stone martin surrounding the neck like a Victorine, and forming a heavy cuff upon the sleeve. The novelty is more in the shape of the trimming than in the fur itself, that having been used for several winters past. Bonnet of rose-colored therry velvet, with blende borders and insertions between the casings. A drooping plume of white, varied with rose color, falls at the right side. Broad ribbon strings, tied in a bow beneath the chin.

*Fig. 2d.*—Travelling-dress of mode-colored pelisse or habit cloth, with a saque of the same. The trimming is a double row of inch-wide velvet ribbon down the front breadth, with frog-shaped buttons of the same. The cut of the saque is new, and very stylish, the sleeve, cuff, collar, lapets, and side-pockets being of graceful form, and trimmed simply with a row of velvet ribbon, to correspond with that upon the dress. The close beaver bonnet has also a blue, claret, or dark-green velvet cape and bands, to correspond with the style of the dress. There are bows of the same inside the brim. A loose travelling-cloak of plaid, cashmere, or merino may be added in travelling.

#### CHITCHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

"Eccentricity in dress," says a late number of the *Moniteur de la Mode*, "belongs only to two classes of society, the very high or the very low. The real lady is always the partisan of simplicity, by which we mean the absence of everything, in color and ornament, so showy as to offend the purest taste."

Which is about the most sensible criticism upon dresses that we have ever known the Parisian oracle to utter, and one our ladies would do well to remember. Gay colors and patterns, at this season of the year, are always predominant in the windows of the shops, and you will doubtless be told there is nothing else to be had. On the contrary, there are just as many plain merinos, cashmeres, and silks to be had as ever before; and "the partisan of simplicity" will not suffer herself to be deluded into an Albanian robe, or a *disposition mouseline* of many colors.

For instance, in silks, passing the gay plaids, stripes, and brocades you may be shown at Levy's, silks in patterns of fourteen or fifteen yards, including flounces, richer in material, and more delicate in shades of color, than any that have ever been imported before. There is one, for instance, a pearl-colored corded silk, almost as thick as uncut velvet, yet so soft that you can crush it in your hand, and smooth it again with no sign of a crease or a wrinkle. The flounces are bordered by a double band or stripe in raised satin, of the same shade, one upon the edge, about an inch in width, the other separated from it by the same distance of silk. This style is repeated in the various other plain shades we

have reported as fashionable the present season; at once novel, striking, and delicate. Again, we have a rich black silk, the same quality, with flounces bordered by deep scallops, and in every scallop a small brocade bouquet in brilliant colors. This is too showy for a street dress, and is intended for dinner parties, receptions, etc. It is only suitable, moreover, for a middle-aged person, with a tall, showy figure. A young, short, or broad woman would appear ridiculously overloaded in such a dress.

Some of the plainer, or less expensive fall silks are in graduated stripes, shot or changeable fabrics being entirely out of vogue. Light silks will be worn as evening-dresses at small parties through the winter, with short undersleeves and chemisettes of embroidered muslin or lace. A low corsage will scarcely do for a dinner-dress, but is quite the style for evening. They are rarely becoming after the neck and throat have lost the first roundness of youth, unless shaded by lace, either a simple scarf of illusion or a richer cape of Mechlin, Valenciennes, or less costly point. There are some very pretty new styles, fitting closely round the throat, and descending in a fall just below the shoulder, like a *berthe*; a bow of pink or blue satin or Mantua ribbon at the throat, and another where the cape meets the edge of the corsage is worn with them. For a simple evening toilet at home, or for a small party, they may be made of illusion or *thulle*, with an edge of fine lace an inch or so in depth. A *berthe of thulle*, in the close folds of what used to be called a "Grecian waist," may be made to drape the corsage of a plain, low, cut silk, with very good effect.

For all kinds of dresses, flounces were never more used than at present, the fullness being one breadth more than the skirt; a very safe rule worth remembering, as a flounce too full or too scant is worse than none. On rich silks, three are usually worn, being slightly graduated in depth; or thin materials for evening-dresses, four or five are preferable, as the sloping line from the waist to the hem of the dress is not so abruptly broken, and the fittings in which they naturally fall float back together. The flounces of the present season have no heading save a cord of the same, or silk; if it be a thin material, the edges are bound in scallops, pinked, trimmed with narrow silk cord, or velvet and satin ribbon.

Pointed bodices, for thick silks and heavy materials, still continue to be worn, but are neither very long nor very sharp behind. A favorite corsage for cashmere or merino, introduced by Miss Wharton, has a pointed shoulder cape set in at the side seam, and growing very narrow as it curves into the point behind and before. On the shoulder, it curves in extremely narrow. This has an edge of thick silk braid, or velvet ribbon, half an inch in width. The sleeves of this dress, which we have seen made in *cashmere de bête*, are cut in points in something the same style as those worn the past season, gathered into bands at the wrist. But now they are simply laced across by velvet ribbon or thick braid, three-quarters of an inch apart; the first row encircles the bottom of the sleeve like a rim, making about the usual width of the pagoda or open sleeve. The undersleeve falls below this, and is also seen through the opening.

There is a new style of velvet ribbon, all of the varieties coming in every shade of color, to suit the infinite varieties of cashmeres and merinos. It is woven like a double Mantua ribbon, with a bar of cut velvet running across, not through it.

We have not left room to describe Miss Wharton's bonnets, which must be left for another number, as also new styles of furs, evening-dresses, etc. etc. FASHION.

# GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK!

## THE PIONEER MAGAZINE. NEW VOL., XLVI.

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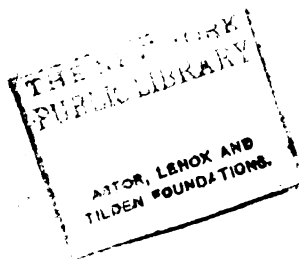
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We can always supply back numbers for the year, as the work is stereotyped.

**Address, L. A. GODEY,**  
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THE BLIND PIPER.

Engraved and Printed expressly for Godeys Lady's Book by Butler and Jay

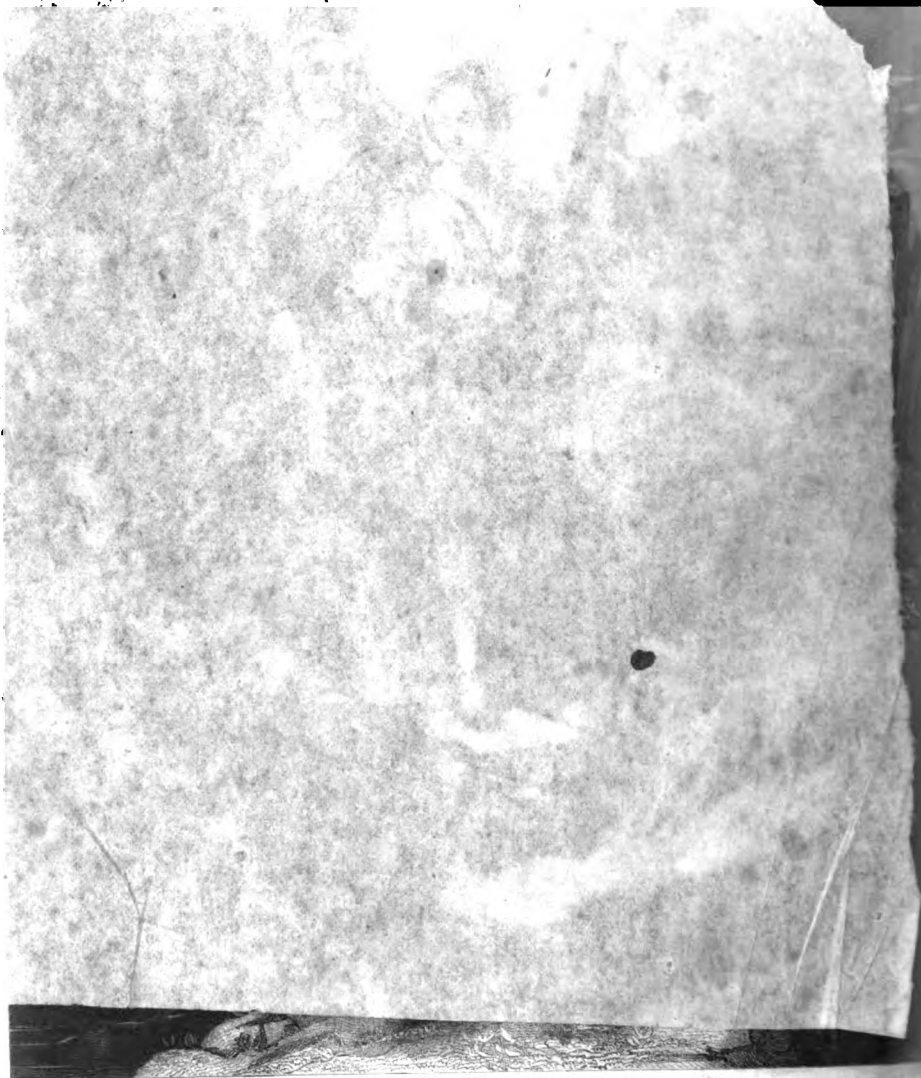


THE MORNING STAR.

Engraved Expressly for Godeys Ladys Book

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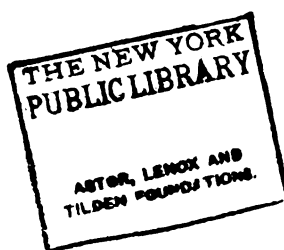


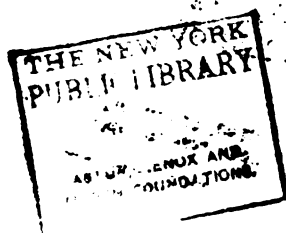




THE MORNING STAR.

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A COTTAGE ORNÉE.

# "Tones there are whose Magic Breathing."

BALLAD.

WORDS BY DR. APPERLY,  
MUSIC BY STANLEY.

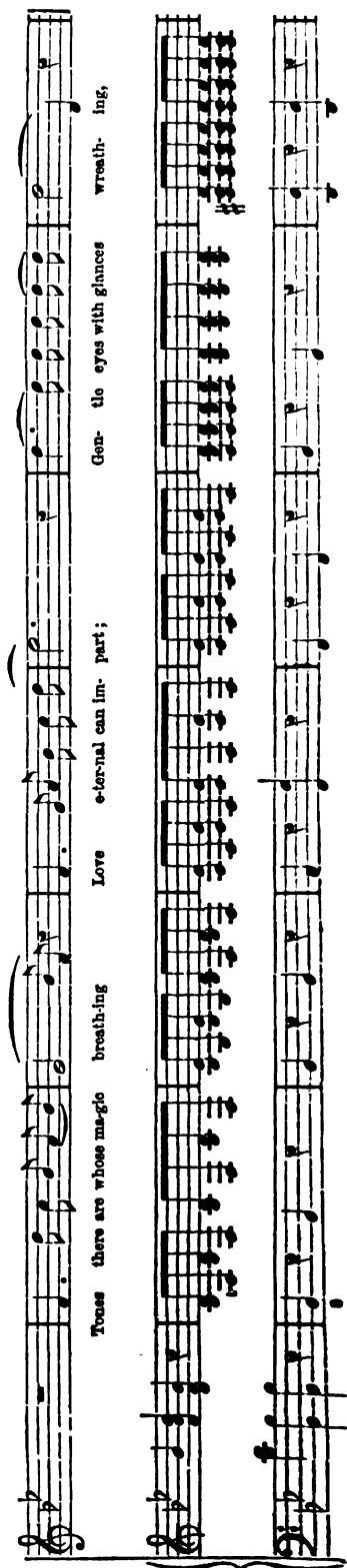
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

*Andante con Tenerenza.*

PIANO.



Tones there are whose magic breathing Love e-ter-nal can im-part; Gen-tle eyes with glances wreath-ing,



Close as I, 'round the heart. Oh! how sweet are then earth's troubles!

With the balm of con- stan- cy,

Toll and care seem but as bub- bles On love's ev- er- last- ing sea.

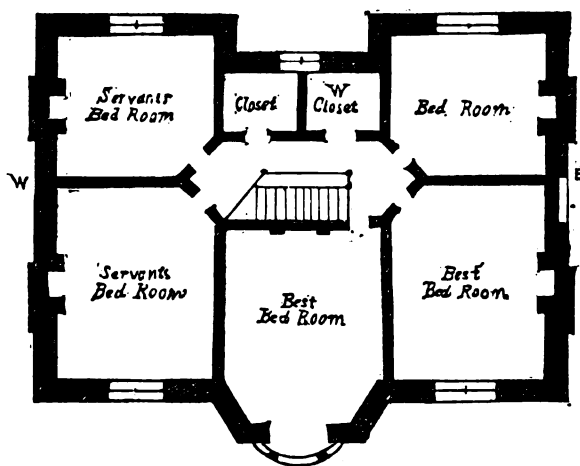
2

But, alas! How sad, how mournful,  
Should an adverse fate betide—  
Should the tones so loved grow scornful,  
And the lip be curled in pride;  
For love's potent flames, now frightened,  
Fiercely, madly, upward roll—  
Hope's fond ivy moon is blighted,  
And a serpent clasps the soul.

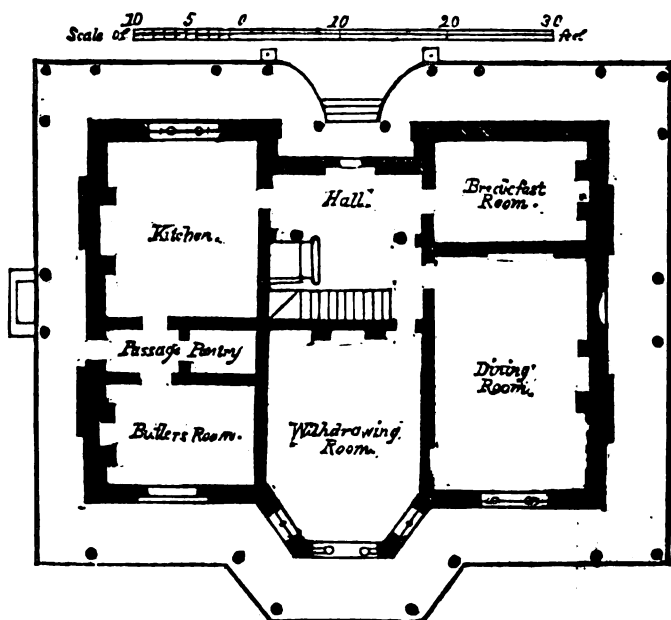
3

Wakened from our dream of heaven  
By the buzz of coquetry,  
When to all alike are given  
Words of winning melody,  
Then the pulse no longer quickens  
'Neath that loved one's mocking eye:  
But the heart grows faint and sick—  
All it seeks for is to die.

# GROUND PLANS OF THE COTTAGE ORNÉE



SECOND STORY.



FIRST STORY.



# GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1852

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## THE BLIND PIPER.

BY JNO. B. DUFFEY.

(See Plate.)

Our piper is a blind old man—  
Very little gold has he;  
But there's no happier in our clan,  
None richer can there be:  
Since the bonnie lass that from his door  
Her gray-haired grandfere leads,  
For her winsome ways, is worth far more  
Than the gold your rich man heeds.

Her smile is a sun to the darksome night  
That 'round the poor man spreads;  
His cabin is rich with the golden light  
Her willing labor sheds:  
Her handy toil has ordered well  
Our blind old piper's store—  
And comfort and peace, like sisters, dwell  
In his lowly cabin door.

Our piper is a blind old man,  
And a blind old man is he;  
But there's none walks safer in our clan,  
Though a blind old man he be:  
For he feareth not the dissy chasm  
When his Helen leads him o'er,  
Though rocks the bridge with an awful spasm,  
As the downward waters roar.

He cannot see the highland glade,  
Where the deer drinks from the burn;  
His eyes rest not in the green-wood shade,  
But yet he does not mourn;  
For the lakes are smooth in Helen's words,  
And the hills are white with sheep,  
And the valleys swarm with lowing herds,  
And the mountain cascades leap.

Our piper is a blind old man—  
No bookish lore has he;  
Yet, of the learned ones in our clan,  
None wiser can there be:  
For his pipe it has a wondrous tongue,  
That speaks to a Scotsman's heart;  
The gully breast with its voice is wrung,  
And sorrow robbed of its smart.

Its counsels shall live when he is dust  
Who now awakens its strain,  
And speak to man of the true and just—  
Of freedom's holy reign.  
The high, the noble, and the good—  
All things that lift the soul—  
Are taught in our piper's earnest mood,  
And we yield to its control.

Our piper is both blind and old—  
No fighting man is he;  
But there's none in our clan that is so bold  
Though weak and blind he be:  
For foremost he stands on some lofty hill,  
And he calls us to the fight;  
We grasp the spear at his summons shrill,  
And throng with a keen delight.

And his pipe is heard when battle shakes  
The mountain-bedded rock—  
And its voice each warrior's soul awakes,  
To dare the coming shock.  
And when the sword and the claymore ring,  
Where our chieftain's plume we see,  
Fired by its sound, with a shout we spring  
To death or victory.

---

## W O M A N.

Inscribed to Mrs. Hale.

Thy name is still the mystic spell  
By which my heart is bound,  
And every tale that hope can tell  
Is mingled with that sound:

Could I but dream it in the grave,  
A long sweet dream my heart would have;  
And when the long, long sleep should end,  
Its music with my spirit blend.

## ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTERS.

BY THOMAS WYATT, A. M.

(See Plate in August Number.)

### MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

THIS venerable lady, now in the ninety-fifth year of her age, is the widow of General Alexander Hamilton, and the second daughter of General Schuyler of Albany, in the State of New York. Descended from one of the early Dutch settlers of this province, the influence and respectability of whose family had been transmitted through successive generations, her father exercised an almost unrivalled sway over the minds of the descendants of a people whose first mention in history, as a distinct political community, is associated with the assertion of their liberties.

General Schuyler married a Miss Van Rensselaer, by whom he acquired a large fortune, which, together with his own, made him one of the wealthiest men of that period.

Elizabeth Schuyler, the subject of this memoir, was born in Albany, in August, 1757. Her mother, who was an accomplished woman, superintended the education of her daughters till they required the assistance of masters. As Elizabeth approached womanhood, she bid fair to be very beautiful. Born and educated amid affluence and refinement, no pains or expense had been spared to embellish a mind susceptible of receiving every amiable and fascinating quality of character.

At the age of seventeen, Miss Schuyler was present at an entertainment given by the Colonial Governor at New York, where she was much admired. Here she first saw young Hamilton, who was then at college; he was nearly her own age, of elegant manners and superior education, which gave him an *entrée* into the best society of those days. At this time the colonies were beginning to show signs of discontent, and many severe remarks had appeared in the public press expressive of their grievances and oppression; these were believed to have emanated from the pen of young Hamilton, then a student at college, which caused him to be viewed with no small degree of interest. Colonel Troup says, "his talent for satire was frequently exercised; and the editor of a Whig paper, published in New York, had, by his zeal in the American cause, drawn upon himself the invectives of all the ministerial writers; these invectives, Hamilton burlesqued in doggerel rhyme with great wit and humor." As the term of his studies was drawing to a close, the repeated invasions of the rights of the colonies

were increasing, giving an impulse to the public mind which could not be restrained. Consequently meetings were held, and resolutions framed, inveighing against the act of the government, exhorting the contemplated Congress to prohibit all commercial intercourse with Great Britain. It was at these meetings that Hamilton, only in his eighteenth year, took such a conspicuous part; he listened attentively to the successive speakers, and, finding several points untouched, presented himself to the assembled multitude. His biographer observes, "The novelty of the attempt, his youthful countenance, and his slender form, awakened curiosity and arrested attention. He proceeded almost unconsciously to utter his accustomed reflections; his mind warmed with the theme; his energies were recovered; and, after a discussion, clear, cogent, and novel, of the great principles involved in the controversy, he depicted in glowing colors the long-continued and long-endured oppressions of the mother country; he insisted on the duty of resistance, pointed to the means and certainty of success, and described the waves of rebellion sparkling with fire, and washing back on the shores of England the wrecks of her power, her wealth, and her glory. The breathless silence ceased as he closed; and the whispered murmur, 'It is a collegian! It is a collegian!' was lost in loud expressions of wonder and applause at the extraordinary eloquence of the young stranger."

Things were now growing worse, and Congress published a declaration to organize companies of militia: Hamilton joined a volunteer corps commanded by Major Fleming; this company was composed of young gentlemen of the city.

They assumed the name of "Hearts of Oak," and in their green uniforms and leather caps attracted the attention of the inhabitants.

Congress being still further determined to augment its military establishment, other companies were raised, when Hamilton was made "Captain of the Provincial Company of Artillery." This brought him into contact with the generals of the army, among whom was General Schuyler; who, witnessing the brilliant qualities of the young officer, made him more ready to grant the favor which was soon to be asked of him, the hand of his daughter. It was customary with the officers of the Revolution, when they entered their quarters either for the winter or for any length of time, to be joined by their wives. It was on this occasion that Mrs.

Schuyler, accompanied by her daughters, arrived at Washington's head-quarters at Morristown. Here Miss Schuyler again saw Captain Hamilton, recently appointed first aid to General Washington, who renewed his attentions to her, which ere long terminated in marriage. This period, fraught with the most exciting events, made a lasting impression on the mind of this daughter of the Revolution; the welfare of her country was near her heart, she felt deeply for the misguided Andre, and sympathized in the afflictions which had befallen the lovely wife of the traitor Arnold. In her correspondence with Captain Hamilton, she often made anxious inquiries as to the supposed result of this unhappy affair, which drew from him the following letter, illustrative of the earnest of his affectionate and generous nature; in which he says:—

"Arnold, hearing of the plot being detected, immediately fled to the enemy. I went in pursuit of him, but was much too late, and could hardly regret the disappointment, when on my return I saw an amiable woman, frantic with distress for the loss of a husband she tenderly loved—a traitor to his country and to his fame—a disgrace to his connections; it was the most affecting scene I was ever witness to. She, for a considerable time, entirely lost herself. The general went up to see her, and she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved; another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct.

"We have every reason to believe that she was entirely unacquainted with the plan, and that the first intimation of it was when Arnold went to tell her he must banish himself from his country, and from her forever.

"This morning she is more composed. I paid her a visit, and endeavored to soothe her by every method in my power; though you may readily imagine she is not easily to be consoled.

"Added to her other distresses, she is very apprehensive the resentment of her country will fall upon her (who is only unfortunate) for the guilt of her husband. I have tried to persuade her that her fears are ill-founded, but she will not be convinced. She received us in bed, with every circumstance that would interest our sympathy; and her sufferings were so eloquent, that I wished myself her brother to have a right to become her defender. As it is, I have entreated her to enable me to give her proofs of my friendship. Could I forgive Arnold for sacrificing his honor, reputation, and duty, I could not forgive him for acting a part that must have forfeited the esteem of so fine a

woman. At present, she almost forgets his crime in his misfortunes; and her horror at the guilt of the traitor is lost in her love of the man. But a virtuous mind cannot long esteem a base one; and time will make her despise, if it cannot make her hate."

This letter was received by Miss Schuyler about two months previous to her marriage, which took place at the residence of her father, in Albany, on the 14th of December, 1780. After the capture of Yorktown, in which Colonel Hamilton was signalized, he returned to Albany, but did not remain there long before he was elected to Congress, and after the evacuation of the city of New York by the British troops, he took up his residence there. In a peaceful simplicity, Mrs. Hamilton performed the duties of her station with exemplary care, manifesting great interest for her beloved and struggling country, at the same time cherishing that public spirit which so much distinguished the women of the Revolution.

She remained in New York until 1790, when Colonel Hamilton, having been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, removed his family to Philadelphia, where his station brought around him the exalted characters composing the early government. His house was the hospitable resort of all persons entitled to his regard. This was heightened by the kindness and cordial benevolence of his amiable lady—traits which time has not erased, but remain as a memento of that virtue which was the fascination of her visitors. On the retirement of General Hamilton from the Treasury Department, after a short visit to Albany, he again took up his residence in New York, where he passed the residue of a life too short for the welfare of his country. In July, 1804, General Hamilton fell by the hand of Aaron Burr, leaving a widow and seven children, the youngest about four years old. The cares of so young a family, which, upon the decease of her husband, devolved upon her, instead of oppressing, seemed to bring into fuller action the remarkable energies of her character. For, soon after that event, with the aid of some other ladies, she founded the orphan asylum of that city, and, until her removal from it, continued to be the "first directress" of that institution. Nothing was ever permitted by her to interrupt her cares of this interesting charity. Its appeals for aid were never made in vain; and she has lived to see it placed, through the munificence of a few benevolent benefactors, above merely casual resources. Until three years past, Mrs. Hamilton continued to reside in New York, when she removed to Washington, where she now lives. Her very advanced age, and her familiarity with the historical events and persons of this country, reaching back to its colonial condition, have rendered her the object of much public curiosity and interest, heightened by the character of her domestic relations and affinities. The portrait of any human being whose life embraces almost a century is an object of strong

emotions; of one who has lived through such a century fixes the mind and the heart. It tells a tale of many joys and many sorrows, of a noble spirit equal to them all, and, as we pass from it, 'tis with a solemn regret that it tells also of one who, ere long, will only live the object of respectful and lasting remembrances.

### MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS.

In illustration of the character of this estimable woman, we must be permitted to transcribe a few remarks on her ancestry, written by her son, the Hon. John Quincy Adams.

"Abigail Adams was the daughter of William Smith, a minister of a Congregational church at Weymouth, in the colony of Massachusetts Bay; and of Elizabeth Quincy, a daughter of Col. John Quincy, the proprietor of Mount Wollaston. This beautiful spot, about seven miles from Boston, was settled by Thomas Wollaston and thirty of his associates in 1625, five years before that of the Massachusetts Colony. This settlement was broken up by Governor Winthrop, in the summer of 1630, shortly after his landing; and in 1634 was made part of Boston, and the land granted to William Coddington. This estate descended in a direct line till it became the property of William Smith, the father of Abigail Adams, and has been the residence and birthplace of the Adams family to the present day. Abigail Adams, the second daughter of William and Elizabeth Smith, was born on the 11th day of November, 1744. Her father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had all received their education at Harvard College. From this line of ancestry, it may justly be inferred that the family associations of Abigail Smith were from her infancy among those whose habits, feelings, and tastes are marked by the love and cultivation of literature and learning. The only learned profession in the first century of the settlement of New England was that of the clergy. At that time, lawyers were but little esteemed. Science was scarcely better cultivated by the practitioners of the medical art; but religion was esteemed among the most important of worldly concerns, and the controversial spirit with which it was taught, and which was at once the cause and effect of the Protestant Reformation, stimulated the thirst for learning, and sharpened the appetite for study and research.

"The founders of New England, and the settlers of Massachusetts Colony so well understood the dependence of practical morals upon religious principle, that, no sooner had they raised their sheds and piled their log-houses, before their thoughts turned to the erection of the edifice which should serve them and their children for the habitation of the mind. In 1638, John Harvard, himself one of the

most distinguished of their ministers, bequeathed a sum of money for the establishment of a college for the education of ministers of the Gospel. This institution was soon raised and made, by the constitution of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, a university, bearing the name of its founder in glory from age to age, down to the extinction of time." At this time the Puritan fathers of New England considered female education to consist in the happy arrangement of their domestic concerns. The three daughters of Mr. Smith were therefore educated under his own roof, partly by his own instruction, with the occasional assistance of a teacher residing in the same colony. It has often been remarked that Mr. Smith and his family would have furnished ample materials for another Vicar of Wakefield. Mr. John Adams, an attorney-at-law residing in Braintree, became the admirer of Abigail Smith; but it was some time before the consent of her father could be obtained, he, as a strict Puritan, having conscientious scruples as to the honesty of the profession. At last, however, he consented, and they were married on the 25th of October, 1764, Miss Smith being in her twentieth year. Mr. Adams had been in the practice of the law about seven years before his marriage, and had made great advancement in his profession both as an orator and by his judicial talents.

The first year after his marriage he gave a fortunate stamp to his brilliant talents as counsel for an American seaman, who, in self-defence against a pressgang from his Majesty's ship in Boston Harbor, had killed the lieutenant of their party with the stroke of a harpoon. Mr. Adams proved that the usage of impressment had never extended to the colonies; and that the attempt to impress was unlawful; that the act of killing was justifiable homicide; the seaman was acquitted and discharged. This thrilling and talented address to the court, which lasted four hours, was considered of such importance that it was copied into the London newspapers, and received an extended circulation in the mother country; and, by the exertions of the young lawyer of Braintree, that brand of harsh servitude, stamped on the forehead of the British seaman, was banished from the code of colonial law.

The year 1765 will ever be remembered as the period when the most violent fermentation commenced, occasioned by the resistance of the people to the Stamp Act. Mr. Adams was the first who showed a determination of resistance, and often did he endeavor to prepare his young bride for the trials and sacrifices which he foresaw must occur, before his beloved country could be free from the monarchical shackles by which she was bound. For nearly ten years, Mr. Adams continued his practice of the law, with increasing reputation, till 1774, when he was called to the first Congress at Philadelphia. Mrs. Adams remained at Braintree with her children. In 1775, was the first deadly conflict. This

took place at Lexington. Mr. Adams had left his home some days before, and his partner and her children were left exposed to continual dangers, and, as orders had been given to seize and imprison the members of the Continental Congress, Mrs. Adams expected hourly that her dwelling would be visited in search for her husband, and that she might be exposed to insult. She immediately packed the library of her husband, and the most valuable part of her furniture, and had it removed to a place of safety.

In the autumn of 1775, and during the absence of her husband, Mrs. Adams was called to pass through a severe affliction. An epidemic dysentery was raging; every member of her family was afflicted by it; and her mother, a brother of her husband, and a domestic in her family, were among its victims. In 1778, Mr. Adams was appointed a joint commissioner with Dr. Franklin at the court of France, and required to prepare for a hasty departure; but Mrs. Adams, having at this time four children, concluded to remain at Braintree with the then youngest—Mr. Adams taking with him his eldest son John Quincy, then about eleven years of age. Mr. Adams remained in France but one year, when he returned to the bosom of his family; but this happiness was to be but of short duration, for he had no sooner returned than he was commissioned to negotiate a peace with Great Britain.

Mrs. Adams again remained at home, and Mr. Adams took with him to England his two eldest sons John Quincy and Charles. In May, 1784, Mrs. Adams left Boston with her only daughter to join her husband, who on their arrival repaired with them to France, and took up their residence at the beautiful village of Auteuil. Here they resided rather more than a year, when Mr. Adams was commissioned as minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain. Mrs. Adams accompanied her husband and family to London, where they resided three years; and in 1778 she bid adieu to the turmoil of foreign courts to return to that country which was the joy of her heart.

During the four years Mrs. Adams spent in England and France, she was a minute observer of persons and things, and seldom allowed any event, however trifling, to escape her notes. Her letters to her friends, giving descriptions of passing scenes, were very interesting, and would even at this distant period be read with interest.

Many of them which appeared at that time were copied into the London and Paris journals, and commented on with general admiration.

In 1789, the government of the United States was organized, and Mr. Adams was elected the first Vice-President. The first Congress met in New York, where Mrs. Adams removed her family; but, after remaining there one year, it was removed to Philadelphia, where Mrs. Adams resided for nearly ten years. In 1797, Mr. Adams was elected President

of the United States, the Congress still meeting in Philadelphia; but, during the first two years of his administration, it was removed to Washington, and Mrs. Adams with her family took up their residence there for the remainder of the term.

During all the changes and vicissitudes of her husband's political life, Mrs. Adams exercised all the virtues that adorn and dignify the Christian character. The freedom, ingenuousness, and plainness of her temper were known and admired by all who conversed with her. She was a lady of uncommon parts, ready thought, quick apprehension, and proper expression. In her letters, she used a great aptness and felicity of language, and, having a fine understanding, accompanied with a faithful and retentive memory, she soon accomplished whatever she was desirous to attain. She lived in the habitual practice of benevolence, and of sincere, unaffected piety. Mrs. Adams died of typhus fever on the 28th of October, 1818, at the age of seventy-four, leaving to her countrywomen the example of an obedient and devoted wife, a careful and tender mother, a gentle and benedict mistress, a good neighbor, and a true and constant friend.

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## THE LAND OF BEAUTY.

BY R. C. CRANE.

There is a land whose glories lie  
Beyond the reach of mortal sight,  
Save when strong faith's prevailing eye  
Can pierce through earth's Cimmerian night,  
And feel upon its visions lone  
The shadows of the great white throne.

The founts of music gushing there  
Flow not to this beclouded sphere,  
Save when sweet hope in midnight prayer  
May catch upon her listening ear,  
Quickened by inspiration's fire,  
The echoes from the seraph's lyre.

Untasted are the fruits that spring  
'Neath summer skies and quenchless beams,  
Save when deep love, on tireless wing,  
May soar to drink from living streams,  
And taste the fruits from trees that rise  
To shade those streams of Paradise.

That land nor sin nor death can tread,  
No orphan wanders there forlorn,  
Or shivering brother begs for bread  
To meet a gilded brother's scorn;  
Too pure the living waters flow  
To mirror aught of earthly woe

Thou land afar, my weary soul  
Would quickly tread thy plains above,  
Where sorrow's clouds can never roll,  
And faith and hope are lost in love.  
And this my tuneless harp shall be  
Made perfect through Eternity.

## THE THREE CONQUESTS.

BY SARA.

"AND so, Julia, you are willing to leave your old father, and be the sunshine of another's home; is it so, darling?" said a gentleman to his daughter, in one of the pleasant homes of England.

"Oh no!" she replied; "I am not going yet, nor shall I ever leave you, father."

"But, my child, have you considered?—no, I need not ask; children do not consider—but you may reflect, at some future day, that your imprudence has brought you to poverty; poverty at least compared to the affluence which you might command. The fortune which I shall leave you is small; that of which Stanley has just come in possession is still smaller. True, he has a noble name; but that is of less consequence, when one is the younger son of a younger son. Why, my dear, if I must part with you, could you not fancy the noble Count Rothwell, who so recently asked me for you? He is certainly Stanley's equal in every respect, with a fortune sufficiently ample to satisfy even my wishes for your happiness."

"I am sure I don't know, father, why it is so," said Julia, with childish *coquetterie*; "and I am sorry that for once our views do not agree."

"Well, my dear, do as you please; but I cannot consent to an unconditional engagement on your part. If, at the termination of a year, you are still of the same mind, you may then"—and the father, too much excited by his subject to finish the sentence, left the daughter to her reflections.

Julia was sad. She saw that she had cast a shadow over the fond heart of her parent. Well might it grieve her spirit to give pain to one whose earnest care from her infancy had been that she should know no sorrow, nor ever feel the ills incident to her situation as a motherless child. Well had the aged oak shielded the tender plant that every day was twisting some new fibre around it, until they were so linked together that no shock of circumstances, and no storm of adversity, could rend them asunder. But the young cannot see with the eye of experience, and age can ill direct the young heart's first dream of love. Julia was brotherless and sisterless, as well as motherless. Stanley had been her playmate in childhood, and as a brother to her in her riper years. Their attachment had grown so imperceptibly that Julia did not attempt to check it, as she might have done, had she been conscious of the strength it was attaining, and the grief which it would cause her beloved parent. The time to crush the germ was passed, yet the plant could still be uprooted; but Julia feared that her happiness

would be destroyed with it, and knew that her father would sooner give her to his enemy even, than see her unhappy. Besides, he had no serious objection to Stanley. He would hardly have thought any one deserving such a treasure, or been willing, but that he knew that he must pass away, to transfer to another the rich jewel in the crown of his old age.

Julia's brow, a brow hitherto placid as the bosom of a lake unruffled by a breeze, now wore the shade of troubled thought; but, on seeing her father resume his wonted cheerful aspect, the cloud which had hovered for a moment over her young heart passed quickly away, and, with spirits buoyant as the mountain air, she returned to her accustomed pleasures and duties; her duties to promote the happiness of all around her, from her doting father and devoted lover to her old nurse; and even Kitty and Rover had their share in her attentions: her pleasures to see every countenance beam upon her with gladness, and even the poor animals manifest their dumb joy in her presence. Rapidly, oh how rapidly on the wings of love and hope passed the gay hours of her bright, joyous existence; and lightly she heeded their flight, little reeking that the arrow was even now pointed which was so soon to be sheathed in her bosom. Stanley loved her truly, if the degree of love of which a selfish nature is capable may be called true affection. She did not dream that he was selfish and sordid, until she saw that he was dazzled by the wealth of one who possessed few attractions save those of rank and fortune. The thought, from the moment that it entered her mind, was a dagger to her peace, and she resolved at once that the moment her suspicions were confirmed, he should be free. She soon became convinced that, though he really preferred herself, yet were he released from his engagement he would seek the hand and the fortune of her rival. She did not parley with her affection, but wrote him immediately that, as the time had nearly arrived when their engagement was, on her part, to be either confirmed or dissolved, she hastened to inform him of a change which had taken place in her feelings; a change so great that she could consent no longer to remain under even a conditional engagement to him. She received a polite acknowledgment of her communication, containing some expressions of regret that the relation which had existed between them should be so suddenly terminated, and that he was no longer deemed worthy of her regard. He could say all this in the sincerity of his heart, for, but for the

desire of riches, he greatly preferred the beloved companion of his childhood.

And now, having accomplished her purpose, and severed the tie which had so long bound them, Julia's feelings relaxed from the high tension to which they had been wrought, to the deep, death-like calm of despair. How gladly would she have relinquished the life which, but now, was all joyous, but which had become black as the pall spread over it by the memory of departed joys! But she thought of her father, and nerved her woman's heart to the stern conflict of life, when love, the life of life, was departed. This affectionate parent saw that it was only by a painful effort that she maintained a cheerful deportment in his presence; and, with the delicate perception of her feelings which a long and close study of her happiness had rendered more acute, left her to recover from the first pressure of the shock which she had sustained, free from the restraint of his presence. It was well that she was thus alone, for "there can be no companionship for loneliness of heart." When her spirit was thus overwhelmed within her, she turned to a precious relic of her departed mother, as the only expression of a mother's sympathy which she could now obtain. It was a Bible, which she had been accustomed to venerate and to read with her father daily. She now opened it with a vague feeling that she might find in it some relief to her overcharged spirit, and was surprised to find it replete with meaning which she had never before discovered. Its language of deep pathos so fully expressed her own heart-broken state, and its promises spoke so soothingly to her wounded spirit, that she found it indeed a support in the hour of her calamity. She then resolved that it should henceforth be, in a manner in which it had never yet been to her, the companion and guide of her youth. Youth—ah, that spring-time of the spirit was past forever!

The gay, light-hearted girl was gone, and in her place appeared the calm, thoughtful, subdued, yet dignified woman. It may be that the tender plant could no longer bear the full blaze of prosperity, and was now to be rendered healthful and vigorous by the pruning-knife of adversity.

Her father had studied her character closely, had marked her in every phase of her changeful mood, had analyzed every new development of mind or heart, and knew her better, at least in some respects, than she knew herself. He was therefore less surprised than she had been to find, on his return, her calm, serene bearing under this first visitation of sorrow. It is thus that one who has studied the mechanism of some noble bark sees but his anticipations realized when she rides majestically through the whirlwind and the storm.

Yet, in her solitude, Julia still felt the keenness of the pang they only know who have lavished upon an unworthy object the untold wealth of their affections. Such were the emotions of her soul, poured

forth in a strain "To a Nightingale leaning on a Thorn"—

"For sympathy from human hearts my breast doth vainly yearn,  
And now to thee, thou mourning one, my aching heart I turn.

A keener pang my bosom fills, a deeper fount is stirred;  
Yet scorn I not thy lowly griefs, thou sweetly plaintive bird.

Like thine, my early joys with summer flowers are gone,  
Like thine, my bosom leans on memory's piercing thorn;  
But not, like thee, my soul with grief hath vainly striven,  
Till, bowed to earth, I feel its chain can ne'er be riven.  
In death thy bleeding heart shall soon forgetful be;  
Mine feels a deeper wound from each struggle to be free.  
But though the gift of peace shall sooner crown thy lot,  
Since that alone is thine, the boon I envy not.  
A deeper grief I bear, yet strength to me is given;  
Not rest alone I seek, but perfect bliss in Heaven."

Julia became not misanthropic, but the power to discern character seemed to open upon her at once, so little had she before been accustomed to exercise it. Her father sought to divert her mind by journeying, the society of a few chosen friends, and the cultivation of her literary taste.

We will leave the aged parent, who should have leaned upon his child for comfort, endeavoring by every means in his power to restore to her the happiness so much dearer to him than his own, and turn our attention to the unhappy cause of all this suffering. Stanley had been encouraged by the wealthy belle, who was a heartless coquette, until one possessing, in her estimation, more desirable qualities presented himself. Stanley's attentions were then coldly rejected. He felt that this was but the just reward of the mercenary barter of his affections, and would gladly have returned to her who had ever been the object of his esteem and love. He finally so far overcame his mortification as to write her a frank confession of his error, and to beg her forgiveness and a restoration to her favor. But Julia, ere this, had completed the conquest of her affection for him, not merely by her earnest desire and continual struggle to do so, but in a manner in which she looked not for it. She had unconsciously become incapacitated for such an attachment as she had once cherished for Stanley. Her intellectual and spiritual growth had been so rapid, that he could no longer fill the place which he had once occupied in her heart. Yet she wrote him kindly, but firmly, that a change had passed over her which might never be reversed; that she felt no longer towards him as she once had done; nor could she ever feel for him more than the love which she was bound to extend to all her fellow-creatures. How beautifully has Mrs. Hemans expressed this state of the heart in her song!—

"If thou hast crushed a flower,  
The root may not be blighted;  
If thou hast quenched a lamp,  
Once more it may be lighted;

But on thy harp, or on thy lute,  
The string which thou hast broken,  
Shall never in sweet sound again  
Give to thy touch a token!"

Stanley sought not in his disappointment the consolation which had so wonderfully sustained the once fragile, but now strong spirit of Julia. But nature will seek happiness in some form: that in which Stanley now sought her was riches. For this he strove with an ardent worthy a nobler object, and he was successful—not in finding happiness, but in amassing wealth, to be in turn expended in the pursuit of happiness in another form, as vain and empty—that of worldly pleasures. So passed his life, rich in what thousands esteem capable of affording happiness, yet poor indeed in the more valuable riches of the mind and heart.

So passed not the life of Julia. Blest with a competency, she sighed not for riches, but, from her wisely expended means, supplied the necessities of her poor neighbors, sought their intellectual and spiritual good, was active and useful in a thousand ways, besides administering to the comfort of her beloved father, and enlivening the circle of choice spirits by which she was surrounded. True, she met with afflictions; but she who had so nobly conquered her feelings in the weakness of her almost childhood, was not, in the vigor of her riper years, overwhelmed by any subsequent shock of calamity. The bitterest cup which she drank was the loss of her father; yet was she comforted with the thought that he had but put off the frail tabernacle of the body, to enjoy more fully the blessings of spiritual life.

Her loss was, indeed, severe, yet calmly, serenely, though with a deeply chastened spirit, returned she to her duties, when the time which nature demands as the exclusive privilege of tears had passed away. And did she then forget him who had so loved her,

whose life had been so closely linked with hers, that the subtle shaft of death alone could sever them? Forget him! let her careful observance of every wish he had expressed, the tear oft checked because he would have grieved to see her disconsolate, her efforts to be cheerful because he would have wished her to be so, and her continual looking forward to a reunion with him in the spiritual world, answer and bear witness how truly she loved and honored him even in his grave.

And now that she was left thus desolate, her former friend and admirer, Count Rothwell, hoped that she might look with more favor upon his long-tried affection; but his devoted attachment was to meet with yet another disappointment. Julia told him that he had ever possessed her friendship, which was still her only return for his generous affection. He replied that he did not expect such regard as she had once bestowed on another, but that he would sooner possess her esteem than another's love. Yet he could not induce her to reverse her decision, and reluctantly left her to the humble, retired life which she thus preferred to a life of splendor with one whom she highly esteemed, but could not regard with that emotion which she deemed essential to the sanctity of marriage. They who are dazzled by wealth and station might regard this as a splendid conquest; but a far higher than this, or the double conquest of Stanley, was that which she achieved over her own heart.

Surrounded by a few dear friends, Julia had leisure to devote herself with untiring assiduity to those ministrations of benevolence in which we may suppose angels joyfully mingle. Thus actively, yet unostentatiously, passed the remainder of her life; and she was happy; for as certainly as vice, however prospered for a time, brings misery at the last, so certainly does virtue, though it pass through the fire and floods of tribulation, ultimately bring peace to the soul.

## LE MÉLANGE.

### AMERICAN BEAUTY.

THERE are two points in which it is seldom equalled, never excelled—the classic chasteness and delicacy of the features, and the smallness and exquisite symmetry of the extremities. In the latter respect, particularly, the American ladies are singularly fortunate. I have seldom seen one, delicately brought up, who had not a fine hand. The feet are also generally very small and exquisitely moulded, particularly those of a Maryland girl; who, well aware of their attractiveness, has a thousand little coquettish ways of her own of temptingly exhibit-

ing them. That in which the American women are most deficient is in roundness of figure. But it is a mistake to suppose that well rounded forms are not to be found in America. Whilst this is the characteristic of English beauty, it is not so prominent a feature in America. In New England, in the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and in the central valley of Virginia, the female form is, generally speaking, as well rounded and developed as it is here; whilst a New England complexion is, in nine cases out of ten, a match for an English one. This, however, cannot be said of the American women as a class. They are, in a



majority of cases, over-delicate and languid; a defect chiefly superinduced by their want of exercise. An English girl will go through as much exercise in a forenoon, without dreaming of fatigue, as an American will in a day, and be overcome by the exertion. It is also true that American is more evanescent than English beauty, particularly in the south, where it seems to fade ere it has well bloomed. But it is much more lasting in the north and north-east; a remark which will apply to the whole region north of the Potomac, and east of the lakes: and I have known instances of Philadelphia beauty as lovely and enduring as any that our own hardy climate can produce.—*Mackay's Western World.*

## POISONS.

VESSELS of copper often give rise to poisoning. Though the metal undergoes but little change in a dry atmosphere, it is rusted if moisture be present, and its surface becomes covered with a green substance—carbonate or the protoxide of copper, a poisonous compound. It has sometimes happened that a mother has, for a want of knowledge, poisoned her family. Sourkrout, when permitted to stand some time in a copper vessel, has produced death in a few hours. Cooks sometimes permit pickles to remain in copper vessels, that they may acquire a rich green color, which they do by absorbing poison. Families have often been thrown into disease by eating such dainties, and may have died, in some instances, without suspecting the cause.—*Dr. Thompson.*

## "I WILL."

We like that strong, robust expression. No one having uttered it sincerely was ever a mean, cringing man. The pigmies of the world did not trouble him. He speaks and the indomitable will prevail. His enemies fall before him. He rides forth a conqueror. Would you be great? Would you be distinguished for your literary or scientific efforts? Look not mournfully at your lot, but with "I will," breathing upon your lips, and bursting from a great heart, you cannot but prevail. Show us the man who never rose higher than a road-stool, and whose influence died with his breath, and we will point you to a cringing wretch, who trembled at the approach of a spider, and fainted beneath a thunder cloud. Let the fires of energy play through your veins, and if your thoughts are directed in the right channels, you will yet startle the slumbering universe.—*John Neal.*

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## WATER DRINKING.

PROFESSOR SILLIMAN closed a recent Smithsonian lecture, by giving the following sensible advice to young men: "If, therefore, you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, and long life and power prolonged into old age, permit me to say, although I am not giving a temperance lecture, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and everything else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food and mild diluent drinks of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest, and due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close."

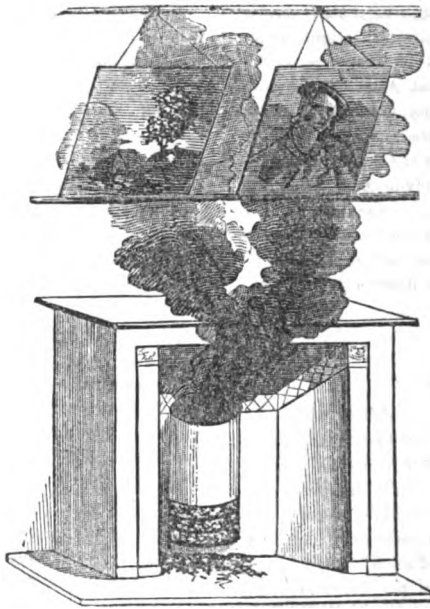
## HOW TO PROMOTE HEALTH.

Do not expect, sir, some wonderful announcement, some fascinating mystery! No. It is simply the plain little practice of leaving your bed-room window a little open at the top while sleeping, both in winter and summer. I do not come before you as a theorist or an inexperienced teacher, in thus calling loudly upon every family to adopt this healthful practice. I am the father of ten children, all in pure health, and have (thank God) never lost one, although their natural constitutions were not robust. But in addition to the salutary effect of the practice in my own family, wherever I have advised others to try its effects, it has invariably been found to be both pleasant and beneficial.—*Correspondent of the London Sun.*

## THE HOMESTEAD.

HERE is what Thomas Jefferson said in a few words on this subject, a great many years ago. There is more necessity, now, for the new "declaration," than there was then:

"When the war is over, and our freedom won, the people must make a new declaration; they must declare the rights of man, the individual, sacred above all craft in priesthood or governments—they must at one blow put an end to all the trickeries of English law, which is garnered in the charnel of ages, binding the heart and will with lies. They must perpetuate republican truth, by making the homestead of every man a holy thing, which no law can touch, no juggle wrest from his wife and children. Until this is done, the revolution will have been fought in vain.



## MANIA FOR OLD MASTERS.

BY HICKORY BROOM.

THE various crotchets which creep into the "heads of the people," upon as various subjects, afford much that is amusing, and more that is ridiculous. In the department of Fine Arts, the absurdities of taste are more openly displayed than in perhaps any other. Cunning men, acting on this fact, have, for a number of years back, been plundering the pockets of those unfortunate *connoisseurs* who have great faith in their own judgment, and greater in their worship of "old masters." This mania, which has been so prevalent, will doubtless disappear, now that it has become apparent that modern ingenuity has supplied what ancient industry had failed to do—viz., a constant stock of "old masters" for posterity. The absurdity of a taste for the "old masters" can be seen by a look at any of the private collections in the country, or on the walls of our academy. Such miserable daubs and ungainly drawings would disgrace the name of any living painter, however slight his calibre; and yet there are men who prate of their taste in the Fine Arts, and frown at the mention of a doubt of their judgment, who fall into ecstasies over a broken-backed saint, a disturbed virgin, or india-rubber-man Samson—the principal aim of old painters seeming to have been to endeavor to display the various contortions which the human body can undergo—and this accompanied with a peculiarity of color between brickdust and black

ink, interspersed with occasional patches of white-wash. Notwithstanding these departures from all correct rules, the perverse "patron" of the Fine Arts sees much that is to admire, and freely bleeds at the pocket, to display to the public the fact that he can be humbugged into the purchase of an "old master," under the flattering idea that he is a "patron of the Arts." The enormous prices paid for this distinction are the more deplorable when we look around at the modern talent which, neglected and uncared for, is daily subject to the privations of the world—the emanations of whose genius would be a credit to the house and heart of any purchaser.

No ornament is more appropriate for the walls of a well-furnished house than the creations of the pencil (ancient daubs excepted), and our hope is, that the purchasing public will be drawn from the errors of their ways, in their senseless admiration of the "old masters," to a taste for nature and modern Art. The following nut we leave for all admirers of the particular class of paintings it has reference to, to crack. Speaking of the modern supply of "old masters," the "London Art Union" holds the following language: "The fabrication of false ancient masters has not always been the trade of needy dealers. A distinguished amateur of our own time, who moved in the best circles of society, and whose taste in the Fine Arts was patent to the highest classes, did not

scruple to pursue the dishonorable course. The late Mr. Zachary, it may be recollected, occupied the house on the Adelphia Terrace, where the widow of David Garrick had formerly resided. Here he possessed some pictures by the great celebrities in art, which decorated the walls of his apartment, and occasionally appeared in the exhibition of the British Institution. In the back drawing-room, a stove was placed in the centre of the floor, having no connection with the chimney, for the express intention that the smoke should ascend into the room and circulate in every part. This stove was made from Mr. Zachary's design by Mr. Sandison, ironmonger, No. 7 Maiden-Lane, Covent Garden, and the accompanying sketch (see *Engraving*) will give an idea of its construction. On the ceiling iron rods were placed, to which the copies of his pictures were hung, resting obliquely on rails fixed lower down, as Mr. Zachary found by experience that the copies were best cooked into antiquity by remaining over the stove at an angle of 45°. Two poor artists were constantly employed by him in the house to make careful copies of his fine pictures. Three months was about the time necessary to harden and discolor the paint on these canvases, which then became similar enough, for deception, to old pictures. Mr. Zachary possessed a very fine picture by Hobbins, of which he had at least a dozen copies made, which were sent to various parts of Europe, where each may probably figure at present as the real original of a celebrated work by the great landscape painter of the Dutch school. Mr. Zachary did not confine his labors to making copies, but he undertook to improve originals. The pictures by Claude, known as the Berwick Claude, were once subjected to this operation. It had suffered by neglect and age, but now riots in more than pristine beauty, as it has received at Mr. Zachary's hands the addition of trees, which Claude did not think necessary to the composition. For three entire months an English landscape painter, formerly a Royal Academician, was employed to repair, beautify, and make additions to this Berwick Claude; which ended in Mr. Zachary's selling it for a considerable profit. Some other damaged originals of consequence underwent a similar revivification.

"Mr. Zachary sold his pictures twice by auction; it remains for the possessors of pictures which have once belonged to this *gentleman* to satisfy themselves that out of the numerous copies of his originals they may have acquired the fortunate prize, instead of a mystified blank."

It was decidedly cruel in the English picture-dealer to play upon the credulity of his "old master" customers. If their taste had made them fools, his avarice should not have been satisfied by making them dupes as well. We have very little pity for them. The humbug of picture-dealing does not stop at the old masters. Modern painters come in for their share in this wise: It is the habit of one

or two gentlemen picture-dealers of this country to make pilgrimages to Europe for the purpose of procuring pictures by living artists, to satisfy the cravings of *connoisseurs*, and to fill a vacuum in their own pockets. After a few months' absence, they return with a large collection, which they hang up in a room selected for the purpose, calling on the public to take a gratis look. Various names well known to fame are given as the artists, and many of the pictures are transferred to the walls of private residences. Those not sold at private sale after a certain time are put up at auction, and bring good prices. It would seem a mystery to the uninitiated how so many pictures by living artists could be procured, and sold at such a "sacrifice." But they will see how easily it can be managed when they know that these "pictures by living artists" are merely copies purchased from the students at the various academies in Europe for a mere song, some of them being really excellent copies, but they are nothing but copies after all. Original pictures, by old or living masters, are not easily obtained, and it is a very difficult matter to tell the real from the counterfeit. If any of our readers want good pictures for their parlors, let them commission such living American artists as Leutze, Rothermel, Williams, Hamilton, and others.

#### A THOUGHT OF THE GIFTED DEAD.

BY MRS. J. E. THOMAS.

Ah! never shall a golden thought,  
A lofty aim be lost—  
Though glorious thinkers yield to Death,  
As Southern flowers to frost!

For God, whose seal the gifted bear,  
Shall other souls inspire;  
And other hearts and lips shall glow  
With the undying fire.

A starry ray shall clasp and gild  
Our sorrow-night so dim;  
For holy lips shall fondly close  
The grandly-opening hymn.

The hymn his peerless soul had learned.  
'Mid bitter strife and tears,  
Oh, ever shall its echo ring  
Through all the coming years!

And to our aching hearts, the while,  
Sweet memories shall cling;  
Blest dreams of him who round our way  
Did light and glory fling.

Sweet friends, that wall above the bier  
Of high hopes shrouded thus,  
Joy! joy! that for a little while  
He trod life's path with us!

Joy! joy! that on our latest life  
His impress shall remain;  
Nor seek to part what God hath blent—  
The proud joy and the pain.

## OUR HOSTESS.

BY MRS. S. J. MEGAROCK.

I HAVE tasted of the stranger's cup, and slept beneath the stranger's roof, and ever felt a yearning for the bright atmosphere of home, save one pleasant summer that I spent at Summerdale House, with its kind hostess, Mrs. McNaully.

Never shall I forget the delight and admiration I experienced when, after the heat and fatigue of a day's journey, we entered the gate that led to the mansion. Magnificent old trees shaded the walks, and fragrant flowers grew along the borders. In the centre of the lawn a sparkling fountain escaped from the upturned beak of a snow-white swan. Statues, artificial mounds covered by flowers, and mimic grottos served to make more beautiful this very lovely spot. A broad circuitous path led from the gate to the dwelling, which was two stories high, and built of white stone. The windows were protected by green Venetian shutters; those of the upper story opened upon a veranda which was supported by white pillars; the ground beneath it was paved with squares of variegated marble, affording a cool and shady seat during the warmest portion of the day.

When we alighted from the carriage, Mrs. McNaully came forward to receive us. Her benevolent smile and affectionate greeting immediately won my heart; and after we had been conversing a short time, I felt as if it were impossible that until now we had been entire strangers to each other. Her dress spoke a language from the past that was quite refreshing in an age when fashion's whims are forever changing; her silvered hair was laid smoothly beneath a cap of snowy lawn; her dress was of rich brown satin, the sleeves of which but reached to her elbow; brown silk mitts partly concealed the lower portion of an arm that time had failed to rob of its whiteness; a kerchief of thin muslin was folded across her bust; a white linen apron, with capacious pockets, a ponderous bunch of keys, and high-heeled shoes with silver buckles, completed her unique costume. She was slightly below the medium height, her figure round and portly; but her face—ah! indeed, it were vain for me to attempt describing it. Though age had dimmed the eye that once was bright, and planted furrows upon the brow that, years gone by, was smooth as polished marble, there still shone within those eyes a light that cometh only from the heart, and there was an expression of kindness and benevolence upon that aged face that made it beautiful as an infant's smile, or the first blush on a maiden's cheek; yes, gladness and beautiful is a cheerful old age, for it telleth of a life well spent, and duties faithfully performed; it showeth

that the storms of sorrow have been banished by the smiles of contentment and resignation. But I will say no more, for it would be impossible for me to impart to you the admiration and love our hostess excited in the heart of your humble servant.

The dressing-bell caused us to seek our chamber for the purpose of exchanging travel-soiled dresses for those of a thinner texture; but when we entered the chamber, I forgot my purpose, and paused to admire the simple elegance displayed in its arrangement. Cool matting covered the floor; the furniture was composed of white enamelled wood beautifully gilt and painted; the beds were dressed in the purest white; the hangings were of thin muslin trimmed with deep lace; the toilet-table was dressed in worked muslin trimmed with lace; above it, hung an oval-shaped mirror surrounded by a gilt frame; the embroidered window-curtains were looped back by sprigs of cedar; brilliant flowers filled vases upon the mantelpiece; and green pine boughs were placed within the nicely whitewashed fireplace.

We had just completed our toilet when we were summoned to tea; the windows on one side of the dining-room opened upon a blooming garden; the balmy breath of smiling flowers stealing in upon us made our repast taste most fragrantly delicious; the table linen was of snowy hue, and of the finest texture; the napkins were inclosed in mother-of-pearl rings, upon which were numbers by which each seat was designated; the golden-hued butter and snowy bread were very tempting, as were also the freshly gathered raspberries and rich cream. Every dish on the well-laden table was so tastefully arranged and nicely prepared that the most fastidious appetite could not have sighed for better.

After tea we joined a party of city friends (who were also staying at Summerdale) in a ramble. They led us through shady paths and over a rustic bridge into a little valley where a sparkling waterfall capered and murmured adown the side of a rock into a small stream as clear and bright as liquid silver. The many-hued flowers and clinging vines that hung from the rocks, the overhanging trees, and the music of the birds that dwelt amid their branches, gave a fairy-like charm to the spot. Upon the banks of the stream a party of ladies and gentlemen (from Summerdale) were engaged in fishing. We watched their sport until the moon's bright face peeped down upon us through the foliage, when they ceased to trouble the finny tribe, and returned with us to the house. We then adjourned to the music-room (which was a long apartment furnished with cane

settees, a piano, harp, and violin), where, midst music and the merry dance, the hours passed fleetly by until eleven o'clock, when we all sought repose within our chambers.

The next morning a delicious breakfast awaited us, after which parties were formed for riding, boating, and fishing. We joined a boating party, and for two delightful hours skimmed o'er the surface of the sparkling waters in a beautiful skiff, that seemed as if made by some graceful water-spirit, it was so light and rapid in its movements. We stopped at a picturesque-looking island to gather wild flowers, and returned to Summerdale in time for lunch. The remaining hours of the morning were passed in conversation, music, and reading. Thus, with variation of amusements passed the fleet-winged days at Summerdale.

One morning, about a week after our arrival, not feeling very well, I declined joining my friends (who had determined upon a picnic in the woods), and purposed spending the day within my chamber; but Mrs. McNaully kindly volunteered to amuse me, and, after having given the necessary orders to her well-trained domestics, she accompanied me to what she called her "snuggery." Upon opening the door, we were greeted by the music of birds, and the joyous bark of a little dog who sprang from his soft bed in a nicely quilted basket, and capered joyfully around his mistress, who placed before him a nice roll and a bowl of milk, which his "dogship" most eagerly partook of. Some fresh water, clean gravel, sponge-cake, and chickweed sparkling with dew, were then given to the Canaries; the exotics that filled the veranda upon which the windows opened were next attended to; every withered leaf was gathered, and cool water sprinkled upon each plant; then it seemed as if, in gratitude for the kindness, they emitted greater fragrance than before. After all the pets had been cared for, and whilst Mrs. McNaully was preparing some sewing ere she sat down "for a chat," I amused myself examining the curiosities and paintings that adorned the room. There were several very superior crayon sketches that attracted my attention, but one in particular interested me exceedingly. It represented a very handsome man, in the prime of life, holding a beautiful child in his arms; the little one was shaking a rattle with one hand, whilst the other was twined in the dark curls of its father's hair; the expression of each face was extremely lifelike; altogether, it appeared to be a masterpiece of art.

"Dearest Mrs. McNaully," I exclaimed, "will you not relate me the history of this picture?"

"I know it must be an interesting one, my dear child," she replied; "there is no wondrous tale attached to it; the sketch was taken by myself, and represents two beings who were very dear to me. As their fates were closely linked with mine, I will relate you some of the chief incidents in my life."

Delighted with the prospect of an interesting story, I seated myself beside her, when she commenced the following relation:—

"I was the only child of a Scotch laird, whose patrimony, though moderate, was yet sufficient to gratify our unextravagant wants. My mother died when I had reached my sixth year. Unfit to take charge of one so young, my father solicited a distant relative to make his house her home, and undertake the entire direction of my education. She accepted his offer, and proved well worthy of the confidence reposed in her. Dear Miss Smiley!—methinks I see her now, with a sad yet kind expression upon her sweet face as she reproved me—but oh! how gently—for some of my many misdemeanors, or endeavored to implant in my youthful heart the principles that were to sustain and strengthen it through the trials of after years. How much have I to thank her for!

"Had she not endeavored to convince me of the necessity of performing my duty, whatever it might cost, and of drawing happiness and pleasure from the sweet influences of home, instead of seeking them abroad, I might now have been a wretchedly unhappy being; for, in my after experience, I have beheld woman radiant in beauty, and wondered how she could so fearfully forget her mission upon earth. Endowed with the power to render home attractive, she fled from its quiet enjoyments to plunge into the vortex of fashion and dissipation, trampling in her progress upon the holiest and most precious feelings of the human heart. In vain bright childhood stretched forth its arms to win her back to joy. No, no! her ear had hearkened to the siren voice of flattery, and none other had music for it now. She had tasted of the glittering cup that pleasure proffers, and the fountain of love and sincerity was quaffed by her no more.

"All, all that renders life pure and sweet she turned from with disgust; the world had greeted her with its most winning smiles, and, like a charmed bird, she was won to destruction.

"And again have I beheld her, when fortune had bereft her of the glittering gems that made her so brilliant to the world. Relentless time, with un pitying hand, had robbed her of the charms with which nature had so profusely endowed her; the brightness that caused her to be a star amid the many had gone out like a lamp, leaving all in darkness around her, for she had treasured not the oil of love and charity within her heart, and had naught to give her consolation in the hours of her misery. Woman should never trust to the smiles and flattery of the world. They hover around her in the days of prosperity; but when the clouds of sorrow and adversity lower above her, they leave her unthought of, and uncared for in her despair. Thus we cannot be too grateful to those who implant in our childish hearts the seeds of humility, charity, and contentment, thus placing within our grasp a staff to guide our footsteps

through the thorns and quicksands that beset the path of life.

"I had reached my eighteenth year when Miss Smiley was entreated to take charge of another pupil, as I was now capable of conducting my father's house, and prepared for studying alone. She consented to go, notwithstanding the vehemence with which I opposed her. 'My dear child,' (were her words at our parting,) 'this is the first trial in your young life; bear with it bravely, and you will be rewarded. It is for your benefit, as well as that of others, that I leave you; the time has now come when you should act for yourself, and expand those womanly qualities which I trust you possess; but if sorrow should visit you, send for me, and I will hasten to the child of my heart.'

"For some months after the departure of my beloved governess, I felt listless and depressed, and was only aroused from this apathy by my father announcing the arrival of a very dear friend (a widower) with his only child, and bidding me prepare for their arrival. Guests came but seldom to our quiet mansion; therefore the novelty and bustle of preparation caused me to forget for a time the loss o'er which I had been grieving. The finest linen was brought forth, the silver brightened, and the best chambers comfortably prepared for the accommodation of the expected guests. I had not questioned my father in relation to the friend he expected, but supposed him to be a quiet, middle-aged gentleman, with his tall son, or daughter. Upon their arrival being announced, entering the drawing-room to welcome them, I was startlingly surprised at beholding the group represented in that little drawing. I have been where youth and beauty congregate, but never beheld a face more winningly handsome, or a more graceful figure than belonged to Walker Saunders. The warm crimson mounted to my cheek and brow as I met his beaming but respectful gaze; and, when my father introduced us, I felt as awkward as a country girl could feel; but he came forward with graceful ease, and, taking my hand, expressed the pleasure he experienced in meeting the daughter of his friend; then laughingly disentangling his hair from the rosy fingers of little Nina, he gave her to the nurse, and, placing a chair for me, seated himself by my side. His graceful conversation and brilliant remarks caused me to forget he was a stranger, and ere half an hour had passed away, I was interchanging sentiments with him as if he were a well-known friend. 'Tis strange what power some minds possess to draw forth the thoughts that lie hidden in our hearts, and there plant the impress of their own feelings!

"Weeks fleetly by, and still Walker Saunders was our guest. Time had failed to depreciate him in my estimation. My father loved him as if he were his own child, for he was the son of one of his earliest and best friends. He had not seen Walter since his eighteenth year, when his father died; but

he called him friend for that father's sake, and, now that he knew him, for his own inestimable qualities. Walter had early manifested a desire to seek his fortune upon the bosom of old ocean. At the age of sixteen, he made his first voyage, and from that period until the present, with the exception of a few months at a time, his home had been upon the surface of the deep. He was now the owner and captain of a fine vessel (called the *Sea Foam*), which, undergoing repairs, afforded him an opportunity of visiting his father's friend. Some four years previous to this visit, he married a beautiful West Indian; she was an orphan, and had no near kindred to bind her to the home of her birth; she therefore willingly accompanied her husband to a pleasant home in the city of Boston. He left her not until she had gathered kind though new friends around her; then he again sped across the waters; but this time his heart was in his home within the busy city. When he returned to that home six months after, he was shocked at the alteration that had taken place in his wife's appearance; the seeds of consumption had been concealed within her breast, and the severity of a northern climate revealed them when too late. All that human skill could effect was tried to save her, but in vain. Ere two summers had smiled upon their union, Nina Saunders slept within the silent grave. The little Nina was but pressed to a mother's heart, and was then motherless; thus, though young in manhood, sorrow's experience had cast a sadness o'er his spirit that caused him to be more interesting to one whose young heart had never hearkened to the voice of love. Was it strange, then, that one so perfect in every manly quality should be the first to awaken that voice within its depths? But I knew not that it dwelt there, until the evening previous to the morning of his departure, when we took for the last time our favorite walk to the ruins of an ancient castle. Our walk had been a silent one, with the exception of some few commonplace remarks, and in speaking them our voices shook with an unaccountable tremor. When we reached the ruins, the sun was just gilding with his parting rays the tops of the shattered chimneys; the birds were returning to their nests amid the moss and vines that clung to the broken walls. We seated ourselves upon a moss-grown column; together we sat for some moments, yet no words were spoken. I looked up wonderingly at Walter; but the expression of his dark eyes caused mine to seek the ground, whilst the warm blood stole to my cheek and brow. 'Dear-est Alice,' he murmured, as he drew me to him, 'I love you fondly, nay, devotedly; though I offer you not the first affections that have warmed my heart, I implore you to accept the hand of one whose love for you is as true and fervent as ever dwelt within the breast of man. I have known but little happiness. Will you not take compassion on me, and impart a brightness to the remainder of my life which will

cause me to forget its early gloom? Speak, dearest,' he exclaimed; 'will you not be my own sweet wife, and a mother to my little Nina?' He gazed into my face as he concluded; the expression he there met with was sufficient without words, and he clasped me to his noble heart with all the fervor of joyous love. As we walked homeward, he told me he would intrust Nina to my guardianship until his return, when our marriage was to take place, and he promised after this voyage to bid farewell to the sea, and that, if my father consented to accompany us, we would seek together a flower-girt home on the Western Continent. Thus forming plans for the future, we reached home. My father expressed surprise that we had stayed so late, but when Walter led me to him, and asked his consent to our union, he joined our hands together, and fervently called down from Heaven a blessing upon his children!

"The next morning was a stormy and cheerless one; the clouds hung in black and heavy masses above the trees, which rocked fearfully beneath the sharp breath of the storm-king. We tried to persuade Walter to defer his departure; but he had promised to be on board his vessel within two days; he had but time to fulfil that promise, and could not tarry, though he fervently wished to do so; the moment had come to say farewell! Walter folded me in his arms, and pressed his trembling lips to mine; then gazing with one long last fond look into my eyes, whispered 'farewell, mine own one—our meeting will be a joyous one.' The little Nina stood beside us; taking her up, he kissed her o'er and o'er again; then placing her in my arms, and murmuring blessings upon his precious ones, he—was gone.

"Now our home seemed as if overcast by a cloud. Darling Nina alone could dispel its shadows; her childlike prattle and bird-like laugh were the only glad things in the dwelling. Many of my leisure moments were spent in wandering to those dear old ruins, and sketching in crayons. It was then I sketched Walter and Nina, as they looked when I entered the drawing-room on the day of their arrival. Letters too came to gladden my heart. When one came, I would hasten to my chamber, and read it over many times, then give the little pet all the kisses papa sent her. Those were indeed glad moments, but they were soon to pass away forever. The time had arrived when the vessel was expected home; gladness once again dwelt within our hearts; and we were joyfully awaiting his arrival when a letter sealed with black was handed to my father; he appeared bewildered, first gazed at the letter, then at me, but at last gained sufficient courage to open it; he read but a few lines, when that aged head was bowed on his hands, the letter fell to the floor, and his whole frame shook with emotion. 'Dearest father,' I exclaimed; 'what has occurred?' but as he answered me not, I eagerly snatched the letter from the floor, and in an instant had drunk in all its fatal contents. Years could not have contained

more agony than that single moment did to me. Even now, my dear young friend, when the snows of sixty winters have whitened my hair, the memory of that letter causes my heart to quiver with emotion. Here it is, read it yourself; and Mrs. McNaully took from a little ebony box a letter worn and discolored by the hand of time: its contents were as follows:—

'MR. MCINTOSH—

'DEAR SIR: Being first mate of the *Sea Foam*, I am under the very painful necessity of communicating to you distressing tidings of your friend Captain Saunders. We were homeward bound, when, one morning, as the captain was promenading the deck, a little girl (the child of one of our passengers) fell overboard; fearing that by the time the boat reached her she would be drowned, and, being an expert swimmer, he gave the alarm, and sprang into the sea to rescue her; as he jumped from the deck, his head must have come into violent contact with the side of the vessel, causing him to become insensible, for he sank and rose no more. If he had become the prey of a shark, we would have perceived evidence of his fate in the discolored foam upon the waters; but it was not so, and the waves rolled on as calmly as before. The child was brought back to its mother's arms, but life had fled from its little body. Our voyage home has been a most sorrowful one. Crew and passengers mourn deeply the loss of the kindest of captains, and the noblest of men.

'In the captain's cabin, we found his will. Not knowing how to proceed, we read it in the presence of several witnesses. He has appointed you guardian to his child and betrothed wife (your daughter), who are jointly his heirs; when you feel prepared to do so, you will have the goodness to apprise me of your intentions as regards the vessel and its cargo.

'With feelings of sympathy, I remain yours,

'EDWARD HARRIS,

*'First Mate of the Sea Foam.'*

"You may imagine (the old lady again began) how desolate life appeared to me when I recovered from my illness; it seemed as if years of misery had been heaped upon me; even sweet little Nina now failed in drawing a smile to my pale lips. Kind Miss Smiley had hastened to me in the night time of my sorrow, and she now soothed and watched o'er me with all the tenderness and devotion of a mother. My father's health had been for some time declining, and, ere I had become resigned to Walter's death, I was called by the Almighty to receive the dying breath of my only parent; he blessed me in his last moments, and appointed me guardian to Nina, upon whom I had settled my portion of Walter's little fortune. We laid my beloved father to sleep beneath the shadow of a vine-clad rock in the wild

and picturesque-looking burial-ground, where for centuries his relatives had been laid to rest. My mother slept beside him. Thus in death are reunited love's holiest and purest ties. My home was now the abiding-place of painful memories, and our means having become barely sufficient for our wants, in consequence of losses my father met with previous to his death, I concluded to seek a home in America. My dear governess consented to accompany us. Having disposed of everything save some precious relics, with heavy hearts we bid adieu to the land of our birth and the home of our ancestors. The last spot I visited ere we departed was the ruins of the old castle; and as I sat again upon the moss-grown column, methought that Walter was gazing down upon me from Heaven.

We stood upon a stately vessel's deck, and, as I gazed upon the wide expanse of waters, I pressed the little Nina more closely to me, for I was fearful I might lose her as I lost her father. Sweet and bitter fancies were mine during our voyage; sometimes the thought that Walter had been the victim of some dreadful monster of the deep would cause me to shudder with horror, and then again in imagination I would gaze down, down into ocean caves, and there behold him stretched on a bier of coral, a shroud of seaweed wrapt around his noble form, snowy pearls gleaming amid his raven curls, whilst beautiful sea-nymphs chanted o'er him a sweet and solemn requiem! Thus were my thoughts chiefly employed until we arrived in Boston, the city of our destination. Some weeks after our arrival, we succeeded in obtaining a commodious dwelling, for it was our intention to open a boarding-school for young ladies. At first we were not very successful, but within a few years our unwearied exertions, and the high recommendations we brought from Scotland, gained for our seminary the reputation of being one of the best in Boston, and we were obliged to limit the number of our pupils. Kind friends gathered around us, and life again wore charms for me. Darling Nina had grown quite tall, and very beautiful; her disposition was gentle, and deeply affectionate. Among our pupils, there was one in particular who became extremely attached to her; the many kindnesses she lavished upon my little pet won my heart. This young lady's name was Fanny McNaully; she was a bright embodiment of frankness and benevolence. The dazzling fairness of her complexion, and the sunny brightness of her curls, formed a beautiful contrast to the rich hue of Nina's skin, and the glossy ebony of her hair.

"Fanny, too, was an orphan; but she possessed a dear brother many years older than herself, who loved and cared for her with all the tenderness of a parent. Though residing many miles away, he frequently came to visit her. Sometimes he remained for several weeks in the city; then I had opportunities of becoming more intimately acquainted with him. His gentle manners and benevolent counte-

nance interested me exceedingly. He wrote to me several times relative to Fanny's education. Miss Smiley laughingly remarked that it would have been more correct to have addressed his letters to her. When Fanny had been with us nearly three years, she returned home for the purpose of becoming her brother's little housekeeper. Then his letters came more frequently, and but three months had elapsed after Fanny's departure, when he came to the city. I was alone in the parlor when he called, and was about to send a servant for Miss Smiley; but he prevented me by saying, 'Will Miss McIntosh grant me a few moments' attention?' and, leading me to a sofa, he poured into mine ear words I ne'er expected to hear again. But he had found a nook within my heart that until now I had supposed was filled alone with memories of the dead; and when, after confiding to him the history of my early love, he still solicited a heart whose first throbs of love had been awakened by another, I consented to become his bride.

"Miss Smiley looked surprised when she entered the parlor, and found us together; but, after Edwin left, I told her our engagement, when, with a countenance beaming with kindness and sympathy, she fervently blessed me.

"After having fulfilled all engagements with my pupils, I transferred my school to another, for Miss Smiley had resolved to return to Scotland. She wished to spend her last days amid the dear familiar scenes of her native land; but she was not to leave until some time after our wedding.

"We were married upon a bright morning in September at church. Fanny and little Nina were my bride maidens. After the ceremony had taken place, we all came to Summerdale, where every preparation had been made for a brilliant entertainment. Many guests had been invited, and a portion of them awaited our arrival in the drawing-room. When I had exchanged my travelling dress for a wedding robe of white satin, and placed a cluster of tea-roses in my hair, Edwin came for me. Kissing me fondly, he conducted me down stairs, and with a proud smile presented me to his guests.

"The next day, as Edwin, Nina, and myself were seated together in the breakfast-room, Fanny entered with mock solemnity, bearing a bunch of keys upon a salver, which she delivered to me, formally resigning her office of housekeeper; then laughing joyously, she threw her arms about my neck, and kissed me repeatedly. Edwin's eyes sparkled with pleasure as he beheld this graceful manifestation of affection, and, placing her on the sofa beside me, he sat down and put his arm around us both as if thus to draw us more closely together; then clasping Nina with his other arm, he exclaimed, 'Now indeed we are a united family; may we ever be as happy as at present!'

"Miss Smiley remained with us until after the wedding festivities, and then bade us adieu with



tears and blessings, to seek again the home of her youth.

"Though unblessed by children, our union was truly a happy one. For twenty years I scarcely knew a sorrow; but then, alas! tears of agony were again wrung from my heart, when stern death severed me from my husband. No friends were with me when Edwin died (his disease was enlargement of the heart). Fanny and Nina were married, and living in Kentucky. When they heard the sad tidings of death, they hastened to mingle their tears with mine. Now that I was alone and sorrowing, Fanny and Nina each offered me a home; but this dwelling was endeared to me by happy memories, and, though a shadow has been cast upon it, I determined never to leave it until death drew me from its shelter.

"A few years after my widowhood, I lost the greater portion of the property I possessed by the failure of the bank in which my funds were invested. Many of my friends advised me to dispose of Summerdale; its value would enable me to live luxuriously in a smaller establishment. But no; it had been my bridal home, and the loved home of my husband, and now it would have caused me bitter sorrow to have seen it pass into the hands of strangers. The very thought was desecration; therefore, to enable me to retain it, I concluded to receive a few boarders for the summer season, and I feel more cheerful since I have done so. There is less time left to me in which to dream o'er the past, and I often have opportunities of imparting strength to the invalid, and of beholding a smile of gladness steal to the lips of the mourner. It is most true that we are never so happy as when usefully employed. But I am afraid, my young friend, that I have wearied you with my egotism; and, as it is now the hour for lunch, I will impose no longer upon your indulgence."

Having assured her that I had been deeply interested, and owed her many thanks for the pleasant morning I had spent, I accompanied her to the dining-room. After partaking of some light refreshment, I strolled to a little grotto at some distance from the house, and there meditated on the simple narrative I had heard. How beautiful was the picture it presented! Though clouds of sorrow had flitted o'er her life, the sunbeams of happiness had also gilded it; her trials were caused not by error; therefore the sting of remorse embittered not her declining days. No children had been given to her; but to those who needed love and consolation she was a mother, pouring out of the fulness of her heart the balm of sympathy into theirs. I had heard from many of her goodness. If she had been willing to give up the blessed task of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, she could have lived even at Summerdale without taking boarders; but life would have ceased to wear charms for her if she had been

deprived of the happiness of ministering to the wants of suffering humanity.

During my stay at Summerdale, I had the pleasure of meeting Fanny and Nina (Mrs. Somers and Mrs. Lincoln), with their noble-looking husbands, and beautiful children. Then indeed our hostess seemed to have regained her youth, for the treasures of her heart were with her, and one morning I discovered her playing "pussy wants a corner" with the little ones, and I assure you it derogated naught from her dignity to mingle in the innocent sports of little children.

Years, long years have passed away. I have wandered in many places, and mingled much with the busy world; but never have I met with a more beautiful character than our hostess, nor spent a more delightful season than at Summerdale House.

—♦♦♦—  
 LINES SUGGESTED BY THE PLATE OF  
 "LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US!" IN THE  
 OCTOBER NUMBER.

BY RICHARD COB.

ABBA FATHER! humbly bending  
 At thine altar, now we kneel;  
 May our prayer to heaven ascending  
 Cause thee to regard our weal!  
 Lord, have mercy now upon us—  
 All our wanderings forgive;  
 For the Saviour's cross hath won us—  
 Jesus died that we might live!

We have done the things forbidden,  
 Left undone the things of right;  
 And our souls' pure love is hidden  
 'Neath the shadows as of night:  
 Shine, oh! shine, thou Sun of Heaven,  
 Chase our darkness far away,  
 And let unto us be given  
 The sweet light of perfect day!

Lamb of God! all pure and spotless,  
 Living still, and undefiled,  
 Often have we, gay and thoughtless,  
 Wandered, like the erring child,  
 From our Father's home, and heaven,  
 And His warnings oft defied;  
 Be our souls' dark sins forgiven—  
 Thou for us wert crucified!

Holy Spirit! boon of heaven,  
 That within our souls hath birth,  
 Oh! assure us we're forgiven!  
 Lift our spirits from the earth  
 To commune with saints in glory,  
 In the paradise above,  
 Who repeat the wondrous story  
 Of a dear Redeemer's love!

Abba Father! humbly bending  
 At thine altar, now we kneel!  
 May our prayer, to heaven ascending,  
 Cause Thee to regard our weal!  
 Lord, have mercy now upon us—  
 All our wanderings forgive,  
 For the Saviour's cross hath won us—  
 Jesus died that we might live!

## COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS.—THIRD SERIES.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE TOILET IN HOLLAND.

THE merchants, and better classes of the Dutch nation, all follow the French modes, with this difference, that they have not, as in that country, a dress suited to each varying season of the year.

The costume of the Dutch peasants is but little affected by fashion. The men's coats have little shape, and are made tight, without any fulness, and with very high, large pockets. Their breeches are immense, their waistcoats long; they wear a kind of round hat or bonnet, and stockings and shoes of a clumsy form.

The costume of the Dutch women is singular: their petticoats are very full, and exceedingly short,



the sleeves long and tight, and the bodice laced in front, with a handkerchief pinned over the neck. An apron always forms part of this dress. The stockings and shoes are neat. They hardly ever wear any headdress, simply tying up their hair, and binding it with knots of black ribbon, or covering it with a hood. The Dutch *paysannes* are generally very large and unwieldy, and the elderly women formerly wore hoops to increase their size. The ladies preferred what is called the bell-hoop, or pannier; but the maid-servants, who always used them on great *fête* days, were only allowed the hoop that spreads out at the hips.

In the province of Guelderland, the richer of the peasantry are very smart. The coat and waistcoat are adorned with gold and silver buttons, which are placed close together all down the front; the waistband of the trousers is ornamented also with immense buttons; the shoes glitter with large silver buckles. A silver clasp is also worn at the throat, and silver buckles at the knees. This costume looks

exceedingly gay and brilliant. The women of this province ornament their dress with gold; they place gold in their hair, and have golden trinkets hung about them on every part of their garments.

For the amusement of our readers, we will add the description of the attire of an Amsterdam belle of the last century, in holiday guise. "To begin with her head: it is covered with a small muslin cap, and a tiny round black silk hat, which is balanced upon the back of the head. A neat white handkerchief is fastened across the bosom with a pin, and carefully pinned underneath the arm; round her neck, upon the handkerchief, hangs a necklace, made of rows of gold beads. Her upper garment is a short, striped cotton bedgown; the body is laced before, the gown part reaching just below the hips, which are swelled out to a large size by her hoop; the sleeves of this garment are tight, and do not fall beyond the elbow; the petticoat, which reaches to the ankle, is of a red or green stuff, spread out to the size of a barrel, forming a strange contrast to the small head; the feet are encased in black shoes, with red heels and enormous buckles."

The following is the costume of a beau of that period: "The hair is rolled up above the ears, the hat is three-cornered, and in size about three-quarters of a yard from corner to corner; the white waistcoat is very long, the coat closely buttoned, and the shoes ornamented with Brobdiagnag buckles."

"The Dutch burgomaster always dresses in black. His lady appears in a bell-hoop, and a lace head-dress worth £100; but the daughter not unfrequently walks between this antiquated couple tricked out in all the 'bravery' of the last Paris fashions."

The dress of the peasants of French Flanders resembles that of the Burgundians. The women wear a kind of nightcap, with a plaited border, gold earrings, a gold cross hanging from the neck, a jacket, petticoat, and slippers. The petticoat is short and full, and the jacket is laced up the front. A black bib, and short black cloak, are also occasionally worn. No hats are ever seen in this part of the country; the common people, when they go out, throw over their heads a kind of thick veil, formed of three or four yards of stuff, and the better class of women wear camelot hoods; the latter also wear long cloaks of the same material.

The dress of the men consists of a long jacket, shaped much like those worn by the fishermen in many parts of England, breeches, shoes, and a small, square, flat cap.

The dresses anciently worn in the Netherlands seem to have been very splendid; for we read that when Jane, Queen of France, the wife of Philippe le Bel, visited Bruges in the year 1301, she was much struck by the pomp and magnificence displayed by the inhabitants, particularly the ladies, and exclaimed: "What do I see! I thought I alone was queen, but here I find them by whole hundreds!"

The women of Alckmaer (which may almost be called the capital of North Holland) dress in white, and have a singular headdress, but one that is very characteristic. A bandeau of lace is placed on the forehead, a thin plate of gold confines the hair in a semicircle at the back of the head, and terminates at each temple with a hook, which holds the curls. Over this horseshoe coiffure is a transparent lace cap, with long lappets, which hang gracefully down the neck.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE TOILET IN AFFGHANISTAN.

In Elphinstone's "Caulbul," we find a description of the dress of many of the inhabitants of Persia, Tartary, and India; among the rest, of the Affghans.

"The women wear a shirt like that of the men, but much longer; it is made of finer materials, and generally colored or embroidered with flowers in



silk; in the west, it is often entirely of silk. They wear colored trousers, tighter than those of the men, and have a small cap of bright-colored silk, embroidered with gold thread, which scarcely comes down to the forehead or the ears; and a large sheet, either plain or printed, which they throw over their heads, and with which they hide their faces when a

stranger approaches. In the west, the women often tie a black handkerchief round their heads over their caps. They divide the hair over their faces, and plait it into two locks, which fasten at the back of their heads.

"Their ornaments are strings of Venetian sequins, worn round their heads, and chains of gold and silver, which are hooked up over the forehead, pass round the head and end in two large balls, which hang down near the ears. Ear-pendants and rings on the fingers are also worn, as are pendants in the middle cartilage of the nose, which was formerly the custom in Persia, and still is in India and Arabia. Such is the dress of the married women; the unmarried are distinguished by wearing white trousers, and by having their hair loose."

"The women wear a gown close over the breast, and very wide below. They wear many gold and silver ornaments, like those used in India. Neither sex wears the long shirt that is so common among the other Affghans. The women of the Eusofzyes are carefully concealed, and never leave their houses without putting on the cloak called a *boorka*, which covers them from head to foot."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE TOILET IN ARABIA.

We learn from various writers, both sacred and profane, that the ancient inhabitants of this sweet-scented land were the most commercial and civilized of the world; and "Araby the blessed" is honorably mentioned by Ptolemy, Strabo, and even Eratosthenes.

"Beautiful are the maids that glide,  
On summer eves, through Yemen's\* dales,  
And bright the glancing looks they hide  
Beneath their litter's roseate veils;  
And brides as delicate, as fair  
As the white jasmine flowers they wear,  
Hath Yemen in her blissful clime,  
Who, lulled in cool kiosk or bower,  
Before their mirrors count the time,  
And grow still lovelier every hour."—MOORE.

The costume of the Arabs, like that of most Eastern nations, consists of long robes, large trousers, an embroidered leathern girdle, and generally some weapon of defence, either a sword, knife, or dagger. There is, however, a great variety in their dresses. Notwithstanding the heat of the climate, the men wear a most preposterous headdress, frequently fifteen linen, cloth, or cotton caps, one over the other, the upper one being gorgeously embroidered in gold, and a sentence from the Koran worked upon it. Not satisfied with this curious coiffure, they add to it by wrapping round the outer cap a

\* Arabia Felix.

large piece of muslin, ornamented at the ends with silk and golden fringes, which stream loosely upon their shoulders.

Of so much importance is the coiffure with this people that, though when at home they perhaps allow their heads to feel the luxury of coolness and lightness, by laying aside twelve or thirteen of the caps, still, when on any visit of importance or ceremony, they dare not appear without the proper number. Writers on Arabian manners even assert that those who wish to pass for men of learning show their pretensions to that distinction by the size and weight of their coiffure.

It has been suggested that these extraordinary wrappings may be necessary to secure the wearer from the intense heat of the sun. This opinion is the more probable, as in ancient Egyptian monuments the same headdresses are frequently seen.

The common dress of the Arabs is very simple. It generally consists of a large white, or white and blue, shirt; and over this they sometimes wear a garment like a greatcoat without sleeves: in the province of Lachsa, in particular, this robe is worn by both men and women. The lower orders merely gird a piece of linen about their loins, and throw another piece over the shoulders; but never wear less than two or three caps, and have neither shoes nor stockings. In the mountains, where the climate is colder, they have sheepskin garments.

Persons of the middle class have sandals instead of shoes; they are single soles, or thin pieces of wood, fastened to the feet with leathern thongs. Richer people wear slippers, and the women always use the latter covering for the feet. In several parts of Arabia, the men do not wear drawers; but these last, with the addition of a shirt, always form the female dress. At Hedsjas, as in Egypt, they veil their faces with a piece of linen, leaving only the eyes uncovered. In Yemen, the veil is much larger, and covers the face, so that even the eyes are not discernible. At Sana and Mokha, the women wear a transparent gauze veil, embroidered in gold. They are very fond of rings on their fingers, arms, wrists, and ears; they stain their nails red, and their hands and feet of a brownish yellow, with the juice of a plant called *el henne*; they also paint all round the eyelids, and even the eyelashes themselves, with *kochhel*, which renders them quite black. Men even sometimes imitate this fashion; but it is considered effeminate.

The women of Yemen make black punctures on the face, which they consider improves their beauty. Fashion shows its influence in this country most particularly in the manner of wearing the hair and beard. In the States of Sana, all men, whatever their rank, shave their heads; in other parts of Ye-

men, it is the universal custom to knot the hair up behind, and wrap it in a handkerchief. Caps and turbans are not in use here. In the mountain districts, the hair is left long and loose, and is bound with small cords.

All Arabians of rank have one curious addition to their dress. It is a piece of fine linen upon the shoulder, which, probably, was formerly intended to keep off the heat of the sun, but is now used only as an ornament.

Carreri states that the Arabian women wear black masks, with elegant little clasps; and Niebuhr mentions their showing but one eye in conversation. In Moore, also, we find these lines—

"And veiled by such a mask as shades  
The features of young Arab maids,  
A mask that leaves but one eye free  
To do its best in witchery."

In many parts of Arabia, the women wear little looking-glasses on their thumbs. All the women of the East are particularly fond of being able to gaze upon their own fair countenances, and seldom go without a looking-glass.

The Arabian princesses wear golden rings on their fingers, to which little bells are suspended, as well as in the flowing tresses of their hair, that their superior rank may be known, and they may receive the homage due to them. The following lines of L. E. L. might serve for the description of an Arabian princess:—

"Her silken hair, that, glossy black,  
But only to be found  
There, or upon the raven's back,  
Falls sweeping to the ground.  
'Tis parted in two shining braids,  
With silver and with gold,  
And one large pearl, by contrast, adds  
The darkness of each fold.  
Close to her throat the silvery vest  
By shining clasps is bound;  
Scarce may her graceful shape be guessed,  
'Mid drapery floating round.  
Upon the ankle and the wrist  
There is a band of gold;  
No step by Grecian fountain kissed  
Was of diviner mould.  
In the bright girdle round her waist,  
Where the red rubies shine,  
The kandjar's glittering hilt is placed,  
To mark her royal line."

And with these graphic verses will we terminate our account of the toilet in Arabia; and, at the same time, close our "Costumes of all Nations," in the hope that it may be found useful and interesting to the many readers who require general information on the subject.

PRIDE OF BIRTH  
A TALE OF CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

Concluded from page 458.)

So Christmas drew near, the time for social gatherings in the neighboring plantations, accompanied by a round of unusual gayety in the parish. The Hamiltons, in a body, arrived at Haywood; for they had at last buried their animosity to the colonel's choice, now that John and Edward were of an age to marry, and May had turned out an elegant woman and an heiress. "The Hamiltons and Haywoods had always intermarried," they agreed, "and it was not at all proper to give up old customs." So Elizabeth Hamilton brought up her most stylish riding-habit, and a new hat sent from the North expressly for the visit. Pinckney Hamilton, her brother, had his own plans with regard to his cousin May. Besides, there was a party of stylish Northerners, whom they had met at Saratoga, and Miss Caroline's warm invitation, seconded by May, had drawn them to a new route of travel, to see Christmas holidays celebrated with good old plantation hospitality.

Miss Caroline had often spoken of these friends, the Clintons. They were also of English descent, and, as she often emphatically observed, were quite distinct from the Joneses and Thompsons of the new aristocracy—people one could not think of being civil to, much less inviting to their houses.

The Clintons, who had letters to the Hamiltons, joined them on their journey: the mother, a woman of elegant exterior and refined manner; a ward, Eleanor Wythe; and her son, who at first seemed so very unlike, that it was difficult to believe the relationship. Tall and dark, with a foreign air, Mr. Clinton might easily have passed for a Cuban, or played the part of a Spanish exile in society, had he been so inclined. The enthusiasm of his nature was visible in every movement, and yet there was much of his mother's tenderness in the glance, the tone, the softened manner, whenever he addressed a woman. At first, he seemed disposed to chat pleasantly with Philip; but the tutor gave little encouragement to all approach to intimacy. In his present mood, anything like condescension galled him, and the proud reserve of his manner once more returned. Biding, visits, hunting for the gentlemen, needlework and music in the female coterie, of course, left little time for the hours May had of late devoted to study. They still attempted to observe them; but the lessons were short, and interrupted for days together, and, when resumed, there

was a wandering inattention, a preoccupied air, which he had never seen before in his pupil. Sometimes this mood came over her even in the midst of music or conversation. Philip, who knew every change in that face, often observed it. A troubled, thoughtful expression, which passed away with a word, and sometimes a glance of observation, from any of the little group, oftentimes subsiding into a quick flush mantling the cheek, or a startled motion of the hand, as if in fear lest she had betrayed its cause.

This was oftener the case when Mr. Clinton addressed her. Philip was quick to notice this, and all his past conjectures rose before him. She had never mentioned his name since her return, though they must have been often together during the summer, for they recalled familiar scenes, and even conversations. Then they must often have sung together, for their voices blended in rich unison, while Mr. Clinton hung over the instrument as if admiring the singer far more than the music she was rendering. He noticed, too, that Pinckney Hamilton, who had neither musical taste nor cultivation, always stood uneasily, in these duets, looking from one to the other, or making trifling and often almost rude comments on the air or the words. On the contrary, Mrs. Clinton and Miss Wythe, a fair, delicate girl, scarcely seventeen, always gave most delighted attention, and the colonel rarely absented himself from these impromptu concerts.

It was in an exquisite duet from "*Lucia*" that Philip first felt the pang of a jealous preference, as he saw them both carried on by the force of words and music to apparent forgetfulness of all else; and, when May followed its conclusion by the thrilling aria, "*Robert, toi que j'aime*," all he had imagined seemed at once confirmed. True, she did not once glance towards Mr. Clinton; but there was a depth of expression beyond mere artistic art trembling in every phrase, and this Philip could not but recognize. It had been a favorite air with her through the winter; he remembered this, and the reveries that had often followed it. The preoccupation, the restlessness, were now explained. How blind he had been! And perhaps they were acknowledged lovers, known to be so by all in the household but himself.

"Confirmation, strong as proofs of holy writ," was not long wanting. This was the cause of Miss Caroline's pertinacious admiration of Mrs. Clinton,

a person she could neither comprehend nor appreciate; May's intimacy and correspondence with Miss Wythe; her frequent inquiries for the delay of Northern mails; the arrival at a time of general family gatherings. He could only repeat to himself, how blind he had been!

The excitement of the discovery, the watchfulness that had now become habitual to him, gave him little time for sober thought. He could not but acknowledge the noble superiority of Mr. Clinton, the fitness of the union of heart and intellect, as he saw them constantly together. Even Pinckney Hamilton called them a "splendid match," in the sporting phrases of which he was so fond, as he one day met them dashing down the avenue together, their fleet steeds seeming animated with one instinct; and Mrs. Clinton, who had come to see them mount, and still stood in the porch, looked after them with a fond and proud expression. As Philip entered the drawing-room, to return a handkerchief Mrs. Clinton had dropped, he, for the first time in many years, gave the mirror a searching glance. He saw no grace in his slender figure, no beauty in the masses of brown hair pushed back from his high white forehead, or the clear, gray eyes reflected there. The contrast with that well-knit form, the dark, piercing eyes, the bronzed cheek, struck him painfully. For the first time since his birth, he wished for manly grace and beauty.

Yet what could it avail him? He asked himself that, too; and he went away from them all, and forced himself "to try and examine his own heart" as he had not done before, far into the depths of that moss-grown wood; and there, to the echoless silence, he discovered all that had been so long concealed.

It was not the quick, fierce flame of passionate admiration that moved him; not a breath or whisper of self-interest—that did not even cross his mind; he would have hated himself had it done so—but the farther he looked into the past the more clearly he saw what May, and the dream of May, had always been to him, and how it had come to embody all that was beautiful in life or womanhood. And the *self-deception* was so utter. No word, no glance had lured him on, no hope of any future, no tender memories of any past: only an admiration for the heart and soul he had aided to awake, for the strong womanly tenderness that made up so large a part of her nature. Had the odorous, subtle breath of summer passed over him, the poison would have penetrated every vein; for he lay on the crisped leaves utterly aimless and hopeless, shrinking from all action, or even thought, after the first wild gush of emotion. But it was Christmas Eve—though he did not know it, the joyful opening of a joyful anniversary; and the stars came out clear overhead as when the angels sang on the plains of Bethlehem; and the cool, sharp atmosphere imparted kindly strength to his exhausted frame.

Lights were streaming from every window of the mansion as he returned—a welcome, cheerful light going out into the darkness—and he could hear the rude shouts and songs of merriment from the negro cabins, as they celebrated the commencement of their yearly holiday festivities. All happy, all joyful but him! It was a bitter contrast, and he gained his own room, thankful for its solitude. He saw the lights streaming out on the lawn, heard music and laughter, as the servants passed and repassed from the drawing-room. He remembered then that there was to be a little *fête* in honor of the evening, and that many families from miles around were to assemble, a part to remain through the following day.

Miss Wythe had laughingly challenged his attendance; he had always liked her gentle transparency of character, so different from the supercilious haughtiness of Miss Hamilton. He had promised her a spray of Cherokee roses, still blossoming by the hedge-row, for her hair. That was what he had gone in search of. It was too late now; but he must go and offer an apology, and play his part, even with this tumult of spirit. He could not understand himself the sudden strength that came to him; the careful attention to every duty of the toilet; the quick and sparkling repartee that seemed like inspiration when he joined the group of which Miss Wythe was the centre. She received him with a kind smile as ever, and drew out his rare conversational powers as he had never suffered them to be called forth before in society. It was as if his very cup of sorrow had proved an intoxicating draught. Mrs. Clinton listened in delight, Miss Hamilton condescended to thank him for a graceful compliment, and even May turned from her guests to mark the change. It was the recklessness of a spirit that had everything to conceal and nothing to hope for; but it supported him to the last. He left them with a smile and jest upon his lips, to return to solitude and anguish of spirit.

He had resolved to leave Haywood; it was the only definite thought his mind could entertain. To remain was more than madness—it was impossible. Now that, wilfully blinded as he had been, he had read his own secret, could he hope longer to hide it from others? And, besides, he could not remain to see her given heart and soul to another love, forgetting even their old intercourse in its absorption.

Christmas morning dawned on that sleepless night, the day of kind wishes and congratulation. It was the last he would spend at Haywood. His late appearance in the family circle was not noticed; there were so many strangers present, too, and that was a relief. Then the party separated to dress for church; for it was a long ride, and the colonel wished none of his family to be absent. It was the old parish church, built long before the Revolution, a part of the parish pride, for it was a monument to the liberality and the piety of their ancestors. For

a long time it had been closed; its dilapidated condition, the long distance from many of the plantations, and the death of a former incumbent, had contributed to the cessation of regular Sabbath worship. Now among the visitors from the city was a clergyman, at whose proposal Christmas services were to be celebrated there. The breakfast-table conversation turned upon this, the antiquity of the church sounding delightfully to their Northern friends, and the mention of its picturesque situation exciting more than usual curiosity. The colonel was pleased with this, and waxed more than usually eloquent upon the history of the neighborhood, the part his ancestors and their connections had played in the early annals of the State, and the pride which he said it could be only a virtue to cherish in such recollections. All present, save Philip, could lay a part of this flattering unction to their souls; and the colonel talked on, warmed by the day, and the recollections clustering round it, unaware that any word seemed as an especial thrust to one wounded spirit. His only boast in ancestry was perfect integrity and uprightness; his only wealth the talents that he had inherited with the memory of these just men. He shrank under the words, though no eye observed him; even Miss Caroline listened with such self-satisfied eagerness that she forgot to be sarcastic. Once, only once he met May's glance; it was withdrawn in an instant; but it had a strange questioning earnestness, that he interpreted as pity, and that was galling even from her.

Nevertheless, he was of the church party. He could not deny himself the great happiness of seeing her this last day, as he so often said to himself, "The last time, the last time!"

The carriages, with their happy occupants, passed down the road before them. Miss Hamilton had chosen to be of the equestrians, as all could not drive, and she never lost an opportunity of claiming the especial attendance of her cousin Edward, or displaying her graceful figure. Philip rode moodily behind them, unfit for any conversation, and especially that of Miss Hamilton.

A picturesque scene greeted them, as a sudden turn in the road marked the entrance to the oaken copse in which the church was situated. A winding path through an archway of interlacing boughs, draped by the same long gray moss, and bordered by turf bright even at this season of the year, was lined with the saddle-horses, or large, comfortable family carriages that had brought the congregation together. The quick, impatient pawing of the horses upon the turf was the only sound that broke the Sabbath stillness, and the scattered groups united at the church door with only a quiet bow of recognition, so holy seemed the place. There were graves at the very door-stone, sunken and almost hidden by the fallen leaves, save that the time-stained burial-slab warned unwary feet that they

pressed above where the dead had lain. The threshold itself, worn by the feet of many generations, marked the antiquity of that forest temple, and the gray-stone walls, the roof, over which the branches closed as if to shield it, and the long moss swept solemnly, were green with the marks of age.

They passed reverently up the sounding aisle, the stones of the pavement trodden by their fathers before them, and they knelt perchance in the very spot where blessings had been breathed upon their infancy by voices long hushed in the silence of death. Yet Philip saw but one face, and heard but one voice in the deep responses, or the anthem, when its clear strains led and sustained the rest in the absence of "lute or harp," full, rich, and thrilling with deep feeling, "as it had been the voice of an angel." The prayers, he tried to fix his wandering thoughts upon them; but, when the sermon had commenced, the effort was vain. That calm, beautiful face before him, lighted by earnest attention, made so much more lovely, if that were possible, by the close bonnet of black velvet, so suited to the time and place, and the heavy folds of the mantle sweeping in simple grace about her figure! he printed it all upon his memory for the years of absence that were to come. Rapt in her devotions, she could have little heed of this idolatrous worship of a human heart, and he struggled vainly with the sin and the shame, for the very time and place mocked the presumption of his love. Surrounded by those who claimed her interest, who wooed her with offerings worthy her acceptance, by tokens of her proud birthright and inheritance, how could he but feel deeper than ever before his own madness in daring to cherish

"That which bore such bitter fruit!"

It was a relief when the last amen sounded, and the congregation arose to disperse. Now there were smiles and kind greetings as they lingered in the aisle, or on the patches of turf bright with the mid-day sunshine. Neighbors with kindly inquiries, and gentlemen shaking hands heartily with old friends from whom they had been long separated. The beauty of the day, the congratulations of the season, jest and gaiety, had their turn. Here a lady sprang to the saddle from the hand of a gallant cavalier, or a white-haired servitor passed with a pile of cloaks and shawls for the occupants of a comfortable carriage. The Haywood party were among the last; for Miss Hamilton had been alarmed by the starting aside of May's horse on their way to church, and even the pleasure of Edward's undivided attentions could not induce her to mount it again. May, who had been detained by an old friend of her father's, at once offered to change places with her, good-naturedly doffed her mantle for the habit skirt, and sprang herself into the saddle.

Edward would have joined her; but Miss Hamil-

ton beckoned him to the carriage-window, and, with her usual ill-bred selfishness, said, loud enough to be overheard—

"Let Mr. Anson play the groom, Edward; it's all he's fit for."

Shocked at such rudeness, Mrs. Clinton could not forbear a reproving glance, and even Edward blushed for his cousin, and with resentment at hearing his tutor so spoken of. But the other carriages were out of sight already, and he had little time to deliberate. Philip's hand seemed so powerless that he could scarcely guide his horse, when he found himself unexpectedly alone with May. The roll of carriage wheels died away before them; they had entered the woodland road that they had traversed so many times of old. May rode thoughtfully, her mind still turning to the services of the day, or she would have noticed the sudden blushing of the cheek, or the tremulous quiver of the lip when he essayed to speak.

"I beg your pardon," she said, suddenly reining in her horse; "I do not believe I have spoken for a mile. I was thinking of the gray old church, and how I wish it could be restored and consecrated by regular service. There is something so beautiful to me in its having been hallowed by so many hopes and fears, so many earnest prayers, and of my father's fathers. I am afraid there is a little pride unconquered in my nature still. I wonder how large an element it is in this wish."

So she had read what was in his heart, and she meant to show him kindly the great gulf set between them. He did not even look up in reply; but Miss Haywood continued—

"I never enjoyed a service more than this morning, my heart was so strangely solemn and thankful. I could almost wish there were to be no guests at Haywood to-day; I am in no mood for idle pleasantries. Mr. Clinton, I am sure, understood it, when he rescued me from the compliments of Major Laurens. What a full, deep voice he has! I heard it above all others in the responses this morning."

Again! She had never spoken so openly of her lover before. Kind, even in her probing his wounded spirit. And the house would be thronged with guests, and he should hear them speak of the fitness of the union, and perhaps be expected to respond smilingly. No, he could not do that; he would beg an interview with Colonel Haywood, and leave the house at once. It was best so; and, with this thought, he turned with so much of love and tenderness, and anguish in his gaze, that May's quick sympathy read some inward struggle, and, laying her gloved hand gently upon the arching neck of his steed, she said—

"You are ill or unhappy; you have been so for days, this long, long time. Cannot you tell me what troubles you, as in those old days when I was your confidante and comforter?"

She smiled upon him as she spoke, almost with a

sister's tenderness; nay, had not his suit been so utterly hopeless, he would have taken that smile for a token of good, and poured out his whole heart to her. As it was, the tone, the glance, the light caressing motion almost unnerved him; a moment more, and confession would have burst forth, even with the present knowledge of its folly and fruitlessness. But, while the tumult of his soul shaped itself to words, a thought of his honor, and how she had been trusted to his training, came over him; he could not so wrong her father's generous confidence or her own, for he knew how much it would pain her kindly heart to speak words of pity or reproof, and her very gentleness restrained him. Still, he said within himself, "the last"—the last time they should speak without witness; the last time he should wind by her side up that familiar road; the last time he could claim her sympathy, or even a passing interest; and he dared not raise his eyes to her face again, lest his strong resolve should falter.

They dismounted at the entrance of the avenue, and Philip's hand thrilled at the light pressure, as he aided her to spring from the saddle. Mr. Clinton had come out to meet them. No, she could not have felt how he was suffering, or she would have spared that pleasant welcome—she would have detained him by her side a moment longer. Later in the day, with his hurried preparations finished, he sought Colonel Haywood. There was an unusual warmth in the manner of his host, who, nevertheless, betrayed anxiety and surprise at hearing that Philip had something of importance to say.

"Not business, I hope," he said, pleasantly. "I hate business at any time, and leave it as much as possible to my overseer and my factor. To-day, of all days, ought to be clear of it; and we have very little time, for the dressing-bell rang as you came in."

"I will not detain you long, Colonel Haywood, my kind and generous friend. I feel it now more than ever, when I am going from you!"

"Going! Why, Mr. Anson, what has happened? Did you have letters from the North this morning? I hope your mother is not ill. What is it? Can I know?"

"No, I had no letters; it is not so sudden a resolve. But I must leave you."

"Leave Haywood, and George and Hamilton doing so well! Haven't given you any trouble, I hope? Or am I to blame, or John, or that ridiculous nephew of mine, Pinckney?"

"Neither. No one is to blame, I believe, but myself."

The colonel seemed struck by the defection of tone to which Philip's hurried utterance had changed in the last sentence. He leaned against the mantle in silence for a moment, and then said, kindly—

"Mr. Anson, this is more than a mere freak. I have noticed your manner for several days past. I never saw a person alter more than you have done.



If it is possible, I beg you to tell me what has caused this. I do not ask from idle curiosity."

"I believe you, Colonel Haywood. You have always been kind, too kind to me. You should not have trusted me as you have done. I have betrayed your confidence. I go because I love your daughter!"

"And has my daughter rejected you?"

Philip could not believe that he had heard aright. He expected even, in his daring, to have heard a burst of astonishment, perhaps angry invective. But no; he should have known his host better. He was too proud to upbraid. The honesty of his purpose, and of that day's self-conquest, came to Philip's aid. He met the searching glance with a look as high.

"You do wrong to suspect me of so much ingratitude. Your daughter does not dream that I love her."

"Tell her so now."

"Colonel Haywood!"

"Do not look so indignantly at me, Philip. You came to me for advice, and I give it to you. If you do not follow it, I am not to blame."

"I did not expect taunts."

"And I never give them. You love my daughter, have told me so, and I give you my permission to address her. A strange 'taunt' I should have thought it at your age."

"Yet you know it is mockery—that she has already accepted another. Mr. Clinton"—

"Can't be engaged to two ladies at once, if he's a man of honor. Miss Wythe already has an old claim on his attentions."

"This is too much!" Philip said, bitterly. "It was hard to love her, thinking her heart was filled with another; but now, knowing she is free, it is the last drop in my cup."

"Then you are sure May does not love you?"

"I give you my word once more, Colonel Haywood, that I never thought it possible, even for an instant. I did not know that I loved her myself until yesterday."

"Then I have known more than you for a long time, and you have no certainty of rejection. Is not my daughter all you could wish in a wife?"

"I—my wife?"

"Yes. What shall I do to persuade you I am in earnest? Are you not all I could ask for her husband, high-principled, cultivated, warm-hearted? She has all you need, a little more money, to make other people appreciate your merits. You are all I could ask, Philip; I repeat it." And, while his hearty grasp yet thrilled every nerve with wonder and hope, and fear lest all should prove a dream, the colonel was gone.

A light step sounded near him, as he leaned, gazing into the glowing embers, and trying to comprehend all that had passed. The firelight shone warmly over the graceful figure of May, as she said—

"Did you wish to speak to me? My father tells

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me so. Why do you look so strangely, Mr. Anson? Philip, why have you been so sad all day?"

Perhaps—it was no stranger than what had already passed—she did love him; at least he could bear to be rejected now—now that it was not presumption to aspire; and he took the hand he had been told to claim within his own, while he imparted to her all that you and I know, dear reader.

But she had much more to tell than he at least had dreamed of. That she had always loved him from a child, before she knew the beautiful title of "wife" was dearer than that of sister—of the light and strength his counsel and praise had been to her, and the struggle with her impulsive nature to conceal all this under a cold reserve; for, though she read Philip's heart, and therefore could not trust her own, she had never thought, or even dared to hope, that her father or brothers would consent to their union, or that Philip's pride would ask it.

"So I had resolved never to marry," she said, looking up suddenly in his face, as she stood before him; "for I knew I never could love any one else so well—"

"Oh, May! my own, my own May once more! for you were mine, then, when your father gave you to my charge, were you not—and I am not going to lose you?"

"And yet," she said, when she spoke again, encircled by his arm, "my heart does not throb more quickly now, with all this gush of happiness, than when I met you, outwardly so calm, on your return, or to-day when we rode through the wood-path. We have both been very proud, Philip."

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger meddleth not with its joy," says the wise man. Colonel Haywood thought their guests might, for the time, be kept in ignorance of this passing romance; but it was not that he repented his decision, or was fearful of any remonstrance from his sons. He judged, with his usual wisdom, that they would be both happier shielded from remark. But the Clintons, and Miss Wythe, on her bridal tour, were invited to the wedding festivities, when the next Christmas anniversary was kept, and with them came the mother and sisters of Philip to share in his happiness. The colonel seemed to enjoy scarcely less the mortification of the Hamiltons, Miss Caroline included, particularly when she informed him, in her usual pompous way, that she should return to town with Elizabeth and Pinckney, the latter equally disappointed in their matrimonial projects.

The parish church, where the bridal was celebrated, is now restored, and Philip, as its rector, is established in useful and honorable independence. The colonel is very attentive to his sermons, and speaks of his son-in-law in the parish with equal pride and pleasure; but Philip never hears the sweet voice of his wife in the psalm or hymn, without a sense of thankfulness for this "best gift of God's Providence."

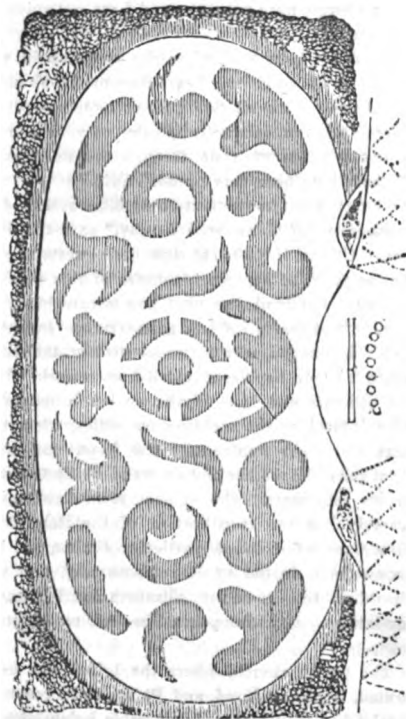
## LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

### CHAPTER II.

#### OF PLANTING THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

THE manner of planting the herbaceous plants and shrubs in a flower-garden depends jointly on the style and extent of the scene. With a view to planting, they may be divided into five classes, which classes are independent altogether of the style in which they are laid out. The first class is the *general or mingled flower-garden*, in which is displayed a mixture of flowers with or without flowering-shrubs, according to its size. The object in this class is to mix the plants, so that every part of the garden may present a gay assemblage of flowers of different colors during the whole season. The second class is the *massed flower-garden*, in which the

Fig. 1.



flowers are planted in masses of one kind, either in separate beds, or in separate divisions of the same bed. The third class is the *select flower-garden*, in which the object is limited to the cultivation of particular kinds of plants; as florists' flowers,

American plants, annuals, bulbs, &c. Sometimes two or more classes are included in one garden, as bulbs and annuals; but, in general, the best effect is produced by limiting the object to one class only. The fourth class is the *changeable flower-garden*, in which all the plants are kept in pots, and reared in a flower-nursery or reserve-ground. As soon as they begin to flower, they are plunged in the borders of the flower-garden, and whenever they show symptoms of decay, removed, to be replaced by others from the same source. This is obviously the most complete mode of any for display of flowers, as the beauties of both the *general* and *particular* gardens may be combined without presenting blanks, or losing the fine effects of assemblages of varieties of the same species; as of hyacinth, pink, dahlia, chrysanthemum, &c. The fifth class is the *botanic flower-garden*, in which the plants are arranged with reference to botanical study, or at least not in any way that has for its main object a rich display of blossoms. On each of these gardens, or manners of arranging plants grown for their beauty or curiosity, we shall offer some remarks.

The *mingled flower-garden*, or border, was formerly the most common; and was what every gardener attempted when planting his flower-borders. It is still the aim of the greater number of such as form parterres, or separate scenes, for the culture of flowers, but it seldom goes farther. The object here is to display a gay assemblage of colors during the season of flowers, without much regard to variety of form or diversity of character in these flowers, or the plants that produce them. The great art, therefore, in this kind of flower-border, is to employ such plants as produce large heads, or masses of flowers; to plant an equal number of every color, and such a variety in regard to time of flowering as may afford some of every color in flower from February to October. This object does not require a great variety so much as a judicious selection; for, supposing the number four to include all the colors of flowers, and one sort to continue in blossom a month, then for nine months of the year, viz. from February to October inclusive, only thirty-six sorts will be requisite to commence, as it were, the pattern of the border. Much more may be effected by a few sorts than by a great number; for the greater the number of sorts introduced in the pattern above thirty-six, supposing it correct that one sort continues in bloom a month, the greater the blank spaces that must remain between the plants in bloom. A moderate number of sorts, or of what are called border-flowers, and that number selected

equally from the different colors, and the sorts in bloom in the nine months of the blooming season, is what demands the exclusive attention of whoever would plant a mingled border, or flower-garden.

To obviate the bad effect of decayed flowers, perhaps the best mode of managing ornamental flower clumps would be to have them partly planted with evergreens of low growth, or kept low by pruning; and between them to transfer from the pots in which they had been raised, the finest flowers of each season just taken on the point of flowering, in sufficient masses of each color, and to be removed and replaced with others as soon as they had done flowering, so as always to have a new and brilliant display at all periods of the year, and at the same time a due contrast of a more sober color from the intermixed evergreens.

In order to keep a mixed flower-garden always gay, successive crops should be provided partially in pots, the same principle being observed in furnishing a flower-garden as in embellishing a drawing-room. Suppose, for instance, the ground to be laid out, and permanently planted with perennials and such shrubs as are intended to remain immovable; the fixed foundation of the garden would thus be laid without further trouble than what consists in manuring from time to time those plants which exhaust the soil, and suffer in consequence. And this may be done to a greater extent than is supposed. Primroses, for example, thrive best at the foot of trees or bushes, provided they get sunshine in the first six months of the year; so do violets: and when the bloom of primroses and violets is gone, their foliage has its beauty. All sorts of spring bulbs, crocuses, hyacinths, dog's-tooth violets, jonquils, and the like, if placed with skill, require no removal; narrow lines look well, other things may stand between, and when their foliage is dead, the neighboring plants, if annuals, will do no harm; they may exhaust the ground, but periodical manuring will remedy that. Winter, when flowers are chiefly gone, must be provided for by well-grown evergreens with variegated or otherwise beautiful foliage, kept in pots, to fill the ground, upon some fixed plan, as soon as the favorites of autumn are dead, or become hopelessly unhealthy. Plunged in the ground, and the tops of their pots covered with soil, no one can tell that the flower-garden is not their constant station; they may be removed by degrees in the spring, and when finally gone, the whole scene is changed. Violets, white or blue, single or double, sweet or scentless, may be grown in the same pots, and will be always in the best place to welcome the vernal sun.

Abercrombie, Nicol, and other practical gardeners, seem to have no distinct ideas on the subject of arranging flowers in flower-gardens; but the authors of "*Hints on laying out Gardens*," and of the "*Florist's Manual*," have viewed the subject in its proper

light. Neil also has some judicious observations on the subject. He says, "the plants are arranged in mingled flower-borders, partly according to their size, and partly according to color. The tallest are planted in the back part; those of middling size occupy the centre, and those of humble growth are placed in front. The beauty of a flower-border, when in bloom, depends very much on the tasteful disposition of the plants in regard to color. By intermingling plants which flower in succession, the beauty of the border may be prolonged for some weeks. In a botanic garden, the same plant cannot with propriety be repeated in the same border; but, in the common flower-garden, a plant, if deemed ornamental, may be often repeated with the best effect; nothing can be finer, for example, than to see many plants of double scarlet lychnis, double sweet-William, or double purple jacobaea."

Hogg, who may be considered an unprejudiced observer of the different tastes in disposing of flowers, has the following remarks: "We are apt to ridicule the Dutchman, as well as the imitators of him here at home, who divided their gardens into small beds, or compartments, planting each with separate and distinct flowers: we ridicule the plan because it exhibits too great a sameness and formality; like unto the nosegay that is composed of one sort of flowers only, however sweet and beautiful they may be, they lose the power to please, because they want variety. It must undoubtedly be acknowledged that a parterre, no matter in what form, whether circular or square, elliptical or oblong, where all the shrubs, plants, and flowers in it, like the flowers of a tastefully arranged bouquet, are variously disposed in neat and regulated order, according to their height and color, is a delightful spectacle, and worthy of general imitation. Yet still, in some particular cases, I am disposed to copy the Dutchman, and I would have my bed of hyacinths distinct, my tulips distinct, my anemones, my ranunculuses, my pinks, my carnations distinct, and even my beds of hollyhocks, double blue violets, and dwarf larkspurs distinct, to say nothing of hedgerows of different sorts of roses. Independent of the less trouble you have in cultivating them when kept separate, you have beauty in masses, and you have likewise their fragrance and perfume so concentrated that they are not lost in air, but powerfully inhaled when you approach them. Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated tragic actress, was a great admirer of this mode of planting, and fond of contemplating this 'beauty in masses.' She adopted this style of gardening at her residence on the Harrow Road. Her favorite flower was the *Viola amœna*, the common purple heartsease, and this she set with unsparing profusion all around her garden. Her garden was remarkable in another respect, and might with great propriety be styled a garden of evergreens, which, together with a few deciduous shrubs, were of the most sombre, sable, and gloomy

cast, such as box-trees, fir, privet, phillyrea, arbor vitæ, holly, cypress, the red cedar, laurel, Irish ivy, bay-tree, arbutus, spurge-laurel, &c. The only part of the year in which it could be viewed with any degree of satisfaction was the winter, as giving rise to a pleasing association of ideas in beholding these retain their green verdure and clothing, at a time when the rest of the surrounding trees were stripped naked and bare."

If a *double border*, with a walk on each side, a bed-group, or compartment on a lawn, to be viewed on all sides, is to be planted, then it is only necessary to fix on the number of rows, and to keep the lowest plants in the margin and the tallest in the centre, adhering in the rows to the order of time and of colors given above, or to any order that may be fixed on, and inserting shrubs in lieu of plants where it may be deemed advisable.

*Flowers in borders should always be planted in rows*, or in some regular form, and this appearance should be assiduously kept up by trimming off all irregular side-shoots and straggling stalks, and reducing the bulk of plants that grow too fast. Every approach to irregularity, and a wild, confused, crowded, or natural-like appearance, must be avoided in gardens avowedly artificial.

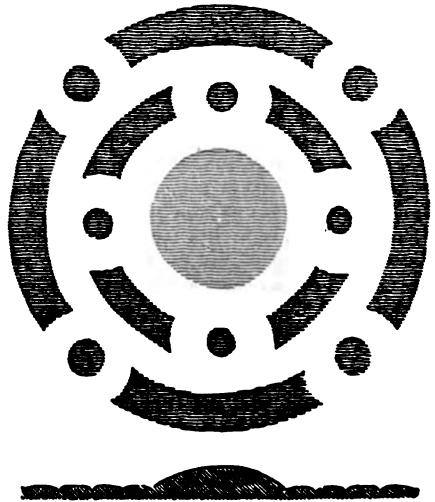
With four colors, four sizes, and six times of coming into flower, a mingled border may be commenced with ninety-six sorts; and the pattern may be repeated like the border of any work of art *ad infinitum*; but it is also evident that it may include any number of species, provided these have the desired requisites of height, color, and time of flowering; the second and every successive repetition of the pattern being made up of different, and not before-introduced species, but still of the heights, colors, and times of flowering required for the first example of the pattern. The safest way, however, is to adopt but a moderate number of species, and those of the showy sorts that have numerous varieties, and are of hardy vigorous growth.

The *massed flower-garden* is now by far the most common, though it is comparatively of modern invention; and it must be confessed that, whether the principle of arranging flowers in masses of one color be applied in borders along walks, or in beds on lawns or gravel, the effect is striking and brilliant beyond that of any other manner of planting. The principal point to be attended to is to keep the plants as near the ground as possible, so as to display the flowers without showing any of the leaves or stems. The effect intended to be produced is that of a Turkey carpet in which the pattern is defined by masses of color strongly contrasted with each other; each bed presenting a different color, and being filled with one kind of flower. It is evident that a garden of this kind requires great knowledge of plants, skill in their cultivation, and taste in the arrangement of their colors, to produce a proper effect; for, unless such plants are selected as will

flower all at the same time, and grow all to the same height, the unity of the design will be lost. The plants must also be well grown, and be in a high state of health and vigor, or they will not flower properly; and their habits of growth must be compact, for if the stems are drawn up it will be impossible to cover the bed without showing them. Even when all this is done, the whole will be spoiled if skill be not shown in the arrangement of the colors. To do this properly, it is necessary to study what are called the complementary colors. There are but three simple colors in nature; viz: blue, yellow, and red. But there are also three compound colors; viz: green, which is a compound of blue and yellow; orange, which is a compound of yellow and red; and purple, which is a compound of red and blue. Now, according to the law of complementary colors, every simple color requires a compound color, composed of the other two simple colors, to be next it—as, for example, red requires green; blue, orange; and yellow, purple; and, indeed, it is said that, if you look steadfastly at a circle of red you see a rim of green round it, and the same of the other colors. In addition to the colors enumerated, all of which may be found in flowers, white may be introduced to harmonize any two colors together. The beds for gardens of this kind must always compose some regular figure, but the walks which separate them may be either of grass or gravel.

To give an example of a *massed flower-garden*, Fig. 1 is a plan of flower-beds on turf, surrounded by a border for flowers; beyond which is a bank of flowering shrubs, beginning with low sorts, and gradually rising to such as are considerably higher.

Fig. 2.

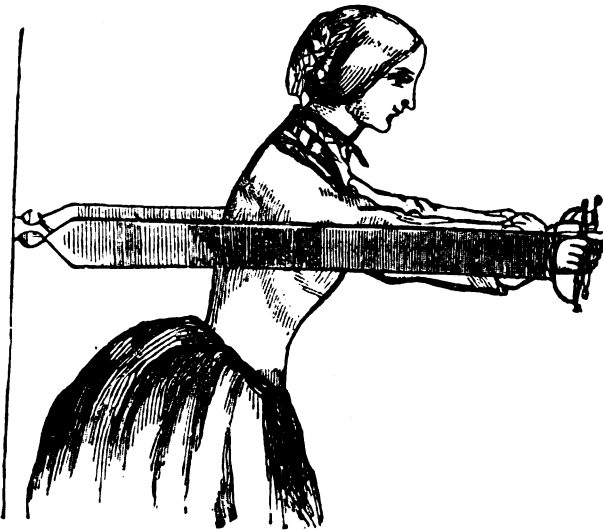


A *circular flower-garden* is shown in Fig. 2. It is placed in a recess of a shrubbery or lawn, and the

exterior bed is surrounded by turf, no part of which is narrower than five feet, and beyond there is a border of low shrubs. The central mass, which is ten feet in diameter, contains a collection of China roses, including *R. semperflorens*, *sanguinea*, and all the varieties of *Noisettida*; and the interstices

are planted with a mixed collection of bulbs. There may be a standard purple Noisette rose in the centre; and the marginal line should be of mixed hyacinths. The other beds are proposed to be planted with herbaceous plants, bulbs, and showy greenhouse plants.

## HOME EXERCISES.



We present our readers with two more cuts of the series of calisthenics, which will be the last. In closing the subject, we feel gratified in being able to remark that many of our readers have evinced, by their inquiries, a very laudable interest in the practical illustrations we have afforded them of the importance of the exercises to the general health of persons of sedentary habits and employments. If we have not been more particular in enforcing the necessity of these exercises, by long dissertations, it was because we thought, after our first essay, that it would be tiresome to repeat to intelligent readers that which must have always been plain and obvious to their comprehensions. Health, the greatest blessing which God bestows upon his creatures, like the graces, can only be secured by implicit obedience to His will, which, as we may readily ascertain by contemplating the course of nature, is opposed to slothfulness and inactivity.



## SKETCHES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

### THE BALL.

BY PAULINE FORSITH.

"We are going to have a ball here next week," said Virginia Percy to me, a few days after my arrival at Loudon.

"A ball!" repeated I, my heart filled with delight at the thought. "Where is it to be held?"

"At the American House; that large brick building in the principal street," replied she.

"I do not see how it can affect you, Pauline," said Miss Johnson, "whether they have a ball here or not, or where they have it, for I should not suppose you would think of going, if you were asked. One who sets up, like you, for being a teacher, ought not to care for such trifling amusements, but give a better example. Nothing would induce me to dance; in fact, it is against my principles entirely. And, besides, there is no probability of your being invited, as you know so few here."

"Oh yes," said Virginia, "she will be invited; Major Dillon is coming to ask her to-day."

"Who is Major Dillon?" asked I.

"That very tall man who called here a day or two ago."

"Ah, the one that looks so much like Ichabod Crane, I presume?" observed I.

"I don't know Mr. Crane," said Virginia.

"He is a Boston gentleman, I presume," said Miss Johnson; "and you surely cannot expect, Pauline, that Miss Percy should know anything about them."

"He is not a Boston gentleman," I replied, hesitatingly, half afraid to tell who he really was; "it is only a character in one of Irving's stories."

"Pauline," said Miss Johnson, seriously, "I wish to give you some advice. I hope you will not be offended with me; but it is all for your own good. If you ever expect to be married, or if you wish gentlemen to like you, you must leave off talking so much about books. So far as my experience goes, gentlemen like young ladies to be religious; nothing makes so good an impression on them as that; but they do not like them to read. They are afraid of you, if they think you read much; so, if you know your own interest, you will pay a little more attention to religion, and less to books."

Miss Johnson was interrupted in her edifying harangue by Elsie, who, thrusting her shining face into the room, said—

"Major Dillon come, Miss Pauline, and ben ask for you."

"Oh, do come in with me!" said I, imploringly, to Miss Johnson.

"No, indeed; do you think I would go to see a gentleman who has not sent for me?" was the reply.

"Won't you come, Tom?" and I turned to the more amiable Virginia.

"I cannot very well, dear, just now," replied she.

"I must finish this dress. I will come in as soon as it is done."

"Oh, what shall I do?" exclaimed I, perfectly overpowered at the thought of being obliged to receive and entertain by myself a strange gentleman. I should have refused to see him at all, only the idea of the ball-ticket he had brought for me nerved me to the great undertaking. "If I only knew what to say to him! What shall I say, Tom?"

"Oh, anything you happen to think of."

"I cannot think of anything."

"Well, tell him it is a very pleasant day."

"He waiting, missy," said Elsie, always smiling.

"I suppose I must go;" and I gave a hasty glance at the mirror, and rushed boldly towards the parlor. I stopped a moment at the door to gain courage; but, as I found quickly that moments so spent were worse than lost, I entered in an agony of bashfulness, which I felt even at my fingers' ends.

A figure commenced slowly rising as I appeared, and, in a few moments, having reached its full height, stretched out a long arm and grasped in his immense hand my red and trembling fingers, and bending on me a pair of kindly encouraging eyes—albeit rather of the fishy order—uttered, in a deep, sepulchral voice—

"Good evening, miss."

The sun was still bright in the western sky; but, as I learned afterwards, there is no afternoon at the South; the people there, whether it is owing to their fondness for extremes or not, I leave to wiser heads than mine to discover, rush at once from morning to night.

"Good evening," replied I.

"A very pleasant day, miss?"

"That is my speech," thought I; but I only answered, "Yes, sir."

There was a long silence. Deprived so entirely of my one idea, I sought in vain for another. I tasked uselessly my laboring brain; like Viola, the only answer it returned to my searchings was, "A blank, my lord;" and Major Dillon seemed equally at a loss. At last—

"I have brought you an invitation to the ball we expect to have next Tuesday," said he.

I bowed.

"I hope you will allow me to accompany you?" he continued.

"I should be very happy," replied I, blushing still more.

Another long silence. At length, Major Dillon perceived a backgammon-board on the piano.

"Can you play draughts?" he asked.

"A little," said I.

And so we sat down to try our good fortune at that innocent amusement. Which was successful, I do not remember; I am not certain that I knew then; but it helped wonderfully to pass off the time; and, half an hour having been spent under the pretence of pushing those harmless little black and white men about, Major Dillon rose to go. Just then, Virginia appeared at the door.

"Good evening, Miss Tom," said the major, solemnly.

"Are you going so soon, major? I was just coming in to have a little chat with you," said she, with so much ease and self-possession, that I looked upon her with wonder and admiration. Major Dillon was, of course, very sorry that he could not stay, but had some very important business engagement; that convenient excuse for all gentlemen, whether married or single.

"You will take tea with us on Tuesday night, will you not?" asked Virginia; "and we can all go together from here."

The major accepted the invitation, made his adieux, and departed, to my great relief.

I became acquainted with a number of the young ladies of Loudon during the few days preceding the ball, and the grand topic with them all was, of course, the dress to be worn on that important occasion.

"I wish I knew whether to wear my pink silk or blue crape," said Miss Bessy Moore. "I cannot decide which is the more becoming."

"All colors are equally becoming to me," said Narcissa Hunt, the belle of Loudon, so far as any one was the acknowledged beauty among so many young girls, nearly all with some claim to personal charms. She had been educated at a fashionable school in Philadelphia, and had returned with fourteen trunks filled with finery, a variety of airs and graces, all entirely new in that part of the country, and learned in all the accomplishments and sciences under the sun, except that most important one of all—one which a friend of mine calls "the power of retention." Hers might truly be called a transparent mind, and her own beauty, being the main subject of her thoughts, was often the theme of her discourse.

"What shall you wear, Pauline?" asked Virginia.

"My white muslin," said I, unhesitatingly. As it was the only dress I had, or expected to have, for such emergencies, I was freed from the trouble of deciding between opposing claims. While all the others were debating, and trying on, and perplexing

themselves about their outward adornment, my mind, at perfect rest, could expatiate at its own pleasure on the enjoyment in prospect. And I may as well state here that white muslin figured at all the parties in and around Loudon for more than a year; for, being at that time in blissful ignorance of the world and the world's ways, I had no idea that it was not considered *comme il faut* to wear the same dress two successive evenings. The main requisite for enjoyment in my mind, at that time, was, I confess, to have plenty of partners, and, as gentlemen were much more numerous than ladies in that part of the country, I had no difficulty in realizing my wishes.

The ball was to commence at seven o'clock, and, in order to be ready, we began our toilet directly after dinner. Virginia and I had, after the fashion of young girls, struck up a violent friendship, on the altar of which Virginia had sacrificed her feminine vanity to an extent that, I am afraid, will hardly be credited in this skeptical world. She had determined to dress as much like me as her wardrobe would permit, and, for the whole time during which my muslin dress flourished, she laid aside the pink, blue, buff, or lilac silks, with which her generous parents had provided her, and wore nothing but a plain white satin, the only white party-dress she had, made as simply as possible. Did Pythias do much more for Damon?

Our hair was arranged in what Mrs. Robinson called "a confusion of curls" on either side, each of us having exactly the same number of ringlets, a white rose and rosebud, with a few geranium-leaves, carefully counted, that one should not have more than the other, adorned our heads. Two similar little bouquets, that might have been stereotyped *fac-similes* of each other, were fastened on our dress in front; and, when we had finished, we resembled each other as much as a white satin can resemble a white muslin, or a little plump figure—I cannot find it in my heart to call myself "dumpy"—can a tall, graceful, fawn-like one.

There was still half an hour or more to be spent before it was time to go, and we seated ourselves by the fire waiting, in restless silence, for the slow-footed moments to pass. Presently, we heard a carriage drive up to the gate.

"That must be Mrs. Robinson," said Virginia; "she has come to 'patronize us,' as she calls it."

"Yes," replied I, "it is; I see a bright yellow dress and pink scarf that can belong to no one else. I only hope she will not call me her 'pretty prodigy,' as she did yesterday. I do not like the idea of being any one's *protégé*."

"Mrs. Robinson wants to see you, Miss Tom and Miss Pauline," said Elsie. And, obedient to the summons, we went to the parlor.

We found Major Dillon and Mr. Cuthbert, the gentleman who was to accompany Miss Percy, waiting there, with Mrs. Robinson, for our appearance.

The lady, after greeting us very warmly, examined us with the eye of a connoisseur.

"How very plainly you are dressed!" she exclaimed. "Have you no ornaments?"

"I have none," replied I; "and Virginia preferred not to wear hers on that account."

"Ah yes," said Mrs. Robinson. "Well, I thought perhaps a few trifles might be of service, and so I brought my jewel-box." And she opened a large case by her side, filled with the most showy and expensive ornaments. She displayed these temptingly before our admiring eyes; but tried uselessly to induce me to adorn myself with them. I had not read in vain the fable of the jay in borrowed plumage, and resisted steadily all entreaties, and even the subdued brilliancy of a set of diamonds and pearls that were held in every light before me.

"If you will not wear anything of mine, have you nothing of your own?" asked Mrs. Robinson, rather petulantly. "You must not go as you are; you look too simple."

"I have no ornaments at all," said I.

"Oh yes, you have," exclaimed little Imogene Percy, the youngest flower of the family, everybody's pet and plaything, and called, of course, Puss—what Southern family of any size has not a Puss among some of its members?—"oh yes, you have," said Puss; "don't you remember that box of pretty things I have just been looking at?"

"That is not a jewel-box, darling," said I.

"Ah, I have no doubt we shall find something useful for such emergencies," said Mrs. Robinson, smiling and nodding. "Run, Puss, and bring it."

"Oh no!" I cried. "There is really nothing in it. I would rather not have it brought."

But, at the first word from Mrs. Robinson, Puss had darted from the room, and returned almost immediately with a square box of moderate size.

"Bring it here, dear," said Mrs. Robinson. "Let us see if we cannot find something."

Though I was covered with blushes and confusion at the thought of the disclosure that was about to take place, yet a secret delight in the astonishment that awaited Mrs. Robinson at the sight of the contents of my jewel-box prevented me from making any farther opposition to their being displayed. They might safely be considered as a fair exponent of the various stages through which my mind had passed. Imogene had been amusing herself with them, and consequently they were in a state of great confusion when Mrs. Robinson's eyes first opened on them.

On the top lay several little articles ingeniously cut in wood, the work of a boy-lover of mine in my school-girl days, which he had given to me, with quantities of maple sugar and bits of bright-colored ribbons. The maple sugar and the ribbons had long disappeared, together with his love; but the thread-winders and needle-cases, cut with true Yankee

skill, were still cherished among my mementos. After these pledges of departed affection, came several shells, for I had had a passion for conchology; they were really very pretty, and somewhat valuable; but no one admired them excepting Imogene, who thought the box a far more wonderful one than Mrs. Robinson's. Next came some fine specimens of quartz, rock crystals, and mineral ores; for I had once taken a fancy to geology, and devoted myself to that science for three whole weeks with the most intense ardor.

"What pretty rocks!" exclaimed Imogene. They have no stones nor pebbles; nothing but rocks.

I had also been possessed, at one time, with a mania for collecting coins, and had quite a number, principally copper ones, in this universal receptacle. These were examined with more curiosity than the rest, though there was displayed a little boxful of dried insects, on opening which, Mrs. Robinson shrieked with horror; a small collection of autographs; some sea-mosses, prettily dried and arranged; and, at last, what I was accustomed to call my American antiquities—some of the heads of Indian arrows, that had been dug up on a farm of one of my relatives, a bullet from Bunker Hill, and a few other trifles valuable only from association. The arrow-heads were the only things which seemed to strike Mrs. Robinson.

"I have half a mind to ask you to give me one or two of these for Mr. Robinson's cabinet," said she, examining them.

"It will give me great pleasure, if you will accept them," I replied. "Has Mr. Robinson anything of a museum?"

"Oh no, only a few mooseyacs and other things he brought from Venus, when he returned last summer. The most interesting curiosity he has is a very old spinster."

"Is that considered a remarkable curiosity?" asked Mr. Cuthbert.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Robinson. "The one we have is said to be the one Queen Elizabeth played on in her imprisonment among the lions in the Tower. You know," turning to me, "the queen that Cromwell treated so badly, and that ran away with Charles, and afterwards was beheaded? I presume you know all about it."

I did not know whether to say yes or no, and so I merely bowed.

"History," continued Mrs. Robinson, delighted to hear herself talk, "I consider a most absorbing study. I have devoted myself to it lately entirely. I read several pages, or at least two, in it every day; and, as I think it important to be first well stored with the knowledge of our own country, I have begun with Knickerbocker's celebrated History of New York, as I was originally a native of that State. My ancestors came over there at least six hundred years ago, when it was all a howling wilderness, and for that reason I feel an interest in it; though I



have resided here since I attained the age of four months."

"Indeed!" said I, seeing I was expected to say something.

"Yes, my dear; but, if I sit talking much longer, I shall certainly subside, and it is time that we were thinking of going. So do make up your mind to wear some of my ornaments. I shall really be hurt, if you do not. Now, here is my favorite one; let me try it on."

And she pulled out a tiara of brilliants, that glittered like diamonds, though I presume they were only imitations. I shrank with evident reluctance at the idea of wearing so showy an ornament; but my weaker will yielded to Mrs. Robinson's importunity, and, placing it triumphantly on my head, she led me to a mirror. I gave one hasty glance, and, catching a glimpse of the flashing and glittering diadem that blazed remorselessly over my shrinking head, I exclaimed—

"I cannot wear it; indeed, I cannot."

"Oh, my dear, you have no idea what an addition it is to your improvement." And she appealed to the gentlemen.

Mr. Cuthbert said nothing; but Major Dillon was evidently struck.

"It is splendid!" said he.

That settled the matter; and, most unwillingly, I accepted my destiny, which seemed bent on making me a conspicuous object where I had hoped to glide along unobserved. My "greatness" was "thrust upon me," and I endured it in deep, though silent tribulation. Virginia, vexed at Mrs. Robinson's interference, and thus preventing us from appearing like twin roses on one stalk, wound a chain of pearls around her head to make the difference less striking; and, thus attired, we prepared to go.

"But you have had no tea, girls," said Mr. Roscoe, a jovial old gentleman, an uncle of Mr. Percy's, who was spending the evening there. "We left the table standing for you half an hour ago."

We both protested that we had not the slightest desire for any; nor could we, by any entreaties, be induced to touch a morsel.

"At any rate, then, drink a glass of wine," said he, turning some out from the decanters, that stood always filled on the sideboard. "Here, Miss Pauline, is to your two husbands!" And he filled a bumper for himself, and a glass not quite so full for me.

I hesitated a moment about drinking such a toast; it did not seem to me exactly proper; but, feeling that laughing eyes in all directions were bent on me, I swallowed the wine and the husbands, and hurried Major Dillon out of the room as soon as possible.

After we reached the hotel, Mrs. Robinson detained us some time in the dressing-room, till she had arranged her head-dress, that crowning finish

to her gorgeous attire. It was a blue and silver affair, with two long streamers on one side, and a drooping plume, that waved gracefully over her shoulder, on the other.

"I cannot let you outshine me, Pauline," said she, smiling and bridling, and we entered the ball-room, Mrs. Robinson mincing, and, to translate a very expressive Italian word, *peacocking* herself all the way up the long dancing-hall, followed by *mon petite moi-même*, leaning, or rather hanging on the arm of my tall cavalier, and feeling at every step as though my hold upon the earth was very insecure. But I soon forgot my own sensations in the scene that surrounded me. The room, a very large one, though quite low, was brilliantly lighted, and filled with gentlemen and ladies, all apparently bent on enjoying the few hours of pleasure to their fullest extent. There was no nonchalance in their movements, or haughty exclusiveness in their air or manner, nor any of those thousand and one exhibitions of pride and vanity that mar the pleasure of such assemblies in more sophisticated regions; and yet the ladies of the party might, in loveliness, grace, or taste in dress, have compared favorably with any assembly that I have since seen in either of the three largest Northern cities. Their gracefulness, evidently natural and untaught, was their most striking peculiarity; and I observed hardly one there whose hands and feet might not have been models for a sculptor, so unlike were they to the Northern ladies, among whom such beauties are remarkable for their rarity. The gentlemen, some of them at least, might perhaps have been improved by a little more polish; but, then, what part of the world is there of which the same might not be said? I remember that several of them were without gloves.

The young ladies were, as usual, generally dressed in white or pink; the only thing in which they had given free rein to their fancy was in the arrangement of their hair. If people have any eccentricities of character, they are sure to betray them by their hair or their caps. One young lady had brushed hers entirely off her face; Narcissa Hunt had concealed nearly all her beauty by bringing her dark tresses in two bands plastered flat to her face over each cheek and down quite to her chin, leaving only a narrow strip, the mere outline of her face, visible; another had covered her forehead and cheeks with quantities of little flat curls, called there *beau-catchers*, though I do not know that they fulfilled the promise implied in their name; and still another had filled her head with flowers of every hue, so that, to look down upon her from above, you would have imagined her to be an immense moving bouquet. They were natural flowers, besides, and, before the evening was over, they had faded, and hung drooping and withered about her ears, giving her a very forlorn appearance.

All these observations were the result of the few quiet moments I passed while Major Dillon was looking for a vacant place in some quadrille. As soon as I began to dance, I forgot everything else in the room. Sidney Smith says, "Mankind are always happier for having been happy," and I firmly believe, if that one evening should be blotted from my memory, one of my greatest pleasures would have disappeared with it. For I was in such a state of entire, yet bewildering enjoyment, that, on endeavoring to recall any incident that occurred, I find I can remember little else than that I danced heart and soul, and body, too, I suppose, though I was certainly unconscious of my body the whole evening. That I had partners, I assume to be a certain consequence of my dancing, as they are generally considered a necessary appendage to that amusement; besides, I remember being at one time engaged fifteen "deep," as we called it there; and, also, I recall several little disputes when I changed partners, as to which of the gentlemen was the one who had a right to claim me as his companion for the next dance, all which discussions I looked on as utterly irrelevant and useless.

Nothing is perfect, though, in this world, and I can recall one cloud that dimmed for a while my perfect enjoyment. It came in the shape of a partner who did not know the figure. Why will people undertake to dance without knowing how, and so plunge not only themselves, but their innocent companions in shame and confusion? All my nods and bows expended for his guidance were worse than useless, for they only increased his perplexity; and, besides, he did everything with such a flourish, that, evidently thinking that his duty was to keep me with him wherever he went, he dragged me into the strangest situations with the most irresistible and all obstacle-overcoming ardor. Every two or three minutes, he seemed to think it necessary to balance, or, as he called it, "set" to his partner, and, no matter whether we were *chassés*, or in the midst of lady's chain, or in any other part of the figure, he would cut two or three pigeon-wings, seize me by both my hands, and whirl me round, holding me so firmly all the time, and dancing so unceasingly, that I could only release myself with great difficulty. When we came to the jig, always danced at Loudon with spirit, he persisted in following me round the whole quadrille, and *balancing* with me to each gentleman, notwithstanding my earnest exhortations to him to go back to his place; and, when it came to his turn to leave me and pay his devoirs to each lady, not an inch would he stir, but remained cutting pigeon-wings unceasingly by my side, and turning me whenever he found an opportunity. I felt more like a teetotum than anything else, when, at last, I found myself released from him. I have never seen him since; but, if he has made as devoted a husband as he was a partner, his wife is indeed blest.

The supper-table was spread with a more substantial repast than is usual in our Northern cities; instead of jellies or ice-creams, there were huge pyramids of cakes of all descriptions, floating islands, whips, custards, and a variety of other articles, all made by the people in the house. There was a side-table, patronized chiefly by the gentlemen, covered with roasted turkeys, chickens, and ducks, not failing, of course, in that favorite dish of every true-hearted Southerner, a boiled ham. There was also a sideboard, which Father Matthew would have groaned over, and with good reason, if he could have seen it.

The meagreness of my description of the supper-table will be accounted for, when I confess that I did not remain in the room but for a few moments. I felt that my time was too precious to be wasted in eating and drinking, duties which I faithfully performed three times every day, and I soon returned to the dancing-hall. It did not seem to me that I had been there long before Mrs. Robinson came sailing up to me. My heart sank, for fear she was intending to ask me to accompany her home; but, to my relief, she said—

"I am sorry to leave you so promiscuously, my dear; but I am very much fatigued, and must tell you good-night."

"Is it late?" asked I.

"It is only about twelve, so I won't ask you to go with me. Tom will wait for you, and Major Dillon will take good care of you."

The major bowed, and I remarked that I was sorry she should have tired herself so early, and surprised, too, as she had not been dancing.

"But, my dear, I have been galloping up and down the room; and, if I had been pressed in a precipice, I could not feel more weary." And she disappeared from my sight among the throng of dancers, who had again filled the floor.

Virginia soon became too much fatigued to dance also; but she very considerably seated herself in a quiet corner, where I could not see her, and therefore should not be induced to leave on her account. But, between one of the changes of the quadrilles, as I was promenading round the room with Major Dillon, I discovered her sitting pale and patient, but very sleepy. I flew up to her, and asked her if she thought we had not better go home. This was an instance of great self-denial on my part, which I hope the sympathizing reader will appreciate. She thought we had, and appealed to Major Dillon, who was also looking a little under the influence of Morpheus. He pulled out his watch, an immense silver one, and observed that it was nearly three. Obeying that gentle intimation, with reluctant steps and backward-looking eyes, I followed Virginia to the dressing-room.

And so ended my first and last ball; for the sake of which, and from the recollection of the almost unalloyed pleasure I derived from it, I have never

been able to sympathize with the denunciations of many good people against dancing. There may be, and doubtless are, some good objections to it;

but I know, by my own experience, that it is possible to extract the honey and leave the poison untouched.

## AUTHENTIC PARTICULARS OF ALARMING DISTURBANCES CONSEQUENT ON THE LATE MEN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION AT ———.

BY CHERICOT.

We hasten to lay before our readers a correct account of a terrible excitement among the ladies, caused by the imprudent and impolitic demonstrations of hostility made by the other sex at their late convention in the city of ———. Vague rumors of an alarming character have reached us, from time to time, since that occurrence, for, though a strange and ominous calm prevailed after the sudden and stormy dispersion of the meeting, it was well known to many that the women held continual and secret councils together, from which, events of a startling nature might be expected to result.

We now present to the public the letters and report of our correspondent as they have successively reached us by telegraph, trusting that the disastrous consequences he seems to anticipate may yet be averted by timely and proper concessions on the part of the gentlemen.

*June 1st, 1852, 10 o'clock A. M.*

DEAR SIR: When I sent to you, in April, a detailed account of the Men's Rights Convention in this place, I privately expressed to you my fears that the gentlemen in question were acting very unadvisedly in thus hastily and openly defying their ruling powers. The nature of the resolutions passed at that meeting, the coercive measures suggested and approved, and the angry feelings displayed in the inflammatory speeches then and there delivered, must, to a reflecting and unbiassed mind, appear sufficient cause for the great excitement now prevailing among the injured ladies. An outbreak is momentarily anticipated, as the town is crowded with the irritated wives and female connections of the offending parties, and agitating and terrible anxieties are aroused when we recall the truth of the poet's beautiful saying, that

"A place not to be mentioned to ears polite knows no fury like a woman scorned."

Through the kindness of a friend in the enemy's camp, I am promised a seat at the meeting, which takes place to-morrow, consisting principally of those ladies who considered themselves personally aggrieved by the proceedings of the Men's Convention, and, though the undertaking is exceedingly perilous, as I can expect no mercy should I be discovered, I cheerfully brave the danger in the

hope of being able to send you a correct report of all that transpires on this interesting occasion.

I am, etc.

CHERICOT.

*6 o'clock P. M.*

The panic continues to increase, and many of the male inhabitants are precipitately leaving the place, terrible alarm having arisen from the sudden disappearance of all the gentlemen who compromised themselves so seriously at the late Convention. Their wives and relatives have been questioned, but positively refuse to give any information respecting them, and imagination dares not dwell on their probable fate. As most of them were delegates to the Democratic Convention, and it was supposed that our brave and distinguished countryman, General Bluster, had a fair chance of being nominated for the Presidency, you may have a faint idea of the prevailing consternation. How will all this end? What will, what can become of the Democratic Platform if its strongest props are thus suddenly torn away? I pause for a reply.

*June 2d, 1852.*

No further discoveries having been made last evening, I deferred writing again until I could transmit you a full and authentic account of this day's proceedings, which have been even more exciting and interesting than I expected.

The ladies met at 10 o'clock this morning in Independence Hall, when the house was called to order, and a nominating committee appointed, which reported the following persons to be officers of the convention:—

President, Mrs. H. P. Husband; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. G. W. P. H. I. R. Powhatan, Mrs. Cotte Bettie, Mrs. Easyled, Mrs. Sucker; Secretaries, Mrs. Hoosier, Mrs. Buckeye, Mrs. Bluster, and Miss Pattie Prettywhim.

The meeting being organized, the President, Mrs. H. P. Husband, proceeded to read an introductory address:—

"Ladies, the object of this meeting is not only to vindicate and maintain our rights, but also to notice more particularly the insulting and infamous attempts to subvert our liberties made in the very place where we have now met to assert our privileges. I propose to read an account of the disgrace-

ful proceedings to which I allude, and shall then offer such remarks as the subject suggests, trusting your enlightened wisdom will lead you to reflect on our most hazardous position, and that the result of your deliberations will be the proposal of an effectual remedy for our unheard-of wrongs."

(Here Mrs. Husband read an account of the Men's Rights Convention, as reported in our April number, which was received with groans, hisses, and cries of "shame! shame!")

Mrs. Husband continued: "If your feelings generally, ladies, are so affected by this unprovoked assault, what must be the emotions of those among us who are connected by the closest ties with the prime-movers of those seditious measures!

"Thank Heaven! I am a strong-minded woman, and can survive the disgrace; and, had the three unfortunate Mrs. Wumenheyters also been (as I could devoutly wish) strong-minded women, they might have been living to grace this assembly in defiance of their cruel persecutor. He, however, has lived to be punished for his misdeeds, if woman's wit and woman's will can compass it.

"As for Mr. Husband, I can excuse him. You know, ladies, 'no man is a hero to his wife.' He is a harmless sort of person; easily managed, unless he gets into the hands of bad advisers. It shall be my business to see that he does not again offend, and that he makes proper apologies to you all for his misconduct. In reference to the sublime object that now occupies us, I have some remarks to offer, to which I invite your indulgent attention.

"The history of woman, from creation to the present time, has been a sorrowful record of tyrannical oppression. Meek and submissive under the most dreadful wrongs; self-denying and self-sacrificing for the sake of those who do not appreciate her virtues, she has been a spectacle at which 'a world might weep.' Look at the events of past ages! Behold Eve, our first mother, who, because of an act of the most sublime disinterestedness, has been a mark for the scorn and aversion of her posterity; for why did she partake of the forbidden fruit? Ladies, she saw Adam dying for it, without the courage to taste; and, like a true woman, for his sake assumed the responsibility, and meekly bore the blame; while, faithful to the instincts of his sex, he accused her to shield himself. When Lot's curiosity to know what was passing at Sodom was overpowered by his fear of the consequences, did not his faithful wife gratify it, and bear the penalty? But why multiply such cases? The records of woman teem with them, and it is superfluous to recur to them. The time has arrived to define our position, to redress our wrongs, establish our rights, and make our declaration of independence before the world. If all men are created free and equal, we are created their superiors; and as they seem, through our own blamable supineness, to have doubted the fact, it is time to make them know it."

Mrs. Powhatan, a languid-looking, graceful lady, said, in a listless tone: "As my health is very delicate, I must beg the ladies to pardon my remaining seated while I make a few remarks. My nerves are in such a state that I really could not have undertaken to travel so far North, greatly as I sympathize with the important object you have in view, if I had not wished to show my sex and the world at large what a thorough contempt I have for Mr. Powhatan and his assertions. It was with many misgivings that I permitted him to attend the Men's Convention, and I expressly stipulated that he was to say nothing derogatory to me or the ladies of Virginia. As he has thought proper to abuse my condescension by describing us as mere machines, I must assert solemnly that we are at least the motive power which keeps the domestic and political economy in activity. The only truth he told was the facts of our belonging to the very first family in Virginia, our royal descent, and our aristocratic connections. I am proud to add that our cousin, Queen Victoria, sets us an example worthy of imitation in her management of her husband. Let us benefit by it." Here Mrs. Powhatan sank back with a sigh of exhaustion, and resigned herself to the care of her attendants, one of whom supported her head, another rubbed her feet, a third fanned her, and a fourth held a smelling-bottle to her nose.

Mrs. Easyled, of Tennessee, remarked "that she had not come here to vindicate herself from the aspersions cast upon her by her husband, for in truth she was little in the habit of regarding anything he said. In fact, he had shown his docility in acknowledging her legitimate authority, and she thought he deserved some commendation for opposing Dr. Singleman's sanguinary intentions. One plain inference from the men's proceedings was that we had allowed them too much liberty, and are now suffering the effects of that indulgence. Dr. Singleman was a crabbed old bachelor, and, as his remarks proved, very green; but what else could be expected from the State of Vermont? She wished to take this opportunity of acknowledging the gratitude of the ladies to Horace Greeley, of the 'New York Tribune,' for the interest he had shown in their cause, and the obloquy he had endured for his adherence to it. He could afford, she thought, to disregard the invidious reflections on his costume, for all present would agree with her that his old white hat covered more brains than all the black ones at the late convention." (Great applause, and universal cries of assent.)

Several ladies now arose at once to address the meeting, and much disturbance ensued; but quiet was at length restored, and Mrs. Buckeye allowed to speak, which she did as follows:—

"Our attention, I think, ought to be principally directed to the melancholy truth that, while men enjoy all the pleasures of life, we have all the pains except champagne, which they keep entirely for

their own use. Whilst we drudge at home, ministering to their whims and caprices in the menial capacities of cooks, housemaids, and nurses, they lounge in their stores and offices, smoking and chewing tobacco, or, worse still, imbibing lager beer and consuming Dutch cheese and pretzels. All offices of omolument are appropriated by them; the privileges of the ballot-box are theirs alone; the bar, the pulpit, and, until lately, the medical profession, are theatres of action where woman has no right to play her part. I ask, is this to be borne? Are we to continue to yield to our tyrants, or, by bold, vigorous, and concerted measures, throw off the yoke, declare our freedom, and compel them to change situations with us? I am aware some of our own sex are so degenerate as to oppose this sublime movement; faint, weak, timid, without the courage to follow our example, they are influenced by the hired and venial press, which is constantly attacking us. They ask how, with our fragile frames and constitutions, we shall endure the labor and hardship of many of the occupations pursued by men? We answer that we have never contemplated such folly, we intend only to superintend those operations, while the men, as heretofore, do all the hard and dirty work. One lady inquires why she should go to the polls, when she controls seven votes by remaining at home? Miserable sophistry! Why shouldn't she go to the polls and give the eighth vote herself?"

Mrs. Bluster said: "I reckon everybody knows what trouble I've had with the General, and how I can't take my eyes off him a minute, without his sneakin' away and gettin' me into a scrape. Before the wimmen got up this here notion of our rights, I had kinder sorter made up my mind to keep him at home altogether to nurse the children, and do up chores; but now I'm determined on it, and nothin' sha'n't stop me. Now 's the time or never, as Mrs. Buckeye says, for us to have a vote and take our turn in grabbin' the spiles of office. Look what a state of sin and misery things is in. The post-office is delivered to the *males*, the chiefs of all the bureaux is men instead of wimmen; and what 's the consequence? We can't draw nothin' out of 'em. They don't even give us the Home Department. My idee is, we should call ourselves independent right away, run up a platform without no compromise, jine together, seize all the men, lay heavy duties on 'em, and keep 'em under Domestic Protection." (Hear, hear, and shouts of approbation resounded from all parts of the house.)

Mrs. Sucker, a pallid lady, shaking so with the ague she could scarcely speak, said: "Sucker told the men I hadn't the spirit of a mouse. Well, maybe I ha'n't; any how, I've got enough to manage him. I'm thankful to say he 's got the ager himself, and if he ever gits well he 'll find I'm off, and,

If I am allus shakin',  
I'll never be taken.

I think, like Mrs. Bluster, that we had oughter to have a platform, and stand no nonsense on it."

Mrs. Hoosier remarked "that she felt terrible bad at standin' up to speak afore so many folks, as it was what she wan't by no means used to, but she reckoned it would feel easier after a while, as she meant to talk whenever she got a chance. Wimmen was so trampled upon that they hadn't never got to stand up for their rights; but she was thankful sich things was a comin' to an end, when they could run their lengths without bein' put a stop to. Hoosier had riled her considerable by what he said at that 'ere foolish meetin', and for the sake of her gals as was a shootin' up fast, she was goin' to make a report of her sentiments, and blow away the nonsense he had filled people's ears with. Tharfor, she 'd speak out plain, and tell 'em that in futur' he and the boys was to do all the work in the cabin and out of it; oorn dodgers and cracklins was to be *his* business; and she and the gals had nigh calkerlated to try the shootin' and fishin.' She wanted just to say that she, for one, was a goin' to take a stand on that 'ere platform with the rest on 'em, and never git off of it till she stepped into a office."

Mrs. Whittle now came forward, and made the following eloquent oration:—

"Placed as I am in a most unprecedentedly-painful position by the remarkably-singular proceedings of Mr. Whittle; heart sensitive, when I transcendently reflect upon the tremendously-important consequences the soul-enlightened deliberations of this wonderfully-illuminated assemblage of supernaturally-informed females are, morally speaking and intellectually thinking, likely to have upon the cloud-obscured and black-pennumbrated future, I must entreat the intense sympathy and mild-cheering indulgence of my hearers to my faint-whispered utterance of the upward aspirations and ascending scintillations of my earth-clogged spirit. Soaring in the blue ether of full-expansive thoughts, bathing the pinions of my mounting-heavenward intelligence in the balm-redolent atmospheres of—of—a—a—" (here Mrs. Whittle, who had got so high up that she didn't exactly see her way clear to the earth again, let herself down in a furious dissolving flood of tears, which carried resistlessly away the deep sympathies of the audience.) "Oh! sisters of my soul," sobbed she, when she had picked up the thread of her ideas, "worldly language fails to express the high-exalted point at which I am upward tending! Let, then, my appropriately-offered apology be that, when earnest discussing the elevating, heart-subduing cause of our down-trodden sex, the ever-running, overflowing emotions of my pent-up bosom must find sorrowful vent in an up-springing fountain of wild-despairing tears. Mr. Whittle's homely designation of what he terms the appropriate sphere of our etheralized sex must be soul-aborrent to you and anger-inspiring to me. What! shall we, the refined intelligences of this earthly planet, be

made to be debase our towering aspirations, and be ignominiously forced to extricate from soilful adherence the tear-exciting New-England-beloved vegetable, vulgarly yelegt onion? Shall our delicate digitals, heaven-destined to nobler purposes than mind-debased man can comprehend, be employed in the contemptible conglomeration of snow-white farina, sparkling-pure water, and the golden-colored product of the cow, to produce crust? Shall our fair arms, instead of being upward-flung in frantic grief at our unheard-of, Heaven-resented wrongs, be moved to and fro in the assiduous combination of discordant materials, squash pie called? Forbid it, maternal earth! forbid it, shuddering skies! forbid it, horror-struck, yawning nature!" (Here the yawns of the audience, in audible sympathy with nature, gave Mrs. Whittle a hint to curb her transports.) "Friends of my heart!" she continued, "partners of my lofty hopes, I will but request your serious-composed attention to a few additional observations, and then I shall cease to weary your angelic, Job-like, Moses-meek patience. I would ask if any among you have perused the wonderful revelations made in now-revolving times from the spiritual-immaterial-intangible world to the benighted dwellers in this orb terrene? Have you, beloved partakers of my destined crusade against tyrannous men—have you, I ask, heard the most inconceivable revealings of the life led by our happy sex in the radiant sphere of Venus, that brightest planet in heaven's darkly, deeply, beautifully blue vault? Some pitying spirit, weeping briny tears over the deserted desolation of women here below, tells us that: 'Venus has a truly republican form of government. On this beautiful planet tyranny and oppression are unknown; here the sexes are on an equal footing. Women go to the polls and vote, and can also hold offices under government. The consequence is that they are more strong-minded and intelligent than the females of your mundane sphere.'"

"Now, sister spirits, will you not emulate this starry example? Will you not even excel it, and, instead of low abasing yourselves to the ignoble level of your Nicotian-weed-loving, alcohol-imbibing Neros, soar far above them into the limitless infinitude of transcendental etheralization, alighting on the Mont Blanc summit of exalted wisdom, and stern-compelling them lowly to bow to the severe castigation of their horror-inspiring, past-mind-conceiving criminality?"

With this sublime climax, Mrs. Whittle put a period to her eloquence, and, unable, after such a feast of reason, and such a flow of soul, to descend to meaner things, the meeting adjourned until nine o'clock to-morrow. The friend who procured me access to this Convention assures me that the inte-

resting orator's florid wealth of language was acquired during a recent visit to England, where she was in constant association with the sublimely-incomprehensible poetess, Lady Emeline Stuart Wortly, and the world-renowned Thomas Carlyle. She also informs me that no one appears to understand Mrs. Whittle since her return home but Mr. Emerson. We hope, therefore, that distinguished personage will do his fair friend the justice to translate her speech for the benefit of your readers.

Up to this hour, nothing has been heard of the missing gentlemen.

*Four o'clock in the afternoon.*

Shortly after the transmission of my last report, a great crowd collected around the mayor's office, in consequence of a rumor that some startling discoveries had been made, and, on inquiry, I heard that a little boy had left a note at the police station, and then precipitately retreated. The missive in question bore the signature of General Boanerges Bluster, who stated that he had been put in bodily fear by the awful threats of his wife, who had kept him locked up two days on a diet of bread and water. He pathetically appealed to his fellow-citizens for help, emphatically heading his eloquent application with "Democrats, to the rescue!" Such a powerful sensation was created that it was with difficulty the crowd could be prevented rushing *en masse* to the assistance of the imprisoned martyr. A detachment of police was sent to the designated place (one of our principal boarding-houses), and here, after some opposition from the landlady (who is evidently in league with the enemy), the stairs were ascended, and the attic, where the brave hero of Indian Wars was confined, pointed out. But an unexpected obstacle presented itself in the shape of a young Miss of fourteen, who was posted on the landing-place as sentinel, and who obstinately refused admission to the police. Reluctant to use force, the officer resorted to persuasion.

"My little dear," pleaded he, "let us pass."

"Don't fawn upon me," retorted the spirited young lady; "my name's Amandy Malviny Fitz-allan Bluster, and mar put me here to keep par 'is and everybody else out, and I'm just a goin' to do it," brandishing a pair of scissors in such alarming juxtaposition to the officer's face that he was fain to retreat some steps from the juvenile jailer. At this crisis, the door slightly opened, and, with heroic disregard of self, the pale face of the brave Bluster appeared, and his trembling voice exclaimed, "Take care on yourselves, folks; she's a vinomous little reptyle, and would as lieve kill you as look at you. Ta'n't no use tryin' it without the military—" (Here Miss Amandy Malviny made such a decided demonstration at the door that it shut suddenly, while the police retreated, in a disorderly manner, down stairs, without any regard to precedence.) The town is in a tumult, and no one seems to know how

\* Vide November number of "Buchanan's Journal of Man."

to act. The sheriff ordered out the military, but they refused to parade, on the ground that it was not right to face the ladies. The mayor has called a meeting of the city councils, and they are now in secret session with closed doors.

*9 o'clock in the evening.*

The mayor and councils have just published a placard, announcing that they hold it to be their duty to consult the safety of the many in preference to that of the few, and they will, therefore, not interfere, but let the women manage their own business. The public is exhorted to remain tranquil and await the course of events, which an Irish citizen has just assured the crowd means, "if you can't be aisy, be as aisy as you can."

*June 3d, 1852.*

The Convention was called to order by the President, and, on motion of Mrs. Buckeye, a committee of five was appointed to draw up a Declaration of Independence.

Mrs. Cotte Bettie then stood up on the platform, and introduced to the notice of the meeting an Indian squaw wrapped in a scarlet blanket, who signified her wish to say a few words.

"Ei-no-moor-den-u, or Little Gray Mare, has come to sing in the ears of her pale-faced sisters that what they do is very good. Waw-tu-no-how-te-mata is great brave, has many scalps in the wigwam, brings Little Gray Mare much venison and buffalo hump, plenty to eat, very good; but Big Bulldog lazy, very; make squaw draw water, pound hominy, hoe corn, sow moccasin, and carry papoose. Ei-no-moor-den-u give Waw-tu-no-how-te-mata plenty fire-water, him sleep strong, tie him tight, run away, never go back no more, but stay and help her pale-face sisters tie their braves tight."

The squaw modestly moved aside, and, when the applause with which her speech was received had somewhat subsided, Mrs. Cotte Bettie expressed herself greatly delighted with the untalented eloquence and simple sagacity of their Indian sister, and thought they might all profit by her suggestions. Indeed, it might now be acknowledged that they had anticipated some of her ideas, as the actors in the late gross assault upon their privileges had most of them been secured. She congratulated her audience on the good effects which had already resulted from this bold stroke against their husbands, for it had terrified the rest of their foes into a declaration of non-intervention, which she hailed with delight as an omen of good days coming. She could affirm that the dawn of woman's restoration to her rights was hourly growing brighter in the horizon of Delaware, and she had little doubt that the next Presidential election would take place with female candidates. The happily stringent laws of her native State—its whipping-posts and stocks—offered every facility towards completing the conquest of the men,

and effecting the female millennium. She would only add that, before the members of the Convention separated for their different homes, Mr. Cotte Bettie, with the other prisoners, would be brought before them, when they would publicly apologize for their misdemeanor.

Mrs. Tabitha Higgins said: "I hadn't calkerlated to say a word at this meetin', bein' as I'm a widdier, and done with all my own troubles, but I've always made it a pint to look after other people's business, so I came here to see what you was about, and I've really been quite took aback by one thing, which is that none of you ha'n't never spoke a word about the very worst of the men's doins—I mean the way they keep their secrets all to thomselves, so that we can't get a inklin' of 'em. It's unknown what I suffered while my husband was alive, cause he wouldn't never tell me nothin', and dear, dear (here Mrs. Higgins wiped her eyes), no one can tell what trouble it's give me since because it's too late to make him. What a blessed thing it would have been for me if you'd got up this notion of our rights sooner; but I suppose it wasn't to be, so I'll just give you a hint to take warning and not to let 'em off by no means till they tell you everything. Fust, I want to know the Mason's secret about buildin' up their lodges, which I think oughter be free to all the women, and hereafter grand mistresses and no masters, which will make sure that what's done under roofs will be told on house-tops. Next, it's high time to be even with the Odd Fellows, and give independent orders to the I. O. O. F.s to mind their Ps and Qs, which they must obey to the letter. I'm doubtful scrupulous about the Sons of Temperance; but I guess the Daughters of Temperance will take care of *them*; so they're safe enough. I hope this meetin' won't take offence at my puttin' in my word, for it makes me feel a deal comfortable to discharge my duty and report my ideas, which I hope 'll flash convincin' on your mind, and lighten your proceedin's."

Mrs. Higgins had, indeed, made such a strong impression on the feelings of her audience, that an immediate and unanimous vote of thanks was made to her, by acclamation, for recalling to the recollection of the Convention a duty which had been so unaccountably forgotten and neglected. A committee was instantly appointed to remedy this omission, and to concert measures for accomplishing the wishes of the curious Mrs. Tabitha Higgins.

Mrs. Husband read the following letter from Mrs. Bowiekknife, of Texas:—

DEAR FRIENDS: I deeply grieve that distance divides us, and prairies roll between, while running rivers racing to the ocean hinder the accomplishment of my heart's desire, which would be to share your perils in your glorious onslaught on the dastard oppressors of our sex. But I shall fly to you on the wings of fancy, and, in imagination, imbibe the outpourings of your spirits, which I doubt not will be

full of intoxicating eloquence. Accept my dearest sympathies, and the assurance of my ardent attachment to the cause. I regret to say I must warn the Convention to place no confidence in Mr. Bowie-knife, who is a gay deceiver, for Texas is by no means so pleasant a place as he represents it to be; besides which, his heart and arms are mine, as his lawful wife, and he had no business to offer them to other people: but I know you will properly reprove his impertinence. Mrs. Placer, of California, who is on a visit to me, desires me to say that, if you can catch her husband, she has not the least objection to your trying a halter on him, as she wants to get out of the noose of matrimony.

Ever yours, BELINDA BOWIEKNIFE.

The next letter that was read was from Mrs. Pinckney, of South Carolina, who expressed herself deeply mortified at Mr. Pinckney's course in the Men's Convention, and the manner in which he had compromised himself and her. If the ladies of Carolina were obliged to secede from union with the gentlemen of that and the other Southern States represented by Mr. Pinckney, it would be entirely his fault, as the extreme measures proposed by him forced them, in self-defence, to nullify his acts. As to the fugitive women's bill, it was easier passed than executed; and, should Congress attempt to enforce it, she wished them, and all other pursuers of their oppressed sex, "short shoes and long corns."

This sentiment was responded to with three cheers by the excited ladies, after which Mrs. Patrick O'Dougherty, of St. Louis, addressed them in a rich and racy brogue.

"I think shame of that craythur Pathrick for makin' sich an omadhawn of himself at the Men's Convintion, talkin' and spachefyin' about his Molly Astore and his Cruiskeen Lann. He'd better not let me catch him wid ailer of 'em. Sure, when he's got the drink in, the wit's out; and that's the rasin the craythur compared the likes of us wid an Irish pig, for he very well knows that pigs have a dale finer time of it than wimmen. So plaise ye, ladies, not to mind his blarney, for sure he's a deceiver, and Biddy O'Dougherty (that's meself) wouldn't cry her eyes out if he was under the sod, where it's wishin' he was I am. Any how I'll take my lave on him, and stand right forinist him on that platform you're goin' to rare up, and then we'll see how he does be gettin' on all alone by himself, with his frind and pitcher."

Miss Patty Prettywhim, a lively adolacious beauty of eighteen, attired in a bewitching Bloomer costume, which displayed to advantage her sylph-like form and small feet, now bounded on the stand, and, in gay tones, addressed the assembly:—

"If the ladies will excuse my inexperience, I will just give them my opinion on the cause which has brought us together, and I hope my youth will not detract from the soundness of my advice, for really

I flatter myself I am quite forward for my years. This meeting, I believe, is for the purpose of enforcing our rights and subduing the men, which, so far as I am concerned, is quite useless, for I assure you, ladies, I never had any trouble in making them all do as I like." (Here Miss Patty tapped her boot with her cane, and with a saucy smile continued:) "In fact, their conquest is easy, for, after all, they are harmless creatures, and soon managed when you know the secret. Ladies, I'll tell it to you in four words—'flatter them, and feed them;'" and, with a merry air, Miss Patty sprang from the platform and ensconced herself in the crowd, where loud cries of "conceited chit," and "vain flirt," proved that her suggestions had not been very graciously received, which, however, did not seem to disconcert her in the least, as she walked carelessly whistling to the door, where Mr. Brass Blackstone took her arm and accompanied her home.

The Committee on the Declaration of Independence now reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

*Resolved*, That, in the course of human events, it has become necessary for woman to untie the Gordian knot that binds her to the will of man, and to assume the exalted station assigned her by the provisions of Nature and the law of right.

*Resolved*, That we hold these truths to be self-evident, that woman was created superior to man, and that she is endowed with certain inalienable rights, the most important of which is the right to her own way.

*Resolved*, That, to secure the liberty of doing as she likes, she is perfectly justified in rebelling against the despotism that would curb her reasonable desires.

*Resolved*, That woman has hitherto chosen rather to suffer than to assert her natural superiority to her tyrant, man; but it is now her right, her duty, to throw off her trammels and declare herself free.

*Resolved*, That man has engrossed every privilege, and forbidden her any pleasure; that, while he frequents clubs, theatres, and other places of public amusement, woman must stay at home and work for him.

*Resolved*, That he considers woman to have no part in her own property nor in his, and that he has acted on the principle that, "what's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own," which compels woman, in her own defence, to hold on to all she can get.

*Resolved*, That he reserves to himself the right of suffrage, thus preventing woman from righting her suffering.

*Resolved*, That he monopolizes all offices and all the emoluments thereof, yet constantly complains when woman puts her hand in his pockets.

*Resolved*, That he holds woman's patience to be a virtue that is to be always tried, never found wanting, yet never rewarded.

*Resolved*, That, as a lover, he exalts woman above the stars, while, as a husband, he conceives her mis-



sion to be a descent into the kitchen; that he expects her to sew on his buttons and darn his hose; yet never permits her to wear out his old clothes.

*Resolved*, That woman will never be properly appreciated until she thinks more of herself, and that this long train of abuses renders female emancipation immediately necessary, to effect which desirable result woman must make herself master of man.

*Resolved*, That though man may be physically stronger, he is morally weaker than woman, and may, therefore, be easily subdued through this weakness, and frightened into submission by prompt and energetic measures.

*Resolved*, Therefore, that we hereby publish and declare that we are and ought to be of right free and independent; that we are absolved from all obedience to our tyrant man; that we have full power to vote, hold offices, use our own money, levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things that we may think proper, to which we pledge ourselves, in spite of our husbands and all the men in the world.

Mrs. Husband made a speech on the foregoing resolutions, and concluded with saying: *This*, ladies, is the glorious assertion of our rights; the stupendous platform on which we take our stand, and, should it ever be overthrown, may we be buried in its ruins! But that can never happen, for it will become firmer as ages roll away, and our female posterity will bless us for having reared it. I grieve that I must now recall your attention to meaner things, as the offenders against our dignities are in an adjoining room, awaiting your leisure to receive their concessions. I shall now, with your permission, have them brought in.

The President whispered to some of the ladies near her, who left the hall and presently returned with the crestfallen gentlemen, who, as their names were called, successively came forward.

Mr. H. P. Husband, as he prepared to address the ladies, cast a timid glance at the President, who, in rather an audible tone, bade him "not to make a fool of himself," which doubtless caused the extreme nervousness that characterized his demeanor during the following speech:—

"It is my intention, ladies, to say a few words only, for I have not the indelicate wish to make a vain display on this occasion. I know that my fate will meet with sympathy from my fellow-men, and that my efforts in the noble and just cause of their rights will, by them, be duly appreciated.

"With them I leave my memory, my sentiments, and my acts, proudly feeling that they need no vindication from me this day. The liberty of man has been my fatal dream."

"Well, my dear," interposed Mrs. Husband, "it's time to wake up from it, for we can't stay here all day and listen to you; so make your apology at once."

The disconcerted gentleman muttered some words which could not be distinguished, and made a hasty retreat. (We would draw the attention of the reader to the fact that Mr. Husband seems to have an intense admiration of the Irish patriot Meagher, as, in the above address, he has adopted both his words and his ideas, and doubtless, if not interrupted, would have given the public the whole of that gentleman's speech when arraigned before the British tribunal. Perhaps, however, it is no plagiarism, but merely a singular coincidence.)

Mr. Wumenheyter, after much resistance, was finally forced to the front of the platform, where he reluctantly confessed that, of all the humbugs peculiar to New York, he was the greatest.

Mr. Pinckney seceded from his seditious sentiments, and apologized to the assembly for his aspersions and assaults.

Mr. Whittle promised "to stay to hum in futur, and never be such a right-on-end fool as to meddle with the women."

Mr. G. W. P. H. I. R. Powhatan was compelled to come forward; but, as he would not condescend to apologize, he was taken back till his pride should have a fall.

Dr. Singleman promised henceforth to torture his own patients, and not to try the patience of the ladies.

Mr. Easyled said it was a pleasure to submit to his wife and make concessions to the ladies. He begged to offer them his congratulations on the independence they had this day achieved; but here Mrs. Easyled ordered him to mind his own business and get out of the way, which command he promptly obeyed.

Mrs. Hoosier mentioned that she had left Hoosier at home to mind the cabin; but he told her to say that he begged all their pardons.

Mrs. Sucker stated that Sucker had the fever and ager, and couldn't come, but she'd answer for his peaceableness.

Mrs. Husband explained that they couldn't produce Captain Salt, as he was off on a whaling voyage; but, if they could catch him on his return, he would assuredly be tarred and feathered. She would also observe that, if Mr. Placer had not been among the missing, it would have been a pleasure to comply with his wife's request, and hang him.

Mr. Cotte Bettie said that the fact he had asserted on a late occasion, that "Delawarians were true Blue, that they always were and always would be Blue," must now be his justification to the ladies—as he could not have been so rash as to offend them had he not been very blue indeed.

Mr. Bowieknef entreated the ladies to pardon him if he had offended, and deprecated their being prejudiced against him and Texas by the misrepresentations of his wife. He could assure them his love was extended enough to embrace her and all of them.

Mrs. O'Dougherty informed the Convention that "Patrick, the craythur, was so overcome by the sperit that he could naythur walk nor spake; but *she'd* kape him from evermore spiting them."

General Bluster was carried forward by Mrs. Bluster, who supported him in her arms while he said: "I'm quite riled at myself for givin' Mrs. Bluster and the rest on you all this trouble, and I reckon I won't never do it agin. I'll gin up all

politics and offices. I'll let the Democratic platform hold itself up, and the milentary git another general. I'll stay at home and never make no more speeches till Mrs. Bluster runs for President, when I'll stump for her through all Kaintack." The general wanted to say more, but Mrs. Bluster carried him off; the other gentlemen retreated, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

## COUGHT A MARRIED WOMAN TO HOLD PROPERTY?\*

"Why should not females be instructed in their social rights, and in the means of preserving what is their own? and why should they be so deprived of the benefit of knowing that they can protect themselves against the barbarism of laws, which crept into the social system when they were slaves?"—WM. SULLIVAN.

"While as the silly owner of the goods  
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,  
And shakes his head, and, trembling, stands aloof,  
While all is shared, and all is borne away,  
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own."

SHAKESPEARE.

"I had been taught to reverence the law as a sort of earthly Providence, as the great popular sovereign, the unthroned and sceptreless prince, the mild dictator, whose province it was to see that not a single subject of its sway received harm. Protection against the law—protection against the protector."—EDWARD EVERETT.

"Je ne suis pas de ceux que disent, le n'est rien,  
C'est une femme qui se noie,  
Je des que c'est beaucoup, et ce sexe vaut bien,  
Que nous le regretton pulesqu'il fait notre joie."

LA FONTAINE.

"It is bad policy to depreciate women. I would sooner teach them to overvalue than to undervalue themselves; so long, at least, as they are our companions for life, and the mothers of our children. We all act according to our own standard of self-estimation; and the more sensitive we are, the more are we influenced in our behavior by the opinions of others concerning us. Women are more sensitive than we, and therefore more at the mercy of opinion. It is women, after all, who form our characters."—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

At first view, one might imagine moral rules unnecessary to well-meaning people; that the impulses of a benevolent heart might be safely trusted for just views and prompt performance of the social duties; but we are taught in time, by our own cruel blunders, and those of others, to thank Heaven that it has not left us, with our own limited views of the consequences of actions, to decide upon measures according to their *apparent* character; that, since nothing less than a vast and altogether unattainable extent of observation and experience would constitute us accurate judges of general expedience, there has been conferred upon us the most precious of all

gifts, a set of infallible rules that mark out our path—a code that, by its authority, guides the ingenuity which, left to itself, finds often as many arguments for the wrong as for the right. The records of our race testify how often, by not borrowing this light divine, even the well-meaning have gone astray. Much woe has arisen from mistaken humanity. We learn of the laws of morality, *that* to be unhallowed policy which tolerates what is wrong because it appears to be beneficial. Ignorant moralists have practised religious persecution. Ignorant moralists have attempted to show that private vices are public benefits. Ignorant moralists have exposed children and aged persons.

It was unconscious ignorance of legal obligations which, as we believe, permitted Dr. Cooper to censure the legal protection granted to women from the oppressive laws depriving them, after marriage, of their property. "In Great Britain," he says (Cooper's "Justinian"), "the courts, as I think, instead of looking with a jealous eye upon every kind of pre-contract that tends to impair the unity of interest between married people, and the dependence of the wife upon the husband, have leaned somewhat too strongly in favor of pre-contract by marriage settlements, trust estates, testamentary powers to be exercised by the wife, and by enforcing equivalent settlements on the receipt, after marriage, of a wife's property."

After turning our attention to the subject, the more we have reflected upon the moral claims of the female sex, the more we have seen of life—the more we have been amazed at Dr. Cooper's views of the subject, the more we have been surprised at

\* This article was written by an eminent Boston lawyer. The right of a married woman to hold property has been acknowledged and established by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, but Massachusetts is yet groping in the dark ages on this important point. Therefore, the attention of the public to this able article is requested. The advance of popular opinion is on the side of justice. Men must secure to women their *rights*, and then, we trust, our sex will be intent only on performing their own duties.—ED. L. B.

the undoubting approbation given by a man like him to the law divesting women of their property; approbation shown by condemning all mitigations of it. We learn, from Dr. Cooper's statement, that the law is recommended to him by the following considerations: "The natural prevalence, on the part of the husband, of mental energy, as well as of corporeal force, independent of the means of acquired knowledge—the precepts of Christianity, which have settled the subordinate situation of the wife—and civilized expedience."

These reasons appear to us to contribute but a specious support to the law. We cannot perceive the force of the argument founded on the inferiority of the sex, even if the inferiority amounted to an incapacity which would make it necessary to appoint a guardian for every woman, married or unmarried. A woman does not stultify herself by wedding; so that, if her inferiority be good cause for the interference of the law with her property, it ought to be no more at her own disposal before than after marriage; and guardianship, the only legal measure applied with propriety to incapacity, stops entirely short of the power assumed by law, which does not give in trust, but transfers. A more generous deduction from the inferiority of the female sex would be to enjoin that their fortunes should be confirmed to them by way of compensation, to insure them a consideration which they are in no danger of losing with their youth. We should not apply Dr. Cooper's inference even to the matches described in the early history of man, where beings of celestial race wedded the daughters of men, much less to those between women and the *sons of women*. We see no more propriety in taking away a woman's property on this ground, than in taking away the property of a man on the same, to give it to one stronger or wiser than himself. To make a law just, which should give a man the *possession* of his wife's property, not even *incapacity* on her part would suffice. To give him the *administration* of it, this incompetence should be proved: superior discretion on the part of women cannot confer authority which nature has denied—cannot license men to be unjust because women are imprudent.

But we do not accede to the inferiority of the female judgment as regards expenditure. Women do not handle the chisel, the pencil, or the pen as well as men; but, as a mass, they excel, in our opinion, in a wise management of expense. From habits of self-denial, and the absence of an enterprising spirit, they, we sometimes think, better "match their wants and means" than we; their sensitiveness to opinion, and the high standard of female purity, save them more generally from the expense of vicious pleasures. Their superior tenderness of heart, concentrated from their comparative seclusion on a few objects, inclines them, for the most part, to that excellent mode of expense, household good.

But, in repelling the pretence of incompetence, we fear we obscure the question, which is not whether men or women are most likely to be spendthrifts, but what is *justice*. Whatever a woman possesses by labor, succession, or donation, the law, upon her marriage, wrests entirely from her; yet no consideration, plainly, but an inferiority amounting to incompetence, which would make it for the best good of the wife herself, as in the case of a minor, an idiot, or a lunatic, could justify, in the eyes of those who have not adopted the opinion of Hobbes, that unlimited power confers an unlimited right, a law restraining her in any degree in the use of her property.

We cannot understand how Dr. Cooper applies the Christian precepts to the support of this law. Christ, in the only instance where he refers to the rights of the sexes, puts them on a footing with each other (Mark x. 11, 12). The Christian maxim of doing as we would be done unto, is boldly violated by the legal disadvantages which women incur in their relations with us. What man would avail himself of his legal powers to appropriate to himself his wife's property, who weighs her rights, advantages, and detriment in the same balance in which he weighs his own? We do not think it possible for the man who places himself, as Christianity requires, in the situation of the woman he marries, to make the law his guide. He would do violence to himself in not interposing to save her from its action. The man who, without self-reproach, takes the property of his wife is either deficient in proper sentiments towards her, or has not been accustomed to make that use of his imagination on which morality principally depends; he has not learned to put himself, according to the leading maxim of the Christian religion, in the place of others—to feel their feelings and apprehend their desires—to do as he would be done by. We suppose reference is had by Dr. Cooper to the apostolic precept, enjoining female subordination; but he cannot deduce correctly a right in the husband to the property of the wife from these precepts, any more than such a right in the father and ruler from the precepts enjoining filial and civil subordination.

No man believes that Paul's injunctions to children to obey their parents mean that whatever the child acquires belongs to the parents; or that his precepts of submission to the emperor imply that there was no private property in the empire. When we consider who the apostles were, when they flourished, and the condition in which they saw the female sex, we regard their unexpected liberality, so far beyond the times, with regard to women, one of the most convincing proofs that their wisdom was divine. Nothing seems to us more at variance with the laws that alienate the property of married women, than the manner in which the matrimonial relation is treated in the New Testament. The apostle says to the married pair, "Love one an-

other:" the operation of our laws is to alienate the one from the other. The example of the tenderest love which has ever been felt on earth is held up by the apostle as a model for husbands: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it." Sentiments are enjoined by the apostle, which would make a man shrink from exercising the liberties with regard to his wife's possessions that the law appoints. We hold, with Jeremy Taylor, that "husbands should rather be fathers than lords; that the wife not only ought by all means to please the husband, but he must by no means displease her." In fact, it appears to us that nothing can be more hostile to the Christian religion than the law we have been considering, whether we regard the duties it requires of us as men or as husbands.

As to the argument derived from civil expedience, before acquiring any weight, the practice in question must be proved innocent. Let those who, in a case of ethics, make expedience of any sort a rule of action, pause over the admirable words of Bishop Butler: "The happiness of the world is the concern of him who is the lord of it and proprietor of it; nor do we know what we are about, when we endeavor to promote the good of mankind in any way but those which he has directed."

Dr. Cooper objects to any evasion of the law, as tending to impair the unity of interest between married persons. Now, where this unity of interest subsists, there will be no difference of opinion about the use of the property belonging to either party, and, where it is unhappily wanting, no circumstance tends more to widen the division than the law he supports. Harmony of views not subsisting, what monstrous injustice that the husband's wishes should be promoted by the overthrow of the wife's, the entire privation of her property; that she, as it may be, should be devoted to penury to "gild his waste!"

From some remarks of Dr. Cooper, we perceive that he objects to the wife's retaining her property, as suggesting wrongs which such prudence provides for. He seems unable to imagine any motive to such a measure but the foresight of a divorce, and objects to any legal steps in anticipation of such an event, as weakening the public sentiment of the indissolubility of marriage. Among the causes which, in our opinion, should enforce legal security of the wife's property to herself, Dr. Cooper selects circumstances of more rare occurrence, perhaps, to show how little this protection is needed, and the most flagrant, perhaps, to heighten, by the offensiveness of the mistrust implied, the odium of the measure. However, the wrongs he names being not wholly unknown, it is no more than prudent, on the part of the lady's friends, to make the best provision they can against them. Other objections to the free course of the law, both of weight, and enjoined by circumstances of perpetual occurrence, establish

still more fully the necessity of precaution, such as a husband's prodigality, rashness of speculation, alienation of the property by law from a woman's children.

Nobody would imagine, from Dr. Cooper's account of the matter, that a man's spending his wife's property was an everyday case: he seems to think that the husband partakes, without ever wasting his wife's means. Had he been at our side when we once attended, in a city of ours where bankruptcies have been frequent, one of those auctions of rapine's natural successors of the abandonment of the wife's property to the husband—those scenes which give an insight into the deep domestic wretchedness and violation of justice, wrought by the law he supports so warmly—he would have been visited with a new sense of the subject. He would have been affected as we were, we hope, in traversing the desolate apartments thrown open to the general gaze, in looking round upon the materials of domestic comfort displaced, all forfeit to this barbarous law, sofas, carpets, beds of down, the select library, the silent piano, with half-worn music books, the kitchen utensils, everything indicative of taste, past plenty, and hospitality. A friend of ours was struck to see the elegant little presents received by the wealthy bride from her young friends, counted among the property of the husband's creditors. We were more moved at the sight of the furniture of the nursery, the well-handled toys of the banished, disinherited descendants of the wealthy grandfather, whose property had bought the whole. Everything marked the stunning suddenness of the shock. There was oil remaining in the lamps, cards in the card-racks. A female friend pointed out to us the half-filled drawers of the work-table; the remains of various condiments in their appropriate receivers. Amid the melancholy scene, a Canary bird was recommending himself by his songs to a new owner. We looked mournfully around, and thought this a sorrowful sight for a well-governed country.

Could Dr. Cooper have taken a full view of the subject, in affording his support to a law which gives such an unreasonable preference to the descendants of a man through one child over those of another? The law transmits a man's property to his son, and again to the children of that son. The law transmits a man's property to his daughter also; but, instead of carrying it forward to her children, delivers it, while she yet breathes, to her husband, and divides it finally, after her death, between that wife, out of two or three, perhaps, who chances to be his survivor, and the various progeny of all his wives. A mother sometimes denies herself every luxury, even comforts, to educate and provide for her children, dies, and leaves her savings to be devoted to a new family, reminding the spectator of the rifled hive. We pity even bees who, after collecting a sweet hoard for their young, have it diverted to other mouths. We do not willingly see

this economical tenderness deprived of its just satisfactions. Many an amiable woman's temper is ruined by the foresight of this injustice; for even the dove would peck her mate should he snatch from her bill the food she was hurrying to the open mouths of her young. It is not strange a woman should spend profusely, whose children are not her heirs.

For an answer to the simple question, whether an estate should remain within the family of the ancestor from whom it came, or go, according to law, to strangers, while grandchildren still survive, no one can hesitate. Some are ready to say, the moral sense of the husband will prevent this: not so, perhaps he will imagine; the predominant influence of the living wife strengthening the opinion that his duty lies the other way. Though the property inherited by a deceased mother might make a barely comfortable provision for her children, a woman married to a man enriched by his former wife, knowing the law, unless she be a woman of an upright mind, expects, and is willing to be, with her children, the heir of the property of her predecessor. These expectations a man easily persuades himself he ought not to disappoint: out of a vicious law grows a vicious morality.

We were pleased, in perusing "Redwood," with the just picture of the law drawn by such an intelligent moralist as Miss Sedgwick. It is represented as the temptation to a crime in one sister, and to reject the advantage offered by it is made the study of the other. Alas! that the law, which professes to be intended for everybody's preservation, should, in so many instances, openly sacrifice the weaker to the stronger; that the legal relations between the sexes, the highest moral interest of society, should form so affecting an exception to the touching eulogy of Hooker: "All things in heaven and earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power."

Dr. Cooper writes as if he had never seen an aggression committed by a husband. We, with him, wish to see the marriage bond indissoluble. We do not agree with him as to the best means by which it is to be guarded and strengthened. We know too well how much the law he approves operates, with its degrading and unjust tendencies, to weaken the natural sentiment of conjugal affection. Our aim is to extinguish, by the abolition of this old usage, the sparks which light the implacable domestic dissensions. Domestic happiness, which forms the strength of the conjugal tie, must depend on the manner in which domestic life is constituted. Essential to it is a sentiment towards the wife which would insist on leaving her property at her own disposal. How many delightful homes have been ruined by the contrary course! How often has it deprived men of happiness in domestic life—a happiness which supplies the place of every other, but for which no other can compensate! Often has this law hardened

and sundered bosoms which, had it never existed, would have been

"Each other's pillow to repose divine."

Good men and wise will aim, in their matrimonial institutions, to secure conjugal affection, and they know that the best way to preserve the union of hands is to secure the union of hearts. It is because the interests of the married pair are the same we would annul the law, which, preferring one party to the other, mars and often destroys the well-being of both. Its bitter fruits are inevitably shared by the husband. In married life, on whichever side the dissatisfaction begins, it must spread to the other. The law operated as unfavorably for Captain Byron as for Mrs. Byron, for John Wilkes as for Mary Wilkes. He who does not study his wife's happiness studies his own in vain. Which would a man choose—the

"Merry heart that goes all the day,  
Or the sad one that tires in a mile a?"

the ingenuous and overflowing devotion of love, or the dull and stated service of inanimate duty? This law is one of the most striking exhibitions of the ill husbandry of injustice. The uncomfortable tenure by which all property is held, acquired in a way not approved by the natural sentiments, renders the holder careless about its preservation. The law seems devised to produce idleness, and idleness produces bankruptcy. For the cruelty of its operation, it deserves as deep reprobation as a lottery. Men who marry on the present legal footing, like those who gain the dear-bought prizes of a lottery, fancy themselves with as little foundation in possession of wealth which no prodigality can exhaust. The prizes of the matrimonial lottery are often as evanescent as those of any other, and they bequeath in their passage heavier regrets. The moral sentiments are stronger than the artificial regulations of law; and the violated claims of the wife, which no institutions can annul or obliterate, but increase the sorrows of the prodigal who has spent her fortune. The eagerness with which men possess themselves of a wife's property, and the common subsequent chagrin, remind us of the mistake of Milton's fallen angels when, in the showy fruit of the grove that suddenly sprung up, bow by Pandemonium

"They, fondly thinking to allay  
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit,  
Chewed bitter ashes."

A confused sense of these evils has given many men a horror of marrying a fortune: when things are placed on a just footing, we think it as advantageous to marry a rich woman as to marry a rich man; the property being left at the wife's disposal, while it is to the husband an unmixed and material benefit, is, at the same time, in the eyes of the public, no more than a reasonable and equitable advan-

tage. The husband escapes, in such a case, the attacks of envy, and finds in his wife, instead of a discontented slave, an attached ally. He escapes also what is, in our opinion, dangerous to friendship, too heavy an obligation, and the chance of making the transference fatal to the happiness of the confiding party, a responsibility at which we should shudder. Few yet understand this. The law, by destroying in men all moderation, frequently prevents matches reciprocally eligible. If a suitor's extravagant desires for a woman's whole property are disappointed, the match is rejected, to the detriment of both parties. Inordinate expectations, that in these days would not have been received, unless suggested by the laws of barbarous times, blind a man entirely to the only mode of really enjoying a wife's property, receiving the income alone. A happy marriage is often defeated because the law holds out an advantage, illusory, because incompatible with justice and domestic happiness. The law hostile to moderation renders a man indifferent to the only solid, real benefit the nature of things allows in such a case.

We should be glad to see, by a repeal of the laws in question, the untowardness of the counteracting measures done away. There is something in this business of restitution—for so it may be called—not in harmony with the sentiments of lovers. It is one of the great objections to law, whose downward course must then be traced, that it should cause such a discordant process to mingle with the fair hopes and tender devotion of a betrothed pair.

We would annul the disagreeable necessity of this retrogressive step, by abolishing the law altogether. Perhaps to the desire of being rid of this uncomfortable warfare of the mind, is to be attributed the speech we often hear from enthusiastic young women: "Where I trust myself, I will trust my property;" as if a man might not have the amiable disposition to which they might trust themselves safely, without being possessed of any financial discretion—as if also men were unchangeable. A woman might prudently trust herself where she could not trust her property, and she might trust her property wisely where she would be very unwise to trust herself. Let men remember that, with whatever apparent willingness the bride endures the operation of the law, a sentiment is sometimes chilled by the sacrifice it makes. Women often persuade themselves that the compelled sacrifice is voluntary; but this persuasion is apt to fade away, and to be succeeded by indignation, or a cheerless, indurated passiveness. They perceive at length, and are hurt and chagrined at the ungenerous terms on which the marriage union is formed; the dimness of fancy is illumined by experience and reason—

"The beam pours in; for time and skill will couch the blind."

One of these confiding wives, desecrating the ap-

proach of poverty, was heard to say, a few years after her marriage, "I hate the name of wife!" Being accused on one occasion for negligence of her husband, she said, "I have been more sinned against than sinning." Women have been known to wish, on account of the insupportable laws to which they are subject, that they had never inherited property. One\* of the English moralists takes the side of Dr. Cooper, ridiculing, with his accustomed humor, any provisionary arrangements on the part of a woman betrothed, as displaying great folly, resigning herself as she does to a man on whom she is not willing to rely wholly, and applies to such a one the phrase of "penny-wise and pound-foolish;" but, though he is of opinion that the requisite degree of regard, previous to marriage, is too confiding to seek any stipulations, he gives, by stating, at the same time, the propensity of the sex to many men who, if they even "happen to be good-natured, seem only to dissipate their fortunes," the greatest force to the considerations which recommend women to the public care.

That such plausible objections should lie against the remedy one law provides for another (as Dr. Cooper states them we were formerly influenced), impresses us more deeply with the necessity of the complete abrogation of that we complain of. "They owe their force with us and others to custom, and strongly custom blinds us"—we have exclaimed, when we have heard men really generous say, without any suspicion they were showing, by such a declaration, a much greater want of generosity than that they censured, "I would not marry a woman who would not trust me with her property." Edward Everett tells us, referring to a case, if of as much urgency as this, applying to a smaller number of powers, "that it is one of the worst effects of bad laws that they corrupt public sentiment." Such an evil necessarily exists here; for it is impossible that the principle of the law, and the principle of evading it, can both be right. It is true, as Bishop Hare says, that most men think they can do conscientiously whatever they can do legally. Men of refined, exalted understandings, who have a large compass of thought, and have looked into the principles of things, know that written laws are but deductions of the law of nature, which is prior to all human institutions; that these sometimes deviate from that unwritten law, and, when they do, are of no real intrinsic authority. "They know that a thing is not just and reasonable, because it is enacted; but, in good government, is enacted because it is just and reasonable. The generality think they can do justly whatever they may do legally."

Cities, the great torches which light the way to the rest of the community, are beginning to understand this subject. In cities, the wife's fortune now, when it is considerable, is usually confirmed to her.

\* Addison's Spectator.

A father is there heavily condemned who does not secure to a daughter the property he gives her; and fathers are no longer contented to follow the lead of the law, that the real estate they expect to devise to a daughter be but a plank she can lay hold of in the wreck of all the rest. They no longer make an unfatherly difference between a daughter and a son; and they reject for their daughters the legal conditions for the transfer of their property, "*necessaries, in which term are comprised, by the law, food, drink, clothing, washing, physic, instruction, and a competent place of residence.*" Fathers have learnt that there is no certainty that the husband will retain the ability to do this, to satisfy a claim with which by law the richest heiress must content herself, and they do not mean to give a magnificent price for a petty advantage, which is, after all, insecure.

In cases where the property is small, often valued more from that cause by the possessor, the legal injury remains everywhere in its original force. We heard a case in humble life, of peculiar hardship, detailed lately, where a seamstress had furnished comfortably, by her earnings, her two rooms; her furniture, after her marriage, disappeared article by article, sold by her profligate husband to buy liquor. The law, at one and the same time, snatched from her the reward of industry, and changed in him an unhappy propensity into a habit; his legal power of taking from his wife her tables and chairs caused her not only the loss, but impaired her just and salutary influence by placing her in a contemptible light before him, as a creature whose welfare was, in the eye of the law, of no importance. We have often regarded this law as the ally of the dram-shop and gaming-table. The little earnings of many a laundress, nurse, school-mistress, fruit-seller, and seamstress, are a common supply to the thirst of their intemperate husbands. We have known instances of a husband, absent for years at a time, sweeping into his empty pockets, on his occasional visits, the earnings of his wife in his absence. Those who know much of the state of the poor in this city will call to mind many cases of this kind.

This aiding of tyranny and profligacy by the forms of law arming them with the legitimate authority, under the shelter of which they perpetrate the most cruel wrongs, is an abuse that we wonder that good men survey with such apparent indifference. Nothing but legislative interference can bring relief to this numerous class of sufferers. The law must retrace its steps till it gets back within the moral boundaries of legislative authority.

In addition to Cooper's arguments in support of the law we have been considering, that men are stronger, wiser than women; that Heaven requires the wife to render up her property to her husband—we do not find the law in our Bible—that it is convenient she should do so; and that men will behave themselves ill if it is withheld, we have met with a few additional ones. Some say that legal assurance

to the wife of her fortune is impertinent: there is a large, well-meaning class who adopt the arguments of Devorgoil, when he declares he

"Never swerved from 'his' integrity,  
Save at the voice of strong necessity,  
Or such overpowering view of high advantage  
As wise men liken to necessity,  
In strength and force compulsive."

There are others whose sole argument is that it is the custom; men who, instead of considering before they adopt a measure whether it is right or wrong, ask what the custom is. Such persons will enter upon a very exceptional course of action, and prosecute it without consciousness of blame. "Custom makes a rectitude in their eyes; they imagine that a thing must be done, and ought to be done, because it always has been done: what they never questioned in their own minds, and never heard questioned, passes for an innate principle, a self-evident truth, needing no evidence to support it, and which no evidence can overthrow." We consider this the largest class of the supporters of this oppression, because of this character are the majority of mankind. They say the law is old. We know it is old; so old, that to which branch of the northern pirates, that overspread the island from which we draw our origin, we owe this deleterious legacy we know not; but it is well ascertained that the most profound hebetude pervaded and darkened the land, when this law was adopted or devised by the illiterate swordsmen of barbarous Britain—men whose principle it was

"That they should take who have the power,  
And they should keep who can."

That it was enacted when law, so far from making it an object to secure the weaker individual from the violence of the stronger, was but an expression of the mere good pleasure of power. It might be expected that it should have been deposited, long since, in the graves of the sea kings: shred by shred has dropped from the English jurisprudence of the dark and barbarous times of old. We hope the reforming shears will yet lop off this part of the coarse and tattered tissue. The antiquity of a law has weight with us; but it is only of that law "which has no date," which was never enacted, which is prior to all things, coeval with eternity, the law of rectitude, that to which all other laws owe their force, and in virtue of which alone they oblige. We think it plain this later law is a most flagitious repeal of the elder.

There has been some mitigation of the state of women since the days of the heptarchy: "Dower is imagined by some the relic of a Danish custom, since, according to the historians of that country, dower was introduced into Denmark by Sweyn, the father of our Canute the Great, out of gratitude to the Danish ladies, who sold all their jewels to ran-

som him when taken prisoner by the Vandals." Sweyn deserves the compliment Scott puts into the mouth of Cœur de Lion, when he offers his hand to Robin Hood, and says, "There is mine, and I hold it honored by being clasped with yours. For he that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise, not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears."

There is some prospect of farther changes in behalf of the sex; that the law will make the property of married, like that of unmarried women, an inviolate possession; that legislators will interfere to hinder men, in their blindness, from lacerating the left hand with the right, from doing what is as foolish and imprudent as it is unjust and cruel. There are men who distinguish between a moral and a legal right to property, who confess the unfairness of the advantage given them by law, and whose forbearing integrity towards the women they marry testifies the force of their convictions: their

examples will attract attention; followers will be the reward of their virtue. As society improves, the equitable temper, which is disposed to weigh the interests of others in equal balance with our own, must become more prevalent. Does any man view this subject in a just light? Let him who knows, pities, and abhors the evil embrace that generous course of action

"Which smooths this life and wins the next."

Let him endeavor to produce that state of knowledge and feeling throughout society which will bring about legislative interference. Were once the veil withdrawn from the scenes of domestic misery, the aberrations from virtue caused by this law, its character would strike all alike against it: there is the voice of reason, the demand of offended justice, the moan of wounded domestic peace, the pang, if not the cry of outraged maternal love, and the laws of God.

MARCELLUS.

Boston, Mass.

## LOVE'S DREAMINGS; OR, EXTRACTS FROM KATY'S DIARY.

BY HADDIS LANE.

"Love may slumber in a maiden's heart, but he always dreams."

June 31st, 184-. THE last of my school-days! Would it were the first! Would that the joys and sorrows of a school-girl's life were yet all before me, for I shall ne'er "see their like again." All the rest of the sister band have turned from that long low school-room, with gladsome, buoyant spirits and bright smiling faces, for *their* future is unclouded, and their hearts glowing with health and happiness; but I, a lonely orphan, with a poor purse and a heart still poorer—what has life in store for me like those sunny school-days? I have just been closeted with my guardian, a perfect icicle of a man, and he has informed me that the long-cherished dream of being an heiress is pure "stuff and nonsense;" that my little means, now that the debts are all paid, will support me, it is true, but that very barely. So that I need dream no longer of being a "lady bountiful," for "charity," in my case, will have to "begin at home." But I will not despair; I have a warm, earnest heart, and affections yearning for some dear one around whom to entwine themselves. I must love something or somebody, and my "charity" must lie in my sympathy. Then the cold worldly man showed me a letter. It was from an aunt, my only living relative. She is a very old lady, and begs me to come and live with her, to read to her, to sing for her, to nurse her in her many sicknesses, and to keep her house. Oh! if she had but said to come and *love* her, how would I have flown at her bidding! But this catalogue of her

requirements seems very much like telling a new servant what her work is to be. However, I am to go. I must leave my dear little village, and the friends who have been so very kind to the little orphan, and take up my abode in a busy city, among total strangers, and bear with the whims and ailments of a cross old lady, for such, my guardian assures me, is the character of my aunt. I have never known what opposition is; I have lived alone in the world, with no one's pleasure to consult but my own; and how I shall stand being housekeeper, reader, musician, and nurse, Heaven only knows.

July 19th. I arrived this morning in my new home, and it certainly is a grander place than I dared to imagine. As I tripped up the steps after my guardian, my heart sank within me; but I made a heroic effort to control myself, and so well did I succeed, that not even the stately servant who obsequiously opened the door—not even the large, gloomy apartment into which he ushered us—discomposed me in the least. As my aunt had not yet made her appearance, I had leisure to look around me, and to comment upon the place. The room was damp and cold, as though it were only opened on state occasions; and the furniture, though magnificent in velvet and rosewood, would have been all the better for a good dusting. There was not a book nor a flower to be seen, and their absence is enough to make even a palace look gloomy and lonely. At one end of the room was



something in a glass case. I rose to look at it, trembling at my own temerity, but not doubting to find something "rich or rare," so carefully preserved. Judge of my astonishment, when a stuffed cat met my view. Yes, a cat, mounted on a silver pedestal, on which were inscribed the virtues, sufferings, and lamentable end of poor Tabby. "If my aunt is a lover of cats," thought I, "there 'll be eternal feud between us."

At this moment, the door opened, and a very stately lady made her appearance. She was old, wofully old; but how desperately young in her dress! A rich silk, flounced to her waist, with low neck and short sleeves. Such a bony neck and skinny arms! Her fingers were loaded with rings, and her long ringlets quivered gracefully as she courted low to me. But her face, her face! Her rouge might impart brightness to her cheeks; but what could restore the lustre to that dim, gray eye? what could bring back the rubies to that pallid lip? (the pearls were the dentist's own); what art could smooth the wrinkled brow, or remove the expression of peevishness, pride, and suffering, from the countenance? I had prepared myself to throw my arms around my aunt's neck, to whisper that I would be a daughter unto her if she would but love me and bear with my faults and follies; but the idea of being a daughter to such a young thing, of begging advice and affection from such a fashionable lady, chilled me into silence, and I acknowledged her ceremonious greeting by a bow as cold. She requested us to be seated, and take some refreshment which the servant offered us. My guardian hastily swallowed a glass of wine, and, making a hurried apology, stalked out of the room, banging the door after him with such force that the room rung again. My aunt drew her chair closer to mine, and said, in a low voice, "We may as well proceed to business at once. I lead a lonely life, that is, a very gay one. I go out a great deal; I cannot trust my servants; I want some one to have an eye to the house. I am often sick, and I want some one to nurse me. I will say to you what I would say to no one else, that I am *old*. I must be amused, to keep away the ugly thoughts I have sometimes. I have just recovered from a long and severe illness; my physician assures me I can live but a few years longer, and I intend to enjoy myself. I have waited but for your coming to open my house to my friends, to whom I do not intend to introduce you as my great niece, but as my cousin. If you can be content to live with me, to nurse me, to help dress me, to amuse me, and to overlook my house, I will reward you by taking you sometimes to the theatre, and to parties; I will dress you handsomely, you shall ride in my carriage, and I will leave you all my fortune."

"But what if I refuse to comply with these conditions? Let me see the other side of the picture."

"Willingly. You have one hundred dollars a

year, and upon this immense sum you may support yourself splendidly, without a home, without a friend. Will you accept my conditions? Choose either wealth or want, riches or beggary."

"I will live with you as long as I can, with this one condition, that I leave you when I wish it."

"Certainly," was the cold reply. "Martin will show you your room."

And it is a room, and nothing more. It is very nicely furnished; but still the damp, cold atmosphere of the parlors has reached even here. It has not a home look. My trunks are unpacked, my books arranged on the tables and bureaus, for such a thing as a shelf or bookcase appears never to have entered my aunt's head; I have hung my mother's miniature opposite my bed; I have displayed all my schoolmates' gifts and tokens on the mantelpiece, and still the brilliant gas light shows me nothing but strange walls. What a grand, gloomy dinner we had! I could scarcely eat a morsel, and at supper it was just as bad. To-morrow I am to begin my humdrum life. There is nothing about the house to love, that I can see. Perhaps among the company that will throng my aunt's parlors next week, I may find a kindred spirit. How I long for the night of the grand party! Among five hundred people I may surely find a friend.

*July 28th.* I have not made a single entry since the day of my arrival. I have been so very busy. Dresses to be purchased and made, jewelry to be selected, invitations to be written, silver and china to be looked over, and refreshments to be ordered; all this "noise and confusion," for a few hours' amusement—call it not pleasure. Still, I have many fond dreams of what the party will be. It is a grand era in my life. It will determine whether the world is all as heartless and cold as my aunt; whether any one will care for the poor orphan; whether I shall pen down bright hopes and happy thoughts, or retire within myself to crush my affections, to steel my heart in indifference to everything that breathes, and to acknowledge that love and friendship are but a name, a shadow. They may talk and tease as they will; I maintain that woman cannot be happy without the society of the sterner sex! Oh! if I had but a brother or a lover! Let me see, what must be the requisites for my *beau ideal*? He must be tall and dark, he must have the most noble forehead, and such a pair of eyes! He must be religious, or I should not esteem him; high-spirited and generous, or I should not admire him; he must be stern, yes, stern to all others, and gentle and yielding only to me. Then if he were but a lawyer, I might stand a chance some day of being reckoned among the lady presidents." Riches I should not care about; indeed, I would rather he should be poor at first, so that I might show him how fond and true was my love. Heaven grant that my *beau ideal* may not prove merely an ideal beau!

*September 1st.* The grand affair is over at last, and I have seen my kindred spirit. He is a young midshipman, with such soul-beaming eyes. The first thing I saw upon entering the room were those eyes fixed upon my face. I clung to my aunt's arm in absolute terror, as we threaded our way through the crowd, my aunt bowing, and smiling, and whispering "Cousin Katy," in answer to the inquiries of "Who is she?" that buzzed on all sides.

"Allow me to relieve you of your fair charge, Miss Elliot," said a manly voice at my elbow. It was the midshipman.

"Thank you, Mr. Smith," was my aunt's courteous reply; "I could not leave Katy in better hands, as she is a novice in these matters. Pray take her into the conservatory, where her blunders and her blushes will have but few spectators."

Thus tutored, the graceful Mr. Smith tendered his arm, saying, as he did so, "I am too thankful for your cousin's evident jealousy to quarrel with it, as it has afforded me the pleasure of the society of one whose face reminds me strongly of a dear sister, who has long since left me."

I know not what I said in reply; something very foolish, I am sure; but once in the moonlit conservatory, with Walter Smith by my side, I forgot that he was a stranger—I forgot that I was an orphan. I forgot everything in the pleasure of that earnest conversation, where our hearts talked as well as our lips. The hours flew very rapidly as we discussed flowers, and birds, and school-life; and I was so sorry when the company thronged into the conservatory, on their way to the supper-room. How I wish people could live without eating, for one evening at least! After such spirit-communings, it was a terrible leap to fried oysters and chicken salad. And yet I love good things; but at that moment I would have given all the *bombons* that ever adorned a confectioner's window for one more long talk with Walter. He did not say one word that might not have been trumpeted from the housetop; but there was so much respectful deference in his manner, so much gentleness in his tone, that my heart is gone already. I know not whether my love is returned; there is nothing in my face to attract him, I am sure, for it is pale and passionless; my eyes a kind of alate color, and my hair the most rebelliously straight that ever grew on mortal's head. How I love the sea already, from hearing Walter's eloquent description! A lawyer! nonsense! A lawyer is but half a man. A pale, sneaking race; I'll have none of them. A sailor, a sailor for me. Bless me! the sun is rising already, and I have not yet doffed my gay dress. It is certainly very pretty, and Walter thinks ladies should always dress in white. Oh! I am so happy, so very happy!

*September 2d.* I have certainly passed a most wretched day. The first thing to ruffle me was pouring out coffee for my aunt. That good lady was in none of the best of humors. She blamed

everything that I did. I could see plainly she was jealous of the attention I had excited the night before. After the meal was over, I ventured to ask for the key of the conservatory, which I knew, from experience, was always kept locked.

"No, indeed, miss; you sha'n't see the key nor the conservatory either, for a month at least. What do you want to see there? I should think you had enough of it last night."

I mumbled some excuse about wanting to see it by daylight. Deceitful Katy! when your only object was to live last night over again, and dream away the morning in that flower-scented air.

"I was ashamed of you last night," my aunt went on, "flirting so with Walter Smith, who has been engaged a full year to a pretty little girl in Connecticut. You needn't think to catch him, miss, for he is too honorable to break his troth, even if he were pleased by your pale face. Now, I want you to count over this silver; there should be forty dozen forks, and twice as many spoons. You will find the names of their owners on this slip of paper; and, mind, don't send away any with the mark 'Elliot' on them. I shall be down in the parlor to receive the visitors."

I felt like one stunned. Walter engaged to another! When he spoke of his home and future prospects, I thought he meant me by his "bright spirit;" but now I remember he did say something about his Lucy, and wished that I could see her. And to have to count spoons and forks, too, instead of revelling in a day-dream! I must manœuvre to see Walter once more. I must away to my counting now, and close my portfolio until evening.

*Evening.* I am not in love—not one bit. I was only dreaming. Walter called, as I had anticipated. I could not resist peeping over the stairs as he was leaving, and I heard him say, "You will give my compliments to Miss Katy Elliot. I regret exceedingly that this is my last visit to Philadelphia before my departure to the Mediterranean; but you will not refuse my parting request. Will you give this note to Katy? It is no billet-doux, believe me, but a few words of advice to one in whose welfare I feel a brother's interest."

Before the door had closed after him, I had rushed down stairs; and, wresting the note from the hand of my astonished aunt, I hastened to my own room. A brother's interest, truly! It was a kind note. He spoke touchingly of his departed sister, and of my resemblance to her; warned me of the shoals and quicksands among which the giddy whirl of Fashion would soon strand me; and urged me to have higher, nobler aims than the pleasure of an hour or the world's applause. "Your friend, Walter!" Those calm words have demolished all my castles. I am awake again. And awake, I trust, to a deeper sense of life's realities. I will try to keep myself "unspotted from the world;" a difficult task it will be, though, with a worldly aunt and my

own sinful heart to resist. I will read Walter's note every morning, and I am confident that I will rise from its perusal strengthened and refreshed for the combat.

*September 3d.* I have been a very good girl to-day, and, as a reward, my aunt took me to the theatre this evening. Before we started, she called me into her dressing-room, with the twofold object of having her dress arranged and giving me some advice. She began by reminding me of my promise to call her cousin. It seems that "aunt" having escaped my lips several times on the evening of her party, had occasioned some unpleasant questions, which had ruffled her temper not a little. I promised to be more careful in future.

"And now, cousin Katy," she continued, in such a sweet voice, and with such an unwonted smile, that I fairly trembled, "I have good news for you, for I fear that ere long you will be off my hands. A gentleman, a rich young merchant, was exceedingly pleased with you on the evening of my party. You would have been introduced to him, had you not hidden yourself so provokingly; but I promised him that you should be at the theatre this evening. So now look your prettiest and smile your sweetest, for Lewis Carlton is no trifling prize, let me tell you. Many a beauty and many a belle have sued for his favors, but sued in vain."

Arrived at the theatre, the glare of lights, the buzz of voices, and the gay dresses so confused me that I forgot my aunt's counsel about "staring like a country girl," and sat with eyes and ears wide open until aroused by a tap on the shoulder. I turned, and saw my aunt and a gentleman standing beside me, both of whom burst into a hearty fit of laughter at my bewildered gaze. My aunt's kind manner reassured me, and Mr. Carlton's funny speeches soon restored my composure, if composure that could be called when I blushed brighter every moment, and my heart fluttered and my voice trembled, while I saw his scarcely disguised admiration, and heard his whispered praises. Could it have been love, that new strange feeling which makes me blush and tremble while I write? Mr. Carlton is certainly an original, although he does not equal my *beau idéal* so fully as Walter did. He is not at all handsome; perhaps he would be were it not for the pride which elevates his brow and curls his lip. You can see, by his every look, his every motion, that he is one of those who think themselves "too good for earth." And yet it is not a base pride—not the pride of wealth or of birth. It is the pride of intellect—a fearful pride! How I should cower beneath the lash, were it turned on me as it was on some we saw this evening! Such outting scorn, such bitter sarcasm! I was afraid to open my lips before him; but there was no need for fear. He evidently thinks that he and I are the only two persons in the world worth living in

it; and my aunt assures me that another interview like the first will bring him to my feet.

I will sound his religious principles, and, if they are "all right," I will accept him. How delightful it will be to be free from my aunt's thralldom, with a husband to study my every wish, and to have wealth in abundance flowing into my coffers! What thousands I will bestow on the poor! As Mr. Carlton does not care about dress, I will have the more for charity; and it will not be my fault if I am not hailed as an angel of mercy by the bedside of the afflicted and in the hovel of the destitute.

*September 8th.* What a week this has been! Riding out with Mr. Carlton in his splendid barouche, walking with him, and receiving such splendid bouquets every morning! And it is all over now. I have rejected him, and have incurred thereby my aunt's anger and the world's disapproval. As my aunt had anticipated, he offered himself the next morning. I hardly knew how to act; but, amid blushes and stammerings, contrived to tell him that I esteemed him very much, but, until I knew more of his character, I could neither accept nor reject him. I was satisfied with the character he bore to the world; but I wanted to know more, to know his *own self*, before I pledged my faith. He was content to wait a week, and only a week. So we have been together nearly all the time, my aunt and every one else believing us to be engaged, while I took small pains to undeceive them, I was so confident of the result of the week's trial. All went on swimmingly until this morning. I was sitting in the conservatory, to which I now have free access, when I heard Mr. Carlton's step on the stairs. "Now," thought I, "I will put an end to this uncertainty. I will question him about his religion, for without that I would not wed a prince." It seems that I thought aloud, for Lewis came rushing in, asking "what prince had been wooing me, that I must needs talk of him to the flowers."

I told him what had caused my exclamation, and then we had a long, earnest conversation, at the close of which I rose up very proudly, and said, almost sternly, "No, Mr. Carlton; much as I admire your intellectual gifts, I will never wed you. No infidel may claim a place in my heart, although he shall ever have one in my prayers." With this cold answer, I was about leaving him; but, on looking back for a moment, I saw him leaning against the window, his face buried in his hands. I could not resist the impulse, so, quietly approaching him, I laid my own little Bible on his knee, and whispered, "Keep this, my parting token; read it, pray over it, and be blessed to believe it!" As I sat at my window, a moment afterwards, I heard the door close, and saw him jump into his carriage with my precious little Bible under his arm. I know not whether I have done right to part with it, my mother's Bible, and marked, as it is throughout, with

her pencil; but I felt that if any volume could convince the sceptic, it would surely be that one, watered by a mother's tears, and consecrated by a mother's prayers.

*September 9th.* I have had much to bear to-day. For the first time, I was allowed to receive morning visitors. As one lady rose to depart, she congratulated me on my approaching marriage with Mr. Carlton. I calmly informed her that her congratulations were needless, for that gentleman and myself would henceforward meet as strangers. Casting a timid glance at my aunt, I saw, by the flashing of her eyes and the frown on her brow, that she repressed her rage with difficulty at this unlooked-for announcement; and scarcely had the door closed after her visitor, when the storm broke forth. She poured out a torrent of reproaches upon my devoted head, and furiously demanded the reason why I had rejected the most eligible man in the world, after receiving his attentions with so much apparent satisfaction. I gave it in a few words; and, while she was yet too astonished to reply, I questioned her in my turn. I told her how inconsistent her present conduct was with that on the day of my arrival here, and desired to know why she was so anxious to be rid of me, when her alleged purpose, in giving me a home, was to secure for herself a housekeeper and nurse. Could it be that she was jealous of the little admiration I excited—of the two or three wooers I had had?

She deigned not to reply, but ordered me to my room, to be kept a close prisoner there until her indignation has died away, or some new scheme requires my presence and assistance.

*September 23d.* After two weeks' sober reflection, greatly aided, doubtless, by the meagre fare which my aunt has assigned me, I have come to the conclusion that I have never been in love. My blushes and flutterings, when in Mr. Carlton's presence, I now attribute to their true cause, gratified vanity. I was young and inexperienced, unaccustomed to aught but censure and reproach, and Mr. Carlton's praises had awakened in my bosom a sentiment of which I was ignorant until then, and which I construed into a warmer feeling.

When will this tiresome captivity cease? Even my aunt's bitter taunts would be a relief from this monotonous solitude. And yet I have my books, my pencil, all with which I amused myself so successfully in days of yore. Why are they not sufficient now? There is a craving, a restless yearning arisen in my breast. I know not its object; but I do know that things once pleasant are now distasteful to me. I look on moonlight with a cold shudder; and the blue sky, the bright flowers, and the merry birds, all, all bring these words home to my heart: "We are so very happy, and you—what is life to you but a scene of suffering and sorrow, unloved and unloving? You were far better beneath the sod."

*September 24th.* A message from my aunt. Some one of her grandee acquaintance has sent to solicit her charity for a poor woman dangerously ill of a fever in a small alley back of her house. Mrs. Beaumont is about leaving the city, and, in her note, she commits this poor creature to the "*charitable care*" of my aunt. That worthy, not being able to shirk the obligation, and, at the same time, not daring to risk her precious life to the infection, has commissioned me to be her almoner, and I must don bonnet and shawl, and set out immediately. Perhaps I *shall* be soon "beneath the sod."

*Evening.* I have just returned from that wretched abode, and, do what I will, the picture of suffering is ever before me. The sufferer is evidently on the brink of the grave. Her large, dark eyes, with such an unearthly look, they haunt me still; and the brilliant color on her cheek, in fearful contrast with her pale, damp forehead. The room, too—I seem still to see the wretched pallet and rickety chair in the gorgeous damask and rosewood of my home.

The sick woman was alone when I entered. She seemed startled at the sight of a stranger; but I hastened to assure her I was a friend. She smiled faintly at the gold which I placed in her hand, saying that, in a few days, she would be beyond the need of it.

"But have you no relative, no friend to care for you?" I hurriedly inquired.

"I have one little daughter, a poor, misshapen thing, who is now out begging for bread. She will take care that your bounty is well applied. But who, when I am gone, will care for her?"

"The Father of the fatherless," said a deep, manly voice at my side.

I started back; but the sufferer, her face lighted up by a bright smile, extended her hand to the newcomer, and said—

"Oh, my minister, I knew you would not forget me! I thank you for reminding me, when I was about to repine, of my only comfort."

The young clergyman, for such was the unexpected visitor, knelt by the side of the dying woman, while I retired into a corner of the apartment. I watched him attentively while he spoke words of comfort and hope to the weary soul. The blush which had at first suffused his fine features at finding himself in the presence of a strange young lady faded away as he proceeded with his solemn duty, and such an expression of peace and purity stole over his countenance, that I gazed on him with admiration mingled with awe. I had listened to such words before, but in an assemblage of the gay and fashionable, with smiling faces and waving plumes around me; but, in that small room, in the presence of that dying woman, they bore a different meaning. Never before had I seen human nature so helpless and suffering; never before did the rich promises of the Gospel fall with such weight on my ear. The sick woman looked so enraptured, so different from

the fretful, feverish invalid I had seen on my entrance, that I almost envied the being who could work such a spell. Then I thought how delightful it must be to be his sister or his wife, aiding him in his labors of love, soothing his cares by my smiles, and accompanying him to the homes of the desolate. My thoughts roved far, far away from that miserable abode to a snug little cottage in a western land, in which I was the presiding spirit, the minister's bride.

A slight noise at the door attracted my attention, and a child entered, whom I at once recognized as the poor woman's daughter. She was very lame and much deformed, but her face was absolutely beautiful. She had her mother's dark eyes and fine features, and her sunny curls, falling to her waist, half concealed the defect in her figure.

I beckoned to her, and she came timidly over into the corner where I stood. In a few whispered words, I made known to her that I was a friend come to relieve their wants; and, while she related to me her tale of woe, I was so busily scrutinizing her beautiful face, that I noticed not the prayer was ended, and, when I looked around, the clergyman was gone. After giving the child my direction, in case she should need assistance before morning, and promising to send them a physician, and to see them again very soon, I quitted the forlorn dwelling. I must go there to-morrow, for I *must* see that clergyman again. All my former visions of gayety and grandeur have faded away, and, in their stead, is one which I hope will not be so evanescent, in which a young minister is the principal personage, and I am the star of his home.

*September 30th.* Nothing but disappointment is in store for me. The morning after my visit to the sick woman, I presented myself to my aunt, and requested her permission to take some little delicacy with me, which might gratify the invalid's failing appetite. To my surprise, I received a peremptory "no," and was requested never to go near the place again. The physician, whom I had dispatched on my return home, had reported the disease to be scarlet fever, and although I might choose to risk my own life, my prudent aunt was not so careless of hers, and, in her delicate health, I might easily communicate the infection to her. So, for several days past, she has maintained a constant watch over my movements. Yesterday morning, however, while she was engaged with some company in the parlor, I could not resist the temptation to steal out into the court, and inquire of the woman's next neighbor how matters had been going on in my absence. To my surprise, I learned that the woman had died three days before.

"And what became of the little girl?" I asked.

"Oh, the minister took her to his own home."

I longed to ask where that home was, but dared not; so, thanking the woman for her information, I hurried home. I shall probably never see either of

them again; and, now that I know the whole, I have become resigned to be watched and spied over. So that I have been so good to-day, that my aunt has promised to take me to a lecture this evening, where a most fashionable circle will be assembled to do honor to the great M——.

*October 1st.* The hall was crowded when we arrived last evening; but, by dislodging two gentlemen of our acquaintance, we procured seats near the stage. If I were a man, I should not altogether like to subject myself to so much inconvenience. If ladies will go late, they should pay the penalty. However, these two gallants gave up, as a matter of course, though I did think my aunt's nonchalant bow, in return for the courtesy, was rather ungrateful; so I tried to put a little warmth in my thanks. Such a buzzing and chattering as there was around us; but, when the lecturer entered the room, every voice was hushed, and every eye was bent on him in eager anticipation. And we were not disappointed. His voice at first was low and harsh; but, warming as he proceeded, he poured forth such a torrent of eloquence, in such clear, ringing tones, that the audience hung breathlessly upon his words. What a mighty gift is eloquence! There was that vast audience, the silver-haired patriarch, the youth with his bright, frank face, the blushing maiden of sixteen, and the strong man in his prime, all bowing their hearts to that one man's magic sway, and smiling or weeping at his bidding. Nay, more; they seemed to catch his inspiration, for every face reflected the earnestness, the intense rapture, or sorrow which glowed in the magician's countenance. And that magician, too, how changed from the pale, almost ugly man who so awkwardly entered the room! His brow lit up, and his eyes shot forth such lightning glances that he seemed, as he stood there, invested with almost superhuman beauty.

My eyes were riveted upon his face, and, long after the lecture was ended, I sat like one entranced, with those last words still echoing in my heart. In my heart, did I say? I have no heart; I have laid it at M——'s feet.

I was roused from my reverie by an antiquated beau complimenting me upon the brilliancy of my eyes and my rich color. What a fall it was to earth, after soaring on the wing of genius far, far above the clouds!

I looked around for my aunt. She had left my side, and was now in the midst of a circle of ladies who, surrounding the lecturer, were congratulating him, and proffering their hospitalities. When my aunt returned, the glow of gratified pride on her features made her look absolutely handsome, and I forgot her harshness and tyranny, while she told me she had secured M——'s company to dinner the next day.

"And now, Cousin Katy," said she, as we drove rapidly homeward, "let us make out a list of invitations. I want only the *élite*, the very cream of the

aristocracy. M—— is an old bachelor, I hear; so I have set my heart on captivating him. So you must dress and behave, as you really are, a child; for I warn you, you will find me a merciless rival."

It was too dark for her to see the blush which, at those cool words, rudely dashing my airy fabrics to the ground, sprang to my brow; but those words revealed to me the state of my own heart. Had I not been dreaming again? Yes; in imagination, I had seen myself M——'s chosen one; I had heard that voice, which, a few moments before, had swayed the hearts of hundreds, pleading, in low, earnest tones, for a single smile from me. To me were all those burning thoughts and brilliant fancies confided, ere my poet husband penned them down; and to me alone he turned for that applause which thousands gave unbidden.

But I must away. The clock is on the stroke of three, and my aunt's bell has just rung for Cousin Katy to assist in her toilet. The child is arrayed in simple white, with no ornaments save a white rosebud in her bosom, while her aunt is radiant in velvet and jewels. We shall see which of the "rival queens" will win the poet's heart.

October 2d. The party is over; and, if I have been *désabusé*, which one of my merry schoolmates translated as "dreadfully abused," I have at least had a hearty laugh for the first time this many a long day.

The guests arrived early, and one of the first was M——. As his name was announced, my aunt's face brightened, and she smiled her sweetest. I, too, peeped out from my corner, trying too look very interesting. But M—— came not alone. A beautiful lady hung on his arm, whom he begged leave to present to my astonished aunt as Mrs. M——!

I gave one glance at my aunt, secretly pitying her; but her crestfallen look so amused me that I could not restrain my mirth. Such a disappointment! she could hardly conceal it, and Mrs. M—— was greeted less cordially than her single husband would have been.

That evening I was the gayest of the gay. I was not disappointed, the whole affair was so ludicrous. Yet what could have been the feeling I had towards M——?

October 5th. A few days' reflection have convinced me it was admiration—intense admiration. I had never seen one so worthy of it before; indeed, I had never before admired any one. This new feeling, verging almost on that adoration to which love alone has just claim, I mistook for love. But oh, it was so funny!

October 8th. I have had quite an exciting time to-day. As my aunt and I were taking our usual prosy ride in the country, the horses took it into their heads to run away. The coachman was thrown from his seat, and the furious creatures rushed madly on. My aunt screamed; but I sat silent, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces. The

road we were going was a very lonely one, scarcely a house to be seen, and I thought we were beyond the reach of human aid. The horses flew along until they came to an abrupt turn in the road, which upset the carriage. I was thrown out on one side, and my aunt on the other. Fortunately, I fell into a mud-puddle, which probably saved my life; but my aunt was dashed out on a stone heap, and lay insensible. For two hours I sat by her side, vainly endeavoring to restore her to consciousness. What was to be done? The sun was setting; there was not a house in sight; in a short time, I would be alone, and in darkness. At this moment, I heard the trotting of a horse. I feared it was one of our own maddened beasts returning; but, in a short time, I saw a gentleman approaching. At the sight of the broken carriage, and the two lonely women, he reined in his horse and sprang from the saddle. A few words sufficed for an explanation, and he immediately remounted and returned for assistance.

The sun had now set, and the shades of evening were closing round me. There was nothing to be heard but the monotonous chirping of the crickets, always a mournful sound to me, but rendered doubly so by my present forlorn situation. I stole around once more to the stone heap, and looked long and earnestly at my insensible aunt. It was the first time I had ever scrutinized her features, and I now saw the traces of what in youth must have been surpassing beauty. Those finely-formed features were now sharpened by age, the proud, dark eye was sunken, and the mouth wore an expression of such suffering, that I would fain have turned away. A new thought darted across my mind. My aunt must have had some great trial, some acute suffering, to have made her so utterly heartless and selfish. And I, instead of endeavoring to cheer and comfort her, had embittered and pained her by my taunts and my disobedience. Inwardly, I vowed never again to thwart her, should her life be spared; for, had she not given me a home when I was homeless? had she not endeavored to procure me a husband when I was friendless?

My cogitations were interrupted by the return of the gentleman. He had procured a small carriage, in which we gently laid the unconscious woman, and then drove with all speed towards home. When we arrived there, after my aunt had been carried to her room, and a physician sent for, the gentleman was stealing away; but I delayed him a moment.

"May we not know to whom we are so much indebted?" I asked, in a pleasing tone.

The gentleman shook his head, but promised to call on the morrow. As he was descending the steps, he met the physician, and exchanged a bow of recognition with him.

"Oh, Dr. B——, who is he?" I exclaimed, seizing his arm.

"The Earl of D——," was the calm reply, as he proceeded to his patient's room.

Was this indeed the Earl of D——, of whom I had seen so many on *dit* in the newspapers? They had been ringing with his name for some weeks past. He was young, noble, and immensely wealthy, and, wearied with the artificial beauties of London, had come to America, avowedly, to seek a wife among the Yankee girls. A new subject for a "*chateau en Espagne*." Perhaps the romantic situation in which he found me made some impression on his heart; for these men love to be protectors. They have a kind of pride in their superior strength, and they are thankful to the women for giving them opportunity to exercise it. They see a young lady in danger, their pity impels them to rush to her rescue, and we all know what pity is akin to. Then the *grateful* young lady, rescued from a fall from her horse, falls right away in love, and there is no rescue, no help for her then.

To be sure, my appearance was not very fascinating; for my face and hands were daubed with mud, my bonnet crushed by my fall, and my dress soiled and dragged by the dew. I heaved a deep sigh as I turned from the mirror, for I feared that my frightful appearance would counterbalance the sweets of protection in the earl's mind. Oh, if I should captivate him! How I should love to be with him in the halls of his ancestors, myself the "*lady châteline*," doing the honors of his splendid castle to a crowd of titled guests! Then I imagined myself in the midst of his peasantry, gliding like an angel of mercy into their dwellings, sharing alike their joys and sorrows, and loved and praised by all. Then the scene changed. I was in the stately drawing-room of Victoria. The noble and the beautiful were around me; yet all eyes were fixed on the little American lassie, the wife of one of England's proudest peers. Jewels were in my hair, gems flashed upon my bosom, and I was the centre of an admiring circle, while I told, in a low, clear voice, of my own free home.

That tiresome bell again! Have I so soon forgotten my vow? Here have I been dreaming away, when my aunt may be struggling for life or death.

October 9th. The earl called, as he had promised, but merely to inquire after my aunt. He did not ask for me; but I learn from Dr. B—— that he is on the eve of departure for England. The chateau has fallen once more. The doctor is fearful that my aunt has sustained some internal injury.

October 15th. I was admitted into my aunt's room to-day, for the first time since her illness. Disease has made fearful ravages on her countenance. She is so very thin, and has such a haggard look, that I was forced to turn away to hide my tears. The doctor is anxious for my aunt to go into the country. Now that she is a little better, her gay friends have begun calling again, and he dreads the excitement. So we are to prepare immediately for a visit to an old widow lady, a friend of my aunt's, who resides about ten miles from the

city. Her grandson and granddaughter are the only members of her household, so that we shall be very retired. To me, this is the very pleasantest time to visit the country, although my aunt says it gives her the horrors. I shall have plenty of time for dreaming now; but no foundation, I fear, for my castles.

October 22d. We arrived at Woodside this morning. It is a very old house, built before the Revolution. In spite of its antiquity, I think it deplorably ugly; for, besides being built of brick, always an eyesore in the country, it has seven ugly poplars before the door. The people I like very much: the grandmother, although older than my aunt, is still healthy, and even blooming, attributable, I presume, to early hours, simple fare, and an active life. The granddaughter is on a visit to New York; but the grandson is at home, and was standing at the door to greet us.

Harry Churchill, for such is his name, is a model of manly beauty. He is very tall, but so finely proportioned that you would not notice his height, unless you compared him with a medium-sized man. His out-of-door exercises have bronzed his cheek and hardened his hands; but his welcome was as courteous as though he had lived all his life in the polished society of the city, instead of among pigs and chickens. He is so lively and witty, too. I was somewhat embarrassed at being obliged to introduce myself, for my aunt had fallen into a doze during the latter part of our ride; but old Mrs. Churchill's kind manner made me completely at home, and, in a few minutes, Harry and I were chatting like old friends. After we had discussed some fine gingerbread and currant wine, for the making of which the old lady is famous, my aunt expressed a wish to retire to her room before tea, and we were ushered there accordingly.

When the door had closed after our departing hostess, my aunt cast a disdainful glance around the room, and, heaving a deep sigh, threw herself upon the bed. I, too, took a survey of the room; but I saw no cause for sighing, as the furniture, though old fashioned, was as bright as hands could make it, and, though the gorgeous curtains which clothed our windows at home were wanting here, the white rose and woodbine made a far prettier canopy.

When the tea bell rang, my aunt refused to rise, and bade me go down alone. A most bountiful table was spread, and, after dispatching some of the good things, Mrs. Churchill insisted upon my taking a walk with Harry, as she and my aunt wanted to talk about old times. I joyfully consented, and, donning my little white sunbonnet, I took Harry's offered arm. How far we walked I know not. I only know that we sat for an hour upon an old bridge in the moonlight, singing the wildest snatches of songs imaginable; and then Harry must needs volunteer an expedition into the woods for some bright-colored autumn leaves for a wreath, and of course I would

not be left alone. Then I had to wait until the young gentleman had woven the wreath, and then—just as he was placing it upon my head—the mellow notes of—not a French, but a dinner horn, came floating on the air. I sprang from the old log which had served us for a sofa, and we returned home a *little* faster than we came. On our return we found my aunt and Mrs. Churchill awaiting us at the door, the latter brandishing the great horn which had startled us so.

"Now, not a word, ladies," said Harry, anticipating their reproofs, "not a word about the dew or the hour; I dare say, when you were girls together, you often stayed out at the old bridge later than this, with your lovers."

This speech displeased me for a moment; in the first place, I thought it was rather disrespectful to my aunt, an entire stranger to him, and then—and then—I somehow felt that there was a sly insinuation that he was my lover. However, I soon forgot it, so surprised was I at my aunt's manner. At Harry's speech she started, gave a quick look at Mrs. Churchill, and a blush suffused her usually pallid features. What could it mean? I'll ask Mrs. Churchill to-morrow. She and my aunt were friends in youth, and they often spent months together at this house in their girlhood.

After all, a farmer is, I am inclined to think, the noblest of men: they have hearts, an article in which I think our ball-room beaux are sadly deficient. Living so much in the open air, their bodies are healthy, their brains clear. And I—though not cut out exactly for a farmer's wife—I was surely "born to love pigs and chickens."

I have just been taking a last look at the moon before retiring, and I saw in imagination a youthful pair walking upon the lawn. There, they are seated upon the fence. The maiden appears to be studying the conformation of the grasses, so earnestly she gazes on the velvet turf at her feet: and the youth is a student too; but the science of *blushology* engages *his* attention. That is a dangerous fence, it appears, for the youth's arm now encircles the maiden's waist—it must be to keep her from falling. There must be some wise plan on foot, for they are "putting their heads together." Hark! What was that? A—

It is rather singular, but the maiden looks very much like Miss Katy Elliot, and the youth's face and figure are Harry Churchill's own!

October 23d. I had a nice talk with Mrs. Churchill to-day. I inveigled her into a good humor, by asking permission to manufacture a huge gingerbread under her superintendence, and then, when her hands were in the dough and there was no escape, I began the conversation rather abruptly:—

"Mrs. Churchill, my aunt must have been very beautiful when young; why did she never marry? Had she ever a lover?"

"She never had but one, my dear, and that was thirty years ago."

"Oh! do tell me all about it. I am sure it is a romantic story."

"Your aunt and I were cousins and bosom friends. Your aunt had an only brother—your grandfather, my dear—and a prouder youth I never saw before, nor since. Some trifle—the color of a curtain, I believe—occasioned such a difference between his father and himself, that your grandfather left the mansion of his ancestors, vowing never to return there again. Your great-grandfather was equally exasperated, and disinherited him upon the spot. After her brother's departure, your aunt was so very lonely that I invited her to spend a few weeks with me. I was a bride, then, Katy, and so very happy myself that I could not bear to see a cloud on my cousin's brow; so my husband and myself tried every means in our power to obliterate from your aunt's mind the sad memories that rankled there. For a time we were unsuccessful; but one day I noticed that my cousin delayed longer than usual her return from her walk. Upon going to the door to seek her, I saw her sitting upon the old bridge, where you too sat last evening; but she was not alone. A young man, whom I soon recognized as the village schoolmaster, was at her side, and, after an animated conversation, I saw him press her hand to his lips, and, bounding over the fence, was soon out of sight. When she returned home, I chid her gently for her delay, but, seeing her blush deeply, I was considerate enough to postpone my inquiries until I could question her alone.

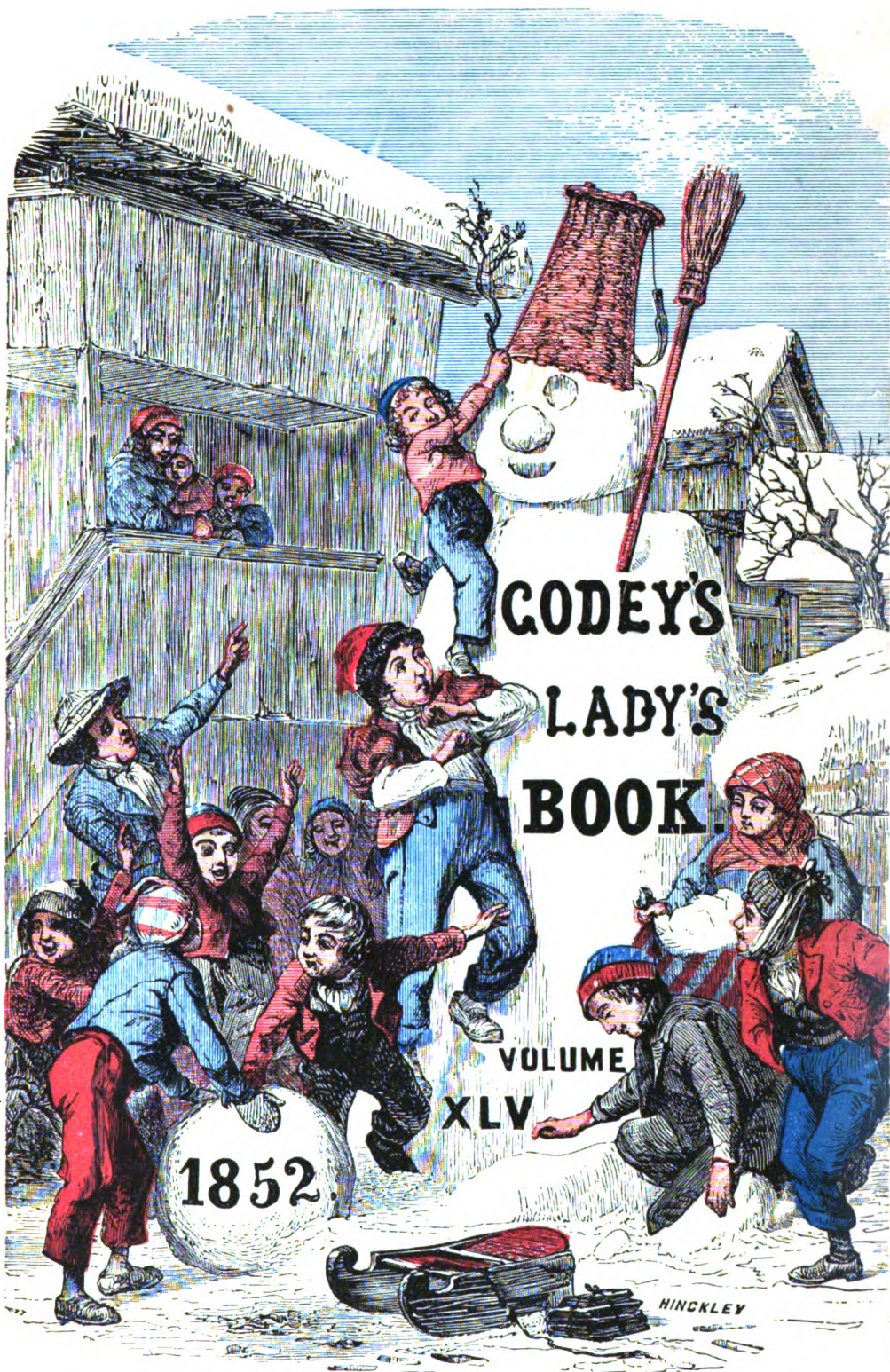
"That evening I stole into her room. She was sitting in the moonlight pressing a miniature to her lips. She gave a start at my entrance and tried to look unconcerned, but I soon obtained her confidence and her secret. The schoolmaster had wooed and won her, but she dreaded her father's displeasure. He was so very aristocratic, so very proud, that he would laugh her to scorn dared she reveal her love. 'But try him, only try him, Alice,' I urged; 'he will not refuse the prayer of his only daughter.'

"'Oh! he will: you don't know my father. His proud eye will flash, and his thin lip curl. I dare not—I cannot. I would rather brave a lion than my angry father.'

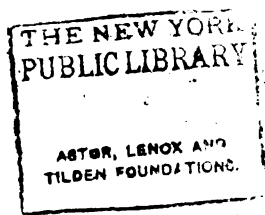
"Then let me try, Alice. I will plead for you. Dry your tears, dearest, and this evening, when you see a white handkerchief waving from the carriage window, know that my mission has been successful."

"I was soon on my road to town. As I entered the gloomy mansion, the abode of the Elliots, father and son, for nearly a century, a feeling of awe stole over me. Passing through several deserted apartments, I entered the library. There sat the old man, busied in his usual morning occupation of reading a journal kept by his son from his tenth to his twentieth year. He had perused it over and over again,





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and still took a mournful pleasure in conning over all that now remained to him of his darling son. At my entrance he laid the volume aside, and, courteously greeting me, bade me be seated. I briefly stated the object of my visit. The old man drew himself proudly up, and said, in a voice in which pride and sorrow struggled for the mastery, 'Bid Alice remember her brother's fate. No pauper shall wed an Elliot.' In vain I told him of the noble character of his daughter's lover; how strong and deep was his affection; and how intensely it was returned. All was vain.

"I will allow Alice three days for reflection. If, at the expiration of that time, she chooses to return, I will receive her with open arms; but if she prefers poverty and a father's curse to wealth and his blessing, my doors shall be forever closed upon her."

"Slowly and sadly I took my road homewards, for I knew Alice's proud disposition, and how she valued wealth and its distinctions. I dared not unfurl the white handkerchief, although I saw Alice at the window, eagerly watching my approach. I saw her turn away with a look of disappointment, and in another moment she stood at the hall door, bathed in tears. As gently as possible, I unfolded to her her father's irrevocable decision, and I saw she trembled violently. She retired to her own room, begging not to be disturbed until the next day.

"The next morning, as I threw up my window at early sunrise, I saw, sitting on the old bridge, my cousin and her lover. Her face was hid upon his shoulder, and he appeared to be vehemently urging his suit. What arguments he used I know not; but Alice returned, her face radiant with happiness, and smilingly begged me to send a messenger to town for her books and jewels, as now she was to be one of us. A servant was dispatched immediately.

"That morning the young schoolmaster insisted upon our going to view the arrangements he had made for his expected bride. He had engaged two small rooms at a tavern in the village, and furnished them to the utmost extent of his means.

"Alice shuddered as we passed up the narrow stair; and, when we entered the cramped apartment which was to serve them for parlor, she cast an exploring glance at me which spoke volumes. It told of pride, of disappointment, of wavering.

"'It is not very grand, dear Ally,' I replied cheerfully; 'but William has done wonders. Here are your favorite flowers, the heliotrope and geranium, in the window; and these white muslin curtains look so cheerful! There is a cute little corner for your harp, and your workstand will look nicely here. What a charming rocking-chair! How thoughtful and kind of him to do everything so silently and so nicely!'

"'But a tavern, coz—how could I ever receive my fashionable friends in a tavern? To be sure,' added she, with a sigh, 'they will none of them remember me now.'

"'And would you grieve for such friends?'

"'Not grieve for them, but miss them,' was her quick reply.

"About dinner-time, the servant returned with her books and jewels. Alice sighed as she drew the glittering gems from their velvet bed, saying, as she did so, 'there's nobody to see them, now.'

"Thanking her for her compliments, I left the room to attend to some household affairs. In an hour I returned, but started back with surprise as I crossed the threshold. I had never before seen Alice so surpassingly beautiful. She had arrayed herself in a black velvet robe, which displayed the faultless contour of her neck and arm. Her dark hair was confined by a diamond circlet, and the same bright jewels sparkled on her bosom. There was a deep flush on her cheek, and a wild light in her eye, as she turned from the mirror.

"'Look at me, coz: think you not I will grace the Cross Keys Tavern? No, cousin, no; my decision is taken: I return home this evening. Much as I love William, I cannot live without wealth. I have ever been nurtured in luxury; and imagine, coz, these white arms scrubbing that wretched little room, or washing my husband's linen. I will go, and you will spare William the agony of a parting by telling him I have returned to my father.'

"A deep breath was drawn at my side, as if some one's life was departing in agony. It was Alice's lover! Such a scene as ensued! At first entreaties and prayers; then reproaches and bitter words. Yes, there were words spoken that blanched my lip and paled my cheek, while those two proud spirits stood calm and cold beside me! In that very room in which your aunt is now sleeping, the lovers parted, never to meet again. Alice has been dragging out her weary life in gayety and splendor, while William died in a southern land, of a broken heart."

Here the fumes of the scorching cake reached us, and Mrs. Churchill abruptly bade me go to my aunt's room, to see if she wanted anything.

October 25th. We attended the little church in the valley to-day. Harry drove us in the little carriage, and I was rather surprised to hear Mrs. Churchill whisper to my aunt, "See what a spell your Katy has wrought already! Harry never would accompany me to church: he says the preacher is prosy, and always puts him to sleep."

"Very well, Mr. Harry, you shall attend this time," thought I to myself. So when the sermon began, I resisted all his attempts to make me laugh, turned a deaf ear to his chatterings, and pretended not to notice his funny faces. I did not think he liked it altogether; but if there is anything despicable in my eyes, it is to see a man behaving silly in church. If they do not respect its solemnity themselves, they may stay away, for no noble-hearted, dignified girl will deign to bestow a smile on one who behaves like such a baby.

Harry was all smiles and good-humor this after-

noon. Some country lads and lasses paid us a visit, and by mutual consent we adjourned to the swing. Here it became so evident that he would swing no one but me, that I had to submit to no little teasing; but Harry has so much tact in returning the compliment, that my blushes passed unnoticed. How delightful it is to have a witty companion! I laugh so much all day that my face is in a perpetual grin. If the offer were to come now, I should certainly not say no.

*October 27th.* How I wish people could be quiet, sometimes! I was reading such a pathetic story to-day, and Harry came with one of his everlasting puns. I had to laugh, though I was very angry, because I was just preparing to cry. That fellow is ridiculous, sometimes. He has *very pretty teeth*, however.

*October 30th.* I am beginning to tire of Harry's perpetual puns. As somebody says, "he seizes your honest words, and turns them into traitors before your eyes." Honest words, sad words, kind words, or hard words, it makes no difference to him. And then he is continually scraping up all kind of queer sayings and funny anecdotes, with which he favors me during our evening walks. He has not much depth, that same Harry; all is froth, and, to use a preserving simile, "scum." I wish our month's sojourn were ended.

*November 3d.* I have kept my room to-day, pleading sickness. And truly I am sick, but it is of Harry. I hate the sound of his voice, and the perpetual glitter of those ivories. I hear his "ha! ha! ha!" even now. My illness does not cause him much uneasiness. How I dread that offer! I know it is coming, and that speedily, for my aunt and Mrs. Churchill are continually talking about it.

*November 4th.* I was very rude to-day, but I could not help it. Harry came to the door this morning, and begged to be admitted; "it was so pitch dark down stairs without me," he said.

My aunt opened the door and disappeared. Harry came bounding in, and, throwing himself on the floor at my feet, began talking away in his usual style as fast as his tongue could run. After rattling away for some time, he suddenly stopped, blushed, and was silent for some moments. Then, seeing him twist his mouth all possible ways, as if he tried to say something serious, but didn't know how, and just as he pronounced the word "Ka-Katy," I sprang from the sofa and ran out of the room. I flew down the garden-walk, and over the fence, and never rested until I threw myself into the swing. Nor did I leave it until I saw Harry go out of the house and take the road to the village. I dread meeting Harry again. Luckily, the two old ladies know nothing of my flight, or I should not escape so easily.

*November 5th.* I breakfasted in my room this morning, but knowing I should not be safe from Harry there, I took an early opportunity to run off into the orchard. "He will not seek me here,"

thought I; but I was mistaken, for I soon saw him coming desperately in that direction. "If I can but get up a tree, I can hide." So I scrambled up, with great difficulty, into a huge apple-tree; but lo! Harry had seen me, and was making directly towards me. I thought I must get down; I never could be caught up the tree; so down I came; but my foot slipping, horrible to relate, I fell right into Harry's arms!

"Now I have you!" he exclaimed, and burst into a roguish laugh.

Then, without further hesitation, he poured forth such declarations of love and everlasting fidelity, that I was almost stunned.

As soon as I could speak, for, with the fright, the fall, and the declaration, I was wellnigh dumb-founded, I disengaged myself from his grasp, and uttering a calm "No, sir!" made the best of my way homewards.

When I reached my room, there was my aunt extended on the floor, with an open letter beside her. Involuntarily I glanced my eye over it, and what was my horror to find that she was now penniless! A fire had destroyed all of her property in the city, which was uninsured, and a scamp of an agent had run off with the money she had in bank.

A physician was summoned, as my aunt still lay insensible, and he pronounced it an attack of paralysis. The undue excitement caused by the letter, acting upon an already enfeebled frame, has prostrated her thus. She has somewhat recovered from her stupor, but her speech is entirely gone. I am almost distracted. A helpless invalid and poverty; and I must be hands and head both, in this unlooked-for catastrophe. A knock at the door. It is a note from Harry. He begs pardon for intruding at such a moment, but cannot help writing to assure me that the events of the morning have but increased his desire of cherishing and protecting me. He was rude and abrupt this morning, and perchance I deemed it presumption in him to aspire to the heiress's hand; but now he longs to offer me a home and a husband, when my only protector seems about to be taken away.

He is a noble fellow; this note has shown me how disinterested is his love; but still I cannot return it: I do not love him as I once dreamed. I never can wed one of his character, for there is little sympathy between us.

*November 6th.* My plans are formed; I leave for the city to-morrow. Mrs. Churchill has offered my aunt a home until I can remove her to town. The good old lady grieves very much; she whispered to me, "I had hoped, my dear, this house would be your home always; but Harry tells me it may not be."

Harry's spirits seem quite subdued. I had a long talk with him this morning, and he is now satisfied that my decision is irrevocable. He drives me to the city to-morrow.



*November 7th.* I have been busy to-day, very. It was early morning when we entered the town, and we drove immediately to the residence of Mr. Marshall, an old friend of my aunt's. By his advice, I dismissed all my aunt's servants, excepting old Biddy, a faithful Irish woman, whom I retain to nurse my aunt. I have also arranged the furniture and plate for the great sale which takes place day after to-morrow. I intend taking a couple of rooms, in a quiet street, and as I have quite a talent for music, I hope to maintain myself and aunt by giving lessons. Mrs. Marshall has promised me a number of pupils; and, as I have an income of one hundred dollars, I think we shall do very well.

*November 10th.* I have succeeded in procuring two very pleasant rooms in B— Street. I have fitted up the room fronting the street as a sort of parlor. My huge piano looks rather out of place in such a small apartment; but, as old Biddy quaintly observes, "it will take the less fire to warm it." The adjoining room is for my aunt. I did not forget the stuffed cat, which, I believe, was a pet kitten of her lover's, in days of yore. I have retained but little of her gorgeous furniture, but I could not resist appropriating one luxurious chair, which well deserves the name of "Sleepy Hollow." To-morrow I bring my aunt home, and the next day I begin with my pupils, of whom I already have nine. How I hope I may succeed!

*November 17th.* I have now been a week in this novel situation. I do not find it irksome as yet, but am often reminded of the proverb "a new broom sweeps clean." My aunt's disposition has greatly changed since this last attack. Not that she has become any kinder or more loving, but the "haughty Miss Elliot" is now merged in the peevish, childish invalid. She still finds fault with me, still murmurs at everything I do to assist her; but her mind is so evidently gone that her reproofs do not trouble me now. A spirit of contradiction seems to have taken possession of her; when the weather is mild, she insists upon a fire, and when to-day it is so cold that I have worn a shawl in the house, the windows must be all flung open. Her only pleasure appears to be in listening to the music, of which she is very fond; and the door between the rooms must always be open.

*November 20th.* I am wearied almost to death. My head aches so I could scarcely see the notes, and my aunt grows every day more fretful and discontented. She has taken to screaming lately, and really sometimes I am afraid she will alarm the neighbors. She cries all day long, wishes she were dead, and accuses me of poisoning her. She says old Biddy tries to strangle her every night with the nightcap. It were far better to die than to drag out existence thus.

My pupils, too, are not so obedient and amiable as they at first appeared. How soon children learn to ape their elders! My pupils evidently hear at

home, that I am a degraded creature, fit only to minister to the pleasure of those who formerly flattered and caressed me so. Their mothers appear to have forgotten that "Miss Elliot," the pale music teacher, was once on a par with them in gentility, and far beyond them in wealth. I hear no more of "my dear creature," or "my charming Katy," now.

*November 25th.* I received an offer to-day, which surprised me not a little. Old Mr. Marshall, who visits us frequently, and has seen innumerable displays of my aunt's childishness and troublesome whims, is exceedingly desirous to remove her to an asylum, about three miles from the city. It is expressly for "reduced gentlewomen" in her situation; they are faithfully nursed and cared for, and it is as unlike a hospital or almshouse as possible. Mr. Marshall says I have too much on my shoulders; that I cannot stand it; but he has no patience with my aunt, and takes a prejudiced view of the case. But I have steadfastly refused the proposition. I am beginning to exercise, I trust, a little of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," and I cannot desert my aunt in her hour of adversity. She is so utterly dependent upon me for the most trifling assistance, that I cannot turn her over to a stranger. It was a strong temptation, however, for my aunt's worrying ways have almost worn me out. Indolence whispered that my aunt knew not, nor cared whence food and warmth came, if they were but supplied, and at the asylum she would have attentive nurses, more skillful than rough old Biddy; that she would not miss me much, as she hated me so; that I would have so much more leisure if she were away—I could rest from my constant labors, and the headache would probably vanish. That last was a powerful argument, for this dull, heavy pain in my brow seems to crush out all vivacity, and even all thought. I stood firm, though, and Mr. Marshall left the house no little displeased that I, a weak youngster, should resist the pleadings and arguments of an "old graybeard," for so he styles himself.

*December 1st.* I had just thrown myself on the bed, at my aunt's side, this afternoon, and had closed my eyes for a few minutes' nap, when old Biddy opened the door, and informed me a gentleman wanted to see me in the parlor. A gentleman! Instantly visions of Lewis Carlton, returned, repentant, to claim my hand, thronged my mind as I hastily smoothed my hair and arranged my collar. But when I entered the parlor, the young clergyman rose to meet me. The little deformed girl was at his side. He begged pardon for the intrusion, and explained in a few words the occasion of his visit. He was going as a missionary to India, he said, and knowing no one to intrust little Ellen to during his absence, had taken the liberty of seeking me, to beg me to be a mother to her. He had heard of our altered circumstances, and if it would not be convenient for me to take her, he could perhaps find

a place for her as a servant. "Only," he continued, in a low tone, "she is so refined and intelligent, I should dread to see her in that capacity, and I think you would be rewarded for your care in her dutiful affection, and happy, joyous spirit."

I paused a moment to consult Mr. Judgment, a very potent adviser of late. It would be trouble, certainly; and my means were not so very ample just now; but—the child's looks pleased me—I wanted to do a kind action, and oblige the young clergyman—so I consented.

Then—for he seemed kind and gentle—I opened my heart to him. I told him how wearied I was of earth; how I longed and yet dreaded to die; how the chalice of disappointment was ever at my lips, and how bitter was the draught. I told him of Walter's warning, and how it had been forgotten in the excitement and splendor around me. I told him of the yearnings after something higher and nobler, that filled my breast. That there was a void in my heart which earthly love could not fill—and would he tell me of heavenly love?

The young clergyman paused for a moment; then, taking my hand and looking full in my face with his dark earnest eyes, he told me of a heavenly love. He bade me look beyond this scene of sorrow to a brighter world, where the "wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." He urged me to live in the shadow of the cross; to fix my eye upon a crucified Redeemer, and to press onwards and upwards. He bade me remember this world was but the trial-scene which would decide my weal or woe for an eternity. I have talents—let me improve them; influence—let me exert it. I was yet in the morning of life, and what an incalculable amount of good might I accomplish during my three-score years and ten!

Taking a small Bible from his pocket, he marked a verse with his pencil, and laid it in my lap. Then, invoking a blessing upon me and the little orphan, he wrung my hand warmly, and left the room. I opened the volume, and read through my tears: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

June 31st, 184—. It is one year to-day since I made the first entry in my journal. But how changed from the vain, giddy girl, who then penned down her fond anticipations of earth! I blush in reading over the records of my thoughts, to see the air-castles I built; the dreams I had—and of naught beyond this world. I was *dreaming*, indeed.

But I am wide awake now, and awake, I trust, to a deeper sense of life's realities, of its mysteries. Now I try to live for others; and my happiness flows from within. I can be cheerful, nay, even gay, in my humble home, although no "dark-eyed youth" is at my side, and no poet-lover bends over me. Neither do I hasten to "shuffle off this mortal coil,"

for, though I long earnestly and ardently for the spirit-land, I am so very busy and so very happy, in my narrow sphere, that I have no time and no mind to repine. Once I longed to be "beneath the sod," and thought earth was so dark and dreary; but now all nature smiles on me. The skies and the flowers tell of peace and purity, and the birds sing of happiness; and my being seems to harmonize with the birds and the flowers.

I have not been without trials, for my aunt was very ill last winter, and my scanty means well nigh failed; but now the dark cloud is removed, and Ellen and I can sing our cheerful songs once more. Truly, it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Ellen was, indeed, a treasure to me last winter. She alone could soothe my aunt to repose. She lightened old Biddy's labors, and, when I would come home from my scholars, wearied and disheartened, she would throw her arms around me, and speak words of hope to my fainting soul. And often now when my temples throb and my heart beats wildly, I hear her ringing laugh and gentle tones, and I am encouraged and strengthened.

I have to treat my aunt just like a child. She is a perfect infant in her helplessness and confiding simplicity, and I tell her of God and her Saviour as I would a child of four years old. To my great joy, she appears to understand me; for, when I speak of "heavenly things," her face brightens, and she presses my hand. Her pride has all gone, and in its stead are peace and innocence.

May every maiden who dreams of love, when her slumbers are broken, have as blissful a waking as Katy Elliot's!

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#### LINES IN MEMORY OF CLARA Z. WRIGHT, WHO DIED APRIL 29, 1852.

BY IRA L. JENKINS.

Six dwells in blissful mansions, far above  
The dazzling and resplendent orb of day;  
And walks, with angels, that Elysian grove  
Where glory sheds a never-ending ray.

Her brow is wreathed with roses plucked from fields  
Where showers of amarantine hue descend  
Undying flowers there purest incense yield,  
And love and harmony forever blend.

The angels lead her through celestial bowers  
Into the shadow of their green retreat;  
She drinks the nectar of unfading flowers,  
And kneels in reverence at the mercy-seat.

To her I gave the first-fruits of my muse,  
And saw, with joy, long-absent health return  
Ungrateful heart were mine to now refuse  
To plant her virtues deep in memory's urn.

Not mine to dress in sable weeds her bier,  
Nor mine to break the seal of love divine;  
But mine to pay the tribute of a tear,  
And lead the muse to friendship's hallowed shrine

## THE TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY E. JANE CATE.

### CHAPTER I.

THE following sketch was not penned to show to thee, gracious reader, that Vanity Fair is open only in the town, or that the Valley of Humiliation lies always where one may see green fields, meandering brooks, and quiet flocks. But this—that, however strong may be our predisposition for the indulgence of any passion—vanity, for instance—this passion's growth and activity depend, sometimes at least, less upon the struggles we may make, or neglect to make, than upon the social position we find ourselves occupying. It may be now that some pale metaphysician will lay his finger-point upon the old tome he is reading, and, lifting his large, cold eye, say, slowly and impressively: "That is not virtue, child, which comes along to us of its own accord. Freedom from vanity is not a virtue, when there are no conflicts for us, no lions in the way of its attainment." We will lay our hand on our heart at this, and bend our heads, and say, "Perhaps, sir;" but go on admiring humility, and love, and every Christian grace, whether its growth is spontaneous and free, and in those places where no weeds spring up to choke it, or among rocks and tares, which make its growth the result of watchfulness and toil.

"Ah, my very fine cousin! So you have conquered uncle; your boudoir is indeed elegant; and now tell me how much happier you are."

"Why, a vast deal, I do assure you. But now, Carl, pray don't grow sarcastic. All bluestockings do, I believe; and for this very reason will I always pray the graces to keep me from Minerva. Look, now, *ma cousine*; there, I will throw down my curtain. What a beautiful light one gets through rich purple curtains! I never could endure my white ones; but now don't you think that my boudoir is, in the *ensemble*, more splendid even than Miss Vane's? Only she has a *Psyche*, if I only had a *Psyche*! But we shall see. I have a Hebe, you see; beautiful, isn't it? but then only in China; and pa is rich enough for anything; and I his only child! I think it a pity—ha, Caroline, just look out! 'Tis Serena Mercer in her '33 chaly, and that old capote of hers, and the very aloes it bore last year."

"And all this is——"

"Why, yes, well enough; for I know this is what you would say; well enough for Serena. She does not care a fig what she wears; and, *pardonnez moi*, you are like her in this thing; and I believe this is the reason that everybody feels and says: 'Well,

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It is all right, after all, in Miss Mercer and Caroline Norris, they are so—so independent!"

"So—so proverbially odd—do they not say this sometimes, Susan?" asked Caroline, smiling.

"In truth, they do. And we fashionable butterflies always add—'But now I——' as we look complacently down upon our robe of *gaze fleur des anges*, or our pelisse of *gros princesses*, or our scarf of *gaze sylphide*. The gentlemen have the gallantry to temper their admiration by adding—'But—yet—after all, these severe beauties are rather—rather too independent and cold. We would ask more human frailty, more——'"

"Susan! 'more human frailty'?"

"Yes! yes, Caroline! Frank Vane actually said this one day, in one of his stupid rhapsodies; 'more human frailty!' he said; 'more softness, more deference to *la mode*;' and then he said 'Ha, ha, ha!' and 'He, he, he!'"

"And I suppose you 'fashionable butterflies' laughed too, and declared him infinitely witty, infinitely amusing?" said Caroline, looking quietly up from a screen she was examining.

"Yes, certainly; all in graciousness, however, you know."

"But you ought not to encourage his excessive and increasing foolishness; it is actually spoiling his naturally fine mind. What a beautiful screen! When did you make it, Susy?"

"'Never! no, never!'" sang Susan. "But let this be *entre nous*; and yet, I suppose 'tis of no use courting secrecy; one might just as well put it in the "Herald," and "Mirror;" for Miss Vane will look on one side of the screen, and then on me, and say: 'This screen, Miss Susan—how could you find time and patience to make anything so elaborate?' I would smile, and show her the border of my handkerchief, which I had purposely been tearing, and say, 'See, Miss Vane! one might just as well buy Lisle edgings, as that cheap thread-stuff of Lawrence and Smith. Don't you think it miserable?' She would say 'yes;' but still keep her eyes on my screen; and at length ask, in her desperate, disagreeable, hesitating way, 'This screen, Miss Susan—'tis beautiful! how could you—did you make it?' Didn't I catch just her tone, and look, and manner, Caroline? And she would touch the tip of her lilac glove like this."

"Perhaps so; but——"

"Nay! now, no lecture, if you please. I am not in the mood for it this morning. There comes the Lanes' carriage! I am vexed when I think of it

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You know how intimate Abby and I used to be. And—would you believe it?—since they moved and set up their own carriage, they never call here. The last time I saw Abby, I met her in Broadway, and such a lofty bow! It was a mere toss like this; it had one advantage; it set her feathers to glancing finely."

"But, Susan, pray don't talk in this way, and mimic people," said Caroline, with a pained look. "It is beautiful out this morning. Let us take a long ramble. I long to go where we can feel the clear country air. Is that your bell?"

"Yes, the Lanes have stopped. See! they have put livery upon their servants. See the coachman's silver hatband! Isn't it meet that one open one's eyes and mouth thus, and hold one's breath thus? Nay! don't scold, *ma cousine!*"

"Your *deshabille*, Susan! let me help you dress, quick."

"Why, child, they have only left their card; and now away they roll. Let me see if they call on the Dodds. No, I was quite sure they would not. Ha! I will tell you about it. They called on Mrs. Dodd once after moving into their new house. The morning room was full of visitors; and among them were Esquire Lawton, his lady, and their hopeful, then just returned from Europe, you know; and with them several *distingue* people from Washington, relatives of theirs. And so the Lanes set about protruding themselves. Mrs. Lane talked learnedly about Palmo's, and Niblo's, and Socrates, and Diogenes, relating with a great deal of enthusiasm historical anecdotes familiar as A, B, C to most school-girls of these times at twelve. But poor Mrs. Lane has just been seized with literature, it seems; and so she fancies everybody in the very ignorance from which she is emerging. Mr. Lane strutted across the drawing-room, put one arm beneath the skirt of his coat, tumbled over the contents of a card-basket, and *adpropos*, as he said, began to talk about Wall Street, stocks, exchange, Great Britain, and France. And the innocent little Abby—you know she was Abigail three years ago—was fluttering about, protruding her black slipper, putting her hand and wrist into all sorts of curvatures, by touching the tip of her forefinger to her lip, or dipping it about in the mazes of a huge bouquet she bore, or touching papa or mamma's shoulder, by way of calling their thoughts from exchange and Socrates to a bruised flower in her bouquet, or a pretty eye, or a foot, or a pretty something in some plates she had purchased while out. Mrs. Dodd was so disgusted! especially when, at last, they dragged in opportunities of saying 'our new house,' 'Vesey Street,' 'our carriage,' and 'our domestics.' So she said, with that enviable *nonchalance* of which she is such a perfect mistress: 'You must be delighted with your change of residence, Mrs. Lane. Bowery, and particularly Bowery pro-

per, where you resided so long, is such an *ultima thule* sort of place!' 'This was a temporary damper,' Mrs. Dodd says; but they soon rallied; and again it was 'our last dinner, our best friend Chancellor Norton, and our carriage.' And then Mrs. Dodd said: 'You must find it pleasant to command a carriage of your own, Mr. Lane, after hiring so long. Yours was a great bargain, too; we paid twice as much for our last one; oh! I recollect—yours was a second or third-hand.' This was a wholesome dose for their vanity. There was no more of it; but, quite crestfallen, they took leave, and have not repeated their call, and Mrs. Dodd is glad of it. Oh! there is nothing I hate as I do *un parvenue*. Don't you despise one, Caroline?"

"Oh dear! Susan, I do not know what I do. You have talked so long, so fast, and about so many things, I should think you would be completely bewildered. Come, now, let us go to your room. I will help you to dress, and then we will go where we can see trees, and the blue sky, and the sea! Oh, I long to breathe a clearer, cooler air! Come."

"Well—or, dear Carl, I will ring for Mary, and you sit here meanwhile and try my guitar; I have just got it home from Bullard's, where it has been under repair. See if it is not elegant now. And the sounds! you have no idea. My latest songs are below; but here are 'The Tyrolese Fortune-Teller,' and 'Away we bound o'er the deep,' and I don't know what else.

'Away! away we bound over the deep;  
Lightly, brightly our merry hearts leap;  
Homeward we sail to the land of our love,  
By the star-light beacon shining above,"

sang the giddy creature, as she gave her bell-rope a jerk; and then, going backwards, she bowed and courtesied herself out of the room.

"Oh dear!" sighed Caroline, turning to the guitar; and the faint smile with which she met the parting salutations of her graceful cousin gave way to an expression of real sorrow. She saw with other eyes than Susan's. For her, the excessive thoughtlessness and vanity of her cousin, half destroying, as they did, all the advantages of her naturally clear understanding and good heart; the hollow, ridiculous pretensions of the Lanes, militating against the republican spirit of our institutions, and turning their rapidly accumulating property to such low purposes; the artful and malicious taunts of Mrs. Dodd, notwithstanding an education, a position in society, and religious professions which ought to have placed her far indeed above such a mode of rebuke and reform; all these, their causes and their legitimate results on individuals and on society, were full of the most heart-sickening influences. Oh that they were wise! would that she might do them good in some way! And the whole world—if she might only go, and in the ear, and to the heart of the giddy, whis-



per: "Ponder well the paths of thy feet;" of the proud, "Be not high-minded, but fear;" and of the seeker for this world's favor, "Come unto me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest for your souls!"

"Might I but do this!" she said, half aloud.

"Might you but do what, cousin?" asked Susan, laughing. She had that moment returned to the boudoir. "Confess now, Carl," continued she, as she rummaged some boxes that stood on her dressing-table—"might you but get a husband? or—or what? I would like to know where my gloves are. Mary has ransacked my chamber, and the parlor, and the hall. Ah! this is pleasant; here they are. Come, now, confess," she added, again laughing; "might you—why how spiritual you look, Caroline! You must have been thinking—Might I but go to Birmah, and convert the heathen!—But your eyes are full. Pardon me just this time, sweetest cousin, and I will try." She kissed Caroline, dropped a tear or two, and then in one moment was pulling on her tight gloves, and making all sorts of comic grimaces. "The truth is, Caroline, there is no use in all my trying. If I were with you, or Aunt Sarah, or Dr. Butler all of the time, it might succeed; but every other influence in Gotham is against me; and I am just weak enough to feel a sort of—of magnetic, I suppose it is—a sort of magnetic sympathy with whatever spirit takes hold of me. Heigh-ho! Well, hast tried my guitar, Caroline?"

Caroline shook her head.

"Well, another time. Come in this evening; or, this do. Come back here after our walk. We shall be almost starved, you know; and we shall take such comfort over our dinner! And then, 'when the day declineth, we will sit here, and sing, and be happy.'"

Caroline smiled and nodded assent, and arranged Susan's shawl.

"Thank you: your shawl is always correct. Papa says if you were to throw your things on, they would be sure to fall always in just the best mode; and I believe they would; but I am so short! I haven't room for things. Did you ever see such looking curls?"

'Away, away we bound over the deep;  
Lightly, brightly our merry hearts—'

This is miserable! there come the Dunklees into the court, and up to our door. But we will wait here. Fifteen minutes is their rule; and if obliged to ransack every nook and corner of their dull brains for themes, they never leave a moment too soon; or if discussing Miss Lorena Ann's accomplishments, gained chiefly in one year at that miserable boarding-school of Mrs. Dearbon—by the way, the most fruitful topic they ever hit—they never stay one moment too long. But why—what makes you so uncommonly mute to-day? What have you been looking at?"

"I don't know," answered Caroline. "Who occupies the second floor of the brick house opposite?"

"The Starks. You see the sign below, 'Stark, Wainwright, & Co.' The Starks were from Yankee land some ten or a dozen years ago. I can just remember now how I laughed at the queer little 'jockey-cap their babe wore when they came. But such a fat, fair face, and such curls I never saw; and now she has grown the most splendid little gipsy in the world. I have longed to get at her when I have heard her laugh, so clear and ringing. We are not on terms, however; Mr. Stark's firm and papa's are rivals in trade, so they pass each other; and one never meets them in society. I conclude that they were from the woods direct: at any rate, they seem to prefer birds and flowers to people; for their parlor is at once parlor, aviary, and greenhouse. Ah! now I remember—I suppose Mrs. Stark is very ill: I have noticed the last two years that she has been growing paler and paler. I did not see her once all last winter; but Dr. Lane called every day, and, the first beautiful warm spring day, the parlor curtains were put farther back, a window was opened, and, as I sat here, I saw her husband bring her and seat her in an easy-chair close by the window. And such a look as hers was when she turned her large dark eyes up to the sky! Her face was as dazzlingly white as her *deshabille*, except a round spot in each cheek, and her lips, which were as red as a cherry. She looked like a beautiful spirit; and I could not avoid weeping as I sat here and thought how dreadful it was that she must so soon be 'barred from the day,' and from her husband, who is truly elegant, and who seems as tender of her as if she were a babe. But Miss Malone came in, and I brushed off my tears. She was infinitely amazed at the simplicity of my boudoir, described hers, told me about Amelia Ashton's divan, and Laura Hastings's toilet appointments, and Miss Vane's Psyche; and from that hour until last evening, when my improvements reached papa's 'Thus far and no farther,' I have thought of nothing but boudoirs and boudoir appendages. Ah! Caroline, I understand that look of yours. It is too bad, I know, to go on so, forgetting everything serious in scrambling after fashions and vanities. *Eh bien!* I sha'n't grow lachrymose about it. Come! there go the Dunklees. Now, 'Away, away we bound o'er'—Stop, Carl! let me take my parasol. Of one thing I am thoroughly convinced; that is, I was not made for a pattern lady. Where can my parasol be? I have tried, times without number, to be like you, as you know; and you know, and I know how I failed, and how ridiculous I made myself. No; do you be Minerva; that is your forte; for that your solid head and queenly form were made. But I—did you ever see anybody so short?—Aha! here is my parasol!—And just rap on my forehead, Caroline, and see if it is not hollow. But how serious you are this morning! There, now I am ready: do come now! When will we look upon the sea?"

There is freedom in the ocean,  
There is spirit in the breeze  
There is life in every motion  
Of the ever-restless seas."

"Oh, don't sing so loud, Susan!" said Caroline, again withdrawing her eyes from the window. "See! there is a carriage at Mr. Stark's door, and a coffin!"

"Yes; and they are carrying it in. Dreadful! Mrs. Stark has gone, then. But how you tremble, dear Caroline! You surely don't allow yourself to be moved in this way at sight of every coffin?"

"Not of every one; but just like this my mother died: she too died in spring, when she was longing to go where she might see green fields, and trees, and flowers once more. I was only twelve, you know; but, as if it were yesterday, I remember all—her last kiss, and the blessings that came upon her last breath. Oh, could she but have lived, Susan! could even one of my parents but have been spared to me! You know not—God grant you never may learn by such an experience as mine—the reasons you have now to bless Him with every breath you draw."

Susan flung her arms around Caroline's neck, wept a few moments as if her heart were breaking, sobbed out broken and passionate assurances of sympathy and love for Caroline, of gratitude to Heaven, and of determinations to begin then to live a better life. But see how it all ended! At the Park, the cousins were met by Frank Vane and his sister, who had a thousand "airy nothings" to discuss with them. Were they at Mrs. Gilman's concert last evening?—were the Holmes's girls there?—did Adaline wear her new velvet?—was Park Howland as assiduous as ever in his devoirs to that inimitable Abby Lane?—Oh! Ah! Indeed! Well, they would part them.—After much more nonsense and sarcasm on the part of the Vanes and Susan—they would part then and there; but they would meet again to-morrow at the Bennet's grand dinner: *au revoir, au revoir.*

## CHAPTER II.

SUSAN tried no more; or, it is not known to us, who see with the mortal eye, that she tried. She may have done it, for all that. Night may have known of tears running silently upon the pillows; and of "oh dears!" more than we could count; and of determinations to do something in the next twenty-four hours worth the doing; of saying something worth the saying—worth the being written in the Lamb's book. We can never know; for Night is dark and silent on such points; and the girl showed no fruits of repentance. There was no amendment: you never heard her speak, that she might not as well have been still, for all the good it did. Rich she was, or her father was rich, which was all the same, since to her reasonable desires he

never shook his head, or said "No," or went on with his newspaper reading, saying never a word. There was no time when she could not go out with money in her purse; no time when she could not send John out with wood, coal, provisions, clothing; not in all that long, cold winter in New York, when cheeks grew hollow and purple with hunger and cold only a little way from their door; and when beseeching eyes were raised to hers, and thin, trembling hands held out from human beings whose hearts were making ready every moment for deeds of crime, by the growing desperation of their conditions, by the gnawing hunger, and by the thought of the little ones that waited at home. She never heeded them; or, if ever she did, no one knows it; it was only for a moment; not long enough for the benevolent thought to go out in the benevolent deed. Her head was so full of balls, dinners, and operas—of ball, dinner, and opera dresses! God forgive her that, of all he had given her, she had nothing for his needy children—nothing for the poor and sick of his earthly kingdom! God forgive her that she lived so many days and months of leisure and plenty, and yet went not one step forward, made herself not one grain wiser or happier than she was six months before! When Christmas came, she made unprecedented outlay in costly gifts for her wealthy friends. And this she might innocently have done if she had not "left the other undone," the other work of providing also gifts for the poor. She would leave "all that sort of thing" to Caroline and Mrs. Adlin, the good aunt with whom Caroline resided, she said, as she ran laughing and singing away.

Have my readers read that excellent thing of Dickens's, his "Christmas Carol?" Then do they not wish that on that Christmas evening, when Caroline and Susan sat each in her chamber at home, and fell asleep in her easy-chair of weariness—do they not wish that then Dickens's good old "Ghost of Christmas Present" might have come in his slippers to each by turns, taking them abroad through the streets, the close doors, and windows, whenever their Christmas words and works had gone, laying it all bare before them, what they had done, and what they had left undone? In a magnificent parlor, a few rods from her house, Susan would have heard it in ridiculously affected tones—"I absolutely can't think why Miss Allen sent this sort of thing here to me: we're not in the least intimate, you know," and all that. "But, isn't this a nice idea? I'll send it straight to that Miss Webber out in the woods somewhere, who sent me the moss work. Won't this be excellent?" The "thing" was a vase of shells, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Susan's Christmas operations. A little farther, she would have found a beautiful ring about being disposed of in pretty much the same summary way. She would have seen that a few things gave a real pleasure, were really prized: but, alas! this was where she cared least about giving a pleasure, least about bestowing a prize. Pity she

didn't see this: the lesson would directly have made her a nobler, happier girl.

Caroline would have seen in more than one poor house such quiet lids, now that it was all over; now that they had had such a day and evening of warmth and plenty! She would have seen them in another home, children and all, still up, talking over the delights of the day, sitting far back; and a thing was this they could not often do, to sit away back in a large ring, some of them at the windows even—the room was so warmed through and through of that sweet Miss Norris's wood. They would love to sit up all night, not to have the warmth wasted; and it was so new, so good not to be jammed shivering together close by the little stove. Only think of it! there were, after all, plates full and plates full left; and wood enough to last them a fortnight; and by that time, why long enough before *that* time, Mrs. Hampden would be ready to pay them for that fine sewing, and Miss Lawrence for that washing; and father would be strong! by that time, wouldn't he? now he needn't be worrying about them; now they had such plates full, and such heaps of wood; and now the sweet Miss Norris was coming to see them every little while all winter. Wouldn't father be better? Yes, children, that we know now; because it happened that he was better directly. It was, in reality, only a slight indisposition. He just saw that his arm had less strength than was its wont; that sometimes, oftener than ever before, rheumatism ran along the cords; that continually day and night he felt fever and disquiet in his brain. This set him to thinking that he might soon be helpless. He probably would soon be helpless; and then, in all that great, wealthy city, there were none save the authorities who would look in on them, who would bury him out of the way if he died, or do anything for all that host of little ones, or for the faithful mother, whose strength was already so far spent with the toilsomeness of her way. These were freezing thoughts; and for a few days they acted like palsy on the poor man's heart and arms. It was the opportune kindness of our good Caroline that brought him out of it, and made him straightway a sound man.

There was one home not of what we call *absolute* want. The widow Mansen and her two daughters had a tidy room on the third floor of a third-rate house. By being every minute of the day and far into the night over their needles, they met Want always on the threshold, and sent the meagre wretch away. They were never hungry, or thirsty, or cold, that they had not the means of supplying at least that day's need. One may be grateful for this; and in their gratefulness, in their hope of the freedom, the rest, and the enjoyment of Heaven, they may be happier a million times than the rich—about them who never give thanks, whose hopes and pleasures are all built on this ever-jostling foundation called *Earth*. But there was a want that often became a

gnawing pain, especially in the heart of the daughter, for *beauty*, for beauty in their home, for flowers, pictures; and oh, for books! for leisure to read them! O God, for these!—for a tittle of that which was trodden under foot as of nothing worth in the home across the way! But Caroline found them; Caroline found them! She heard young Vane wishing that, somewhere among “the Upper Ten,” he could find such large, lustrous, heavenly eyes as that sewing girl had in her pretty, little, haughty head. Gad! or if she had “the tin,” and not the station; but—*whew! whew!* where were his gloves? Would his sister and Miss Susan just help him to find his gloves? He was going to see if he could scare up a party of wild, good fellows for some sort of a scrape or other. He must get that Mansen girl's eyes out of his heart some way. Not again should he be persuaded to go to the widow's, if the work to be brought was as rich as a Golconda diamond. It might be broken; it had better be than his heart. *Whew! as revoir, ladies.* With this, he took himself from the room, laughing, and yet with a flushed face and unquiet eyes.

If the Ghost had taken Caroline to the widow's room that evening, she would have seen nothing new except that table between the widow and her daughter. But it was all they could have asked in the whole world. They did not want anything else; they were so grateful in the thought that their longing was appreciated, that there was one in that city who thought their privations something, even though they did not actually freeze, actually starve. The table was new, and ran lightly on its castors, so that by day it could be wheeled into the sunlight, for the sake of a thing of matchless beauty budding and blossoming there, a marble rose; and, by night, to the centre of the room near the stove, that the rose, the large volumes, the “*Magazine*,” and the “*Journal*,” might be between the widow and her daughter, beneath the light of the new lamp. It was an unusual thing in that room, such a light as that large lamp gave. And this was an unusual thing, having in a can oil enough to supply it plentifully into the short spring evenings. Caroline would not have heard many words; but she would have seen that Mrs. Mansen could not read at all for the tears in her eyes; that, at length, she gave up trying, and sat and rocked with her eyes on the sweet face opposite, bent low over the volume she was reading. And presently she would have heard a voice sweet as the face itself say: “Oh mamma! hear this:—‘But there is a far higher likeness to Christ than the artist ever drew or chiselled. It exists in the heart of his true disciple. The true disciple surpasses Raphael and Michael Angelo. The latter have given us Christ's countenance in fancy, and, at best, having little likeness to the mild beauty and majestic form which moved through Judea. But the disciple who sincerely conforms himself to the disinterestedness, and purity, and filial

worship, and all-sacrificing love of Christ, gives us no fancied representation, but the true, divine lineaments of his soul, the very spirit which beamed in his face, which spoke in his voice, which attested his glory as the Son of God." Then she would have seen the large eyes fill, and the large tears go drop, drop upon the page.

As it was, as no Ghost of Christmas Present came, Caroline saw and heard none of these things; but she knew that others were happy for what she had done; that she was happy; and she lay down in peace.

### CHAPTER III.

SUMMER came, and the poor thought the city a paradise, because there were no cold days and nights; no long, dark evenings: because work was more plenty and wants were less pressing; but the rich could never endure such heat and such prostration. Hence, they betook themselves one way and another to watering-places, or to friends in the country. Caroline and Susan had tried Saratoga, Rockaway, and Newport, at different seasons. This year they would go up the Hudson to Uncle Joseph's. They were there—the uncle, aunt, and cousins—in the quaintest of all houses, on a large farm that their united industry had made to "blossom like the rose." They were kind and intelligent. They loved to see the nieces there, going through the rooms filling the vases, arranging the books, playing with the children, instructing them—not by regular lessons, but incidentally as they frolicked and talked—sitting down quietly and sewing, now making the new garment, and anon tucking bits of braid, or fringe and buttons on the old, taking the children—all but the baby, and they begged altogether to take her too, she was such a darling—to a sail, walk, or carriage-drive. It made Aunt May's head whirl as she stood with baby in her arms, seeing the girls and their oldest boy, Henry, go galloping and "cutting the air" on those wild young creatures. "No more fit for a woman to ride!" she always said. But Uncle Joseph was lifted in the air by the daring, the sublimity of the thing; and the boys swung their hats and cheered.

Uncle Joseph's folks had a room full of children, from Henry, who was sixteen years old, down to the little Mary, who was less than two; but there were never too many of them. Look at any one of them, and you would be sure that that one could not be spared; the house would be sad enough, if it were not for that one, with his or her peculiar ways, measures, and amiabilities. As it was, there were berries, trout, birds of game, frolics, surprises, outcries, outlaughes, torn frocks and pants enough to keep mouths, fingers, and brain ever interested, ever busy. They were never still, except in the

morning, and again at evening, when Uncle Joseph said, with his good, persuasive voice: "Let us all unite in prayer." Then every face was thoughtful and subdued in a moment; every little knee was bent, every childish voice said Amen, and in such loving tones that it always sent a thrill through Susan's heart. Those parents with hands as hard as a shell, and with the sweat of labor for ever on their brows, those little children even, kept God always near them, saw Him in all their bountiful supplies of fruit, flowers, and grain, trusted in Him, and felt no fear. It was *He* that blessed them in all things; hence there was no pride, no vain-glory in their successes. Susan felt it more and more every day, that, in coming near them, He also came near her, waited for her, held out a father's hand to her, and said, ever plainer and plainer, "Daughter, give me thine heart." If she went abroad—and it was all the same if she sat within—through the open windows and doors, she heard all the birds, and every living thing praise Him. The river went by bright and glorious, telling of the mighty hand that gathered its waters. She only, with all her gifts, and her conscience upbraiding her for her frivolousness, bent no knee, gave no thanks, asked no blessing, wasted the days and the years. She wept herself asleep thinking of this; and the next morning, when Uncle Joseph said "Let us pray," she knelt with them and again wept. Soon she was a new creature. She saw a new and glorious beauty in nature, a new and glorious interest in life. There was no more ill-natured mimicry, or fault-finding. If one was vain, another foolish, and yet another frivolous, so was she all of these until the Lord helped her to be wise.

### CHAPTER IV.

"ANGEL," her young friends called Susan when they returned to the city, such a beautiful light was in her eye, such a beautiful harmony and pleasantness pervaded her whole being. Some, however, would curl their lip; but the distortion did not come legitimately; it was, in reality, no disgust they felt that Susan was so mild, so full of light, such an "angel." She did them good, all of them. It was more here, and less there; but all were better, if only in a trifling degree, for coming near her. It did them good when, in a few months, they stood so many of them in her death-chamber, and saw that certainly she was not *too* much an angel, none too pure and godlike for the presence she was soon to enter. She blessed them all, begged them to give themselves to God *then*. They *ought* to love Him, she told them with a choking voice, He was so good to them; and they never would be truly happy until they did, never. It was the old story. They had all heard it from the pulpit, from aged

lips; they had seen it in books; yet it was a new thing coming from that young friend, the dear, the beloved one; and it melted them as nothing had ever melted them before. She died with a heavenly peace in her uplifted eyes and on her tongue; and her young friends went onward in life, He only, "who searcheth the heart, seeing it exemplified in them the blessedness of Susan's regenerated life, and of her triumphant death."

## CHAPTER V.

MANY years have passed since then. Then it was '34, now it is '48; fourteen years have passed; and if you go now to the old home of Susan, the parents are not there. Go up to Uncle Joseph's; and there you will find them across the way, in the loveliest spot of all that lovely region; close by the river in the midst of all those voices that once were in their beloved daughter's ear. They love to think of this; they would never be willing to live anywhere else; in no other spot on the earth could they have made the grave of Susan. The grave—you can see the white monument there among the willows, close by the river. Uncle Joseph's youngest, named for their Susan, is almost always with them. They spoil her, the neighbors say; but they do not. They are no longer blind in their movements. They know that it is an immortal one they lead about by the hand, take to their arms, their table, and the little cot close beside their own bed. No, the parents could not live anywhere else, now Susan is away.

Go back to the city; and there in the former home of the Vanes you will find the widow Mansen, her daughter, and her daughters—but no matter; 'tis a long story about the daughter; and there is here no room for it. Mrs. Mansen is no better, and it may be not vastly happier, in the main, than when it was

"Work—work—work,  
Till the brain began to swim:  
Work—work—work,  
Till the eyes were heavy and dim!"

We would not have thought the change in her condition worth naming, only it minds us afresh that, in this new republic, we are all, as it were, on Ixion's wheel; so that, if we find ourselves looking down on people at present, we may as well be humble, not only for humility's sweet sake, but because by and by we may be coming down, down; and those who erst were below us may be going up, up far enough over our heads. The bankruptcy of the Vanes would have been infinitely easier to bear if there had been no arrogance, no foolish pride in the day of their strength.

The reverse in Mrs. Mansen's fortune came of her only brother, who, ten years ago, returned from

Russia, where he had made a fortune. He was "rich as a Jew," and it was for this consummation he had been toiling all those long years. But he was not in the least happy, since no pleasant lips ever turned to him and said—husband, father, brother, or uncle. He came home; and, after a long search, found his sister and niece in the home of Caroline, whence good Aunt Odlin had departed.

It was pleasant that Caroline took the widow and orphan under her hand. There had been mutual comfort in the thing all along; and then in the end Caroline married the old bachelor from Russia. This would have been no lucky *dénouement*, as marrying a rich bachelor *merely*; but nowhere else in the world could she have found a companion so perfectly suited to her, with such a noble face and figure, so highly intellectual, and above all so loving and kind; fond of travel like herself, and like herself no less fond of sitting quietly in their own room, reading, and talking of what they read, what they had seen in their travels, and laying plans with her for the relief of the poor of the city. Mrs. Mansen was their almoner; and she went chiefly among the sewing women. She *knew* what they suffered; and she had determined that the rest of her life should be given to them.

Caroline has two babies, beauties! and such lovely things! You would not think it of such a tidy, magnificent man as her husband—that is, if you have no good brother, brother-in-law, or husband who does the same—but he *does* lie on the carpets often, and let the children crawl over him. Mothers know how much this is worth to Caroline. Their gambols afford her a pleasant diversion; she has many a hearty laugh over them. Besides, she is able, while they go on, to fold her hands and rest; feeling thankful that it is not of necessity that all amusements beyond those furnished by the hired nurse *must* come from her, whether she is strong or weak, disposed to laugh, or only to read quietly, or look in the grate with her thoughts back in the olden time, when there were parents and childhood's home for her, when the dear Susan lived, and especially when she died.

## SONNET.—WATER.

BY WM. ALEXANDER.

MYSTERIOUS Fluid! claim'st thou highest praise  
By power penetrative thou art everywhere!  
Where matter is, there thou—in earth, in air  
Perchance, too, where gleam Fire's red flashing rays  
Thy viscous nature makes our houses stand.  
Deprived of thee, wood into ashes turns,  
Stones crumble into dust. The sparkling urns,  
Where thou, in love, invitingly dost stand,  
Are richest treasure to both poor and proud;  
And sandy deserts can thy value tell,  
Where nations strive to gain some cold deep well;  
Whence gusheth thou with silvery voice and loud—  
In rills and rivers through the woods thou goest;  
Carrying life and joy and health where'er thou flowest.

# POETRY.

## THE LESSON DREAM.

BY W. WALLACE DAVIS.

When the shades were coming  
Over vale and hill;  
When the busy humming  
Of the world was still,  
And upon the wood-side  
Sang the whippoorwill;  
When the stars were peeping—  
Peeping clear and bright,  
Like lovers' eyes when keeping  
Vigils through the night—  
Then my closing eyelids  
Somnus did invite.

In my sleep, I pondered  
On thy love for me;  
In my dreams, I wandered  
Over land and sea—  
Wandered in my dreams, love,  
Hand in hand with thee—  
Wandered where the posies  
Shed an odor rare,  
Where myrtle-bloom and roses  
Scented sweet the air,  
And fairy notes were pealing  
From the songsters there.

Soon thy form grew lighter,  
Wings thy shoulders bore;  
Then thy eyes grew brighter,  
Lighter than before,  
And a smile seraphic  
All the features wore;  
Thy voice grew softer, sweeter,  
And its music broke,  
In rhapsody of metre,  
In accents that bespoke  
All thy heart's affection—  
All my love awoke.

Then this lesson learned I—  
(Thou didst it impart)—  
"Man's bliss is only earned by  
Woman's gentler heart,  
And incomplete his destiny  
When she shapes no part.  
She has power given,  
Power over strife,  
Power sent from Heaven  
To harmonize this life:  
God's best gifts to man are  
Mother, sister, wife!

Waking soon, and thinking  
Of this shadowy theme,  
Straight I went to linking  
Fact to fancy's gleam:  
I chose to shape my destiny  
The partner of my dream,  
And I prayed of Heaven  
That this chosen guide

Might to me be given,  
Might become my bride,  
Might be sent to bless me  
Clinging to my side.

## "GOD MUST BE MERCIFUL TO KINGS."

(*"Last Days of the Emperor Alexander,"* by Dumas.)

BY M. H. FORTUNE.

A NATION weeps—he heeds them not—  
The monarch of the Russias wide  
Has laid him down to die amid  
The emblems of his regal pride.

Rich velvets of imperial hue  
Fall round his couch in many a fold,  
And kingly splendor all is there,  
In brilliant tints and burnished gold.

But what avail the gorgeous rooms,  
Or fringing gold that decks his bed,  
When he who owns them all must soon  
Commingle with the mould'ring dead?

Or what avails, though thousands weep,  
The hour that calls him from his throne?  
They cannot hold him from the grasp  
Of Death, now calling for his own.

But to the humble, lowly priest,  
Ah! list the words he uttered then:  
"God must be merciful to kings—  
They need it more than other men."

Yes, here is truth! the poorest one  
Who toils amid the laboring band  
Dreams not the temptings that assail  
The monarch with a sceptred hand.

The sleepless nights, the weary days,  
The thousand fears a sceptre brings,  
Oh! well the Emperor might say,  
"God must be merciful to kings!"

## DISTRUST.—A SONNET.

BY MARY G. WELLS.

WHY wilt thou wrong, with jealous doubts and fears,  
The heart that is so truly all thine own?  
Why cause me shed those wild and burning tears  
That ever flow at thy reproachful tone?  
An orphan lone, thou'rt all my soul holds dear:  
Hast thou a pang that is not felt by me?  
Have I a pleasure when thou art not near?  
I know no joy that is not shared with thee.  
Dost judge me by thyself? Art thou grown cold,  
And thus wouldst grieve my trustful love away?  
If so—ah! let the tale be quickly told;  
My haughty spirit will not brook delay.  
My passion is too deep for words to prove:  
Then cease to doubt me, or I cease to love!

## BALLAD.

BY J. E. CARNES.

DARKLY fatal, O Havana!  
Was thy green and fertile shore;  
Sadly shall thy name's sweet music  
Seem unto us evermore.

Gallant forms were grouped upon thee,  
Victims of deceptive wile,  
Doomed to death, yet on each visage  
Shone the hero's scornful smile.

Earth was gorgeous to their vision,  
Rich her summer robe was wrought  
And from all thy groves of orange  
Bland perfumes thy breezes brought.

Castle, tower, and fragrant garden  
Lay in summer's brightest hue,  
And the bending heaven above them  
Seemed to wear its calmest blue.

Spread before them smiled the ocean,  
Chainless in his giant pride,  
And the hearts within their bosoms  
Were as chainless as his tide.

Sadly gazed their thought beyond it,  
And each lid repressed a tear  
O'er the sudden fate that blasted  
Hopes of many a blissful year.

One last look at earth's green vesture,  
And at ocean's boundless flood,  
Ere thy altars, dark Deception,  
Are besprinkled with their blood.

One last dream of friends and kindred,  
And of graves beyond the sea,  
Beneath the flag whose starry splendor  
Lights the pathway of the free.

Stood they there in moveless courage,  
Heroes of Spartan mould;  
Rang the death-shots, and the victims  
In the dust together rolled!

Darkly fatal, O Havana!  
Was thy green and fertile shore;  
Sadly shall thy name's sweet music  
Seem unto us evermore!

## THE SLEEPER WHO IS DREAMING.

*Inscribed to Oliver Oakwood.*

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

BEND softly o'er the sleeper, for she dreameth of the past,  
And, 'neath its spells of cloudless joy, her fevered pulse  
Bounds fast!

Bend softly! From her parted lips unconscious murmurs  
steal,

And these low whispers, gently breathed, *time's secrets* now  
reveal.

With tuneful voice she blends their names—the faithless  
and the true—

Uniting close the severed wreath which love once round  
them threw.

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Oh! wherefore doth she revel thus 'mid glowing scenes of  
yore!

In one short moment she will wake to weep—and dream  
no more!

The present brings no blissful hours—around it all is dim—  
While echo syllables the notes of sorrow's mournful hymn.

Peace, peace to thee, fair slumberer! From fickle love  
and grief,

Within sleep's pure and blest embrace thou fain wouldst  
find relief;

Her dewy breath with lulling power is wafted o'er thee now.  
And with her lips she presses still thy pale and anxious  
brow.

Alas! not all her winning charms can ease thy yearning  
heart;

For see! beneath those folded lids the quivering tear-drops  
start;

Life's masquerade hath wearied thee—thy bosom heaveth  
high,

And from the source of thrilling thought ascends a trou-  
bled sigh.

Thou'rt parting with the spirit-strains which gave thy  
visions birth,

And once again thy soaring mind must captive bend to  
earth.

Ah! child of clay, this world for thee will yield no tranquil  
joy;

Its treasures rare, its wealth of bliss, are mixed with base  
alloy!

And Memory, with deep anguish fraught, will darken every  
hour,

While Passion's fell and withering blight will fade Hope's  
budding flower.

I would that I might win for thee unbroken, calm repose,  
Or, by some magic, deck thy path with colors of the rose!

Though vain the wish—I yet may breathe affection's fer-  
vent prayer,

That in the healing balm of Heaven thy soul may largely  
share.

And, when thou leav'st this earthly bourn, *there* seek thy  
rest, poor dove,

And fold thy weary pinions in a home of peace and love!

## EROS.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

YOUNG holy Love! It riseth o'er the heart,

Like morn's flushed glory o'er a vernal sky;

And from its light all things profane depart,  
Leaving thoughts pure and aspirations high—

The hallowing effluence of Divinity!

Its heart-founts, clear as rills in Eden bowers,

Ruffled alone by joy's low, quivering sigh,

Wake, as they leave their paradise of flowers,

Ward melodies, else mute, in this wild world of ours.

Each other's, and all God's! The sacred vow

Blends souls, like meeting streams or mingling rays;

And lapsing life glides by with music's flow,

Till age, like moonlight, silvers o'er their days.

God on their holy home His blessing lays:

And when the bow that o'er their youth was bent,

The mingled glory of their souls, decays,

Its hues are with immortal radiance bent;

They melt—but 'tis in light: Heaven claims the love  
it lent!

## TO HER WHO UNDERSTANDS IT.

BY ADALISA CUTTER.

BELOVED one, at this quiet eve,  
Ere sinks yon trembling star to rest,  
One little song for thee I'll weave,  
Of love-thoughts glowing in my breast.  
I'll open all this full, warm heart,  
That thou its inmost shrine can see,  
With all its folded leaves apart,  
Where nestle such sweet thoughts of thee.

I sit alone, and yet I seem  
To see thee linger by my side,  
As in some pleasant, quiet dream  
Spirits of loved ones round me glide.  
My hand is gently clasped in thine,  
I listen to your loving tone;  
I feel your warm lips pressed to mine,  
And feel that I am not alone.

At first I strove to keep my heart  
From loving thee—I knew *too well*  
That we had only met to part,  
And that we soon must breathe farewell:  
I knew that on life's solemn main  
Fate soon our little barks must sever,  
And that we might not meet again  
For years—perchance no more forever.

I strove in vain. Go bid the bird  
Beside its nest forbear to sing;  
Go bid the flowers, by soft winds stirred,  
Forget to blossom in the spring;  
Go bid the bright stars cease to shine,  
Like diamonds in the blue above—  
As well as bid this heart of mine  
Give up its blissful dream of love.

Oh, were it wise to shun the flowers  
Because their beauty fades so soon—  
To wish there were no summer hours  
Because it is not always June—  
To turn away from the blue sky,  
That shines so gloriously fair,  
Because, to dim the sun's bright eye,  
Dark threatening clouds are sometimes there!

No—rather cull the flowers that bloom,  
And wear them, though for one brief day;  
Their fragrance may dispel our gloom,  
E'en when their beauty fades away.  
Thoughts of the calm blue summer skies,  
The rich green leaf, the sweet wild-flower,  
Will come to us when storms arise,  
And cheer full many a wintry hour.

E'en thus will thought of thee, sweet friend,  
Remain when thou art far away;  
And when the shades of eve descend,  
When cooling sephyras gently play,  
I'll sit beneath yon star's pale beams,  
Or 'neath the soft light of the moon,  
And yield myself to dreams, sweet dreams,  
Of days that passed too soon—too soon.

And when beneath a southern sky,  
'Mid birds and flowers your footsteps roam,  
Sometimes will not your spirit's eye  
Turn to my cherished mountain home?

Though scenes more fair, though friends more dear  
Hereafter bless your earthly lot,  
One boon I ask without one fear—  
I ask thee to *forget me not*.

Oh, let me meet thy bark once more—  
If not upon life's changeable sea,  
At least upon that blissful shore,  
From storm and tempest ever free.  
Yes, if I ever reach that land,  
(Oh, heed my best, my holiest prayer,)  
Attended by some angel band,  
Oh meet me there—*oh, meet me there!*

## A FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY ELSIE GREY.

FAREWELL, bright Summer! Ay, I call thee *bright*,  
Though to my dull dark soul the word is *strange*;  
Let Hope soft breathe it, but not cold Despair.  
*Farewell*, I say; yet would I find some word  
Of deeper woe to speak my parting now  
With thee, O Summer, passing here away.  
Summer, thy last mild moon hath risen, and waxed,  
And waned since that dread hour when in my soul  
Hope's last faint taper, dying long, expired.  
Summer, farewell! yet not for aye, for thou  
Wilt come again, and thy warm breath will pass  
O'er frozen trees and flowers, and they shall live.  
But to my dark, dead, icy heart thou canst  
Not come, nor thy soft breath shall kindle more  
That light of Hope forever now gone out.

## SONNET.—THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

BY JOHN S. MOORE.

FAREWELL now to the glories of the year!  
The cloudiness of Winter cometh o'er us,  
And nothing save the spring-tide will restore us  
An ardent sunbeam. All the leaves, grown sear,  
Drop dead to the ground 'neath the cold glow  
Of a far-gleaming moon. The quiet stars,  
Like peris gazing through a prison's bars,  
Seem shivering as they cast regards below.  
The music from the leaves, and from the grass,  
Which filled the years upon a summery night,  
Is now but all too mute. Ere long will pass  
The vehement north-wind, conscious of his might,  
Over the dead-cold land, and on my glass  
The fingers of the fresh brown Autumn's fate will write

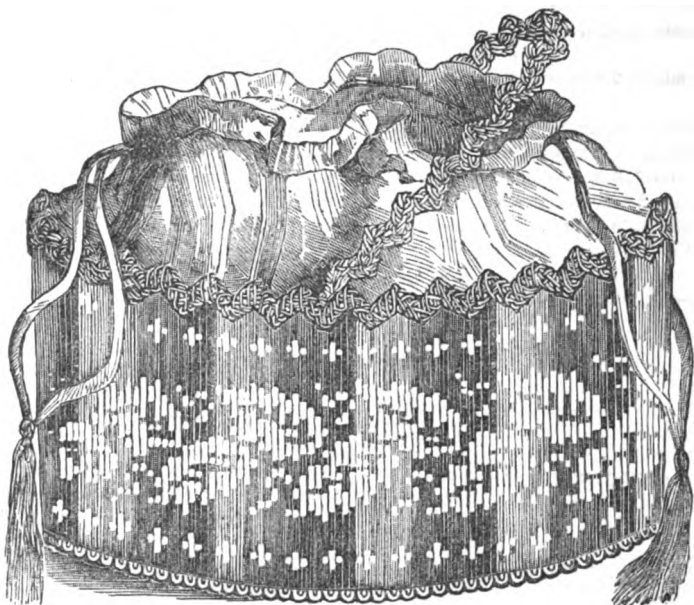
## SONNET.—IN MEMORY OF "AMELIA.

BY G. WALLINGFORD CLARKE.

Ys heavenly spirits who preside o'er song,  
Ne'er will ye cease to grieve—for in your bowers  
No more that voice shall ring, whose tuneful powers  
Thrilled with such ecstasy the list'ning throng.  
Yet, mourned enchantress of the lyre, as long  
As thy loved stars illumine, and dewy flowers  
With fragrance fill the vales, soft falling showers  
Refresh the earth, and snow-clad mountains strong  
Lift their pale pinnacles to pierce the skies,  
Thy lays shall live in all their native bloom,  
And as a household word thy name be known.  
Oh! songstress of the soul, with tearful eyes,  
Whilst sounds in fancy's ear thy harp's deep moan,  
I place this cypress wreath—this tribute on thy tomb!



## LADY'S TRAVELLING-BAG, IN STRAW-WORK.



**Materials.**—A strip of French canvas, No. 14,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide; half an ounce each of five shades of green Berlin wool; 36 yards of straw beading; quarter of a yard of wide green *glacé* silk, to match with one of the darker shades of wool; sarsnet to line the same; a piece of stout cardboard;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of fancy straw trimming an inch wide; and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of satin ribbon to match the silk.

THESE baskets are at once among the prettiest and the most useful of the day. They are generally made of plain straw, instead of Berlin-work; but the latter has so elegant an appearance that we are sure our friends will think it well repays them for the little extra trouble.

It is to be understood that the lower part alone is done on canvas; the upper part is a bag of silk; the joining of the two is concealed by a piece of wide fancy straw laid on.

Narrow canvas is to be used for the bags in preference to a strip of the same width cut from a broader piece, because the selvages add so much to the strength of the basket.

Work across the width, first from right to left and then from left to right, so that the straw beading need not be cut at the end of the rows.

The pattern contains 20 rows. Begin with the darkest shade, and change at the 5th, 9th, 13th, and 17th; at the commencement of the next pattern (the 21st row), resume the darkest shade.

**1st row.**—Hold one end of the straw beading over

two threads of the canvas, and work thus: 6 stitches taken across the straw in a straight line; consequently, across two upright threads of canvas, but not crossing any in the width; miss 3 threads, 12 stitches, miss 5 threads, 4 stitches, miss 3 threads, 2 stitches, miss 9 threads, 2 stitches, miss 11 threads, 10 stitches, miss 3 threads, 6 stitches.

[In future rows, it will be understood that *threads* are missed, and that *s* signifies stitches.]

**2d.**—Worked the reverse way. 4 s, miss 7, 6 s, miss 7, 8 s, miss 9, 4 s, miss 5, 4 s, miss 3, 8 s, miss 7, 4 s.

**3d.**—6 s, miss 3, 10 s, miss 3, 6 s, miss 3, 6 s, miss 7, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 5, 12 s, miss 3, 6 s.

**4th.**—16 s, miss 7, 4 s, miss 7, 2 s, miss 3, 12 s, miss 3, 20 s.

**5th.**—20 s, miss 3, 8 s, miss 3, 6 s, miss 9, 2 s, miss 9, 14 s.

**6th.**—6 s, miss 3, 10 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 11, 2 s, miss 13, 4 s, miss 3, 10 s, miss 3, 6 s.

**7th.**—4 s, miss 7, 16 s, miss 9, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 5, 2 s, miss 5, 6 s, miss 7, 4 s.

**8th.**—6 s, miss 3, 8 s, miss 11, 6 s, miss 3, 8 s, miss 7, 14 s, miss 3, 6 s.

**9th.**—20 s, miss 11, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 5, 6 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 5, 16 s.

**10th.**—14 s, miss 5, 10 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 3, 6 s, 22 s.

11th.—6 s, miss 3, 10 s, miss 11, 2 s, miss 9, 2 s, miss 3, 4 s, miss 5, 12 s, miss 3, 6 s.

12th.—4 s, miss 7, 8 s, miss 3, 4 s, miss 5, 4 s, miss 9, 8 s, miss 7, 6 s, miss 7, 4 s.

13th.—6 s, miss 3, 12 s, miss 5, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 7, 6 s, miss 3, 6 s, 10 s, miss 3, 8 s.

14th.—20 s, miss 3, 12 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 6, 4 s, miss 6, 16 s.

15th.—14 s, miss 9, 2 s, miss 9, 6 s, miss 3, 8 s, miss 3, 20 s.

16th.—6 s, miss 3, 10 s, miss 3, 4 s, miss 13, 2 s, miss 11, 2 s, miss 3, 10 s, miss 3, 6 s.

17th.—4 s, miss 7, 6 s, miss 5, 2 s, miss 5, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 9, 16 s, miss 7, 4 s.

18th.—6 s, miss 3, 14 s, miss 7, 3 s, miss 3, 6 s, miss 11, 8 s, miss 3, 6 s.

19th.—16 s, miss 5, 2 s, miss 3, 6 s, miss 5, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 11, 20 s.

20th.—22 s, miss 5, 6 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 3, 2 s, miss 3, 10 s, miss 5, 14 s.

This completes one pattern, and must be repeated as often as desired for the size of the basket.

Cut out in cardboard an oval, pointed at both ends, about 12 to 14 inches long, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 5 wide. Cover this with silk on both sides, and sew the straw-work all round it, having previously added a silk bag to the canvas. The cardboard should be sewed in very strongly, and the seam may be covered with straw beading.

The handle, which is made of the fancy straw, should be stiffened with a bit of wire ribbon, and firmly sewed on the centre of each side of the basket. The fancy straw is also to be put round the top of the canvas to conceal the joining of it with the silk.

## KNITTED ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

### CONVOLVULUS.

Four needles are required.

Take some pale yellow split wool, and cast on six stitches on each of two needles, and three stitches on the third needle, knit two plain rounds.

3d round.—Knit one, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, plain rounds.

6th.—Take a deeper shade of yellow; knit two, make one, knit one, make one, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, make one, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit two, knit three plain rounds; take white wool and knit one more round.

11th.—Knit three, make one, knit one, make one, knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit six, make one, knit one, make one, knit three, knit three plain rounds with white, then take pale blue (half twist silk may be introduced with good effect), knit one more plain round.

15th.—Knit four, make one, knit one, make one, knit eight, make one, knit one, make one, knit eight, make one, knit one, make one, knit eight, make one, knit one, make one, knit eight, make one, knit one, make one, knit four. Take a deeper shade of blue, knit three plain rounds. Take a still deeper shade, and knit two rounds. Cast off very loosely.

The flower thus finished will be found divided into five stripes, by the increase stitches. Take a piece of wire, and sew it as neatly as possible along

the edge of the top of the flower as far as the first stripe, turn down both ends of the wire. Take a second piece, and sew it from the first to the second stripe, turn down the ends, and contrive the same for the third, fourth, and fifth stripes. Sew down all the ends of wire two by two, on the wrong side of the flower. Sew up the side left open. The right side of the knitting will be the inside of the flower. Cover the lower end of the flower with fine herring-bone stitches to form a small calyx; tie up five bits of yellow wool, not split, with a knot at the top of each; fix them on a bit of wire to make the stamen, and place them in the centre of the flower, and cover the stem with green wool.

### BUDS.

Cast on four stitches in pale green wool.

1st row.—Purl.

2d.—Make one, knit one, repeat through the row.

3d.—Purl.

4th.—Knit plain.

5th.—Purl.

6th.—Make one, knit two, repeat through the row.

7th.—Purl.

8th.—Use two threads of blue wool, together with two green, and knit the row, putting the wool twice round the needle. Gather all the stitches with a rug needle, then cut a small round of card, prick four holes in the centre, put two pieces of wire cross-wise through the four holes, twist the wire tight under the card, and cover the little card with green or blue wool, as if winding it. Cover this with the knitted piece for the bud. Sew up the open side, gather together the stitches of the open part, and cover the stem with green wool.

## LEAF.

Cast on three stitches.

1st row.—Purl.

2d.—Knit plain.

3d.—Purl.

4th.—Make one, knit rest of row plain.

5th.—Make one, purl the row.

6th.—Knit plain.

7th.—Purl row.

8th.—Knit row.

9th.—Purl row.

10th.—Make one, knit rest of row.

11th.—Make one, purl rest of row.

12th.—Knit row.

13th.—Purl row.

14th.—Knit row.

Continue to knit and purl alternate rows, decreasing one stitch at the beginning of each, until only three stitches remain; knit these as one, and sew a fine wire neatly round the leaf, always leaving a little bit at the beginning and ending as a stalk.

This will form a leaf of middling size, but a variety of sizes and shades of color will be required to form a branch.

## CLOAKS AND UNDERSLEEVES.

Fig. 1.



As was predicted in an earlier number, velvet ribbon has become the favorite style of trimming for all heavier materials, whether formed into cloaks or dresses. We give a beautiful cloak, the Sontag, trimmed in this way, as Fig. 1.

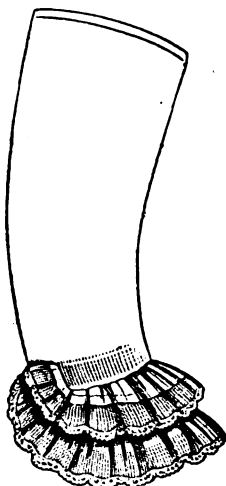
The shape, it will be seen, is a large, full sacque, tight on the shoulders, and falling into a full, open sleeve. It may be made of merino, cloth, or cashmere. The trimming, which is very full, nearly

covering the sacque, is of alternate rows of narrow silk braid and velvet ribbon, of the same color as the cloak. Dark green, different shades of browns, fawns, claret, and blue, are the favorite colors. Silk will be found much warmer than cambric muslin in lining a cloak, though the latter is often used, faced with silk. A good Florence will be found much warmer and softer than a richer silk, and is most generally preferred, even in the most elegant

French cloaks. The wadding is cotton, in thin sheets, and should be quilted to the lining in front, and tacked in squares or diamonds through the cloak. The lining is now of the same shade as the outside, or of simple white. Contrasting colors are more rarely used.

As open sleeves are worn as much as ever, we give two neat and pretty styles of undersleeves. Both, it will be seen, conform to the curve of the arm.

No. 1.

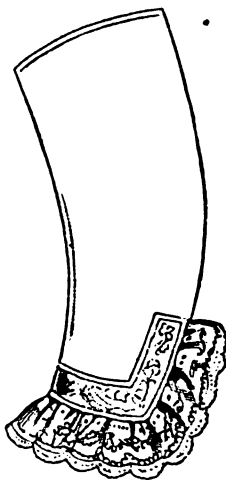


No. 1 is of fine Swiss muslin, with a double ruffle or frill, lightly embroidered, of the same, following the opening on the back of the wrist, which suits

sleeves cut in the *mousquetaire* style, opening to the elbow.

No. 2 is nearly the same in shape, but is made of lace, with a rich lace edging following the square

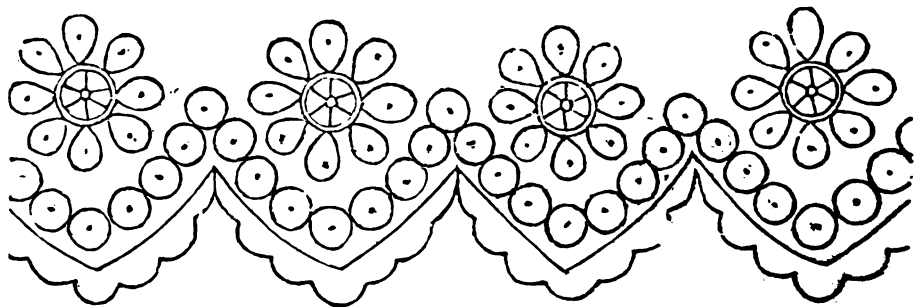
No. 2.



cut at the hand, and this is edged by a frill of lace two inches in depth, which has a softening and elegant effect on the hand and arm, and also displays the bracelet, which is now almost universally worn with open sleeves, either of velvet, plaited hair, or gold.

Both the above styles are new and extremely graceful. They may be made up in nearly any thin material to look well.

### CAMBRIC EMBROIDERY.



We give a very rich pattern of English or cambric embroidery, which can all be done with piercing the holes, or cutting out the larger ones, and working them round. It is more particularly suited for underclothes, as it will wear as long as the article

itself, which ordinary cambric edging will not do. For the bottoms of children's dresses, or pantalettes, it will be found to answer equally well. In our next number we shall give a different pattern in the same style; also one for insertion.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

### LETTER FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY REV. H. G. O. DWIGHT.

[The following letter is so full and satisfactory in relation to our plan of Female Medical Missionaries, that we feel great pleasure in laying it before our readers. They will bear in mind the "Appeal to American Christians," &c., published in the March number of our "Book." A copy of this was shown to the Rev. Mr. Dwight, and here is his opinion of the plan.—Ed. L. B.]

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 13, 1852.

TO MRS. PETER.\*

MY DEAR MRS. PETER: I feel exceedingly obliged to you for the perusal of Mrs. Hale's "Appeal to American Christians on behalf of the Ladies' Medical Missionary Society." It may be supposed by some that, situated as we missionaries are, in a far-off land, and under the constant pressure of occupation in our own appropriate work, we have little time or disposition to watch the progress of things in America; but I can say with truth that nothing that is going on there escapes our notice. We are well supplied with newspapers and magazines, and you may be assured that we use them to some purpose. And among the wise and benevolent projects which have been started in America of late years, that of providing the means of giving to females a medical education, for practice among their own sex, has attracted my particular attention, and from the first moment I heard of it I gave it my unqualified approbation. I trust the time is now near at hand when this branch of practice in America will be, where it always should have been, in the hands of females alone.

But what I wish very briefly to say to you in the present communication is, that I feel quite sure that female missionary physicians, of the right stamp, would be most important auxiliaries to the missionary work in this part of the world. As society is here constituted, little indeed is the influence a missionary can directly exert on the female portion of the community. You know the habits of female seclusion universally prevalent in this country, and you know how little education there is among this class of the population. True, we have made a hopeful beginning on a small scale, and in the whole country we have several hundreds of Armenian females already connected with our congregations, and of course under our direct influence; but, alas! how little is the access we can gain to the tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands that remain!

But let one of their own sex come among them, well acquainted with the medical art, and with a heart burning

with the desire to do good, and I really think she would find herself placed in one of the most enviable positions for usefulness that could be found in this world. The people have a superstitious reverence for those who have a knowledge of diseases and their remedies; and, although we could not honestly wish to foster this feeling, yet while it exists it may be turned to good account, and gradually it would be displaced by more just and reasonable views, while still the skillful medical practitioner would find her services no less in demand.

I may be too sanguine, but it is my present belief that a well-taught female physician in this place would find access to the families of all classes of the people, not excepting the Mohammedans, and she would not find time to attend to one-quarter of the calls that would be made upon her professional services. If, now, in connection with her medical knowledge and experience, she possessed the love of Christ, and the zeal of Christ for the maladies of the soul, how unlimited would be her opportunities for doing good! She would gain access where the missionary never can go, and access, too, to that portion of the community which greatly influences all the rest; for even in Turkey, where woman is so degraded, she still wields a mighty influence in society; for here, as everywhere else, it is true that those who stamp the character of the nursery stamp the character of the nation.

I long to see the experiment made among us; and, with the hope that much time will not elapse before it shall be attempted, I will venture to offer a few hints as to some practical questions connected with the carrying out of such an enterprise. It appears to me plain that, for the comfort and happiness of the individual, as well as for greater usefulness to the cause we all love, she should come out in connection with the American Board of Missions. As no other American society has any operations going on here, she must either be in connection with us, or stand alone. Of the undesirableness and impracticability of the latter course, it is not necessary that I should particularly speak, for your own mind will at once perceive the thing in its true light. Of course, I am not able to say what would be the view of our Committee on the subject, but I do not see why such an individual, properly qualified, might not be regularly appointed as assistant missionary to be attached to this station. She would be useful to the missionary families, and would soon find work enough to do among the people.

The acquisition of the Turkish language would be an indispensable condition for her full success. Indeed, she could do little or nothing without it. If she knew also French or Italian, it would be a decided advantage. The Turkish language would give her access to all classes of the native population.

But I will not enlarge. I will only add that I shall be most happy to furnish any information in my power to Mrs. Hale, or anybody else who takes an interest in this subject; and glad shall I be to hear that this plan is actually going into effect.

I remain, my dear Mrs. Peter,

Very sincerely yours,

H. G. O. DWIGHT.

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\* Wife of William Peter, Esq., British Consul at Philadelphia. Mrs. Peter is an American lady, well and widely known for her philanthropy and her efforts to promote the real improvement of her own sex. She has lately returned from an extensive tour in the Old World, and reports that in all the missionary stations she visited, British as well as American, the idea of qualifying pious women, wives of missionaries or teachers, to practise as physicians for their own sex and children, was received with approbation.

**LATE HOURS.**—It is hard to tell, observes an historian, why, all over the world, as the age became more luxurious, the hours became later. Was it the crowd of amusements that pushed on the hours gradually? or were people of fashion better pleased with the secrecy and silence of the night, when the vulgar industrious had gone to rest? In past ages, there were few pastimes but what daylight afforded.

**ART-EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.**—A recent traveller in England says: "We have found the children of Queen Victoria, at nine in the morning, at the Museum of Practical Art; and, on another occasion, at the same hour, amidst the Elgin marbles—not the only wise hint to the mothers of England to be found in the highest place. Accustom your children to find beauty in goodness, and goodness in beauty."

**REWARD OF FEMALE COURAGE.**—The "Moniteur" announces that the Cross of the Legion of Honor has just been granted to Madame Abicot de Ragis, who, on the 21st of December last, gave proof of singular courage in contending alone against three malefactors who had invaded her house, in order to burn the archives of the commune of Olson, of which her husband is the mayor. Madame Abicot de Ragis was badly burned, and wounded with a poniard.

**DRESS.**—Bear it in mind, my young friends, that your dress is a sort of index to your character; that a studied and just economy in dress indicates prudence and forethought, a reference to your future wants, and to the claims of others. How much nobler is this than to be the slave of fashion, an imitator of the follies of those richer than yourselves—one of that frivolous class wittily designated as "clothes-people," because mind, body, and estate are sacrificed to clothes!

Economy is not limited to avoiding extravagance. It will induce you to purchase the most substantial and durable materials for your dress. For example, to buy a straw hat instead of a silk one, a calico instead of a muslin gown, &c. Economy will teach you to mend up an old gown, and make it do, instead of buying a new one.

Nothing will aid you so much in the practice of economy in your dress as expertness with your needle. No American woman, let her speak all the tongue, and play on all the instruments invented, can be said to be educated, if she is not a good needlewoman. With a little pains, you may learn how to make your own gowns. With ingenuity, you can turn and refit them. It would not cost you half the trouble and time it does to learn to embroider muslin well; and, tell me, which contributes the more to a good appearance, a neatly repaired and well-fitted dress, or a worked collar? Which would give you the most favorable impression of the character of the wearer?

**TRIBUTE TO MRS. ANNE HILL.**—This excellent and accomplished woman was one of the victims in that awful catastrophe, the burning of the Henry Clay. None has been more lamented among the multitude there sacrificed to the reckless spirit of emulation which gives the swiftest steamboat its popularity, and therefore its conductors their power over human destiny. The death of Mrs. Hill is, indeed, a public loss. She was engaged, most successfully, in carrying out the experiment of the "School of Design for Women," established in this city, about four years ago, by Mrs. Sarah Peter. Mrs. Hill had had charge of the school nearly a year, and had gained the entire confidence of both managers and pupils. In a letter of condolence to the

afflicted family of the deceased, the latter thus bear testimony to her worth:—

"Never was there a person more completely fitted to gain the affections of those around her than Mrs. Hill. Never a woman better adapted by nature and education for the position in which she was placed. Firm, yet mild and gentle—ready and intelligent—acute and penetrating—with an extraordinary faculty of adaptation, yet without the constitutional impatience so frequently associated with these qualities; animated and spirited, without being vehement and passionate, she was capable of exercising a remarkable degree of self-control, either natural or acquired. She appeared to possess, by intuition, that insight into character which, with some minds, is the result of long-continued reflection, attained only by habits of inference and analogy.

"The happy faculty, also, of keeping in shadow whatever was calculated to dampen and sadden the feelings of her pupils was most particularly a virtue of our much lamented teacher."

The managers of the Franklin Institute, of Pennsylvania, who were also patrons and advisers of the lady managers of the "School of Design," thus record their respect for her memory:—

"The Committee on the 'School of Design for Women' have the painful duty of announcing to the Institute the death of Mrs. Anne Hill, the Principal of said school. She left the city, a few weeks ago, to enjoy a short vacation from the labors of the school, and was one of the passengers on board of the steamboat Henry Clay, at the time such a lamentable destruction of life attended the configuration of that vessel. Mrs. Hill was one of those drowned in an attempt to escape from the boat, and there seems reason to believe that she fell a sacrifice to her efforts to save a drowning child. She had endeared herself to the committee, to the pupils in the school, and to all its contributors and patrons, by the uniform devotion and energy she manifested in the welfare and success of the school, by her complete adaptations, personal, moral, and professional, for its management, and by those ready and practical talents which so remarkably contributed to its usefulness, and to the enjoyment of the public confidence.

"By this sudden and afflicting dispensation of Providence, the school has been bereaved of a head which it will be difficult to replace; her children and family have lost a kind, faithful, and religious mother and relative, and the community has been deprived of one whose career of usefulness in a new philanthropic effort was full of the promise of rich and abundant good.

"Sincerely condoling with all those who have thus lost one endeared to them by the possession of such gifts, the committee offer the following resolutions:—

"Resolved, That the sympathy and condolence of the Institute be, and the same are hereby tendered to the family of Mrs. Anne Hill, to her late pupils, and to her friends, in the great and irreparable bereavement which they have suffered by her death.

"Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be transmitted to the family of Mrs. Hill by the President of the Institute, and that the same be entered at large upon the minutes, as a humble tribute of our estimation of her usefulness.

S. V. MERRICK, President."

**CHRISTMAS!**—and a merry one, will, we hope, be enjoyed by our readers. This holiday is so near neighbor of New Year, that we anticipate the last while thinking of the first. The farewell we bid our readers and friends at the close of this number seems united with the welcome we shall give them to our new volume of January, 1853.

**VOLUME XLV.**—This number closes the *forty-fifth* volume of the "*Lady's Book*." If age proves merit in a *literary magazine*, ours may well claim the crown. No other periodical of the kind in our land has been so long and well sustained. We ask a continuance of this liberal support: we are resolved to merit the patronage of all who wish to sustain the credit of American talent, and improve the character of American literature.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—The following articles are accepted: "The East," "On the Common Fallacy that Youth is a Blessing," "Presentiment," "Twas the Dawning of Day," "The Message to the Dead," "Sonnet," "The Dream-land of Hope," "Not at Home," "The Zephyr's Message," "Hill Allah!" "Scene at the Cascade Bridge," and "Life in Earnest."

The following are declined; some because we have no room, and others because not adapted to our pages: "Memory," "The Lone Heart's Complaint," "A Dirge," "Lake Ontario," "I'll think of Thee, Amanda," "The Past," "Letter to my Father," "The Three Boons," "Love and Poetry," "When Echo answers Echo," "To the Lark," "The Weary World," "A Last Look," "Gossips," "The Deal," "A Truce to my Aspirings," "Wonders," "She is Gone," and "A Winter Song."

A number of articles on hand we have not had time to examine. The writers are not forgotten; and we thank our many friends for their constant favors.

**Lady Subscribers.**—Smoking-cap in our next number.

"Nina," Mexico, N. Y.—What was the title of the article? Please be explicit.

"W. H. W." New York.—Must have a little patience with us. There are MSS. that we have had on hand a long time, that must take precedence. The corrections will be made.

## Literary Notices.

From J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall, New York, through W. B. ZIEBER, Philadelphia:—

**PHILOSOPHERS AND ACTRESSES.** From the French of Arsene Housaye. Two volumes. A knowledge of the subjects of these volumes—French philosophers and French actresses—would be, to most minds, satisfactory evidence with regard to their worthless character. Yet, although the author has not kept very closely to his subjects, we much doubt whether the wit and wisdom which do at times appear in his pages, would repay any one for the danger incurred in gathering them from the mass of flippancy, false sentiment, useless philosophy, licentious scandal, and masked infidelity from which they spring, like flowers on the dizzy verge of a precipice. Some knowledge is undoubtedly useful and necessary, but the knowledge of evil is the curse of man; and the less we know of the wrong side of human nature, the more peaceful, pure, and beneficent will be the tenor of our lives. Not so, thinks M. Housaye. And there is, besides, every evidence that he belongs to that class of epicureans who, departing from the true, beautiful, and practicable precepts of their Master—"virtue is pleasure"—have inscribed on the altar of their passions the seductive, though fallacious sentiment, that pleasure is virtue. It is not necessary, nay, it is full of misery to mankind, that there should be converts to this latter doctrine. And, therefore, M. Housaye being free to write books for such a purpose, and others being free to translate and to publish them, we, too, claim the privilege of saying, in regard to them, that they are entirely unfit for the perusal, if not of gentlemen, certainly of the truly modest and amiable ladies of our country.

**ANCIENT EGYPT UNDER THE PHARAOHS.** By John Kenrick, A. M. This is a work of deep research into the mysteries of antiquity, and is, consequently, full of interest to the student of history. It describes, to use the words of the author, according to the present state of our knowledge, the land and the people of Egypt, their arts and sciences, their civil institutions, and their religious faith and usages; and relates their history from the earliest records of the monarchy to its final absorption in the empire of Alexander.

**COMPARATIVE PHYSIOGNOMY; or, Resemblances between Men and Animals.** By James W. Redfield, M. D. This is an amusing book, having no less than three hundred and fifty pictures of men and beasts, between whom the author professes to have discovered a resemblance. How far he will be able to carry his readers with him in his imaginary discoveries, and in his descriptions and comparisons, we must leave to the readers themselves.

**THE POETICAL WORKS OF FITZ GREENE HALLECK.** We have, in a preceding number of the "*Lady's Book*," noticed the publication, by Redfield, of New York, of a new and beautiful edition of the poetical works of Mr. Halleck, who is universally known to the literary world as one of the best of our American poets. As an author, Mr. H. was foremost among his contemporaries in the establishment of an unequivocal literary reputation for his country, and in claiming for her writers an undisputed equality with European writers of the present age. Possessing the rarest qualifications of genius, directed by a sound and polished education, an exuberant fancy, always under the control of a pure moral sentiment, no man has done more by his writings to elevate and adorn the literature of his country than Mr. Halleck. And, for presenting this new edition of his works to the public, at a time when the strife seems to be who shall print and who shall read the greatest number of true works, the publisher deserves the thanks of every true-hearted American reader. The volume is for sale by W. B. Zieber, Third below Chestnut Street.

From M. W. DODD, New York, through J. W. MOORE, Philadelphia:—

**STORIES OF ANCIENT ROME.** By F. W. Ricord. With illustrations. There is scarcely any history so interesting to youthful readers as that of ancient Rome, especially that portion of it dating from the exposure of the "wolf-suckled twins," to the overthrow of the Tarquins. There is an air of fabulous enchantment thrown round this period of Roman history, which, however much matter-of-fact men may desire it to be removed, will never be wholly dissipated, and never can cease to gratify the fancy both of the young and the old. The volume before us is "intended as the first of a connected series devoted to the most important events of Roman history," and is a complete account, arranged under appropriate heads, of the period we have above alluded to. The author's design has been to adapt his "stories" to the capacities of the young, and, at the same time, to render them agreeable and instructive to the general reader. In this, by his clear, simple, and yet attractive style, he has been very successful. We have only one objection to make, after a cursory examination, which is, that Mr. Ricord has descended occasionally to the rhetorical artifices of thinking for his heroes. This, it is true, is a common thing with modern historians; but, still, there is nothing, in our opinion, more deserving of reprehension. A cultivated imagination is not satisfied with it, a correct judgment condemns it, and it is utterly opposed to truth. It is an error, however, into which Mr. Ricord has rarely fallen, and into which he has perhaps been drawn by the imagined orations so numerous in the illustrious authors from whom his materials are derived.

FROM CHARLES SCRIBNER, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

ARCHIBALD CAMERON; OR, HEART-TRIALS. This is the life-history of a very pious and amiable young man, in the form of a novel, "founded upon fact." If sound morality, fine sentiments, and not a few striking and interesting descriptions and incidents, together with a generally clear, and oftentimes poetical form of expression, are calculated to attract readers, we can entertain no doubt of the rapid and extensive sale of this publication. There are some points of *practical theology* discussed in its pages, upon anything but the graphic merits of which we, of course, can speak with but little certainty. Whether ministers do resort to the artifices mentioned, in order to gain popularity and rich congregations, it is not our province to decide; but certainly there appears to be a strong verisimilitude to nature, together with a great deal of quiet humor and gentle seriousness in our author's description of the practices which he insinuates many young clergymen are forced to adopt, in order to secure and retain the good-will of their congregations.

THE LIVES OF WINFIELD SCOTT AND ANDREW JACKSON. By J. T. Headley, author of "Napoleon and his Marshals," "Washington and his Generals," etc. etc. The author informs us that this volume "is designed to be the commencement of a series of biographical sketches of distinguished men of the present generation." It is written in Mr. Headley's usually graphic and attractive style. The book is embellished with likenesses of the two heroes, of whose patriotic services it is the record.

ESSAYS ON THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS, in *Civilization, Productive Industry, Manufactures, Commerce, Banking, Internal Improvements, Emigration, and Population*. By Ezra C. Seaman. This is a volume of upwards of six hundred pages. It is a compilation of essays written by the author on the subjects embraced in the title, in the years 1845, 1847, and 1848. To these a large amount of new matter has been added, and the whole "condensed, corrected, and rearranged." With the author's speculations on the progress of nations in religion, politics, and civilization, we do not propose to meddle. In relation to these questions, including the author's general view of governments, ancient and modern, we have, however, read very different relations, drawn from quite as reliable authorities as those referred to in this work. The statistics of commerce, manufactures, population, etc. etc., form a very interesting feature in the compilation, and will be acceptable to those who desire to be acquainted with matters of loss and gain in the science of barter and the philosophy of trade.

OUTLINES OF MORAL SCIENCE. By Archibald Alexander, D. D., late Professor in the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. At a time when the press is teeming with the productions of a class of authors who seem to be guided by no moral or benevolent principles whatever, it is pleasant to come in contact with a volume like this, so complete in all its arrangements, so simple, and yet so comprehensive in its arguments, so sound and irrefutable in its logic, and, above all, so full of the benignant spirit, and of the true teachings of Christianity. It is not long since we laid down a work, in which its author seemed to labor hard to prove that the Christian doctrine of obedience had been the cause of nearly all the miseries of mankind, and of all the darkness which is supposed to have enveloped the world, wholly or partially, up to the period, or thereabouts, of the first French Revolution. But here is a moral philosopher who teaches sublimer doctrines, here is an historian whose deductions from the records of civilization are far more consoling to the heart of the truly enlightened progressionist. No intelligent, right-minded

reader, whether he has or has not been influenced by the treacherous sophisms of Gibbon and Hume, or by the slighter, but unpardonable errors of Paley and other authors, will rise from the perusal of this volume without feeling himself to be a wiser, if not a better man. No free-thinker, no atheist, in whose bosom there still lingers a spark of feeling allied even to human gratitude—we will not say to divine love—however faint it may be, will fail to be touched by the conclusive reasoning, and the persuasive eloquence through which the author prepares the mind and the heart for the reception of the paramount truth of God's existence, and of the great and consequent duty of "obedience to his will," incumbent upon all his creatures.

OUR FIRST MOTHER. The author of this work, as we believe, has aimed to impart Scriptural instruction upon a number of select topics naturally suggested by the Mosaic history. The "character and the matter, the style and execution of the work" have been cordially approved of by several theological professors, who speak confidently of the author's extensive Biblical research, and who state that, in religious doctrine, he is always orthodox.

LITTLE SILVERSTRING; or, *Tales and Poems for the Young*. By Wm. Olana Bourne. This is a beautiful volume, full of instruction and entertainment for the young. It contains fifty stories, sketches, and poems, all of which are admirably composed, and designed not merely to amuse, but to instruct and adorn the minds of youthful readers.

FROM HARPER & BROTHERS, New York, through LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia:—

THE PERSONAL ADVENTURES OF "OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT" IN ITALY. *Showing how an Active Campaigner can find Good Quarters when Other Men lie in the Fields; Good Dinners when Many are Half Starved; and Good Wine, though the King's Staff be reduced to Half Rations.* By Michael Burke Honan. We have not perused this book; but learn, from the first sentence in the preface, that it is original, and not a reprint of the author's correspondence from Italy to the "London Times." Near the close of the work, the author says of himself: "I am a good Roman Catholic—not good in a religious or moral sense, I have the humility to say, but a faithful son of the old church, who never will desert its standard." It would seem, from this, that his church has some other standards, and some other evidences of faithfulness besides those of religion and morality. But Mr. Honan is an impulsive Irishman, and therefore we will not visit his church with what appears to be a natural mistake, or a native bias.

THE INSTITUTES OF ALGEBRA. *Being the first of a Course of Mathematics. Designed for the Use of Schools, Academies, and Colleges.* By Gerardus Beekman Docharty, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics in the New York Free Academy. The author of this work, who has been twenty-five years a teacher of mathematics, presents it to the public under the belief that it will materially lighten the labor of the instructor, and facilitate the progress of the pupil.

PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES, SEEN THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES. The majority of "Parisian Sights" are, no doubt, very interesting; and, though they have been frequently displayed, may still claim a respectable share of admiration, especially when delineated in so handsome a manner as they are in the volume before us. Some of them, however, and a large portion of what are called "French principles," might so far as our plain republican morality is concerned, be left to the examination of French opticians. Holding this opinion, we cannot be expected to approve very cordially of a book which, though generally unexceptionable, contains the result of a rather too microscope observation of



the immoral sights and principles of Paris and the Parisians. The author, we admit, is profuse in condemnation of the licentiousness of French usages; yet even he, a respectable American father, has not handled pitch and escaped undefiled, and has frequently to blush for some of his equivocal representations of sights and principles.

From D. APPLETON & Co., New York, through C. G. HENDERSON & Co. (late Geo. S. Appleton), Philadelphia:—

**SUMMER-TIME IN THE COUNTRY.** By the Rev. R. A. Willmott, author of "Jeremy Taylor: a Biography." This is the summer journal of an observant and well-read rural clergyman, devoted rather to literature than to natural history, and more intent on recording the thoughts and emotions excited by a poetic and philosophic contemplation of nature, than on making scientific notes with regard to the movements and doings of bugs, beetles, and caterpillars. Stored, as it is, with profound reflections, judicious criticisms, and pleasing researches, which are beautifully illustrated by a liberal and happy use of quotations, this little volume can scarcely fail to meet the taste of the most refined and fastidious reader.

**STORIES FROM "BLACKWOOD."** Of these, we need only say that they are carefully selected from among those tales which, by their excellence and finished brevity, have been a remarkable feature in the remarkable pages of "Old Ebony." Many of them have long enjoyed a high and deserved popularity, which, in their present convenient form, will, no doubt, be considerably enhanced.

**MEN'S WIVES.** By W. M. Thackeray. This volume comprises a series of amusing and attractive papers originally published in "Frazer's Magazine" for 1843, and is written in its author's usual vein of mingled pleasantry and pathos, sentiment and satire.

The publications above noticed, we would here remark, form a part of Appleton's well-selected and neatly printed, cheap, and "Popular Library of the Best Authors."

**REUBEN MEDLICOTT; OR, THE COMING MAN.** By M. W. Savage, Esq., author of the "Bachelor of the Albany," "My Uncle, the Curate," etc. etc. One volume. We have not for some time met with a more acceptable novel than the one at present under notice. We took it up for the purpose of giving it a mere superficial examination; but soon became so interested in its pleasing descriptions, vivid delineations of character, and knowing observations with regard to human life, that we were unable to return it to our table until we had perused its entire contents. Our reading was, of course, hasty; and, consequently, we cannot well determine as to the justness of the author's conclusions respecting certain questions of reform, that still agitate, in a greater or less degree, the minds of many honest-intentioned persons; but our own intercourse with the world has thrown us into contact with not a few Reuben Medlicotts, who, to use his own words, form "signal examples of how little is to be done, in this busy world, by much knowledge, much talent, much ambition, nay, even by much activity, without singleness of aim and steadiness of purpose." Such is the moral of the story, which, with all its scenes of humor and gaiety, is a melancholy one. Yet, if the reader shall arise from its perusal a sadder man, he will also, for the moment, at least, be a wiser and a better.

**EVENINGS AT DONALDSON MANOR; or, the Christmas Guest.** By Maria J. McIntosh, author of "Two Lives," "Charms and Countercharms," etc. etc. A new revised edition. Many of our readers are perhaps familiar with this volume, the first edition of which was republished in England with great success, and met with the highest commendation. To those, however, who are not, we would

remark that it is a series of tales, poetical translations, etc., gracefully combined with the scenes and incidents forming the story to which its title is due; the whole written in a pleasing and elegant manner, uniting sparkling criticisms with delicate humor, and delightful home-pictures with lively descriptions of exterior nature, and pervaded by a cheerful tone of simple and unstrained morality.

**LIVES OF WELLINGTON AND PEARL.** From the "London Times." This is a neat volume, uniform with "Appleton's Popular Library of the Best Authors."

From H. LONG & BROTHER, New York:—

**NORTHWOOD; OR, LIFE NORTH AND SOUTH.** *Showing the true Character of Both.* By Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. This work has not been got up for the occasion, and to minister to the prevailing excitement on a delicate question of State and National policy. It was first published in Boston, twenty-five years ago, and was the first introduction of the authoress to the American public, and at once established her reputation as a writer of fiction, chastened and elevated by the purest moral and religious sentiments. We have never yet, and we have no idea now of mingling in any of the political controversies that agitate the public mind; but it is only an act of justice rendered to the authoress to say, that there is no thought or sentiment expressed in the pages of "Northwood" that will not bear the strictest test of literary and moral criticism, as well as of the purest love of country. It is conservative throughout, calm and considerate in its tone and reflections, and altogether such a work as might be expected to emanate from the pen of a Christian woman.

From T. B. PETERSON, Philadelphia:—

**THE CABIN AND THE PARLOR; OR, SLAVES AND MASTERS.** By J. Thornton Randolph. This book was very generally and favorably noticed by the press before it made its appearance, and, from all we have heard and seen of its contents since its publication, we think the criticisms of some of its first chapters were just. Our copy, unfortunately, was not received until it was too late to give the work more than a cursory examination, even had the leaves been cut or separated, as should always be the case when a patient investigation and a "good notice" are expected. We have, nevertheless, become sufficiently familiar with the author's vigorous style and general views, to enable us to say that he has written a most thrilling narrative, which will at once deeply interest the feelings, and forcibly appeal to the good sense and judgment of his readers.

From BUNCE & BROTHER, New York:—

**JACK RUNNYMEDE; or, the Man of Many Thanks.** By Douglas Jerrold. This is the title of an amusing little pamphlet volume, over which we have enjoyed not a few hearty laughs, not unmingled, however, of the moral it seems slyly to inculcate—that enthusiastic views of social and political perfection are often converted, by bitter experience, or by a change of fortune and circumstances, into opinions the very opposite of those previously entertained.

**THE GIRARD COLLEGE, AND ITS FOUNDER:** containing the *Biography of Mr. Girard, the History of the Institution, its Organization and Plan of Discipline, with the Course of Education, Forms of Admission of Pupils, Description of the Buildings, etc. etc., and the Will of Mr. Girard.* By Henry W. Arey, Secretary of Girard College. The author has favored us with a copy of the above neat little volume. It contains a great deal of information in regard to the Girard College, which will interest our citizens generally.

**LIBRARY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.** It is now ten years since we observed, of *"The American Pocket Library,"* that "we knew no one better calculated than its editor, Thomas C. Clarke, for making so useful a book. It is a perfect *vade mecum*." Since then, many thousand copies have been sold; and, having been long since out of print, it has now been nearly doubled in size, and reissued by Mr. Clarke, with large additions, making it, of course, still more valuable than when, some years since, it was pronounced the best work of its kind in the country. As it is issued after the United States Census, which, with the Constitution of the United States, is embodied in its pages, we hope to have the satisfaction of welcoming its appearance at the close of the next ten years.

**"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" CONTRASTED WITH BUCKINGHAM HALL, THE PLANTER'S HOME; OR, A FAIR VIEW OF BOTH SIDES OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION.** By Robert Criswell, Esq., author of *"Letters from the South and West."* Published by D. Fanshaw, New York. We have been favored by the author with a copy of this work. In presenting it to the public, he says he has but one motive in view, "which is to contribute his mite in endeavoring to allay the great agitation on the slavery question, between the North and South, which threatens to dissolve our glorious Union."

From H. C. PACK & THOMAS BLISS, N. E. corner of Third and Arch Streets, Philadelphia:—

**THE ODD FELLOW'S MANUAL.** Illustrating the history, principles, and government of the order, and the instructions and duties of every degree, station, and office in Odd Fellowship; with directions for laying corner-stones, dedicating cemeteries, chapels, halls, and other public edifices; marshalling funeral and other processions; forms for petitions, appeals, etc. Also odes, with music, for various occasions. Embellished with numerous engravings of the emblems, etc. By the Rev. Aaron B. Grosh. This is a handsomely printed volume.

#### MUSIC.

From T. C. Andrews, 66 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia: *"The New Russian Masourka Quadrilles."* Composed and arranged for the piano forte, and dedicated to Mr. John Hewston, Jr., by Orlando F. Slack. The figures composed and adapted by Charles Durang, and danced at the assemblies of Mr. and Miss Durang.

From the same publisher, and for sale by Lee & Walker, 188 Chestnut Street, and S. Winner, 267 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia: *"The Boarding-School Polkas."* Arranged and composed by Thomas A. Becket. Distinguished by the names of Josephine, Adelaide, Clara, Rosabelle, and Georgiana.

#### NOVELS, SERIALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

From E. S. Jones & Co., S. W. corner of Fourth and Race Streets, Philadelphia: Nos. 14 and 15 of the *"Model Architect,"* containing original designs for colleges, villas, suburban residences, etc., accompanied by explanations, specifications, and elaborate details, etc. etc. By Samuel Sloan, Architect. A very beautiful and very serviceable work.

From Dewitt & Davenport, New York: *"Heads and Hearts; or, my Brother, the Colonel."* A novel, illustrative of the dangerous consequences of yielding to the impulses of the feelings, rather than listening to the dictates of prudence. By the author of *"Cousin Cecily,"* etc.

From Robert E. Peterson & Co., N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia: *"The National Portrait*

*Gallery of Distinguished Americans, with Biographical Sketches,* containing upwards of one hundred and twenty Engraved Portraits of the most Eminent Men who have occupied a place in the History of the United States." We have before noticed this work, copies of which should be preserved in every American's library, as the memories of the heroes and sages, whose portraits adorn it, should retain a place in the grateful and affectionate regard of every American heart. The work has now reached the eleventh number. Price 25 cents each.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, through Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia: *"Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution."* No. 28. Price 25 cents.

From George P. Putnam & Co., New York: *"Whims and Oddities."* By Thomas Hood. No. 17 of "Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library for Travellers and the Fireside." Humorous series, with numerous wood-cuts.—*"The Eagle Pass; or, Life on the Border."* By Cora Montgomery. No. 18 of the above work, copyright edition.

From Gould & Lincoln, Boston, through W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia: *"Chambers's Pocket Miscellany."* Vol. 6. Price 20 cents.

From T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia: *"The Coquette."* A Novel. By the author of *"Miserimus."* We have had no time to examine this book: we observe, however, that the English critics speak very highly of the author's wit and satire.

From Lippincott, Grambo, & Co., Philadelphia: *"The Monastery."* This is the fifth volume of the enterprising publishers' beautiful edition of the Waverley Novels, by Sir Walter Scott, printed from the latest English edition, embracing the author's latest corrections, prefaces, and notes.

#### Receipts, &c.

THE frequent use of asparagus is strongly recommended in affections of the chest and lungs; in fact, asparagus is one of the most wholesome, as well as agreeable vegetables we possess.

A FEW drops of creosote on brown paper, put in the holes of rats, will drive them away. Nux vomica and oatmeal is a sure poison.

**BURNS AND SCALDS.**—In any case of burn or scald, however extensive, all the acute suffering of the patient may be at once and permanently relieved, and that in a moment of time, by sprinkling over the injured surface a thick layer of wheat flour, by the hand, or, what is better, by a dredging-box. Every vestige of pain produced by such injuries is instantly removed, and the sufferer not only escapes the shock to the nervous system accompanying such torture, but will generally fall into a quiet sleep the moment the atmospheric temperature is thus excluded from the wound. Multitudes are annually perishing by scalds in steamboats, and from burns by camphine, spirit-gas, and otherwise, nearly all of whom might be preserved from a fatal result, if this simple practice were adopted immediately after such accidents.

A MINIAURE round of beef may be made of a rib of beef. Take out the bone, and wrap the meat round like a fillet of veal, securing it with two or three wooden skewers; place in strong pickle for four or five days; and then put it in hot water, and let it simmer the usual time.

A GOOD GARGLE, in inflammatory sore-throats, may be made by mixing a little nitre in barley-water.

## Godey's Arm-Chair.

**CHRISTMAS.**—The return of the festive season of Christmas, which has always been a time of mutual congratulations among Christians, admonishes us not only of the swift revolutions of time, but of the particular and pleasant duty incumbent on us of presenting our grateful compliments to those friends with whom we have peacefully journeyed through the varied scenes of the twelve months now drawing to a close. Among them, we might include many with whom we have travelled for the last twelve years; but we are content to be restricted to the closing twelve months, for, in that period, we have still had the pleasure of recognizing a numerous body of old and faithful friends, who have been with us from the first advent of our successful experiment.

But our object now is not to make the least distinction between old and new friends. Many of our new acquaintances would have been with us before, no doubt, had they not been somewhat behind the times, and many of our old friends would long since have left us, in the usual course of time, had they not been providentially spared for the benefit of those who were to come after them.

We feel prepared, therefore, peacefully, joyfully, and gratefully, to close the year with all our excellent friends, both old and new, begging them to accept of our hearty good wishes for their peace, health, happiness, and prosperity; assuring them, at the same time, of our appreciation of their past favors, and of our determination to deserve their future consideration and confidence.

What more can we say in reference to the return of Christmas? If the above paragraphs do not convey all that it would be essential to embrace in the longest kind of an editorial, we might proceed to string it out without an historical account of the usages, religious and festive, serious and frolicsome, of the different ages of Christianity. But what would it all avail, if we neglected the important fact that we are about to celebrate the coming of a heavenly Prince, whose great mission was to establish "peace and good-will among men?"

Let us, then, so order our minds, and so prepare our dispositions, by mutual resolutions of faith, hope, and charity, that we may be prepared peacefully to commune one with another, and to celebrate, with grateful hearts, the return of a festival so intimately connected with our common Christianity, as the festival of Christmas.

**GODEY FOR DECEMBER.**—Five full-page plates again. Two of them colored. "The Blind Piper," a beautiful mezzotint; "The Morning Star," colored; "Ready to Start," a tableau of the fashions; "Snow-Balling," our title-page, printed in colors; and a "Model Cottage."

In our January number, we will commence the publication of Mrs. C. Lee Hentz's best nouvelle. It will probably run through four or five numbers. The "Hermit of Rockrest" will create a sensation.

HAVE we no writers of humorous poetry among our numerous correspondents? We have a large supply of the serious article, and would like a little of the former to mix with it. We will send the "Lady's Book" as a compensation for a few accepted pieces.

VOL. XLV.—50

We request our subscribers to read the following, and be governed accordingly. We quote it from "Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life," by Jos. T. Buckingham:—

"The income of a newspaper, though nominally large and apparently equal to all reasonable expenditure, as it appears on the ledger, and in the imagination of the proprietor, is yet but a feeble and delusive reliance in times when business is in a state of dullness and depression. The amount of debts from the subscribers may be large, but is made up of small sums, and scattered over an immense territory. From 1830 to 1848, I doubt whether there was a day when the aggregate debts due to the *Courier* was less than ten thousand dollars—sometimes it far exceeded that amount—in sums ranging from fifty cents to fifty dollars. The customers of a newspaper think but little of this. It seldom occurs to them that the printer is borrowing money—perhaps at an extravagant interest—to enable him to carry on the publication, while they are neglecting his demands and paying nothing for the indulgence. Such was my unfortunate position."

We have sent bills to our owing subscribers in this number, and we earnestly entreat their attention to them.

We call attention to our advertisement for 1858. We make no more promises there than we mean to perform. Our course has been so well approved of, that we make no alterations for the future.

THE following is worth copying. We say nothing about the compliment; but its humor pleases us. It is from the "Hickman Argus":—

"Godey is at hand, and our 'better half' who never fails to get a peep at it first, authorizes us to say that it is increasing in merit with each succeeding number. If every man's wife thought as highly of the 'Lady's Book' as ours does, Godey could not half supply the demand. The moment the magazine comes to hand—she keeps the devil bribed to inform her—she retires with it, nor suspends reading until she reaches the significant word, 'Fini,' let the baby cry never so much."

A GENTLEMAN from Suffolk, Va., incloses us \$3, and says: "My business engagements causing me to neglect my duty in paying up earlier, my lady, who, of course, takes a great interest in what is prepared to benefit her sex, has played the part of the collector for you, and dunned me for the \$3 till I am forced to recollect it, and 'settle up.' Probably a hint to the ladies, drawn from my experience, may save the expense of employing collectors for the future, for they 'never tire.' Thank you, Mrs. J."

INNOCENT PLEASURE.—We have read many descriptions and definitions of what the poets and novelists have called innocent pleasures. But the most singular and simple that ever came under our view was the remark of Kossuth, when introduced to a farmer at Albany. "I love farming," he said. "I used to go out on my little farm in Hungary, and watch the trees grow which I planted with my own hands; and, when a peach came on one of them, I took my wife out twenty times a day to see how it grew. It was such innocent pleasure."

**MRS. HALE'S NEW BOOK OF COOKERY.** Published by H. Long & Brother, New York.—Since the publication of this work, over six thousand copies have been disposed of by the publishers. Our orders from subscribers to the "Lady's Book" have been for three hundred copies. We expect that every lady subscriber to the "Book" will send for a copy, and we shall not be satisfied until they are all supplied. The question has been asked, How have we been able heretofore to get on without this work? It must supersede all other cookery books, as it contains many more receipts, and is more complete in every way.

We annex a notice from the "Commercial Advertiser," one of the oldest and best papers in New York:—

"**THE LADIES' NEW BOOK OF COOKERY.** By Sarah J. Hale. New York, H. Long & Brother.—This is the latest, and probably the best popular treatise on the culinary science. It is printed in one handsome volume of 474 pages, and illustrated by numerous wood-cuts, explanatory of the art of carving, and the proper methods of dishing either joints or *entrées*. The preface thus enumerates some of the claims which the book has to preference over previous publications of a similar character:—

"In this work, the true relations of food to health are set forth, and the importance of good cookery to the latter clearly explained. Preparations of food for the sick have been carefully attended to, and many new and excellent receipts introduced. Cookery for children is an entirely new feature in a work of this kind, and of much importance. A greater variety of receipts for preparing fish, vegetables, and soups is given here than can be found in any other book of the kind; these preparations, having reference to the large and increasing class of persons in our country who abstain from fresh meats during Lent, will be found excellent and useful; also to families during the hot season. As our republic is made up from the people of all lands, so we have gathered the best receipts from the domestic economy of the different nations of the Old World; emigrants from each country will, in this 'New Book of Cookery,' find the method of preparing their favorite dishes. The prominent features are, however, American."

"Distrusting our own ability to pronounce upon the merits of Mrs. Hale's receipts, we handed the volume to a culinary connoisseur, whose opinion on such matters is, with us, decisive; and who praises it very highly, saying that no lady, having charge of a household, should neglect to possess a copy of such a useful work."

We still continue to fill orders: strong paper covers at \$1, and bound \$1 25. In both cases, we will pay the postage.

**OUR BOOK OF PLATES.**—We can still furnish our thirty splendid engravings for fifty cents.

The following are the latest notices of "Arthur's Home Gazette" that we have seen. We see that Messrs. Arthur & Co. have started a new magazine. Advertisements of both works will be found on our cover.

The "Flushing (N. Y.) Journal" says: "Arthur's Home Gazette, published at Philadelphia, is one of the best, if not the very best family newspaper published in the United States. There is a healthy moral tone in its columns, that makes it a favorite with those families who have children whose tastes and principles are to be formed, and who are wisely alive to the character of the reading that they admit into the family circle."

The "American," at Waterbury, Conn., says: "This admirable literary paper entered upon its third year on the 4th of September. Of all our exchanges, we know of no one—taken as a whole—that is better calculated to shed a

kind influence over the family circle, exempt, as it is, from the drawbacks of all dangerous and impure sentiments."

The "Carson League," Syracuse, N. Y., says: "Too much cannot be said in praise of this weekly. It combines the useful and entertaining in the highest degree. It is remarkable for its purity, as well as its genius and talent. Mr. Arthur fully redeems his pledge, by making his paper what a home paper should be—chaste, dignified, and entirely free from everything that can vitiate, or in the least deprave the mind."

**HART, WARR, & Co.** have a most splendid display of furniture at their repository, No. 280 Chestnut Street. We would call particular attention to their cottage furniture, which is now in general use. Their tables and stands, finished in *papier maché*, are worthy the reputation of American artists.

**SONTAG.**—We welcome this gifted *artiste* to our country. She stands high as a vocalist and as a lady. Her concerts at the Musical Fund Hall have been crowded every night. She is a beautiful woman, and is generally admired for her personal and artistic worth. The Germania Society added her with their powerful orchestra. Our old favorite, Biddell, the youthful Paul Julien, and the gifted Jaell, have also greatly added in drawing the crowds that have met to greet this queen of song.

We copy the following notice from the "Christian Intelligencer":—

"The European reputation of Henrietta Sontag having long since preceded her, it was not to be wondered at that much of both curiosity and interest was manifested to see and hear a vocalist as much renowned for her domestic virtues as her talent. In the world of amusement, we are too apt to think only of the enjoyment of the moment, and to lavish our praises on the person who ministers to it, irrespective of all consideration of the artist's character and position in life, and of their fulfilment of those duties, moral and social, incumbent on us all, and which all may, and can fulfil, even while pursuing a profession surrounded with temptations. How much greater, then, is our satisfaction and enjoyment, when we behold a lady like Madame Sontag, whose home virtues have been proverbial in the mouths of the wise and good!"

**MADAME ALBONI.**—Madame Alboni gave a series of concerts in Philadelphia, in the Musical Fund Hall. The audiences were large, brilliant, and fashionable, and the great contralto was received with every mark of appreciation and delight. The favorable impression made by her *début* in this city was fully strengthened and confirmed. She is an artist of the very highest order—is at once gifted, polished, experienced, and cultivated. In person, she is quite large, but not ungraceful. She has a fine eye, beautiful teeth, and a captivating smile. Her manner, indeed, is wonderfully easy and self-possessed. She appears perfectly at home in all she undertakes, and apparently sings without the least effort. There is no distortion of the face or straining of the muscles; but the flow of her rich and melodious voice may be compared to the gushing of a crystal spring. Every note is clear and distinct, and the most difficult shakes and cadences are given with freedom, precision, and beauty. Many of her tones seemed to penetrate to the very hearts of her listeners, and to rouse, thrill, and delight. The orchestra was full and effective, and the overtures were given in the most creditable manner. The entertainments, from first to last, were every way superior, and Alboni may be regarded as having fully established herself in the good opinions of the musical amateurs of Philadelphia.

**ADALINE PATTI.**—We have recently had a little wonder by this name singing here. She executes the most difficult pieces of vocalism in a manner truly astonishing. All the most celebrated of Jenny Lind's, Sontag's, and Alboni's songs come as trippingly from her as from the more elder artists. We commend her to our brethren of the press in the different cities she may visit.

**WELCH'S PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.**—A magnificent production; one worthy of this great artist. It will be a fortune for our friend Welch, and we know of no person to whom we more heartily wish it. The price is five dollars, and it is very low for such a publication. Address Geo. W. Childs & Co., N. W. corner of Fifth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia.

**THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—This institution opened on the first of October last, at No. 171 Chestnut Street, O. C. B. Carter, Principal, assisted by Professor Whitcomb, the pupil of Lowell Mason and George James Webb, and by Mademoiselle Helene Schaaff, a young lady from Germany, of high qualifications as a pianist and an experienced teacher, and Professor Andrea Alfist, from Italy. The object of this institution is to impart a thorough knowledge of the elementary principles of music, as the only key to a practical acquaintance with music as an art.

**HORTICULTURAL PARTY.**—It is rather an unusual season to write about horticulture; but, as our last number was in the press when the party took place, we could not do it then, and we should be wanting in good taste if we did not make any mention of the matter. The party was given by Dr. Wm. D. Brincklé, at his mansion in Girard Row, and the display of fruits of all kinds was the finest we ever saw. Dr. B., notwithstanding the duties of his arduous profession, devotes a portion of his time to horticultural pursuits, and we know of no gentleman more ardent in the cause, or one more capable.

**PARKINSON'S BUILDING, CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE TENTH.**—This ornament to our city, and praiseworthy place, was opened to our citizens last month. It is intended as an ice-cream saloon, summer garden, confectionery, fruit store, and restaurant, and is likely to become one of the most popular and fashionable resorts in our city. There are four saloons in all, two of which are 22 by 50 feet, and all furnished in the most magnificent style. The paper, the painting, and the carpets are elegant, tasteful, and in admirable keeping. The enterprise is one of the most laudable character, and adds a new and attractive feature to Chestnut Street. The garden is embellished with a fountain, and many other appropriate ornaments. It is far superior to any of the celebrated establishments in New York. It must be popular; and already we hear that the worthy proprietor is reaping a rich harvest.

**THE ASSEMBLY BUILDINGS, CORNER OF TENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.**—The apartments in these buildings were recently thrown open for the inspection of a large number of the ladies and gentlemen of this city. The rooms are beautiful. The basement is a restaurant, with every convenience; the second floor is the lofty and elegant ball-room, 135 by 30 feet, and 26 feet in height, the walls and ceiling beautifully ornamented, and the room ventilated by flues, which pass through open tubes to the roof, all of which may be opened or closed in a moment, by simply pulling a rope. The next is the banquetting-room, 65 feet long by 30 wide, similarly ventilated. In the third story, are two large exhibition-rooms, lighted by sky-lights, and well

adapted for the exhibition of paintings. The whole building is a credit to the city.

James H. Farrand, Esq., 281 Chestnut Street, is the agent for the building. Application for the use of the rooms must be made to him.

**THE IRVING HOUSE IN NEW YORK.—CHANGE OF PROPRIETORS.**—Mr. D. D. Howard, who has made an independent fortune in this establishment, has retired; and we tender to him and his amiable lady many thanks for the many acts of kindness that we have received at their hands, and our sincere wishes that they may enjoy, in their retirement, every comfort that wealth can bestow! We also welcome the new-comer, Mr. W. H. Burroughs, formerly of this city. If anybody can supply Mr. Howard's place, he is the man, and we bespeak for Mr. B. a continuance of that patronage that the hotel has always enjoyed. We hope that our subscribers, visiting New York, will not fail to give Mr. B. a call. They may be sure of a hearty welcome, as they will go recommended by the "Lady's Book."

**MERIT REWARDED.**—Our esteemed correspondent, whose poetry has so often charmed the readers of the "Book," Anson G. Chester, Esq., of the "Buffalo Morning Express," has received the prize of one hundred dollars for the best poem to be spoken at the opening of the Buffalo Theatre.

**WHY DO LADIES STARE AT EACH OTHER?**—This question was seriously propounded to us a short time since by a respected bachelor friend, who, in truth, seemed to be greatly annoyed at the practice, and therefore greatly interested in having it satisfactorily accounted for. He appeared to think that such conduct, on the streets, evinced a vulgar amount of boldness, which he even went so far as to characterise as downright insolence and impudence. "Look," said he, "at some of our ladies of the first circles, in their promenades upon that great thoroughfare of pride and fashion, Chestnut Street! How haughtily, and with what contempt do they peer into the countenances, and how minutely do they scan the dresses of those who are equal to them in society, or above or below them in that respect! Did you ever observe," he continued, "how formally and imperiously they turn themselves round, as if deterred by no sense of modesty or propriety to take a second and a third view of each other, and as if determined to lose sight of nothing that might avail them in securing the least triumph of a most insolent curiosity? Men," said he, with increased emphasis, "are never guilty of such impertinence."

This is, indeed, a terrible denunciation against our fair friends, thought we, and, for a moment or two, we felt almost conscious that the petulant disclaimer was not altogether in error. There was no denying the fact. But how to satisfy him in regard to this innocent female propensity, as we knew it was, and which he had taken too much to heart, seemed at first beyond our humble powers of extenuation or apology. At length, however, somewhat recovering from his abruptness and severity, we said to him, calmly, "*Perhaps it is all owing to their desire to know the fashions!*" And, taking courage at this happy thought, we proceeded to illustrate it thus: "You, sir, mistake the whole matter. You think the ladies are staring into each other's faces. No such thing. They are only staring at each other's manner of dressing the hair—at each other's bonnets and trimmings; and, when they turn round to look after each other, it is not, as you suppose, to criticise the neatness and elegance of each other's person, but to assure themselves of the neatness, the elegance, and the appropriateness of the dresses worn by the fashionable passers-by, of whom, personally, it is probable they are far

more indifferent than you really are, with all your pretensions to bachelorship."

"But what can be done," said our friend, after a pause, "to reform this apparently immodest and unmannerly practice? I say *apparently* unmannerly practice; for, with your explanation, I do not see that it is so very reprehensible, after all."

"Well," said we, with great good feeling and sincerity, "we think that the best method that could be devised to wean the ladies from a practice which has given you such unpleasant apprehensions, would be for yourself, and your numerous bachelor, fault-finding friends, to subscribe liberally for the 'Lady's Book,' and to distribute the numbers liberally among such of your female acquaintances as do not already take it, in order that they may see our fashion plates for every month, and read the instructions furnished by the editor of the fashionable department; and we warrant you they will no longer offend you by staring at the curls or the bonnets, the jewelry, the laces or the dresses of the ladies whom they casually meet upon the streets. No lady reader of the 'Lady's Book' was ever charged with any such impertinence. The fashions are furnished to them regularly from the best authority; and, therefore, having no cause to apprehend the least deficiency or impropriety in their own dresses, they never seek to compare them with the dresses of others."

Our friend was convinced; and, bachelor as he was, such was his detestation of the practice of staring, as he persisted in calling the habit, that he left us determined to raise a large club for the distribution of our excellent "Book," as he was pleased to compliment it.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE CLEVER CHILDREN?—We once had the curiosity to ask what becomes of the plus, but, to this day, we have never received a satisfactory answer. We very much fear that a similar fate will attend our present inquiry, and that we shall never learn the truth about the clever children. It is Victor Hugo, we believe, who says that "to meet young couples, the 'unto us a child is born' seems something so astonishing and remarkable, that one would imagine they had never looked forward to it as a probable result of their union, nor even observed that their friends also had children. Every young father and mother look upon their 'first baby' as Adam and Eve must have looked upon Cain, with delight, wonder, and something of triumph in their own creative ingenuity. And it is a happy instinct which enables us to value these

little prizes so highly; and a curious thing to reflect, as we stumble through the parks, knee deep in children, that there is not one little unit in those diminutive millions that has not—God bless it!—a circle of admiring relatives, to whom it is the prettiest, the dearest, the cleverest—in fact, the *only* child that ever was worth a thought."

Alas! what does become of all the prettiest, the dearest, the cleverest children that throng the world in their infancy, and who for a while are the delight and the joy of affectionate parents? We do not mean to push our inquiry in regard to those who have died before they attained the responsibilities of a half-awakened consciousness. It is only in regard to those who, in their earliest developments, promised to be the noblest, the brightest, the purest, the rarest in genius, in learning, in courage, and in renown, of all the other children that were ever born into the world. What has become of them? Who can tell? Where are the evidences of their existence among the crowds that pass us on the streets, or among the multitudes that people the world? How few! how far between!

ONE of the New York papers says: "The witty editor of the 'Mercury,' Mr. S. Nichols, who would be a man of mark among the keen epigrammatists of Paris, suggested, the other day, a capital idea for another, which he is capable of performing himself—to make a collection of specimens of American humor, and deliver them in the form of lectures." We bear witness to the wit and humor of Mr. Nichols. We know of but one other person that is as capable of the work, and that is Mr. Wm. E. Burton. Mr. B. is as amusing off the stage as he is on, a ripe scholar and a keen humorist. Such a series of lectures would be a rich treat.

SINGULAR ASSOCIATION.—We observe, in the last number of the "London Arts Union," the following advertisement: "The celebrated picture of the 'Sermon on the Mount' will be raffled for," &c.

A REASON FOR NOT LIKING STEP-FATHERS.—A little fellow once observed, "I do not like these new papas; they whip the old papas' children."

THE following are neat: A moneyed man's objection to stays—because they reduce the circulation.

Why are deaf persons like camel's-hair shawls? Because you can't make them here (hear).

## Centre-Cable Gossip.

### NOVELTIES IN GOTHAM.

ONE of the cleverest women we know says that "traveling is to people what whiting is to silver," a proposition that is proved in everyday life. We shut ourselves up in a little world of our own, a good enough world in its way, with music and books, and elegant household pursuits, but, nevertheless, a world of routine, until we come to think our planet an entire paradise, and our sun the centre of the universe.

Alas for such a theory, when the enterprising traveller is suddenly set down, in the midst of busy, bustling Broadway! Be his name recorded on the books of the Irving,

the Collamore, or the Metropolitan, the rubbing process has commenced—the whiting will very soon absorb the dull tarnish of retirement. One morning's walk will give more food for thought than a year of books.

### THE NEW HOTELS

are just now the topic of conversation at all *tables d'hôte*. "[Fish, with oyster sauce, waiter.] Yes, I am told the Metropolitan has been full from the moment it was opened. I remember when the Astor, sir, was the ninth wonder of the world. I brought my wife down to see it. [The castor, boy.] Have you seen the St. Nicholas? Rubs the Metropolitan close, I am told. Splendid saloon! A three dollar

house, though, must be exclusive." And then the bill of fare is studied, and bread crumbled while the courses are renewed, and the ancient chicken, who evidently has no relations in Bucks county, suggests Albion, who is discussed in turn.

The St. Nicholas—well named for the patron saint of Gotham—was not quite completed when its beauties were first displayed to us. But the classic dignity of the front, of purest marble; the broad entrance and lofty staircases, disfigured, as the last were, by scaffolding, gave full promise of the future. The walls and ceiling are delicately freecord, the cornices exquisitely carved. The dining-saloon is certainly the most beautiful room we have ever entered, for height, depth, and purity of coloring. We could not but congratulate the proprietor on the perfect taste shown throughout, which has by no means excluded any imaginable convenience or luxury. Those of our lady friends who dislike living in trunks will appreciate the beauty of abundant closet-room in each chamber, and Mrs. Butler might find "A Year of Consolation" under that hospitable roof, with every comfort which she so strenuously denies to American hotels.

If our readers are like ourselves, they will not hesitate to stop by one of the lace-curtained windows opening into the hall, and take a peep

#### BEHIND THE SCENES.

A perfect fairy-land of a saloon opens a vista before us, lined with magnificent mirrors, perfumed with a thousand extracts, scented waters, and impalpable odors that are used for no lady's boudoir, but are here wasted upon the *sterner sex*, so called. There they are, leaning back in the most luxurious *faueteils* that can be desired, calmly resigned to the hands of the operator, their faces already "smothered in cream," which the sharp glancing steel is as quickly removing. "Not to put too fine a point upon it," as our friend Tungus would say, they are enjoying the luxury of "a shave," not in Wall street parlance; and, looking unobserved on the placid content beaming through their half-closed eyes, we for the first time decided that the beard might be considered in the light of a luxury. "What can a Turkish bath offer surpassing Phalon!" a Gothamite might indignantly inquire of an Oriental traveller. But, while our gentlemanly escorts are transfixed by the novelty which makes to them such forcible appeals, we have strolled through the still more dazzling beauties of Alcock & Allen's, glittering with silver and crystal, and have even arrived at "Haughwout & Dailey's"

#### MANUFACTORY OF PORCELAIN,

before they join us. We have come here because we never have known, until a moment ago, that painting on porcelain was carried on to any extent in this country, and our most obliging and thoughtful guide has proposed our stopping to see the mysterious process on our way to the Metropolitan, almost "over the way" from its fair rival, the St. Nicholas.

The huge windows are glittering with fine dinner and tea services, displayed in most tempting array; and we pass by cabinets filled with far more costly products—delicate vases, lifelike statuettes, in porcelain and Parian—to the room beyond, where the musical murmur of the pendants to innumerable chandeliers reminds us of our own Cornelius, from whose celebrated manufactory they have indeed been sent. The second story is similarly occupied; but onward, and upward still, we come to the working-room, where twenty or thirty men are silently occupied in their graceful employment. The plain white surface of a fruit dish, for instance, is to receive bands of gilding. It is

placed on a little stand that revolves slowly before the workman, who traces the lines with his pencil dipped in what we should say was excellent liquid blacking, but which is in reality pulverized gold, mixed with oil and turpentine. The furnace heat to which it is then subjected dries out the mixture, leaving only the dull, whitish-yellow gold, which must be subjected to the process of burnishing before its full beauty can be seen. Side by side, we see an artist with an enormous vase before him, on which he is painting, as delicately as if it were an ivory plate, an exquisite woodland scene—a young girl crossing a brook, and pausing midway, with the water gurgling over the stones at her feet. He has been already four weeks at this single picture, so that the worth of this one piece of porcelain may be calculated. Still above, in a gallery running round three sides of a lofty room, we find women, and even little girls, busily employed in burnishing. This is a simple process, but producing a wondrous effect, in "gilding the refined gold." At first sight, it would seem that each operator, for the love of destruction simply, was occupied in rubbing and scratching off the golden bands, leaves, or figures with which the vase or cup at which they are at work is decorated. But we find the small knife or chisel does just its appropriate task, and no more, removing only the dull surface rapidly and skilfully. The little girls of ten years old are working away as demurely and industriously as if they knew the worth of all their earnings—which doubtless they do, poor things! We should like to transcribe the interesting information with regard to this branch of manufacture, for which we are indebted to the kind politeness of Mr. Haughwout, and to speak of the process more minutely; but the morning wanes away apace, and we shall not have time for the "Metropolitan," if we linger longer where piles of China are being manufactured for the St. Nicholas, as the curious traveller can see the very plates he is to eat from when he patronizes that palace-like hotel. So, stopping to overlook for a moment a workman in still another room, who is engraving a crest upon a set of crystal just ordered, we bid our pleasant conductor "good-morning," and cross Broadway to

#### THE METROPOLITAN.

Strange as it may at first seem, this mammoth hotel is on the "shilling," that is to say, on the unfashionable side of Broadway. Many of our readers remember the situation of "Niblo's," that theatre which is *not* a theatre, if the paradox can be made out, where they have passed many a pleasant evening. The Metropolitan extends nearly a whole block, directly in front of the gardens, its long corridors opening upon them on the one side, and into beautiful parlors and suites of rooms on the other. No more enchanting scene can be imagined than these corridors brilliantly lighted by enormous chandeliers, foliage waving by the open windows, and beautifully dressed women leisurely pacing to the softened music of some delicious overture. We like the plan of a suite of public drawing-rooms, instead of one huge apartment, where each party can scan their neighbors, and overhear every word of a conversation. Nothing but a ladies' reading-room could be added to the attractions of this luxurious hotel. The children's dining-room is a novelty; it is as large and well arranged as the ladies' ordinary of most hotels, and given up entirely to the children and their nurses. Once a week "a hop" is given to them, a grown-up fashion whose wisdom we leave our readers to decide upon.

The regular dining-room of the house surpasses our descriptive powers; nor dare we venture to disclose the beauty of decoration which distinguishes the suite of bridal apartments—a fashion, by the way, that has too much of vulgar

notoriety to be especially commended. Enough that the state chamber of an European palace can scarcely surpass them in splendor and Oriental luxury. Verily, we live in a wonderful age. But we do not quarrel with beauty, in any shape in which it may present itself, when open to all. Though our hotels are palaces, a passing residence in them will not injure the taste of the traveller, who may take with him, to his plainer home, pleasant and wonderful memories. If the people of this country are "all sovereigns," who could more worthily fill them?

#### LESSONS OF SOCIETY.

It is often a matter of notice among travellers, that an American girl sees as much of society before coming out as after. At no period beyond pantalettes does the school-room wholly obscure the parlor; and any one knows that with so many buds it is rare to find a full-blown rose. Sanderson, that cleverest of all travellers who have ever attempted to sketch society, has an "apple of gold" on this point which ought not to be suffered to remain ungathered. Writing from Paris, he says:—

"As long as college beaux and boarding-school misses take the lead, it must be an insipid society in whatever community it may exist. Middle age in this country never loses its sovereignty, nor does old age lose its respect; and this respect, with the enjoyments which accompany it, keeps the world young. It turns the clouds into drapery, and gilds them with its sunshine, which presents as fine a prospect as the clear and starry heavens. Even time seems to fall in with the general observance. I know French women who retain to forty-five, and even beyond it, the most agreeable attractions of their sex. Is it not villanous in you of Philadelphia to lay us, before we have lived half our time out, upon the shelf? Some of our native tribes, more merciful, eat their old folks out of the way. Don't grow angry, young ladies—you will one day be as old as your mothers.

"An important item of a lady's studies in Paris (and it should be a leading branch of education everywhere) is her beauty. Sentiment and health being the two chief ingredients and efficient causes of this quality, have each its proper degree of cultivation. Everybody knows that the expression of the eye, that the voice, that the whole physiognomy is modified by the thoughts and passions habitually entertained in the mind. Every one sees their effect upon the face of the philosopher and the idiot, the generous man and the niggard. Give, for example, any woman a habit of self-complacency, and she will have a little pursed-up mouth; or, give her a prying and busy disposition, and she will have a straight onward nose. This is not forgotten in the education of the Parisian ladies—they take care that while young and tender they may cherish honest and amiable feelings."

#### OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

THE music referred to in our last number can be procured at Couenhoven's, or any of the principal music stores in Philadelphia. The sheets can easily be sent by mail, at a very small charge, with the present rates of postage. There are two new songs by Wallace, who is the author of the "Cradle Song," as our correspondent supposed. They are published in New York, but may be had in any of our larger cities. The "Glendon Polka," by Dodworth, is a great favorite at socials; the "Home Schottisch," introducing "Old Folks at Home," and the "Grace Schottisch," by Dodworth, are also in much demand.

S. L. B. is quite right in thinking that a black dress diminishes the figure. A too looks much smaller in a black

boot; a hand in a dark glove. Albion, whose figure is enormous, has the taste and good sense to adopt this well-known rule in dress. Black brocaded silks are her favorite style, with crimson flowers, roses, or scarlet pomegranates; and magnificent diamonds her sole ornaments. Her dark hair is cut close, and admits of no decoration.

Certainly, if our little friend "Elsie" cannot afford pictures, we advise well chosen prints as an admirable substitute. "The Rendezvous" is very graceful, and though it has been reproduced in so many forms, has not lost its beauty. We have seen the one she mentions of John Bunyan in Bedford Jail. It is a beautiful scene, and fully worthy to be an accompaniment to the treasured volume which the "Pilgrim's Progress" has become in almost every family. A parlor may be made much more cheerful by a few good prints, in neat and simple frames, than by the gaudiest wall paper that ever was designed.

We believe the getting up of rich laces to look like new is in part a secret. We have seen Valenciennes and Mechlin, done by Madame Humbert, of this city, that could not be told from that just purchased. It is well worth the price charged, which at first seems extravagant; for lace badly washed loses its beauty at once. "Nora" can have it attended to by the editress of the fashion department, and we do not think there would be any difficulty in having it sent by mail.

We will get the directions for the "Hour-glass Table," and forward to Mrs. B.

For Aprons, Miss B. L. will see our present gossip.

The "Indestructible Spelling-Book" is certainly a comfort to mothers: it is printed on strong linen cloth, that cannot be torn, yet is beautifully clear and white: can also be sent by mail to "The Evergreens."

## Fashions.

#### NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

Having had frequent applications for the purchase of jewelry, millinery, etc., by ladies living at a distance, the *Editress of the Fashion Department* will hereafter execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small percentage for the time and research required. Bridal wardrobes, spring and autumn bonnets, dresses, jewelry, bridal cards, cake-boxes, envelopes, etc. etc., will be chosen with a view to economy, as well as taste; and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country. For the last, distinct directions must be given.

Orders, accompanied by checks for the proposed expenditure, to be addressed to the care of L. A. Godey, Esq., who will be responsible for the amount, and the early execution of commissions.

Instructions to be as minute as is possible, accompanied by a note of the height, complexion, and general style of the person, on which much depends in choice. Dress goods from Levy's or Stewart's, bonnets from Miss Wharton's, jewelry from Bailey's, Warden's, Philadelphia, or Tiffany's, New York, if requested.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1st.—Evening dress of pale violet silk, opening to show a *jeupe* and corsage of fine cambric. The trimming consists of three narrow puffs of ribbon, the centre white: the outside rows correspond to the violet shade. Bars of the same cross the bust. Sleeve demi long, very open, and trimmed to correspond. A double fall of rich lace makes the undersleeve. Head-dress of lace and knots of pale pink ribbon.



*Fig. 2d.*—Dinner dress of cambric, the skirt consisting entirely of seven flounces, superbly embroidered, the top one being gathered in at the waist. *Gold corsage* of green watered silk, a close fitting and novel style, without a basque; buttons in imitation of emeralds. Opera cloak of straw-colored cashmere, a very pale hue. The hood is of a fine shade of rose-colored silk, lying on the shoulder. It is lined with the same. Hair dressed in bandeaux of Grecian braids—a classical and favorite style; the front braid forming a coronet above the forehead.

#### CHITCHAT ON PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

We have given in our late number so many directions for cloaks, that in the month for their adoption little remains to be said. Stewart's rooms exhibit an infinite variety in shade, shape, and material; the most costly being of velvet, lined, or trimmed with fur, and at prices attainable only by the wife or daughters of a millionaire. At least, no one whose income is not almost incalculable, ought to dream for an instant of spending six hundred or a thousand dollars on a single garment.

One of the prettiest novelties formed a close vest corsage in front, fitting to the figure by means of a laced cape, beneath a flowing cape, which falls over the shoulders and arms, in graceful outline. This was of cloth, a pale fawn shade, embroidered with silk a little deeper in hue; the moderate price fifty dollars. Other cloth and merino cloaks were distinguished by the trimming being placed lengthwise of the cape, so as to cut it in quarters—as you would mark the skin of an orange to peel it—instead of encircling the cape, as heretofore.

Velvet ribbon of every shade, width, and quality is employed in the trimming of bonnets, caps, headresses, dresses, capes, cloaks, etc. It is put to every use to which gimp has been heretofore applied. For shaded silks the velvet is also shaded; and if put on in many rows, the width is almost always graduated. *Bunches*, not *rosettes*, of velvet bows are worn in the hair for dinner and evening dress; black or brown is the most usual color, but deep blue, and even pink mixed with black is often seen. It is the simplest style of headress that can be worn, and almost universally becoming, unless too many pendent ends are worn for a short figure. We have seen a dark gray silk, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, five rows placed closely at the neck, but widening over the bust, an inch apart. They are narrowed into a point, at the waist, and then widened as they encircle the *basque*. The sleeves had a deep cuff, opening on the top of the arm, also with five rows of the narrow velvet.

Also a cape, suitable for evening dress in half mourning, and very simple. A pelerine of ordinary white lace, round on the back, and descending half way to the waist; in front it is pointed, and falls below it. This has several rows of black velvet ribbon, not quite half an inch in width, which contrasts beautifully with a delicate complexion. But we might multiply examples of the immoderate use of velvet ribbon infinitely, and now have a succession of novelties to present.

Remembering our promise to give the variations of nursery fashions, we have consulted the oracle of Gotham in that particular, for, not satisfied in being first "in the heads of his countrymen," Mr. Genin, well known to our readers, has opened, in one of the fine saloons beneath the St. Nicholas Hotel, a magazine of all that can belong to a child's toilet, most of the articles being imported directly from London or Paris. It is called "Genin's Bazaar," and is well worth a visit from any stranger in town, whether intending

to purchase or not; they will be just as politely received, and shown all that is new and curious. It is the refinement of shopkeeping, the elegant decorations, the comfortable divans and lounges inviting one from the glare and crowd of Broadway. And here we ensconced ourself, and, from "the loopholes of our retreat," surveyed at leisure the novel appointments, and the kaleidoscope crowd.

"Oh! mamma, mamma, see this beautiful little girl in her glass house! it is Julia, mamma, isn't it?" shouted a little child, clapping her hands at the elegantly dressed wax model at the door: "oh, come in, mamma!" and in mamma came, led by the young tyrant and her little brothers. "Mamma" passes by the cases of boys' hats and caps in infinite variety, the tempting stands of miniature canes and French parasols, and the children rush to the cut-glass fountain, nearly twice as tall as their conductor, in whose sparkling vase the gold-fish are contentedly basking. It is the first one ever manufactured in this country, and was got up by Mr. Genin himself at a great expense, for the amusement of the little people, and the admiration of their elders and betters. It is placed in the centre of the store, directly beneath a fine dome of brilliantly colored glass, which admits light to the children's department immediately below, the circular chasm being surrounded by a light and graceful railing. Beautiful grandioles, supported by tall cut-glass pedestals, are also stationed here; and on either side are "model young gentlemen," in their "glass houses," which would entirely preclude the juvenile amusement of "throwing stones," were they not inanimate. And here "mamma" pauses, while "Harry" is taken in hand. "Don't you see, Harry, this little boy has his cuffs turned down, just as I desired you to wear yours? There, so!"—and Master Harry's sleeves, neck-tie, and hair, are rearranged by this "glass of fashion." Their mamma must have a pair of boots herself, and here they are to be found, behind this fanciful screen, where we have ensconced ourselves. Dainty French boots, and slippers of every hue and form; quilted breakfast shoes, and even "ladies' Wellingtons," a new article, which Mr. Genin conscientiously urges upon our ladies as the best preservative of health in our changeful climate. Imagine that your brothers can wear delicately made French morecos "threes" with heels to them, and their boots show forth the "ladies' Wellingtons."

"Bonnets? certainly, madam, this way;" and we follow with our eyes to see the niche devoted to millinery for ladies and children, also prettily adorned, and well filled. The fur department is near, and here we find the new shapes of victorines, cuffs, and muffs which it includes. Ermine is decidedly to be the fur of the season; it is more reasonable in price than it has ever been before, and is elegantly lined with quilted white satin. Muffs are not generally carried, and are much smaller than heretofore. Fur cuffs are still a prevailing style; at least so say Mr. Genin's handboxes. And now descending to the cabin, as it were, by a short flight of steps, we come to the children's department, where every style of nursery wardrobe can be procured. Here again we meet Master Harry and his mamma, and here are every variety of children, from babies with their long robes sweeping over their nurses' arms, who have come to be fitted to one of those daintily embroidered bonnets, to the little girl of twelve, surveying a new walking dress with unmistakable admiration. Nor must we fail to remark upon the busy lady looking at everything with a view to "the pattern," and not to purchase, who informs her companion in an aside, that "really that saque puzzles her, and she shall be obliged to bring her seamstress to help her make it out." But of children's fashions, more in our next number.

FASHION.

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